House of Cards 1 - A BTS x Hogwarts AU

by jackfruitnim

Summary

A fate entwined deeply with magic, friendship, secrets and betrayal.

Kim Taehyung's kindness has always been taken as his weakness, pushing him to the brink of becoming something he hates. Although his friends vow to protect him, the evil is beyond their reach. Danger coils around them in different ways bringing them down like a house built on cards.
Set nine years after the mysterious disappearance of Lord Voldemort at the hands of a baby wizard, the danger is not yet dissolved. The death eaters run free, causing havoc and recruiting new members to overthrow the ministry, and their leader - the notorious Bellatrix Lestrange has her eye on someone special among the seven boys.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
The cold was unbearable.

Seokjin tried to open his eyes. His body felt stiff and numb, pangs of chill coursed like a current through his limbs, stabbing his skin incessantly. There were voices but he couldn't open his eyes, the cold clung to his lashes.

Slowly he started to feel strength returning to him. His eyes open, vision blurry. His younger friend was lying unconscious at a distance, bright yellow scarf thrown over his still form. Jin crawled towards him.

'Tae!' His voice cracked. The 14 year old showed no signs of waking up. Taehyung's body was ice cold but the locket hanging from his neck burned and glowed. Jin looked to the other side, towards the voices of two girls. He recognised the dark haired one from her voice, the infamous Slytherin. Worry settled deep in his stomach, he had to get out of here before things got worse.

Jin lifted Taehyung up in his arms laboriously, the cold locking his muscles. Only one thought ran through his head, he had to get his friend out of the frosty dungeons of Hogwarts Castle.

The girl in the emerald robes watched him go, regret etched in her otherwise cold face. She turned her purple eyes toward the other girl in front of her, her friend and roommate of the past five years crouching. The stone walls were damp and icy, offering no warmth to the shivering girl on the floor. Her faint whimpers echoed in the vast empty dungeon.

'Laura please,' she bit out in shivers, teeth clacking together.

The girl in the emerald robes watched him go, regret etched in her otherwise cold face. She turned her purple eyes toward the other girl in front of her, her friend and roommate of the past five years crouching. The stone walls were damp and icy, offering no warmth to the shivering girl on the floor. Her faint whimpers echoed in the vast empty dungeon.

'Laura please,' she bit out in shivers, teeth clacking together.

Laura inched forward, her wand lit to guide her way in the darkness. The ice glittered wherever the light touched. Her hand, glistened red with blood as she stroked her friend's hair.

'It was you, wasn't it?' she asked in a soft tone. Deep purple eyes looking at her intensely. 'I know it was you. Why are you denying it? Do you wish to suffer more?'

Her friend violently shook her head. Blood ran down her shaking arms. Laura's lip turned up in distaste. Pathetic, she thought.

'Then tell me the truth Gwen. Why did you do it?' She asked in the same soft tone again.

'I only... wanted to...' Gwen wheezed, 'I... Wouldn't you have done the same!'

'You disgust me,' Laura said, pushing her aside. Gwen slumped to the floor in pain. Laura stood up
and walked towards the door, wiping her hand on her green robes. 'You call this honour? If it were
in my hands I would throw you out of the Slytherin house right now. You don't deserve to breathe
the same air we do.'

Gwen sobbed.

As Laura walked out of the door, she found her head of house, Professor Snape standing in the
corridor. His usually placid expression was twisted in anger. The black hair falling on the sides of
his face made him even more sinister.

'Miss Dracwyn,' he said to her in his deep nasally voice. 'My chambers, now. If I don't find you
there by the time I get back, then consider yourself expelled.' He walked past her into the dungeon,
his jet black robe flying behind him, making him look like a large bat.

Another figure hurried into the corridor, a boy with pale hair and paler skin. His lilac eyes appeared
dark grey in the dim light, flickering over Laura. His brows were narrowed in worry.

'Are you alright?' he asked her, pulling his velvet cloak tighter around his shoulders. It was getting
colder by the minute, seeping past the dungeon and into the castle.

'Yoongi!,' Laura rasped. 'What are you doing here? And who told Snape?'

'I did,' Min Yoongi replied, looking away.

'Yoon, I can't believe you-' but she was cut off.

'Listen to me. You had lost your mind. Do you have any idea what you have done?' Yoongi ran a
hand through his hair. 'You would have been expelled if I hadn't told Snape. He is going to take
care of the situation. That girl needs to keep her mouth sealed about this,' his hand fell back at his
side.

Laura's anger was rising inside her. But she knew what Yoongi had done was right. She realised if
she hadn't had her cousin to look out for her all these years, she would've gotten expelled ages ago,
thanks to her short temper.

'Go to Snape's chambers and tell him all that happened. He will help you. He won't invite trouble
from the Dracwyn family for himself,' Yoongi said. Laura nodded, feeling pissed off with the
whole situation and then walked towards Snape's chambers.

Yoongi watched her go and hoped she would do as he had told. They had spent five years at
Hogwarts with barely any regard for the rules. But they were always clever about it. No student
dared to cause them trouble and they always had Snape on their side. But this time, his cousin
Laura had created a rather serious mess, going against another powerful Slytherin student.

Yoongi walked into the dungeon room where the girl was. Snape was making the girl drink a clear
potion from a vial. There were healing wounds on her arms, but there was blood everywhere. Gwen
finished drinking her potion and slumped to the ground, unconscious.

'Leave her on the side and help me clear this place out,' Snape said to Yoongi. He did as was
instructed. He carried the girl to one side while Snape cleared all the blood off the floor with
swishes of his wand.

'What did you give her?' Yoongi asked him.

'Oblivean,' Snape replied curtly. 'She won't remember a thing.'
Oblivean could leave damage to the brain, Yoongi thought to himself. It could cause dementia, or make her hallucinate. Yet Snape gave it to her to save Laura. Was this his degree of loyalty to the Death Eaters?

On the other end of the castle, Taehyung opened his eyes wide, heavily gasping for breath.

'Tae, I'm here, it's fine,' Jin cradled his head as he kneeled on the floor with Taehyung in his arms.

'I... Laura...' Taehyung gasped, pupils constricting in horror.

'She's gone. They're all gone. We are safe here,' Jin hugged him, trying to warm his cold body. Taehyung was shivering in fear, not knowing what had exactly happened. What had he done to deserve this?

Chapter End Notes

It all started with that one post my best friend showed me, of Namjoon sorting all of them into the four Hogwarts houses. It was like our two favourite worlds combined.

I hope you enjoy this crossover. This story has some original characters of as equal importance as the 7 boys so the style of this story might be a little different than what we usually read. And of course, if you enjoy a good, intense plot, then I hope you stick around! :) Coz this will have a multilayered plot with all 7 of them.

I have taken the liberty to change a few things from the canon. And this story was written prior to the release of Fantastic Beasts 2 so the plot will not follow any new revelations the movie makes.

I'm also writing the backstory of Sope of this AU in Hogwarts. Its going to be a short series, describing their relationship from when they met aboard the Hogwarts Express to where they stand at the end of the fifth year. Its a comparatively lighter read, so if you'd like to, you can check it out here>

Sunshine In Your Lilac Eyes

Let me know what you think! ^__^

You can find me on twitter > jackfruitnim I'm always up for interactions and love discussing my fanfic, hearing your fic recs, music recs! (don't be shy, I love it when my readers talk to me!)
The Reunion

Chapter Summary

After the summer break, everyone’s returned to Hogwarts to start the new year. The incident from last year still haunts Taehyung, but he’s trying to be as normal as he can.

Chapter Notes

BTS Characters Year of Study

7th Years - Kim Seokjin (Gryffindor) | Kim Namjoon (Gryffindor)

6th Years - Min Yoongi (Slytherin) | Jung Hoseok (Hufflepuff) | Park Jimin (Slytherin) | Jeon Jungkook (Ravenclaw)

4th Year - Kim Taehyung (Hufflepuff) (yes he's the maknae here)

Incase you are confused with the character names, here is a GLOSSARY chapter that I added in part 1.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mood Music (Don’t forget to open in a new tab/window) Alexandre Desplat - A New Beginning

Ash Vorhart walked into her new room holding her wand over her shoulder levitating her luggage. Sixth year had arrived, and Ash was looking forward to splitting her dorm two ways instead of four. Her roommate, Vanessa wasn’t here yet. Ash’s tall slender figure paced around the room and her green eyes sparkled as she took in the size of it. Deciding to take the bed near the western window, she started put her luggage next to it when she heard a knock on the door.

‘You are not Van...’ Ash said. Her question was met with an eyebrow raised in her direction, but no verbal reply ensued. The girl continued walking in, her sharp features in complete contrast to her soft almond shaped eyes.

‘Are you in the wrong room?’ Ash asked the girl, walking toward her to get her attention. ‘This
Vanessa has been shifted to another room. I am your new roommate,” Laura said to her without much emotion. She brought her luggage in and lined it up at the foot of the empty bed.

‘Shifted to another room? There must be a mistake!’ Ash said, confusion colouring her tone.

She had never really spoken anything to Laura besides the occasional greeting. Laura Dracwyn kept to herself and her group of pure blood elites. Ash was friends with some of them but she always felt Laura was too cold.

‘I’d say you could talk to the prefect about it. But then… I am the new prefect,’ Laura said lazily, removing one item at a time from her suitcase. ‘So, just believe what I say. It is what it is.’

‘It is not what it is. I’m going to talk to Snape,’ Ash said even though she knew Snape would throw her out of his chamber faster than you could say blimey. He would not entertain such a “trivial” matter. She stormed out of the room towards his chamber.

‘You have come here to disturb me from my class preparation so that you could exchange roommates?’ Snape said to her in his usual sarcastic dead-beat voice.

‘Vanessa and I had made sure to file in our request at the earliest so it could be granted this semester. Why have you suddenly changed your mind?’ Ash demanded of him.

‘Miss Dracwyn does not have a roommate. Miss Gwen Osburne is at home due to a medical condition. Dracwyn needs a roommate so we have put her with you. Now stop wasting my time and leave,’ Snape said.

‘What happened to Gwen?’ Ash asked him. Snape gave her a dangerous look.

‘I am telling you one last time. Leave, or serve detention for the first whole month of your new semester.’

Ash was seething in anger by the time she reached her room. She banged the door shut, making the frames on the walls shake. She started to set her table, scrubbing the wax markings on the side of the furniture as she channeled her frustration. So like Laura said, it is what it is? Was there no way to get things back to how they were supposed to be? She looked through the window, watching Hogsmeade in the distance, smoke billowing out of many chimneys. Closer to them was the Great Lake, students were walking around, the juniors were playing, having fun.

‘Ugh… what’s he even doing’ Ash said absentmindedly, seeing one of her 6th year housemates sitting with a Ravenclaw boy. The Slytherin boy had raven hair, chubby cheeks and eyes that crinkled when he smiled. His lips were plump and skin pale with a tint of pink on his cheeks. He was describing something very animatedly to the Ravenclaw, his small hands making invisible shapes in the air.

‘Who?’ Laura asked from her bed, flipping a page from the book in her hand.

‘Park Jimin,’ Ash replied, eyes trained on the boy. ‘Why does he have to be so chummy with everyone...’ she said to herself but Laura heard it too.

‘Yeah, I don’t know why he's like this,’ Laura said, clearly feeling the same as Ash about their friendly fellow Slytherin. ‘It’s because of him that half the school knows all about our common room and all that we do here. Our world isn’t much of a mystery anymore. Is he a half-blood?’ Laura enquired.
‘No. His mother is a half blood though,’ Ash said, continuing to stare out the window. Her hand had ceased scrubbing the wax drippings.

‘No wonder. The Dark Lord didn’t approve much of it,’ Laura stated.

Vorhart’s attention snapped back to the reclining figure on the bed. She knew for a fact that Laura didn’t mention the Dark Lord much. Though she came from a family of Death Eaters, her history with it was twisted in more ways than one. She had lost her mother and father in the war, killed by Aurors. Since the age of 9, her grandfather raised her, in a strict pure blood fashion. But to hear Laura speak of it was rare.

Ash slowly went back to setting up her table, wondering what life would be as an elite. Would it be better? Everywhere people knew you and respected you. If you have the right name, they even feared you. But seeing Laura, she wasn’t so sure of it anymore.

A shout from the grounds distracted her and Ash looked over again. Jimin was being chased by the Ravenclaw boy and distantly noted his quick reflexes while evading the other. They were carelessly roaming, beating each other with trick wands now. Ash rolled her eyes at their silliness and turned away.

Though her lineage was pure blood, her family never imposed anything on her. They had fortunately escaped the pull of the Death Eaters. Being a Slytherin, she had to deal with the 'black-blooded' part of it- other students hated them for having families that followed the Dark Lord. But she wouldn't have liked to be in any other house than this. It felt just like home in Slytherin. Most of her childhood friends were here. Besides, muggle borns would bring their own weird muggle craziness and creations and she was glad to do without it. Her chain of thought broke as she saw Laura leave out the door and checked her clock. It was time for dinner. She decided to finish setting up quickly and go eat. The welcoming dinner of the year was always a big feast.

Laura stepped out of the girl’s dorm right as Yoongi stepped out of his. Together they made their way to the Great Hall.

‘You won’t believe,’ Yoongi had a frown on his face, ‘Who my roommate is,’

‘What’s wrong? I thought it was Montague,’ Laura said.

‘Well I didn’t want it to be Montague. I’m tired of his kiss ass behaviour. So I told Snape to make it anyone but him,’

‘And?’ Laura arched her eyebrows when one of their housemates came in with a smile.

‘Hey Yoongi!’ Park Jimin was waving at him on the foyer. ‘Did you see the list? We are roommates this year,’

Laura chuckled, amused at Yoongi’s misery while her cousin glared at her.

‘Are you sure you wanna be my roommate Jimin?’ Yoongi asked the boy before him.

‘Well, why not?’ Jimin asked seriously.

‘I have rules, and if you break those rules…’ Yoongi’s hooded eyes watched Jimin’s reaction. The boy wasn’t scared at all. His cheeks were still tinted pink.

‘It’s ok, we’ll work it out. You should know by now I’m a very organised person, so don’t worry about a messy room,’ Jimin smiled.
'And you’ll keep the noise under 10 decibels. And if you see me sleeping, don’t ever wake me up or I’ll kill you,'

'Yeah I know you love your sleep, don’t worry I won’t disturb you. Never tickle a sleeping dragon,’ he continued smiling.

‘Well then,’ Laura was enjoying this, ‘aren’t you the luckiest Yoongi?’

‘Shut up,’ Yoongi snapped. ‘Let’s go, Snape’s waiting for us,’

‘Yeah congratulations on being the new prefects!’ Jimin called out behind them, waving his hand.

‘Whatever,’ Yoongi rolled his eyes.

‘I can’t believe this,’ Laura was laughing. ‘You got the loudest guy in our year when you sleep for 14 hours a day. You know you could switch him for Montague,’

‘Never,’ Yoongi bluntly said. ‘Jemin is any day better. You know I can’t stand fake ass morons. Jemin might be silly and naive but at least he’s not faking it,’

‘He’s not that naive,’ Laura said.

‘And what makes you think that?’

‘Some incidents… I feel like… he knows about… Taehyung,’

‘Well,’ Yoongi nodded, ‘The sorting hat did put him in our house. A serpent is never naive. I heard they replaced Vorhart as your roommate. How’s she?’

‘She’s alright. What’s she like?’ his cousin asked. ‘You would know her better,’

Ash was the new Slytherin Quidditch team captain and Yoongi was the team’s keeper. Ash had been his fellow team member for the past 3 years, ‘Yeah, she’s alright. Actually, it’s good she’s your roommate. She is not bothersome. Feel like you guys might even be friends,’ Yoongi said.

‘Ha, friends?’ Laura chuckled, ‘I feel like she dislikes me like the rest of the bloody school,’

‘Yes, they should love you cuz you are so warm and friendly to them’ Yoongi said and Laura rolled her eyes.

That’s when she saw a Hufflepuff boy walking towards them, looking nervous and scared. Laura could recognise the boy from any corner of the castle- Kim Taehyung: fourth year, Hufflepuff, silly, soft and smiles a bit too much. She remembered him sitting for the Sorting. His face was distinct to her from the time she saw him under the sorting hat - his sharp jaw with prominent cheekbones, a wide box smile with thin shapely lips and a slender nose. His silky-straight brown hair that fell on his forehead.

He was trying to meet her eyes but couldn’t and kept looking back as if someone was following him. Laura and Yoongi slowed their pace. The boy came to them and tried to talk but no voice came from him.

‘What’s the matter boy?’ Laura asked Taehyung.

‘Speak up, or go,’ Yoongi said firmly.

Just then two Slytherin 4th year boys walked into the corridor, cackling by themselves.
'There he is! The jerk!' They jeered at the Hufflepuff boy. The boy moved away from Laura and Yoongi in fear as they neared.

'Hey, stop bothering our seniors! Don’t you have any respect for them?' The Slytherin named Derrek Rosier said, grabbing Taehyung by the back of his shirt’s collar.

'We were looking for you, but you scurried off like a little mouse! Your house sigil should be a mouse, don’t you think? You all look scared mice anyway,’ the other boy - Jeffrey Coleman said.

'The mouse is not worth it. Leave him and let’s all go eat,’ Yoongi said stepping forward, motioning the other two boys to follow when the Hufflepuff prefect entered the corridor. The prefect looked angry and annoyed, his eyebrows scrunched together on his broad forehead. He had wavy copper hair and prominent, shapely lips and high cheekbones. He watched all of them carefully, zeroing on Derrek holding Taehyung’s collar. ‘What is going on here?’

Derrek quickly let go of it at the sight of the prefect and the Taehyung ran away, giving one last glance to Laura. *What did these two do to him?* Laura wondered face passive, as she watched him go.

Yoongi walked to the front, eyes on the other House prefect, he cocked his head and smirked, ‘Nothing’s going on Jung,’ The Slytherin’s lilac eyes looked fiercely into Jung Hoseok’s and the Hufflepuff seemed to have accepted the challenge.

‘You expect me to believe that?’ Hoseok asked as he squared off against Min Yoongi.

‘Jung, you as a prefect should believe another,’ Yoongi stated, raising an eyebrow.

Hoseok mocked a smile. ‘So you two are the new Slytherin prefects? Guess all the rest of us will have to keep an eye on you both.’

Laura glared at him. *How dare he?* Hoseok realised he was getting the response he wanted and decided to tease her more. He walked past them to leave but paused after a few steps.

‘It’s a good thing I have the ‘golden boy’ in my team too,’ he said and left. Without looking back, he knew that Laura would be boiling inside head to toe.

Yoongi cursed once he was gone. ‘How was he made a prefect? He used to be one of the clowns in that house and now he’s a prefect? Guess he’s the best Hufflepuff has. That house is becoming more laughable as the years go,’ Yoongi said, watching the Hufflepuff’s back as he walked away.

Laura was not really listening to all that Yoongi was saying to her. She was still burning at the fact that her arch nemesis, from Ravenclaw- the golden boy of Hogwarts, was a prefect as well.

‘Anyway, we have to head to Snape’s chambers before the sorting ceremony begins,’ Yoongi said and they headed to their house teacher’s room where they would receive their prefect duties and robes.

Once they dressed as the Slytherin prefects in robes of emerald green with silver borders, embroidered with the Slytherin sigil of the serpent, they headed to the Great Hall.

*Mood Music (Don’t forget to open in a new tab/window)*

*John Williams - A Change of Season*
The four colours of the Houses filled the Great Hall. It was already full of students laughing and chatting. The teachers were filing into their seats. Argus Filch stood at the main door, carrying his sneaky cat Mrs. Norris in his arms. The roof of the Great Hall showed a half moon with some silver clouds. Yoongi and Laura walked along the Slytherin table to sit in the front, the seat reserved for the Prefects, so that they could usher in the newly sorted first years. The Slytherin table was to the extreme left of the Great Hall. Next to it was the Gryffindor table, followed by Ravenclaw and then Hufflepuff at the extreme right. Laura tried to check on the junior boy Taehyung and caught a glimpse of him happily chatting with his friends on his table. She sat at her place in front, looking across the rest of the prefects, but her eyes were seeking only for one.

At the front of the Ravenclaw table sat Jeon Jungkook, wearing the robe of Ravenclaw, his frame looking tall and strong in those shades of blue. His dark brown hair fell messily on his forehead. He was smiling and talking to his house mates as he adjusted his round glasses. Laura eyed the prefect badge shining on his chest. Even though she always knew that the Golden boy Jeon Jungkook would be made prefect it annoyed her to no end, to even acknowledge it. He was perfect in all aspects for everyone else. She hated that.

Ash entered with her friends and started walking towards her table.

‘Is she too bad?’ one of them asked her.

‘She is bearable I suppose. But I think she’ll make a very boring roommate,’ Ash replied.

‘I heard Gwen is not coming to school anymore because of her,’ another friend of hers chimed in.

‘Because of Laura? What could she possibly do?’ Ash asked.

‘I don’t know! I just heard something like that…’ her friend trailed off. ‘Didn’t you see how Gwen got snubbed by her last year? I heard them argue many times’

As Ash passed the Gryffindor table, she saw the Head Boy of their school, enter in black and red robes, the sigil of gryffindor stamped over the fabric boldly. He had a handsomely rugged face with blonde hair. His eyes looked at you with an intensity even behind thickly framed glasses. He caught her eye and looked at her for a moment and then looked away, just a bit shyly, dimples forming in his cheeks.

‘That Kim Namjoon is looking at you again,’ Ash’s friends teased her.

‘No he’s not. He just happened to look in our direction,’ Ash said.

‘I'll agree he's cute and he’s the Head Boy. Don’t be so harsh on him Ash,’

‘ Do you seriously think I’ll fraternise with a Gryffindor out of all the houses?’ Ash said rolling her eyes thinking of the animosity both houses had for each other since centuries probably. They took their seats. Ash was sitting across Namjoon who was trying his best to not look in her direction, trying a bit too hard. Kim Namjoon might be the most intelligent student in the school but he was so oblivious sometimes.

They were distracted by a sudden increase in giggles as someone walked into the great hall. Ash couldn’t see at first glance but her suspicion was correct. The boy, known as the Prince of the Hogwarts, had just entered. Many people waved at him from all the tables and he waved back,
giving them all a big smile.

Everyone wanted to be Kim Seokjin's friend. He had a body with golden proportions with broad shoulders and a tall frame. He had silky brown hair and big, expressive brown eyes that looked like pools of delicious melted chocolate. It was not just his looks that made him a Prince. His family was part of the royal bloodline from the east who had come to Britain around 200 years ago.

‘Well I wouldn’t mind fraternising with a Gryffindor if it was Jin,’ her friends said, looking at Jin flirtily.

At times his beauty would astound Ash. But she had seen enough of his dorkiness in her five years of school to make her not fall for him. He was Namjoon’s best friend since their first year. Both made a cute pair, Ash thought. Jin had always shielded Namjoon from bullies, her Slytherin folks told her.

As Jin sat next to Namjoon, he looked toward the front and realised Ash was sitting right across him. Ash could have sworn Jin bent his head down to the table trying to control his laughter at the situation. Jin was not good at being subtle. He was dying to tease Namjoon and Ash knew that from twenty feet away. By now everyone knew the rumour of Namjoon having a crush on her. But she preferred denying it just to keep the grapevine under control.

But one day, last year, the genius of subtlety - Jin, expressed his anger at Namjoon in the hallway about losing a Quidditch match to Slytherin. He scolded him that they lost the match because Namjoon, the Gryffindor seeker was too distracted by the Slytherin chaser: Ash. He said a lot more too. Angry Jin had no mouth filter.

‘Hey guys!’ Jimin walked in, giving a big wave to Jin and Namjoon.

‘Oh hey!’ the two Gryffindors waved at him with greeting smiles.

‘Hey Jimin,’ Jin’s eyes twinkled mischievously, ‘Namjoon was wondering if you could talk to Vorhart for him? Set them up,’

‘When did I-!’ Namjoon looked at Jin disbelievingly. The older threw his head back laughing.

‘Vorhart?’ Jimin gave a dry chuckle, ‘You… you’re still crushing on her?’

‘Jimin, don’t believe Jin,’ Namjoon said to him pleadingly. ‘He just wants to tease me-’

‘Jiminnie, you know Namjoon is shy in these matters, so will you help him out?’

Jimin looked at Jin cluelessly, not knowing what to answer.

‘Hey Park,’ one of the Gryffindor seventh year girls named Jessica called to him, ‘I guess you should head to your table now, the sorting ceremony is about to start,’

Jimin looked from Jessica to his friends and his smile faltered a little.

‘The ceremony hasn’t started yet,’ Namjoon said, ‘You can stay here a while Jimin,’

‘No it’s alright,’ Jimin smiled. ‘I don’t want the sorting hat calling me out to sit down,’ and he went to his table, sitting among some of the Slytherin juniors who welcomed him.

Jin gave a stern look to Jessica. Jimin was his friend. He was kind and humble, unlike many others of his house, yet people shunned him for being a Slytherin. Jessica looked startled at Jin’s
expression and only gave him a big smile in return.

‘She’s still pining for you,’ Namjoon whispered to him, seeing the way Jessica smiled eagerly.

Jin sighed, turning his eyes to the front, ‘When will they realise I’m not interested,’ he glanced at Namjoon who was talking to another one of their friends.

I am not interested in them… but you are so oblivious.

The small Professor Flitwick stood up on his chair and clicked his glass which sounded abnormally loud and rang throughout the hall.

‘Settle down everyone! It’s time to welcome the first year students!’ he announced and everyone went silent.

The great doors opened again and Professor Minerva Mcgonagall, led the students in. Yoongi watched them walk past her wondering who all will be the new Slytherins. The first year students looked like little children to him. He couldn’t believe he was that small when he first came here.

Kim Taehyung watched the ceremony with a smile on his face, clapping excitedly for all the new Hufflepuffs. He greeted them with high fives, made them feel welcome. He was trying to not think of the incident that happened a little while ago. The two Slytherin boys- Jeffrey and Derrek had knocked his trunk down when he was heading towards his dorms. Taehyung had lost his cool and warned them to stop, which made them corner him against the wall and threaten him with the disappearance of his new owl. Taehyung couldn’t bear to put another living being in pain for his sake, so he let it go, broke his fiery gaze from the boys to look at his shoes. He’d rather take the pain than put someone else through trouble.

He had been Jeffrey and Derrek’s target for bullying since the first year. Hoseok, his friend since the beginning of school had tried his best protect him but how much could one person do. Snape always swooped in to rescue his house students.

Will things change now that Laura and Yoongi were prefects? He had learned not to keep his hopes too high. His eyes scanned the table further. Laura’s friend Gwen was nowhere to be seen. Where was she? A chill went down Taehyung’s spine remembering what had happened in the dungeons, on the last day of the previous year.

‘Are you alright?’ Hoseok asked him while he was walking around the table, making sure the first years got a seat.

‘I’m fine Hobi,’ Taehyung smiled. ‘You don’t have to worry,’

‘Of course I do. Even more now that those two are prefects,’ Hoseok looked in the direction of the Min-Dracwyns. Laura was busy ushering the students in. Yoongi was talking to one of his friends, smirking about something. His gaze suddenly shifted to the front, finding Hoseok looking at him with distaste from across the tables and Yoongi raised his eyebrow. Hoseok looked away, he had enough of Yoongi teasing him over the years.

They heard the clink of McGonagall’s goblet and the chatter died down. Taehyung looked at his empty plate and gulped. He was starving. Their headmaster, professor Albus Dumbledore stood up and smiled at all of them. He was wearing lavender robes with silver thread work, matching his long silver beard. His blue eyes twinkled as he started his traditional speech before the commencement of the feast.
Ok my first chapter! I'm so nervous and excited at the same time. I know, there are plenty of characters here... but please bear with me! I want to know what you all think so please do comment as you read. Don't be a silent reader! Your words will encourage me to go on.

PLEASE READ THIS SO YOU KNOW WHAT'S COMING -
So, I've been giving this a lot of thought for the past couple of days, as to how to address the 'underage' tag in the archive warnings. This story runs on the suspense/mystery plot. The plot makes the romantic relationships move forward, so even though there's nothing happening right now (while the relationships are still brewing) but, in the future, there will be certain amount of sexual content.

The characters in romantic relationships in this story range from the age of 16-18, and after going through Ao3's guidelines, they deem below 18 as underage, even though broadly, 16+ is a common rating for sexual content.

So, please be warned that in the future, there will be sexual content with characters of the above age group.

Another issue I wanted to address is regarding the ship tags. As I wrote, I realised not all the ships are going to progress at the same rate or happen at the same time. I don't know if I should be putting one ship as main and others as sides because that's not how I see it. Some ship might be having more content now and less later and vice versa. Since it depends on what's happening with them during that arch of the story.

Thank you for reading through this! And I hope you understand what I tried to convey!

^___^
In case you are confused with the character names, here is a GLOSSARY chapter that I added in part 1.

The staircase groaned as it moved from the first floor, startling the Slytherin First years about to step on them. Their prefects, Yoongi and Laura stood calmly, the fire from the mantle glinting off the jewel-encrusted dragon’s eye on their robe’s clasp, drawing whispers from the First Years who had only heard of the Min-Dracwyn and their dynasty of dragonriders. Clearly they were awestruck having heard of their legendary history. Their ancestors were people of such power and magic that the Ministry had over time systematically curtailed the use of dragons and the Min-Dracwyn’s turned their interests elsewhere. But their intimidating aura remained.

Yoongi and Laura led the line of first year Slytherins down the hall, past rows and rows of paintings on the wall that spoke to them in familiar tones. Some Hufflepuffs loitering near the end of the corridor immediately moved to the side to let the Slytherin group pass them, even as they frowned and a seventh year Hufflepuff clucked angrily at them.

‘A whole lot of new snakes,’ he whispered disapprovingly under his breath, just loud enough for his group of friends to hear.

Two of the most disliked and feared Slytherins had been given a position of power. Yoongi was surrounded by the richest and most elite Slytherins since he had joined Hogwarts and no one dared cross his path because they knew there would be hell to pay. Although Yoongi wouldn’t go after anyone without reason, the same could not said for a few others around him.

The light got dimmer and the air cooler as they traversed through the castle. The Slytherin dorms were located on the North side, farthest from the other dorms. A winding staircase led them below and soon they reached the damp grey wall - the entrance to the Slytherin territory.

‘Emerald Occulorum,’ he said and the bricks began to shift, leaving an open passage for three to enter at a time. The quiet but curious first years trudged through the passage a little uneasily. Their parents had undoubtedly told them of their own House but to experience it was a different matter altogether.

Just as opulent as the House occupants itself, the common room retained its regency over that of the other Houses. It’s ambience was dark and cool interspersed with dim but wide arcing pools of green lanterns. The common room extended underground, into the great lake. Cool green light from the water shined through the windows. One could see the small creatures of the lake through the windows. It had the feel of a mysterious underwater shipwreck.

‘Woah…’ many of the first years stood in amazement. Yoongi and Laura were smugly amused at their reaction. Bet no other house had a common room like this.

The Slytherin emblem hung over the main fireplace, it’s emerald eyes shining in the fire. The curtains and the furniture was in shades of grey and green. Portraits of important Slytherin alumni hung on the wall, which Laura completely ignored as she explained the layouts of the dorm.
‘The boys dorms are to the left and the girls to the right, both head upstairs. Get changed and meet us in exactly 10 minutes,’ Yoongi continued noticing how Laura avoided looking at the portrait of their grandfather.

Yoongi’s usual friends, the elite seniors came to join them in the briefing.

‘Vorhart,’ Laura called out to her roommate who had just come in. ‘You ought to be part of the briefing team. You are a senior and the Quidditch captain,’ she said to her.

Ash blinked for a moment. Was a Dracwyn willingly inviting another person into their little elite group?

‘Yeah sure,’ she replied dispassionately and walked to where they were seated.

Just then Yoongi saw Jimin enter and shook his head, ‘And someone keep Jimin away from them. He will completely undo the effect of the briefing,’

Jimin looked like they had taken away his candy from him. His eyes widened and plump lips pulled into a round ‘o’ ‘Whaat? Keep away from me? What am I gonna do?’ he whined.

‘You are an overly friendly puppy. They need to fear us so that they don’t get their royal arses whooped,’ Ash said.

‘Alright,’ Jimin pouted and went to a corner on the first level. He was often childlike, and despite finding being annoyingly friendly, Ash and Laura were always slightly amused by him, though they would never show it.

‘This prefect business is bothersome,’ Yoongi said to himself sprawling on the luxurious couch. Everyone sat around him. He removed a lollipop from his robe, unwrapped it and popped it in his mouth.

The first years came one by one. They all saw some familiar faces. All pure blood families knew each other at least by name. The juniors formed a line and looked at the group of seniors nervously.

Yoongi’s deep authoritative voice reverberated off the cold walls ‘Do you know us?’ The first years nodded nervously. One of them spoke up, ‘Min Yoongi and Laura Dracwyn. You both are the new prefects,’ a boy said. ‘And Ash Vorhart, the new Quidditch team captain. Tassia Carrow, Graham Montague and Terence Higgs, the Quidditch team seeker.’

‘And you are?’ Laura asked.

‘I’m Theodore Nott,’ he said. The boy’s blue eyes looked at them with guarded curiosity.

‘Thanks to Nott, now you all know who we are,’ Yoongi said. ‘And you better listen to us all if you want to live as part of House Slytherin.’ He paused for maximum effect, noting the slight tremor that ran through the gathering appreciatively. Better to be feared than to be loved, his grandfather’s voice echoed from the depths of his memory.

Yoongi grew quiet, his hands slack as he recollected his composure. He spoke again, voice a little lower, ‘Do you know who is the head Professor of our house?’

‘Professor Snape!’ a first year girl said. ‘He teaches potions.’

‘Good. Professor Severus Snape. He is the potions master and the head of our house. And he will take care of you, as long as you all show sensible behaviour. He has no tolerance for nonsense and
trust me, you do not want to test his patience,’ Yoongi said glancing at Snape’s portrait hanging on the alumni wall.

‘As for interaction with the other houses, remember that we all compete for the house cup every year,’ Laura added.

‘Oh, who won last year?? Was it Slytherin?’ the same girl asked enthusiastically.

Laura pursed her lips and glanced away.

‘Ravenclaw won the cup last year,’ Ash answered. ‘And that’s why we all have to buckle up and work harder for it.’

‘Bloody Ravenclaw…’ Ash heard Laura mutter under her breath.

‘We earn points by being smart in class and exhibiting the required behaviour,’ Ash continued. ‘Any of the teaching staff at Hogwarts can add or deduct points from the houses, so be clever about your actions. The points earned in Quidditch are also added towards the overall house points. The first years cannot join the Quidditch team. But I will be looking out if any of you are good enough to join next year. We have tryouts each year.’

‘And by house rule, you cannot tell other house students where our dormitories are, what happens in our common rooms and the password to the dorms,’ the tall and burly 6th year, Graham Montague said to them, adding to the intimidating factor.

‘If any of you break the dormitory rules, it will be detention in the dungeons for a month,’ Yoongi gave them all a formidable look. ‘Remember, we play to win, because we care about the honour and traditions of Slytherin. And if any of you break the Slytherin traditions, whether you get detention or not, I will see to it that you learn your lesson.’

The first years nodded nervously.

‘Alright then,’ Yoongi got up to leave. The juniors backed away and Yoongi passed through them, followed by the other members of his group.

Ash was the last one and she turned towards the juniors, ‘Don’t lose your way in the castle. In any case, we Slytherins look out for each other so you guys should be ok,’ she felt a bit sorry for how scared they were right now. ‘You can ask our house ghost, The Bloody Baron for help as well. But remember, he doesn’t speak unless absolutely necessary so don’t annoy him. You’ll regret it,’

Jimin was watching all of this from the corner… they sidelined him, again. This had been happening from the start, because he wanted to be a friendly person instead of a pretentious snob. Did they think that he didn’t know how insecure each one was behind this mask they wore? He lived with them. He had seen their moments of weakness, of despair and, even of affection. But he wasn’t supposed to speak about that… his house had a reputation to keep.

But this year, he wanted to be out of the sidelines, especially now that Ash Vorhart was the Quidditch Captain and he had only two years left at this school. Jimin hurried towards her and tapped her shoulder lightly, greeting her with his usual eye smile, ‘Hey Ash, when are the Quidditch tryouts this year??’

‘I’m holding tryouts next week, the warm up match with Ravenclaw will be soon. You’re not planning to try are you?’

‘I just might,’ Jimin replied, somewhat mysteriously. He gave her a blinding smile and went his
way towards the winding path leading to the boy’s dormitories.

Ash blinked a few times thinking she had heard wrong. Jimin wanted to join the Quidditch team?!
Since when had he been interested in anything resembling a fight?

She eyed his retreating figure, he looks quite athletic but why the sudden interest? I have no idea
what goes on in his mind. She shook her head and proceeded to her room. After wearing her
pyjamas, she lounged on her bed with a novel. She was halfway through it when Laura entered,
carrying a nicely wrapped package.

‘It’s the first day and you are already getting packages from home?’ she asked, flicking a stray hair
off her forehead in annoyance.

‘This isn’t from home, Laura replied, eyes narrowed. ‘My Grandfather isn’t a person to send me
wrapped up gifts,’ she said tossing the package on her side table.

‘Not from home? Oh, okay.’ Ash didn’t want to ask too many questions in a matter which didn’t
really concern her. Packages were personal.

‘It’s from Graham’s mother,’ Laura said, pulling out clothes from her trunk with vigour.

‘Graham Montague?’ Ash asked, sitting up from her position in bed.

‘Yes,’ Laura said with a sigh.

Graham Montague had fancied Laura from a long time. Ash personally didn’t like him much.
Whenever he opened his mouth, he only praised himself.

‘Oh.. But why is his mother gifting you stuff? You guys are close?’

‘Well, how do I say this… Guess the Montagues want to be close to my Grandfather. I don’t really
care whatever they do. They are annoying to be honest.’

‘Annoying, he is,’ Ash laughed, rolling her eyes, ‘but Montague has a thing for you… doesn’t he?’

‘He has a thing for the Dracwyn name. Nothing more,’ Laura stated and walked to the bathroom,
again giving the vibe of being lonely even though she was surrounded by people.

Ash returned to her book without comment. She didn’t expect Laura to be chatty at all. She had
always found her rather quiet. Maybe there’s hope after all.

Next Day

It had been an overall dull day for Kim Taehyung, with McGonagall starting out on a difficult
chapter and he didn’t even want to start with how bad potions went. Their friendly groundskeeper
Rubeus Hagrid was substituting for Professor Silvanus Kettleburn as Care of Magical Creatures
teacher until Kettleburn recovered from a mountain troll attack. And even Hagrid decided to have a
dull class. He thought taking care of ‘night glow slugs’ was a good start to their advanced year.

He was heading towards his last class- An elective on ‘Charms and Its Importance in the
Wizarding World’ This was one of the few classes that students from different years shared. He
was early to the class and sat near Professor Flitwick’s table, waiting for the class to begin.

His eyes felt heavy, thanks to the boring day and before he knew it, his head was on the desk.

He dreamt of it again… the cold and dark dungeon. Their wand kept flicking in his direction,
flashes of bright, hot light coming towards him.

Stop hurting me… someone save me.

He was on his knees, weak. A girl’s strained voice rang through his head.

‘Tell me what you’re hiding?!’ ‘I know you have a secret!’ ‘What did your Auror mother tell you?’

Her spells kept attacking him, until he saw a flash of a familiar face. Jin was there and there was a white light. The heat had died and everything was cold now.

I should kill her.

‘Taehyung?’ He felt a hand shake him. Taehyung’s eyes snapped open and he gasped for air. He was in the charms classroom and professor Flitwick was looking at him worriedly.

‘Did you have a nightmare?’

‘S-Sorry, P-Professor,’ Taehyung blinked his eyes while his heartbeat settled down. It was only a dream… I’m fine. ‘I just fell asleep. I’m ok,’

‘Are you sure?’ Flitwick still seemed worried.

‘Of course,’ Taehyung smiled, putting his thoughts away. ‘What are you teaching us today professor?’

‘Well, I thought I take some theory on the effects of the Protean charm-’ Flitwick’s voice died out seeing the disappointed look on Taehyung’s face.

‘Professor, we’ve had a boring day, please teach us something fun! Your charms elective classes are as it is rare,’

And of course there was no way on earth Flitwick or anyone else could deny Taehyung’s innocent yearning.

Flitwick’s moustache twitched twice, and the small professor made a noise of affirmation as he said, ‘Alright, let’s have a fun class,’

Taehyung gave him a big box-shaped smile, bright enough to light up the entire great hall.

Students were still walking in while Flitwick told them to sit in pairs of two and Ash Vorhart took the seat next to Taehyung.

‘Hello Vorhart!’ Taehyung greeted her happily. They had been partnered once before in another class and Taehyung had liked her friendly demeanour. She was nicer than the rest of her house.

Ash smiled back at him and settled into her seat.

‘Hello Vorhart!’ Taehyung greeted her happily. They had been partnered once before in another class and Taehyung had liked her friendly demeanour. She was nicer than the rest of her house. Ash smiled back at him and settled into her seat.

‘Okay class, open your books to page 293,’ Professor Flitwick announced, easily getting to the right page despite the book being much larger than him. ‘I thought we’d do something fun for our first class of the year. The Vineoqua spell, used to turn water to wine, has been around for ages. It has been considered one of the most useful charms, if you know what I mean,’ Flitwick gave out a chuckle and some students responded back including Taehyung’s partner.

‘This should be fun,’ Ash chuckled.

‘Now it is very important that the charm be done correctly or you’ll get something terrible. It is
important to concentrate and flick your wrist in the upward motion,’ He demonstrated the spell, ‘Vineoqua.’ The large goblet of water turned into a cherry coloured wine. He then took a sip out of the recently turned wine goblet. ‘Mmm, yes this has come out really well.’ He offered it to a sixth-year student nearby who also agreed with him.

Taehyung turned towards her, smiling wide, ‘Okay let’s start. I’ll go first.’

‘Yeah, okay,’ Ash replied. To be truthful, she wasn’t immune to his smile, like the rest of the students who had been graced to be in the presence of it..

Taehyung tried a couple of times but it was like he was nearly there but not quite getting the right flavour. Ash was the one testing the flavour of the nearly made wines. There was a senior in every pairing who were the ones trying the wine. Professor Flitwick didn’t want a class full of drunk children. And students above the age of 15 were trusted old enough to take care of themselves.

Suddenly there was some clapping going around in the class. Ash and Taehyung turned their heads to see what was up. Flitwick and some of the classmates were clapping and a boy with black hair was standing up on his chair proudly showing off his perfectly cherry red wine.

Of course it’s him.

Park Jimin was exceptionally good at Charms.

‘Very good Jimin! Well done,’ Flitwick continued to praise him excitedly while Jimin beamed.

Taehyung was back to giving his charm a try. Ash was beginning to feel a little sluggish from all the tasting she had done till now. As Taehyung continued to try, Ash watched Jimin come over to their bench.

‘Tae-Tae, that’s not how you flick your wrist and remember to speak clearly,’ Jimin said to Taehyung while standing over the goblet on their table. And with Jimin’s golden touch, Taehyung actually got it right.

‘Now you try Ash,’ Jimin said turning towards her. His persona was so happy all the time that she didn’t know what to do. Be happy or just run away.

‘Yeah,’ Ash said, trying to look anywhere but at Jimin who was blinding her with his earnest eyes and encouragement. She took out her wand and flicked it. Nothing happened. She tried again and the water in her goblet turned pink.

‘That must be Rose,’ She said and took a sip only to spit it out just as quickly. ‘Okay, not Rose.’ She tried again. She could see that her wand movement was sloppy thanks to all the wine in her. She felt a little too relaxed. Around the room the seniors lazily moved their wands. Ash even saw one Ravenclaw boy passed out and his partner trying to wake him up.

Suddenly she felt someone’s hand envelope hers.

All this wine is making me so dull, she thought, blinking her eyes and looking at the hand holding her wand hand. They felt so soft and so cool to the touch. She looked up, following the hand to its owner, and it was Jimin. He had a big smile on his face which made his eyes look like crescents.

His smile is really nice. Her brain was fuzzy at this point.

‘Like this. Flick it to right. Yes, that’s great!’ Jimin exclaimed. She looked down at the goblet and saw that she had successfully managed to do the charm.
‘Thanks,’ she quietly said to him. He gave her a big smile again and started to walked away.

‘Cute,’ she said quietly to herself but Jimin halted in his steps for just a second. And she realised what transpired.

‘Shit!’ She cursed quietly since they were still in class. She glanced at Jimin who had decided to continue on his path towards his seat. Oh thank god he left. Did he hear me? I didn’t just think what I thought earlier. And what the heck was wrong with me, just being totally okay with him holding my hand. Like it was no big deal. She could feel her cheeks warming up and she didn’t want to think that it was because of him.

‘No it’s definitely the wine,’ she said to herself and slapped both her cheeks lightly.

The next day, the Slytherins had their first ever Apparition class with the Hufflepuffs. Everyone was buzzing with excitement. Yoongi heard some Hufflepuff muggle borns saying that this was going to be like getting their driving license and scratched his head uninterestedly.

They were taken to a location slightly far from the castle. It was a vast open ground and the official instructor for Apparition, Wilkie Twycross had come from the Ministry of Magic. He was a short man with wisps of grey hair and grey eyes on a wrinkled face. He wore cream and pale green robes, a round belly showing. Apparition on Hogwarts grounds was forbidden and they had protective charms from blocking apparitions from happening to and from the castle. For their training, a specific area had been chosen and the blocking charms disabled.

‘Now, you need to remember the 3 Ds of apparition - Destination, Determination and Deliberation. One must be completely determined to reach one's destination, and move without haste, but with deliberation. You need to completely focus towards the place you want to go to. If you don’t, you could land in a tricky spot, where there is water below your feet or just dead air,’ he explained to them. ‘Repeat after me Destination, Determination, Deliberation.’

All the students repeated, all in their own off-tone voices and speed. Twycross looked at them, little hope falling from his face. Laura and Yoongi looked bored.

‘Can he move this along? Do we have to be here all day? I’m sleepy already,’ Yoongi yawned.

‘Hey Yoongi,’ Ash joined him. ‘Vanessa was asking about you,’

Yoongi suddenly looked uncomfortable. He glanced towards the said person. Vanessa, his fellow housemate… and ex girlfriend, was not looking at him. She was talking to some of her friends, tucking her blonde hair behind her ears.

‘Ok I lied,’ Ash admitted. ‘I just want to know what’s happened between you guys,’

Yoongi gave her a hard look and when Ash didn’t back down, he ran a hand through his hair, sighing. ‘We just… realized we had some differences,’

In front of them Twycross continued. ‘You will feel like you are squeezing through a tight tube while you apparate. Don’t let that distract you from focusing on your destination. And as soon as you feel solid ground on your feet, remember to maintain your balance. Everyone form a line, we’ll be going one by one.’

There was some tugging and pushing as the Hufflepuffs formed a line, contrary to the Slytherins who went about it more smoothly. Laura was among the last ones with Ash before her.

‘Hey Ash!’ Jimin called out to her from the front. He moved two places back to be in front of her.

‘You aren’t hungover are you?’ he asked her, concern lining his voice.
‘Uh, I guess not. Are you?’ she asked him, trying not to be conscious of how she had become buzzed that day.

‘A bit, yeah,’ Jimin admitted shyly. ‘I ended up tasting wine from many people yesterday. Woke up with a throbbing head but I didn’t want to miss apparition,’

‘You know you need full focus for this right?’ Ash asked him startled.

‘I hope I manage! Honestly I just wanna lie down somewhere,’ he said running his small hands through his charcoal hair.

As the students attempted apparition, many of the trials invited a lot of laughter or shocked exclamations from the rest. People were falling left and right. Some didn’t apparate for a whole minute and their extremely focused face just invited more laughter. Many felt dizzy and some threw up. Next was Jimin’s turn. He walked to the spot and held his wand straight. It was a light shade wood, short wand with engravings on the hilt. He closed his eyes tight but nothing happened for a while.

‘Visualize properly boy,’ Twycross said to him.

‘Yes yes, I’m trying,’ Jimin said and closed his eyes tight again. Ash thought the crinkling of his nose was incredibly cute.

There was a pop and Jimin disappeared in black and green swirls. A few seconds passed and he didn’t appear.

‘Where’s he?!’ Ash asked, slightly panicked.

‘Oh no, Jimin!’ Twycross exclaimed, frantically looking left and right.

They heard a pop and a scream filling the air. Ash noticed just in time to see a figure falling down from 30 feet high. She snapped out her wand.

‘IMMOBULUS!!’ She said loud and firm pointing the wand at the falling figure in the sky.

Jimin froze, three feet above the ground. Ash released her charm and he landed softly on the grassy ground, panting hard.

‘Oh my gha-,’ he wheezed, still trying to process the situation.

‘Are you ok boy?’ Twycross asked, rushing at his side.

‘I’m… I’m ok… what happened?’ Jimin was utterly shocked.

‘You appeared in the air, quite high up. You did not focus on your destination properly did you? If it weren’t for the quick acting of your fellow house student, you would’ve needed Madam Pomfrey now,’ he said to him, pointing towards Ash.

Jimin stood up, feeling shaky and walked to his batchmates, running his hands through his hair.

‘Are you okay?’ Ash asked with concern.

‘You saved me...’ Jimin said blankly, still trying to grasp what had happened. 'I could've broken my skull or something....'

‘Do you need to go to Madam Pomfrey?’ Ash asked.
Jimin didn’t seem to be hearing her. ‘Thanks Ash...’ he said looking at her with big eyes, a smile creeping up on his face as he brushed the back of his head with his palm.

‘Ok you don't seem to be in the best condition. Can you hear me?’ Ash asked, waving her hand in front of his face. Jimin started smiling wide at this.

‘Yes yes, I can hear you. I'm alright really!’ He said beaming at her. Ash was instantly reminded of his smile from yesterday when he held her hand and her cheeks warmed up again.

‘Ok, move along, you Hufflepuff boy, you’re next,’ Twycross pointed towards Hoseok.

‘I've heard some people can suffer injuries when you apparate. Is that true?’ Hoseok asked, worried.

‘Already scared, are you Jung?’ Yoongi sneered. ‘You know you can go back if you want to. This isn't a compulsory class, so if you are too scared…’

‘I am not afraid,’ Hoseok retorted, looking back at Yoongi and defiantly and stepped towards Twycross.

‘You sure? What if you leave your head behind and only your body apparates?’ Yoongi jested.

‘Is that possible?’ Hoseok asked Twycross in whispers, frowning in tension and fear.

‘No, no, that won’t happen. Just concentrate well on your destination and you'll be totally fine,’ Twycross tried to console him. ‘Cases of body splinching have happened but they were very rare and would never happen unless you can’t visualise your destination or are still extremely focused on your previous location than where you want to go,’

‘Go on, get on with it then!’ Yoongi called out.

‘Ok that’s enough Min. You will stay silent unless you want points deducted from Slytherin,’ Twycross said to Yoongi. The teacher moved back a few paces to give Hoseok space. The sunlight glistening on the mirror like locket Twycross wore, glaring the light into Hoseok’s face, making him squint his eyes.

Hoseok stepped forward slowly, hands tightly fisted around his wand. He had side-apparated with his father before and travelled by portkey. He should be ok. Twycross had marked two spots with a cross and flag, one in red and other in blue, 500 metres apart. They were supposed to apparate from one spot to another.

‘Hold your wand firmly and concentrate on the spot marked blue,’ Twycross said to him.

Jung Hoseok closed his eyes, concentrating hard. There was a sudden loud crack from the cluster of students and Hoseok jumped in the air, screaming. Someone among the students had exploded a small rock to scare him. The Slytherins again roared in laughter.

‘Min Yoongi! I warned you!’ Twycross said impatiently, his chubby finger wagging in the direction of the slytherin prefect.

Yoongi shrugged, acting innocent, ‘I didn’t do that! I don’t know who did it!’

‘Another interruption and I will take 20 points from Slytherin. That’s my final warning,’ Twycross said crossly. And then he turned to Hoseok.
‘C’mon boy. It’s not that hard,’ he said, getting slightly impatient from all the ruckus.

Hoseok nodded and concentrated again, his wand held up straight against his face. He felt a whirring sound but ignored it. Suddenly he felt all of his body being compressed in… too much… no, no this was too painful. He opened his eyes and there was grey mist, and a few faces, a hand moving with a wand… He was screaming in pain, unable to make sense of anything.

Hoseok had apparated but his legs were bleeding. Long gashes ran across it. Twycross and the Hufflepuffs ran towards him. He looked like he was wrapped in red ribbons which were slowly spreading over his clothes.

‘We need to take him to the infirmary. Don’t worry, you’ll be alright.’ Twycross shouted over his shouts of pain. ‘Class dismissed,’

Yoongi’s face was white, watching all of this, completely stunned out of his senses. What had just happened? He was just joking around…

He saw the Hufflepuffs give him the stink eye, murmurs already erupting. Yoongi looked away in anger and walked back to the castle alone, his thoughts on what had happened to Hoseok, his bloodied and painful state.

In the infirmary, Madam Pomfrey came rushing towards Hoseok with Ditanny while the nurses carefully stripped him off his blood soaked clothes. He was in agony, he had never felt this kind of pain before.

Yoongi halted outside the infirmary door. He wanted to know what was going on.

‘Splinching is always curable isn’t it?’ Yoongi heard Twycross ask.

‘Splinching is curable but I’ve never seen anything like this,’ was Pomfrey’s reply. Yoongi could feel his heart thudding inside his chest. What had exactly happened?

He heard footsteps approaching and hurriedly moved away, pretending to walk down the corridor as Twycross exited with Pomfrey. Yoongi sat on the ledge of one of the windows, wondering if he should go in and check on Hoseok.

Why am I bothered. If I go in, he’s gonna blame this on me… the Slytherin shook his head. But he couldn’t get the image out a bleeding and crying Hoseok of his head…

‘Fuck this,’ he muttered and walked into the infirmary.

Hoseok was on his bed, wrapped up in bandages. The nurse made him drink a potion and as soon as she left, Hoseok’s eyes found Yoongi.

‘What are you doing here?’ Hoseok’s tone wasn’t kind.

‘Are you alright?’ Yoongi asked. His fists were clenched. Why am I doing this?

‘Don’t pretend like you care Min,’ Hoseok looked away. ‘Are you worried I’m going to tell on you?’

‘Do you really think I did this?’ Yoongi asked him in disbelief. Sure their history wasn’t a friendly one. But Yoongi had never been violent with him.

‘I don’t know…’ was all the Hufflepuff said.
‘You splinched Jung. This happens in apparitions,‘

‘Pomfrey was quite sure this wasn’t splinching. Someone did something to me. I saw a wand move,‘

Yoongi was speechless. Could this be true? ‘Are you sure?’

‘Positive,’ Hoseok replied, lifting his chin dismissively. He wouldn't be shaken from his conviction.

Yoongi clenched his teeth, jaw tight, he replied cuttingly, ‘You can give whatever statement you want to Dumbledore… but I never lie Jung. I would never ever do this to you,’ and he walked out of the room.
Shadows

Chapter Summary

Hoseok is in the infirmary, recovering from his wounds when someone unexpected pays him a visit, along with. Meanwhile Jimin tried his luck at quidditch and Jungkook is trying his best to conjure a bunny.

Chapter Notes

Incase you are confused with the character names, here is a GLOSSARY chapter that I added in part 1.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘Are you sure?’ Taehyung’s brown eyes looked intently over Hoseok.

‘I was sure…’ Hoseok adjusted himself on the infirmary bed. Taehyung immediately helped him up, setting his pillow right. ‘But… I heard Pomfrey mentioning my… mental issues to Sprout. They think I hallucinated it and now I’m doubting myself,’

‘But you’ve not… you’ve been well for a long time,’ Taehyung said. ‘Something should trigger the hallucination,’

‘Nothing trigger worthy has happened,’ Hoseok shrugged.

Taehyung gulped. Hoseok says someone attacked him… and he felt Hoseok was right. But was this just his paranoia speaking? Because the Slytherins attacked him as well? To torture a secret out of him which he didn’t even hold.

‘Tae are you not telling me something?’ Hoseok’s eyebrows knitted together at the younger’s thoughtful expression.

‘Huh?’ Taehyung blinked at him. He trusted his friend Hoseok with his life. After this incident, maybe he should confide in him. What if danger still lurked around them? Was someone else going to be attacked too?

They heard a knock on the door and their headmaster walked in, his light blue robes shining in the moonlight.

‘Ah Taehyung,’ Dumbledore looked kindly at the boy. ‘Past your curfew isn’t it? Its nearly midnight,’

‘Yes Professor,’ Taehyung stood up from the bed. ‘Sorry I just wanted to see him once,’

‘That’s alright,’ Dumbledore nodded. ‘But head back now,’ he smiled at the boy and Taehyung left without another word. Dumbledore turned his attention to Hoseok. His eyes were warm as he
‘How are you Hoseok?’

‘Much better,’ Hoseok smiled slightly. ‘Wounds are almost healed. I can move around now,’

‘Good… Hoseok, Madam Pomfrey tells me, you saw something when you apparated. What did you see?’ Dumbledore’s blue eyes looked at him intently.

‘Some faces… a hand moved, pointing a wand at me,’ the boy answered.

‘Did you recognise these faces?’

‘I…’ Hoseok hesitated and sighed. ‘No,’

‘I don’t think there is any need to worry Hoseok,’ Dumbledore said. ‘These things happen during apparition,’

Hoseok nodded. Dumbledore smiled and left him. He knew this was going to be the outcome. Maybe… they were right. His mind told him that, but his heart was still unsettled.

Yoongi was pacing up and down the corridor near the infirmary. He felt like he should check up on Hoseok but couldn’t make himself face him again. What would he even say to him? They weren’t friends. They were quite the opposite. From the moment Hoseok had upset him by stepping on his foot on the Hogwarts express five years ago, Yoongi had found him annoying. Annoyingly happy, loud and animated. He was all the things Yoongi disliked.

Had he grown some sort of attachment to the vexation he felt for Hoseok? He probably had… or else why would he be here, wondering if Hoseok would be ok enough to attend classes tomorrow… well, Yoongi needed something to entertain himself and teasing Hoseok was as entertaining as it gets.

‘Mister Min,’ the Headmaster’s voice made him jump.

‘Sir,’ Yoongi cleared his throat. ‘I was… I was just making the rounds. Prefect duty,’

‘I see,’ Dumbledore nodded. ‘If I were you, I’d move quietly. People are sleeping in the infirmary,’

‘Oh,’ Yoongi nodded, not meeting Dumbledore’s eye and the headmaster left with a slight smile.

So Hoseok was asleep… maybe it’s the perfect time. He won’t even know I’m there.

Yoongi walked to the infirmary, as quiet as a cat. The lights were out and he saw Hoseok’s form outlined in the moonlight, facing away from him. His body slowly raised up and down as he breathed. Yoongi walked in and stood close enough so that he could partially see Hoseok’s face. His wounds seemed to have almost healed. His friends had left him some care packages. There was a box of muffins with Jin’s name written quite evidently in red with a heart, below which Jin had written ‘+ Joon+Em’. He couldn’t believe Jimin drew him a get well soon card. Is he five? He probably is and that Jeon Jungkook is three. Because the Ravenclaw had tried to squeeze in his name somewhere on Jimin’s artwork.

Suddenly Hoseok turned and Yoongi had nowhere to run, walking backwards rapidly and banging his leg on the chair behind him. Hoseok’s eyes flared up, fixing on Yoongi’s shocked face.
'Min?' his eyebrows narrowed. Was he seeing right?

Yoongi gulped and Hoseok slowly sat up.

‘What are you doing here?’

‘Nothing,’ Yoongi looked down, eyes darting from one corner of the floor to the other and then he strode off with fast, heavy footsteps, his heart beating a hundred miles an hour.

Yoongi reached his dorm and fell onto the plush green sofa, face and palms sweating.

‘If you act like this, people are gonna think you did it you know,’ he heard his cousin. Yoongi looked at her from the corner of his eye. Laura sat with many papers floating around her, arranging notes.

‘What do you mean?’ Yoongi asked her.

‘Sneaking off to see Jung. Why do you want to see him anyway?’

‘I…’ Yoongi gulped nervously again. ‘I saw how bad he was hurt,’

‘And you were worried about him?’

Another figure invaded Yoongi’s line of vision, a girl, walking in and settling near Laura. Yoongi knew who it was… and he wished he could apparate out of here this very moment.

‘Worried about whom?’ it was Vanessa’s voice.

‘That Jung Hoseok. Who got splinched today,’ Laura replied. Yoongi glanced up and regretted it instantly because his ex’s blue eyes looked at him with a gaze that spelled ‘I told you so.’

Yoongi cursed under his breath and strode to his room.

The Next Day-

Jungkook adjusted his new blue prefect robes as he proudly walked into the Transfiguration classroom. Today’s first class was a subject he loved, by his favourite teacher. Professor Mcgonagall was seated on her desk, writing some notes. He made his way to one of the seats in the front, excited about the new class. Just as he was about to grab the chair, another hand grabbed it. He recognised the ring on the small hand- a silver dragon biting its own tail, with an amethyst eye twinkling up at him. He looked up with a frown and Laura Dracwyn reflected his expression.

‘This is taken,’ she said to him patronisingly, her purple eyes hard like the stone in her ring.

Both looked at each other a moment, not budging an inch.

‘Good, you will need to pay extra attention anyways. This class maybe too advanced for you,’ Jungkook said, returning the hatred.

‘No one cares what you think Jeon. Why don’t you scurry off somewhere else?’ Laura snapped.

Mcgonagall looked up at them through her spectacles.

‘If the squabbling is done I suggest everyone takes their seats,’ she said to both of them.

Jungkook’s friend and fellow prefect Sierra called him from a seat behind them. 'Kookie, there's a
Jungkook gave a last glare to Laura and moved back. Laura haughtily pulled her seat and sat in it.

'Don't let her ruin your mood Kookie!' Sierra said to him, trying to lighten him up, looking at him with big green eyes, hoping to provide some consolation as Jungkook opened his textbook with a thud, thoroughly disgruntled.

Professor Mcgonagall stood up and pulled back her sleeves slightly. 'The Transfiguration you all have learned so far, was cakewalk compared to what you will learn in these 2 years. Do you know the 2 most complex types of Transfigurations?'

'Conjuration and Human Transfiguration,' Laura stated from the front.

'Correct. But some conjuration spells have already been taught to you, like Aguamenti,' she said, waving her wand and conjuring a wave of water into the air which then disappears. 'And Incendio' she said, and tongues of flames shoot up in the air and diffused. 'But why do you think Conjuration of other objects is difficult?'

Laura opened her mouth but Jungkook made sure to speak before her.

'The details are what make it difficult,' Jungkook said. 'When conjuring an object with a specific form and design, one needs to pay attention to detail. Water and fire are more free flowing and easy for our minds to visualise.'

'Yes that's precisely why. 10 points to Ravenclaw,' Mcgonagall said, making the Ravenclaws happy and Laura grind her teeth in silence. 'The first few conjuring trials fail for many due to these reasons. In order to perform a successful conjuration, you need to tap into your subconscious,' Mcgonagall explained.

Jungkook watched Laura take notes furiously at the front. He and Laura had never liked each other from the start, because Jungkook broke Slytherin’s winning streak in his 2nd year, outshining Laura as the best student, loved by the entire school. Since then, they had been extremely competitive, their prime goal- defeating the other. Seeing how Slytherins treated half-bloods like himself and his muggle born friends, Jungkook took this up as an opportunity to defeat the entire Slytherin house, especially since that incident in their fourth year...

Kim Taehyung, Jungkook’s best friend had become a target of the Slytherin bullies from his first year itself, all because he refused to care about the built up hierarchy among the students. And one of these incidents went too far. The Slytherin boys- Derreck and Jeffrey lured Taehyung all the way to the Shrieking Shack and were planning to lock him up there. And everyone knew if there were screams and noises coming from the most haunted spot in Hogsmeade, no one would risk their lives to check on it. Jungkook had rushed out to save him (having been informed by Jimin) and came to see the usual bullies, along with Laura at the Shrieking Shack. He still remembered that night fresh in his mind.

2 Years Ago-

Jungkook ran silently, out into the cold night of the castle grounds. He saw Laura, Jeffrey and Derreck standing outside the shack with a shaking Taehyung next to them.

‘Let him go right now!' Jungkook growled. Laura stepped forward, between him and her two juniors, her face cool as the night breeze.

‘Nothing’s happened to him, you need to relax,’ she said to the furious Jungkook.
'What the fuck do you guys think you are doing?' Jungkook said spitefully, stepping in between Taehyung and the rest, trying to shield him. ‘If you think you are going to get away with this—’

‘Jungkook… don’t. Let’s go,’ Taehyung said in a small voice, hand pulling at his arm.

‘I am not letting this go. You are a fool if you think I won’t take this to the Professors,’ Jungkook said.

‘And what will you say? Listen to the boy and let it go,’ Laura repeated. ‘Nothing’s happened to him. He was not even locked in. You will do as he says if you don’t want to get hurt.’ She stepped closer to Jungkook, her wand ready.

‘Jungkook please, just trust me and let’s leave,’ Taehyung repeated a bit more firmly now. ‘I am alright, nothing’s happened to me.’

Jungkook was confused. He didn’t understand why Taehyung was this persistent to leave. Nonetheless he decided to listen to him and backed away, his angry eyes piercing into Laura’s.

When they entered the castle, Jungkook needed his answers.

‘You will tell me exactly what happened,’ he said to the younger boy.

Taehyung looked at him, ‘Those Slytherin boys… as a joke they called me to the Shrieking Shack. But nothing happened, so don’t worry. It was a silly joke,’

But Jungkook wasn’t convinced. ‘What was Laura doing there?’

‘She… she just wanted us all to go back because it’s not really safe. That’s all,’ Taehyung said nervously.

‘Are you telling me the truth?’ Jungkook asked, looking at him straight in the eye.

‘Why would I lie to you! No one did anything to me, stop worrying!’ Taehyung tried to laugh it out. ‘Now let me go and get some sleep or I’ll be dozing off in every class tomorrow!’ and he went his way towards the Hufflepuff dorms. Either Taehyung was actually telling the truth or he was petrified of Laura and wanted to keep his mouth shut. Jungkook waited in the corridor once Taehyung had left. He wasn’t going to let this go and as soon as he saw Laura enter through the secret passageway, he blocked her path.

‘Move Jeon,’ she said curtly, not bothering to look at him.

‘The next time, if I ever see any Slytherin putting Taehyung in danger, I swear I will get the whole lot suspended,’ he warned her. ‘I knew all Slytherins were arrogant pricks but to be honest I didn’t think you were someone who also enjoys seeing the misery of someone else.’

He seemed to have finally struck something deep below her stone cold facade because Laura evidently looked bothered, even a little hurt as she looked at him directly. ‘You don’t know me Jeon. So be careful of what you say,’ she said. Jungkook was slightly taken aback but maintained his cold expression.

Laura stepped to the side and walked away, saying one last thing. ‘Isn’t it so typical of you all, to judge Slytherins all the time?’

Jungkook stood there a while, feeling conflicted. He was in the right wasn’t he? But why wasn’t his heart feeling sure of it?
Jungkook was brought back to the present by Mcgonagall’s voice as she spoke the incantation.

‘Lepidoptera’ Mcgonagall waved her arms in an arch and a black rabbit bounced out of thin air. The students awed at it.

‘Kookie!’ Seirra exclaimed as the rabbit came closer to them, ‘The bunny looks like you,’

‘Does it?? It's cute then isn’t it?’ Jungkook crunched his nose, puffed his cheeks and wiggled his lips, imitating a rabbit. Sierra and his other friends laughed out.

‘Show off…’ Laura muttered, rolling her eyes.

The rabbit hopped around Mcgonagall and then jumped out of the window.

‘Professor, will these be real rabbits? Like actual living, breathing creatures?’ Sierra asked.

‘No. Only nature has power to bring forth true life forms into the world. For all the magic we have within us, we can never come close to the magic in nature. The living creatures we conjure, are what we call hollow lives. They diminish and diffuse once our attention is moved away from sustaining the spell. So whatever you conjure, especially at beginner level, may not survive beyond a few minutes,’ Mcgonagall explained. ‘Ok, is everyone ready? Visualise your rabbit and cast the spell. Lepidoptera.’

Everyone started swishing their wands and saying the incantation. No one was able to conjure anything at all.

‘You all are not concentrating well. You are senior students now, step up to it,’ Mcgonagall said.

Laura’s eyebrows were narrowed in concentration.

‘Cmon, you gotta do this properly,’ she thought to herself. ‘Lepidoptera’ she swished her wand in arches for the 4th time. A fluffy white rabbit appeared and disappeared quickly. ‘Ugh!!’ She threw her head back in frustration. Around her people were conjuring lifeless cotton balls or morbid hybrids. Every lesson in their 6th year had suddenly become so complex, all of them felt helpless.

Laura tried the spell again and the same thing happened. She heard some students awe behind her and turned to see a dark grey rabbit jumping onto the floor from Jungkook’s wand. Jungkook was looking at his conjuration with sparkling brown eyes. People around him clapped. But the rabbit disappeared after two hops.

‘Don't worry, I can do this, let’s get it,’ he bit his lower lip and cast the spell again. Laura snapped back to the front in anger. She took some deep breaths and lifted her wand again when she felt something at her foot.

Looking down, she saw Jungkook’s rabbit nuzzling at her ankle. She stepped back to move away from it but the bunny hopped towards her and rubbed its face on her leg. She tried moving away again but the bunny followed her and didn’t let go. Jungkook came and awkwardly stood in front of her, looking at his bunny, not sure how to call it back to him.

‘I need him back,’ he said, clearly uncomfortable to be having this conversation with her.

‘Take it. I don't want your bunny,’ Laura said, stepping back again.

Jungkook bent down to grab it but it again hopped to Laura and hid behind her legs, in the folds of her cloak.
'Looks like your own creature doesn't like you,' Laura scoffed.

'At least I conjured one,' he said to her.

Laura breathed sharply through her nose. She bent down and carefully, delicately held the rabbit to pick it up. It wiggled its muzzle the same way Jungkook had done when he imitated the bunny. Jungkook could see a hint of a smile on Laura’s face as she looked at it. He had never seen her smile before. But the smile disappeared soon.

'Here, keep your bunny to yourself,' Jungkook took it but the rabbit instantly jumped down to the floor. Jungkook sighed and turned to leave.

'I didn't know rabbits have purple eyes,' Laura said. Jungkook turned looking confused.

'Your grey rabbit has purple eyes. Grey rabbits have blue or brown eyes. You haven't been paying attention to details have you,' she said and turned away from him to practice her spell, hands gracefully lifting up to move her wand.

*

After class, it was time for the Slytherin tryouts and the team was gathered on the quidditch pitch. Yoongi looked up at the clear blue sky. Good day for tryouts. He looked down and was met with the smiling face of his roommate. ‘Huh! This is new!’ Yoongi said seeing Jimin at the tryouts.

'Captain! We have everything ready,' Terrance said to Ash while gesturing to the case with all the quidditch equipment.

'That’s great,' she replied smiling. 'Gather around team,' Ash said getting everyone to form a circle. ‘Tryouts are a little bit different this time,’

Ash Vorhart was the first female Slytherin captain in the last three decades. Many considered her the key player to help them win the Quidditch cup in her third year, a victory they achieved after two years of Gryffindor and Ravenclaw beating them at it. The next year was a neck to neck competition between the houses with each house just a point or two away from each other. Hufflepuff had won, because of Jung Hoseok. That guy was something else on a quidditch field.

'We need one chaser and one beater. We are going to eliminate them in three rounds. Round 1 will be the speed test,' Ash said to all of them.

'Okay everyone line up here,' Yoongi called out.

Being in Yoongi’s presence automatically intimidated everyone. They immediately formed a line, broom in hand. The first round consisted of speed.

'The route is through the castle grounds. Watch out for the Whomping Willow. At the gardens you will spot the flags that you must pick up and bring back on your route. Terrance will be following you guys to make sure you are all on the path. You have 2 minutes. The race starts when Ash blows the whistle. Understood?’ Yoongi looked around and saw everyone nodding their heads.

'Ready…and…'

Ash blew the whistle.

The players took off on their brooms in loud swishes.
‘Isn’t two minutes too tight for tryouts?’ Ash heard Montague, the Slytherin beater asking her.

‘If they can’t rise up to the challenge they don’t need to be on this team,’ She replied looking ahead.

The 1 minute and 45 second mark was coming up. They could see 3 flyers come in, Jimin among them. Shortly, seven of them landed within seconds of each other, a little out of breath.

‘Hey there wasn’t a flag for me,’ the last flyer said.

‘You obviously weren’t fast enough,’ Monatgue smirked.

‘You three, out,’ Yoongi said. Those three flyers walked out of the grounds.

The next round was the flying test, where the players had to fly through the 3 hoops on either end, upside down.

Three players each did the course in 3 rounds. One puked right after finishing the three loops and another fainted after finishing the round.

‘Someone take him to the infirmary,’ Ash said sighing while she told the next four to take their positions.

Ash and Yoongi were quite surprised to see that Jimin, who had previously never shown interest in playing Quidditch did very well on the flying test. It almost looked graceful when he did the three loops, with the wind running through his silky black hair.

‘Congratulations to the four of you for making it to the final round,’ Ash said. The final selection was by a 20 minute match where the contenders would switch positions halfway.

The game started off well, the four players were good. Jimin was doing very well. His first position was as a beater. But after a couple of minutes, whenever his ball hit someone, he would not stop apologizing.

After the 10-minute mark was up, Ash blew the whistle and everyone took a water break.

‘Hey Jimin, you don’t have to apologize every time the Bludger hits someone. It’s the game. Everyone knows it will happen,’ Yoongi said while walking upto Jimin.

‘Yes I know that. But I still feel so bad. Bludgers hurt alot!’ Jimin replied while drinking his water.

‘Part of the game,’ Yoongi said. ‘You need to put that all aside and play without emotions clouding your head. Listen, I’ve been watching and you have good speed and maneuverability. Don’t let that go to waste. If you want to make the team, remember what’s important.’

Jemin stared at Yoongi for a while. He never thought ‘the Min Yoongi’ would actually give him advice.

‘What? Why are you looking at me like that?’ Yoongi asked with a small scowl and went his way to get some water.

‘Okay everyone take your positions,’ Ash said while alighting her broomstick.

The contenders switched positions and now Jimin was a chaser. He kept Yoongi’s advice and put his head in the game. This was a competition.
Ash was already choosing her Chaser while the game was going on. Jimin was fierce this time. He was very agile and most important of all, he was a team player and that is exactly what was missing in the Slytherin team. His throws were nearly perfect too. He even managed quite a few of them past the teams’ Keeper who was Yoongi. And Yoongi was a very good Keeper.

Ash once again blew the whistle and the game was over. Everyone flew to the ground.

‘Good game everyone. I will post the ones who have made it to the team in the common room tomorrow morning. You are all dismissed now,’ Ash said while getting off her broom.

Yoongi walked with her towards the benches, ‘Ash what do you think? I think I’m very sure on the new Chaser. Jimin was quite good,’

‘Yeah I agree,’ Ash nodded.

She watched their new chaser walk to the stands to grab a bottle of water. He was all sweaty from the tryouts and removed his outer robe, pushing his hair back and splashing some water on to his face.

Woah…

Ash stopped dead in her tracks. She could never imagine Jimin to have this aura about him. His cheeks were flushed pink and he was panting slightly. His sleeveless undershirt showed his muscular arms and a strong, well built torso.

Is this really the same old Jimin?

‘Ash, you okay?’ Yoongi asked her.

‘Huh what,’ she snapped back, turning her head to where she thought Yoongi’s voice came from.

‘You were staring into nothing,’ he said to her.

‘I… I was just re-assessing the performances of the players in my head,’ she said. ‘Ok, I’m to go get changed now. See you at dinner,’ For the past 5 years both she and Jimin had not paid any attention to each other. But why was he suddenly everywhere? Ash’s mind was still not able to comprehend it. With the ferocity he showed later in the game, it looked like there were more sides to him than what they all saw.

When she came out of the changing room, the sun had set. She made her way to the Slytherin dorms and she heard the shuffling of feet. The sound was coming from the fork in the corridor which had always been empty, because it led to a dead end. She peered around to see where the noise came from and she heard a soft clatter like porcelain and steel.

That's odd.. she thought. If there were students around, why would they be carrying utensils?

She walked towards the sound and heard some whispers.

‘I told you to be quiet!’ It was a girl’s voice.

‘There's no one here. Relax,’ said a guy.

If this was a couple she’d rather not walk in.

‘Hurry up, they’re waiting. They haven't eaten in 2 days, don’t test their patience,’ said the girl.
This piqued Ash’s interest. She didn’t expect to hear something like that at all. She heard bricks move and feet shuffle again. She went towards the sound to see what was happening. Two figures dressed in the black school robes went into a passageway which opened from a wall. Ash wasn’t too sure about following them. What if it put her in danger? So she creeped to the sides of the opening and peered inside. She saw a few people dressed in black just as the bricks closed up again. And these people did not look like students.

Ash stared wide eyed into the blank brick wall beyond which strangers stood, hidden from the whole castle. Her heart started to race in fear. What in the world is happening…

Chapter End Notes

Your comments are always appreciated! I hope you're liking it so far!
Ash ran through the dark corridors with silent footsteps.

Who can they be? Who should I tell about this? Will anyone believe me?

Thoughts ran in her head as she felt her heartbeat thump through her body. Just outside the Slytherin dorms she bumped into Yoongi.

'Woah, Ash! Careful!' he caught her by the arms and tried to hold his balance as well.

'Sorry.. I...' she was lost for words, her mouth felt as dry as sand.

'What happened? You don't seem alright? Why are you so shook?'

'I was walking towards the dorms... You know that deserted corridor that leads to a fork?' she pointed to the path behind her. 'I... I heard two people talking there. Which I found rather odd. That place is always deserted. And when I followed them, I saw them disappear into a hidden room... and inside were people, they didn't look like students,' Ash said, her words falling out rapidly. Yoongi's lilac eyes widened with each sentence.

'Come with me,' he said and took her by the elbow into the common room where Laura was. Laura looked horrified as Ash retold what she had witnessed, eyes widening with every word.

'We should tell Snape,' was Laura's first response.

'Tell Snape? If it turns out to be a hoax, he's going to have my head off!' Ash said. 'I just saw something for half a second. And you know how weird this castle is,'

'Then let's go check it out for ourselves first,' Yoongi said and Laura nodded in agreement.

The three crept their way to the hidden room. They tapped around the bricks to find the opening.

'Do you think it's like Diagon Alley?' Laura asked in a whisper.

Yoongi tapped the bricks in the diagonal pattern like they did for the entrance of Diagon Alley but nothing happened.

'Maybe it's a brick that gets pushed in and opens it,' Laura whispered. 'Woah, here!' she said, pushing a brick in.

They held their wands tightly in their hands and hid themselves as the bricks separated. Slowly, they peered, only to find a dark room, vacant of people. It looked utterly unused, with dust covered broken furniture, candles melted to a solid puddle with small black wicks standing on them and a huge broken mirror. There was no soul in sight.

'Aparecium,' Yoongi whispered the revealing charm and moved his wand over the space but nothing stirred or changed.

'Ash, was it this room for sure?' Laura asked her.
'I am absolutely positive about the location. But when I had peered in, this room was lit up. I remember seeing this broken mirror in the background of all the people. But right now... it's as if no one stepped in here in ages!' she said, pacing the room.

'I don't mean to doubt you,' Yoongi said. 'I know how sound minded you are. But this castle does have weird shit happening all the time. People see things every now and then with the ghosts moving around and paintings leaving their places,' Yoongi said as he turned over some abandoned silverware.

'Yeah... I don't blame you,' Ash nodded. 'I wouldn't believe it if this is what I came to find either. C'mon. Let's leave then. This place is giving me the creeps,'

They headed back to their dorms. Everyone was still in a half mind whether to tell Snape about this or not. Laura and Yoongi had already too much going on with Snape involved. The professor still held every action of their's with caution after the mess created with Kim Taehyung and Gwen Osbourne. Yoongi let Ash walk ahead and he tugged Laura to stop and speak to him.

'What do you think?' Yoongi asked her.

'I'm not sure. And you said you overheard Pomfrey say Hoseok was not splinched?'

'Yeah, and Dumbledore visited him. Why would the Headmaster go see a student for ordinary splinching?'

'Does make one think,' Laura said and her hand touched a spot on her chest near her heart, wincing in pain.

'It's not healed yet?' Yoongi asked her about the dark spell she was hit with during the fight with Gwen in the dungeons, a spell that could've killed her by now if it wasn't for Snape's healing potions.

'No... Snape said a curse like this takes a while. Whoever taught that bitch this spell...'

'Gwen must have spent Christmas with the Lestranges,' Yoongi said.

Next day, the classes ended early for the 6th years. In the late afternoon they were lazing in the common room which was ten times cooler in temperature than any other part of the whole castle and they were so thankful for it. They felt relaxed in the cool green light. Ash was strategizing for their next game and Jimin came to her with curious eyes.

'Are you making plans for the upcoming match?' He asked her, peering over the notebook on which she was making rough position plans.

'Well you are not supposed to look at them yet,' she said to him, pulling the notebook out of his sight.

'Why not? I'm in the team now!' Jimin said.

'But I can't be personally discuss things with you, when the rest of the team isn't here. You will see all this in the team meeting tomorrow,'

'Ok fine,' he said pouting and sat across her on the table. Ash chuckled behind her book seeing his sad puppy face.

A student came in, holding something in hand 'Min Yoongi, Laura Dracwyn,' he said, handing the
envelope, 'this is from Professor Roland.'

Professor Roland was their Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, joined midway last year. He was also a former Slytherin student, though he was much more social than Snape.

Yoongi took the envelope, and opened it.

'What is it?' Laura asked.

'It's an invitation. He is starting a duel club,' he replied, his eyes scanning the letter. 'He's invited anyone of you who's interested. The first meet up is in the evening today at 6,'

'Anyone who's interested?' Jimin asked. He wondered if he was counted in that.

'He's written 'the Slytherin prefects and their friends are most welcome to join'. So I guess he means you guys,' he said, looking at the people around him, including his roommate and Jimin's lips slightly pulled up in a smile.

*

Jin and Namjoon were walking on the ground floor corridor after class. The Head Girl walked towards them hurriedly, her auburn hair looking golden in the evening sunlight. She had a memo in hand for Namjoon.

'Joon, McGonagall wants this put up in all common rooms,' she said, handing him the piece of parchment.

'Well hello to you too Emina,' Jin said from the side. The Head girl rolled her big, round eyes that matched the shade of her hair.

'Jin we just spent the entire day together in class. Do I have to greet you every time I see you?'

'Of course you do, I'm the prince aren't I?' Jin bopped her nose.

'Jin I swear to god-' Emina lunged forward to grab him in a chokehold but Namjoon pulled them away from each other.

'You two are seventh years!' the Head boy said disbelievingly. 'Can you act like that for at least one day?'

They were distracted from their chatter when a group of 4 older witches and wizards passed by them, accompanied by Filch who was leading them out. They wore the emblem of the Ministry on their cloaks. The trio looked behind the corridor from where they had walked out and saw their Alchemy teacher with Dumbledore. The teacher looked stressed and Dumbledore was trying to reassure him and left after a pat on his back.

'What's happening with Professor Hohen?' Namjoon wondered.

'Let's go check?' Emina said.

The three seniors walked towards Hohen hurriedly. The Alchemy professor was one of their favourite teachers at Hogwarts. He was a friendly, humble and helpful teacher, extremely skilled and never considering a question to be wrong or foolish.

'Professor Hohen?' Namjoon called him, 'Is everything ok?'
'Oh!' Hohen's golden eyes twinkled when he looked his favourite students, 'Good to see you all again,' he smiled.

'Good to see you too professor,' Emina smiled. 'Did those Ministry officials come here to see you?'

Hohen's expression turned somewhat sullen as he nodded.

'But why? Is there something wrong? If you don't mind telling us,' Jin asked.

'It's the usual fight every year,' Hohen said, tying up his long golden hair into a pony as he ushered them into his office. 'Every year, I try to get better textbooks for you all... with deeper alchemic knowledge. But they don't allow it, because of their strong control over alchemic teachings,'

'Why would they want to control that? What harm can alchemy do?' Namjoon asked.

Hohen just smiled. 'That's what they don't want you to know. Dumbledore tries to support me, being an alchemist himself... but they are quite adamant to stick to what I've been teaching you all since the time I joined, and not a word more. But I see so much potential in some of you... it's such a waste, all because of them,' Hohen shook his head.

'But... what's the reason they want to hinder alchemic learning?' Jin asked.

Hohen shook his head, 'I can't discuss this with you. It's a Ministry matter,'

Jin asked, 'Does it have anything to do with the study of immortality?'

Hohen looked at him disbelievingly and then spoke after a moment, 'I think it's best if you all head to your dorms now,'

Hohen's lack of denial was enough. Jin nodded and they left the professor's office.

'How did you know?' Namjoon asked Jin.

'You know... how I know things,' Jin glanced at Namjoon and continued walking.

*

Outside the Defense Against the Dark Arts class, the invited students from 4th to 7th year of all houses were lining up . Once the chamber was reasonably filled up, Professor Roland entered, pulling black robes over a deep green coat. His grey eyes scanned the variety of students assembled before him, and he smiled at them.

'Welcome all of you! Oh this is going to be a fun evening,' he rubbed his hands together. 'I thought this was an important skill that the senior students should learn. We spend too much time studying facts in books. In real life, if someone or something comes at you, what are you going to do? Recite chapters from your books?' He laughed and some students laughed with him. 'Well, we have to do our bit for the exams too. But here, let's get our bodies moving and our minds active. I want all of you to divide yourselves into 2 equal groups,'

The students shuffled and formed two groups. The Slytherins as usual stuck together.

Jimin saw Jungkook among the students and waved at him, 'Ah, Kookie! You are here too!

'Mr. Jimin! I didn't think you'd be here!' Jungkook came towards them. 'Heard you made it to the Quidditch team!' He pretended to not notice Laura and went ahead to hug Jimin.
Jimin went ahead to receive the congratulatory hug. By the time he turned back, he realised he had put himself into the other group. Laura face palmed herself.

'This boy... I thought he'll be in our team for a change. You sure he'll be playing for Slytherin at the Quidditch match?' She jokingly asked Ash.

Jimin was looking at them from the other side, a serious expression on his face. But Jungkook had a possessive arm around him, busy talking to him. Jimin looked like he was torn between the two with an adorably confused face.

'Alright, let me demonstrate how a duel happens. Namjoon, why don't you be my partner,' Roland called the Head Boy to the front.

Namjoon walked from his group and stood in the middle of the room, facing the tall and lean Roland. Their Defence professor cut a remarkable figure despite his greying hair. The furniture had been pushed to one side to give all the space to the students. The evening sunlight drained in from the tall arched windows lining one side of the room. 'Ready when you are Professor,' the Gryffindor said.

Namjoon and Roland bowed to each other. They held their wands at the ready and turned around, walking ten paces and then Namjoon turned with the first basic spell.

'Expelliarmus!' Namjoon hit the spell in Roland's direction but the teacher blocked him swiftly and shot a spell in return.

'Confrigo!' An orange light shot from Roland's wand but Namjoon ducked. It hit the stone floor, causing a spark.

Both fired a few more rounds of shots. The audience watched them in awe as both danced around with lights and sparks shooting in the air.

'Stupefy!' Roland shot but Namjoon's protective shield was strong. Namjoon moved forward.

'Expulso!' His hex hit Roland in the leg. Roland staggered and Namjoon prepared his stance for the disarming spell. But suddenly he saw a flash of red light from Roland's wand.

'Expelliarmus!' Roland said firmly. Namjoon's wand flew out of his hand and Roland caught it.

The audience clapped excitedly. Roland gave the wand back to Namjoon, both student and professor bowed to each other.

'Kim Namjoon just gave us the perfect example of a duel. Now, each one of you will take turns. Once a person beats the other, a replacement will come from that group to continue. Let's see which team wins,' Roland said, walking to one side of the room. 'And remember,' he his voice turned deep, 'These are friendly duels. I will not have dangerous curses bouncing out of anyone's wands or there will be dire consequences. Do you all understand?'

Everyone knew by now not to take Roland's words for granted. He may be amiable but he was formidable at the same time. His one sharp look was enough to instil some fear in everyone.

The first person from the other team stepped forward. It was the Head Girl, Emina Carter. Her long auburn braid swayed as she moved.

Seeing his friend, Jin jumped forward. 'Namjoon, don't worry. I will protect the Gryffindor pride!' he announced confidently. There was a noticeable flutter among everyone.
'Emina! Attack his face!' Jungkook called out to his senior.

'Hey Kookie! Don't give her ideas!' Jin protectively held his precious face.

'Don't worry grandpa,' Emina smiled. 'I don't have the heart to do any harm to that face,'

'Ok, wands at the ready!' Roland announced.

Both Emina and Jin took their positions and were ready to strike.

'Stupefy!' Jin shot out a red spark. Emina missed it by inches as the red beam whizzed by her cheek, leaving a burning sensation. She shot her own attack as she slid to the side.

'Confrigo!' She shot and it hit the floor near Jin's foot, causing sparks. Jin jumped in fear and made a run to a safer place.

'Engorgio!' Emina shot at his feet which grew big like an ape's foot and Jin tumbled.

'My feet! What did you do!' Jin cried. Emina burst out laughing.

'Reducio!' He cast the reducing spell at his feet and while his feet were going back to normal, he shot an unaware Emina who was still laughing over his ape feet.

'Stupefy!' It hit her and she went tumbling away a few feet. She stood up, brushed her auburn hair out of her face and shot him again.

They went on for a while, blasting objects out of their way. Jin was as usual loud and animated with his attacks. Finally he did something unexpected.

'Rictumsempra!' he whispered. It was the tickling curse which had no beam. Emina fell on the floor, grabbing her stomach and trying not to let the tickle affect her.

'Expelliarmus!' And her wand was in Jin's hand as she still clutched to her stomach, trying not to laugh but failing at it miserably.

'Well done Seokjin!' Roland exclaimed. 'You see, it's not always the actual attack curses that can be used against your opponent. Various hexes and charms will help you, especially the sneaky innocent ones which no one is expecting. So who's going to defeat Jin?'

Jungkook pushed Jimin forward and he shyly took his wand out.

'Ah it's Jimin! This is going to be fun!' Jin exclaimed happily, seeing his friend.

They took their positions and Jin fired 'Expelliarmus', which Jimin effectively blocked.

'Rhopalocera!' Jin said, swinging his wand gracefully and a rainbow of colors swirled around Jimin, forming a hundred little butterflies.

'Oh no! Jin! Why you do this!' Jimin exclaimed in fear, frantically trying to shoo them away with swishes off his wand. Jin laughed seeing Jimin so worked up over a few flying insects.

A fifth year Gryffindor came in and went to Professor Roland.

'Professor Mcgonagall has asked for you,' the student said to him.
'Right now? I'm in the middle of something,' Roland replied.

'It's quite urgent. Most of the Professors have gathered with her,' the student said.

'Well alright,' Roland said to him and turned to face the class.

'I have to attend to something. I think you all can keep it going,' he said looking at a scared Jimin trying to shoo the butterflies away. 'Head Girl and Boy, I leave you both in charge,' he said and left.

Jimin ran towards Jin while the butterflies chased him. He turned around sharply and yelled 'INCENDIO!' and long tongues of flame shot from his wand, flashing the room in a bright light and turning the butterflies to ashes.

'Woaaaaah' all the students exclaimed in amazement.

'Not bad,' Yoongi said. 'He will defeat Jin for sure. You going after him?' He asked Laura.

'Nah... only the Head Boy would give me a good fight. These people are playing with butterflies,' Laura replied.

'You killed my pretty butterflies!' Jin yelled at Jimin, fists clenched.

'I shouldn't have told you about the butterflies!' Jimin yelled back, regretting that he shared his phobia with his friends. Both looked like they were playing chaotically more than duelling with each other.

The duels went on for a while with students taking turns. Things seemed to be going so smoothly that Yoongi slept out of boredom, sitting against a wall. Laura pulled out a book and started to flip through it.

'I thought this would be entertaining,' she said, lazily gazing at the pages. After a while, there was some noise from the frontline with students moving back.

'Something's happening,' Ash said, moving forward to see. 'Well finally,' Laura shut her book and went ahead to check out the situation. The one duelling from their team was Jeffrey, the fourth year Slytherin bully. The one fighting him was Jeon Jungkook. And this didn't seem like a friendly duel anymore. She saw Taehyung standing on the opposite team's side, with a little pained expression. His hair was disheveled and he seemed to be clutching his right palm as if it hurt. Laura guessed that he had just been defeated by Jeffrey in an unkindly manner. Jungkook looked very angry. He was shooting Jeffrey with quick attack spells. Jeffrey ducked some and shot more.

'Ignis Inferni!' Jeffrey shot green flames from his wand. He seemed to be moving on from the harmless hexes to darker curses.

'Protego!' Jungkook cast a strong protection spell. To his fortune, Jeffrey was still not as strong as him and he could block his dark spell. Jungkook released an attack hex as he swirled. 'Confrigo!' It hit Jeffrey on the chest and he fell, clutching it. Jungkook shot another hex aggressively, whipping his wand in force. It rendered Jeffrey unable to recover for a counter attack. The students of other houses were cheering Jungkook. Jungkook took position for the final spell to defeat him.

'Expelliarmus,' a beam shot at Jungkook's wand but it wasn't Jeffrey who casted it. Jungkook was taken aback. The Ravenclaw's wand almost flew out of his hand but he caught it just in time.
'Why don't you fight someone your own size?' Laura called out from the crowd, moving forward to take Jeffrey's place, her wand in hand. Then she turned to Jeffrey and growled in a low voice, 'Get your stupid arse back in line. You shouldn't have tried this in the first place.' He slowly stood up and limped to the back of the class, face red and puffed.

'Why am I not surprised,' Jungkook mocked her, pacing the circle with her. 'Of course you would come to the aid of a fellow serpent.'

'You showed off enough against a junior. Let us see if you've really got something,' Laura said, an eyebrow raised.

Jungkook gave a half smile and turned to walk back. In those 5 seconds he realised he'll have to bring in his A-game. Laura was the best dueller in their year. With a swirl as quick as lightning, he shot her.

'Stupefy!'

'Protego,' the block came from Laura as soon as the hex had left Jungkook's lips. And the red beam deflected to the roof.

Jungkook and Laura walked a few paces, eyes fiercely locked into each other. The tension in the classroom had everyone in knots, everyone gaping at them. It was like an intense magnetic wave had run through the whole chamber.

'Confrigo,' Jungkook shot again.

'Protego,' it was almost effortless for Laura. 'C'mon. At least get me moving,' she mocked him.

'Are you just going to stand there blocking me or gonna do something yourself too?' Jungkook scoffed.

'You shouldn't have asked for that,' Laura said and in a split second, her stance turned dangerous.

'Diffindo,' she said. Hot pink beams shot from her wand. Jungkook dodged 2 of them but the third one cut through the back of his robe, tearing it in half.

'Expulso!' she shot again. It hit Jungkook on the right side of his chest and he fell back. The students gasped.

Jungkook hoisted himself up, pushing on the balls of his palms. His hair was ruffled. Laura had a smug smile on her face and Jungkook's anger was rising.

'Alright then,' he said, taking position again. 'Confundo!' he shot from his wand.

Vapours enveloped Laura's head for a moment. She blinked, her expression hazed from the confusing charm.

'Expelliarmus!' He shot at her but Laura's reflexes still worked, making her duck it. But she had lost her unbroken concentration in the duel.

'Confrigo!' Jungkook shot immediately and it hit Laura's chest, right where Gwen's curse had wounded her. Her knees hit the floor as she clutched her chest but she stopped herself from showing the pain. Yoongi stepped forward in concern but she shot him a glance, meaning for him to stay where he is. She couldn't lose to Jeon Jungkook.
'It's over now Dracwyn. Expelliarmus,' he said but his spell hit an invisible wall in front of Laura.

Jungkook looked astounded. He shot another hex. 'Stupefy!'

But again it got blocked. Everyone was shocked, looking around as to who was casting the defense charm. Laura stood up, facing him again.

'Saggito,' he swished his wand at her, shooting 3 arrows. Laura waved her wand across, making the arrows fall limp to the ground midway. But her lips hadn't moved. Jungkook looked at her taken aback. Her purple eyes were burning into his. Was this the Dracwyn power they spoke of?

'Laura can cast spells without speaking the incantation?' Ash asked Yoongi, surprised at what she was seeing. Only experienced wizards could do that, and they were still students.

'That idiot made her mad. Hope he makes it out in one piece now,' Yoongi smirked, not too surprised.

'Expusio!' Jungkook shot, getting frantic.

'Incendio!' Laura shot a beam which met his, forming a continuous beam of light, from one wand to another. Everyone stared with their mouths hung open. The blue beam from Jungkook was fighting against the red beam from Laura's. Both pushed at each other, as Laura's and Jungkook's wand hands shook with the tremors of the force.

'What do we do?' Emina took her wand out. 'This is beyond a classroom duel now!' Namjoon took his wand out too, ready to intervene. He had never seen this happen before. He was shocked to see Jungkook get this aggressive.

Jungkook's blue beam was winning. Laura yelled, taking her hand in the upward direction. The beam dug through the stones on the roof and disconnected. Rubble started to fall down on all of them.

'Protect the students!' Namjoon yelled. He and Emina cast a protective shield around the two groups.

In between the dust and rubble, Jungkook glimpsed Laura's wand hand, like it was preparing to shoot at him again and he moved quickly. Both stood, arms pressed against one another, wands almost touching the other's cheek. But their eyes were still unwavering.

In a snap both felt their wands flew out of their hands. They looked to their side to find a fuming Professor Mcgonagall, holding their wands in her palm. And at that moment, they knew they had fucked up really bad. She glared at them so hard like she would murder them with her eyes.

'Is this a school or a battlefield?' her sharp voice rang through the silent room. 'Answer me!' she yelled at the two of them. Laura looked away and Jungkook looked down, both feeling uneasy about making their favourite teacher angry.

'Is this how a student behaves? Let alone two prefects!' she continued. No one had ever seen Mcgonagall in such rage before. 'I should have your badges back and both of you suspended!'

Laura and Jungkook looked at her with alarmed eyes. Under no circumstances did Jungkook want to get suspended and Laura would never ever want to give up her prefect position.

'Both of you will have a meeting with Professor Flitwick and Professor Snape. And they will decide what is to be done. You can retrieve your wands from them when you meet them.' With that
she walked out of the room angrily, her shoes clanking on the stone floor.

There was a moment's silence throughout the chamber and all faces were blank with shock. 

'THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!' Laura and Jungkook screamed at each other.

Chapter End Notes

Huuuu writing an OT7 story does get quite lengthy. I try to fit in a scene of all the members in a chapter but its just impossible unless you want to read a 10k worded chapter :P The pace might be a little slow but its required to build this layered plot.

As always, please leave a comment if you liked this! It will motivate me to keep it going <3
Chapter Summary

The world only heard one side of the horror that Voldemort had brought to their world - the victim’s side. No one regarded the situation of the families who were under Voldemort’s evil reign.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

‘THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!’ Laura and Jungkook screamed at each other.

‘I am not the one who cracked half the ceiling!’ Jungkook quipped.

‘Oh, were you not?’ Laura snapped back, ‘Don’t try to back out of stuff that you did!’

‘You are the one who went all batshit crazy!’

‘ENOUGH!’ Namjoon’s stern voice rang through the crumbling room. Laura looked from Jungkook to him with a raised eyebrow.

‘Jungkook, you both just got berated by Mcgonagall. Don’t continue the fight,’ he said, only to Jungkook because he knew that speaking to an angry Slytherin does no good. Jungkook bit his lower lip and walked away hands balled into fists.

‘Everyone disperse to your dormitories,’ Emina said. ‘We should let Roland know what happened,’ she said to Namjoon and both headed to meet the professor. The Slytherins sullenly walked back to their dorms.

‘She took my wand away. What is worse than that?’ Laura muttered eyes narrowed.

‘Getting expelled is worse than that,’ Ash said looking over the rubble around the room. She brushed a stray piece of lint off her robes.

‘Why did you jump in to fight him in the first place?’

‘Because he was beating up Jeffrey’s arse,’ Laura replied, voice lowered.

Ash blinked at her roommate, ‘From what I know, you guys don’t really like Jeffrey. So why go after him for revenge?’

‘It is not about us liking Jeffrey or not,’ Laura said.

Ash still looked confused.

‘Firstly, Jeffrey is my cousin. Secondly, it was stupid of him trying to defeat Jeon. Slytherins don’t act like fools. Did he really think he had a chance with one of the top students of the school? If another house can insult one of our own with impunity, then we are no longer a house to be feared,’
Yoongi added, ‘Jeon used Jeffrey to make our house look weak. Granted he’s an idiot but he’s still one of us. We as a house have to look out for each other no matter what. Do you think we don’t know what they whisper behind our backs?’ He looked toward a particular group that had been staring at them for a while. ‘The looks they give us as we pass by? They call us black-blooded, minions of the Dark Lord. Do they know what happens when the Dark Lord is actually in front of you, pointing his wand at your family, forcing you to do his deeds?’

The look on Yoongi’s face was dark as Laura placed a comforting hand on her cousin’s shoulder. She stroked the locket on her neck absently, her eyes hard. And suddenly, Ash saw past their layers of pride and snobbery, the desolation behind the masks they wore.

Ash understood what they meant. Everyone else in the school only had heard only one side of the horror that Voldemort had brought to their world - the victim’s side. No one regarded the situation of the families who were under Voldemort’s evil reign.

‘In the end, we are all each other has… the Dark Lord is gone. But his shadow will never leave Slytherins,’ Laura said. ‘They all think they are better than us. They are white as snow, aren’t they? The other houses provided their fair share of death eaters as well, who willingly went to the Dark Lord’s side,’

The walk back to the Slytherin dormitories was quiet charged with emotion. Yoongi and Laura walked with their heads held high despite the turmoil inside them while Ash processed their words. Just as they reached the snake-encrusted door of their common room Laura slid off to see Snape, unnoticed by all except Yoongi who offered to go with her. Jungkook’s hex hit her right at the curse mark on her chest, and it had started to burn again.

They knocked on the ebony door of Snape’s chambers. He opened it an inch, looking at them suspiciously as always.

‘What brings you here at this hour?’ he asked his prefects.

‘Its the mark,’ Laura said to him. Snape opened the door wider to let them in.

Snape’s room was oval. On either sides, the curved stone walls were lined with shelves full of potion ingredients in dark bottles. The opposite side from the door had a long narrow window tinted in green. In the middle was a round wooden table on which rested many old books, beakers and a teapot. Snape’s chair was simple: made of ebony with a straight leather back and curved wooden armrest. He motioned Laura to sit on a brown longue chaise next to the door.

‘A hex hit me there,’ she said, so Snape could prepare his medication accordingly. ‘The Confrigo hex’ she added. Laura was familiar with the procedure. Snape went to fetch her medicines and potions while she undid the top half of her shirt. Snape returned with a tray. It had scalpel, cotton pads, dittany and a milky potion.

‘Painless draught? Is this going to hurt?’ Yoongi looked at the white potion with concern.

‘It will. Prepare yourself,’ Snape said flatly. Laura bit her lower lip and then took the potion, swinging it down in one go. Snape was ready with the scalpel.

‘If it bleeds, you are in luck. It means your insides have finally started to heal,’ he explained. Laura nodded and lay down on the chaise. Yoongi stood by her side, more worried than she was.

‘Don’t worry, I’ve had worse,’ she tried to console her cousin.

Snape pressed the scalpel onto her flesh and cut across. Laura’s body jerked forward in pain. She
bit her lip and clutched the side of the chaise. But soon the sudden pain became bearable.

‘It is bleeding just a little bit,’ Snape said. ‘Your body is starting to fight the decayed flesh, which is a good thing for you. The fact that you felt pain when the hex hit you at this spot means that your body has identified it as a weak spot and is trying to either expel the poison or heal the flesh,’

‘What exactly was this curse Professor?’ Yoongi asked.

‘You are better off not knowing what it is,’ Snape answered curtly.

‘I’m suffering because of it,’ Laura bit back, ‘I think I deserve to know about it.’

Snape was silent for a moment and then he said, ‘It is known as the Inclusum Mortem curse. It is a dark magic spell, so do not ask me the incantation for it. It causes an internal decay which spreads throughout your body, rotting each organ till it reaches your heart and stops it, killing you silently from the inside. The use of this curse is as grave as using any of the Unforgivable Curses. I do not know how and from whom Gwen Osburne could have learned this spell. Unless it was one of the death eaters who taught her.’

‘I don’t know if it was stupid or daring of her to use that curse on you,’ Yoongi said to Laura.

‘You really were in luck that she was not skilled at this,’ Snape said, working deftly at the wound. ‘It is advanced magic and I don’t expect a 15 year old to cast this curse well enough to cause irreparable damage. But why did you get hit by a hex now? Surely you’re not craving more fights after what happened in the dungeons,’

‘It was a friendly duel. Professor Roland has started a duel club,’

Snape did not comment on it. He was happy staying out of his Slytherin colleague’s social ventures.

‘Professor… Can I ask you something?’ Yoongi asked with a cautious tone.

‘What?’ asked Snape curtly.

‘Why… why did you choose to help us over Gwen?’ he asked.

Snape paused for a while.

‘Your mother is a friend,’ he looked at Yoongi, ‘and Osburne broke the rules, not just of the school but broke a Wizarding Law,’ he added, feeling uncomfortable about voicing his inner thoughts. ‘It is my duty as a Hogwarts professor to stop students from disobeying the rules,’

‘But you didn’t report the situation to anyone, as a Hogwarts Professor,’ Yoongi added.

Snape eyes snapped toward him sharply.

‘I have saved you all from expulsion and you dare question me? You may be my friend’s son but remember your place,’ he growled. ‘Children of two death eaters have gone against each other when all of us Slytherins need to live united. I did what I had to do to keep the peace,’

His rage was enough to shut their mouths for a while. Snape stood up hastily, taking the medicine tray back to the shelves. His black robes swayed with his swift precise movements. Suddenly, he stopped whatever he was doing and looked at them.

‘The reason they tortured that Hufflepuff boy, Kim Taehyung, was just because of his Auror
mother?’ he asked with sinister, probing eyes.

Laura had a guarded expression on her face. ‘Yes, that was it. They said it was vengeance for their family’s humiliation. And the anger was especially against his mother, because she was the Auror who led all the capture missions, wasn’t she?’

‘There was nothing else to it?’ Snape asked again.

‘What else could it be? That boy doesn’t cause any trouble to anyone. He’s hesitant to even lift his wand at someone,’ Laura said derisively.

Snape studied them and then returned to placing the items back to their respective places. He paused again.

‘Speaking of wands, where’s yours?’ he asked her. Laura and Yoongi looked at each other rather guiltily. At that moment there was a knock on the door. Snape opened the door to find two memos floating in the air. He grabbed them; one was for him, the other for Laura.

* * *

It was dinner time and everyone was in the Great Hall. Namjoon scanned the hall to see where Jungkook had disappeared. He was nowhere to be found since the time he had walked out of Roland’s class in anger.

‘Emina have you seen Jungkook anywhere?’ he asked the Head Girl. Emina scanned through the length of the Ravenclaw table.

‘I don’t think he came in to eat. His friends are here but he isn’t. Are you going to talk to him? He is surely upset about what happened at Roland’s,’ she said.

‘Yeah, that’s why I’m looking for him,’ Namjoon replied and set out to the castle grounds. He found him sitting on a rock overlooking the lake. He was throwing pebbles, trying to make it dribble over the water surface.

‘What's your best count?’ Namjoon asked sitting next to him.

‘Nine,’ Jungkook replied. His mood was still sour.

‘Nine!? That's impossible. Let me try,’ the head boy said, taking a pebble and throwing it. He ended up using too much force and it sank right in with a big sound.

‘Be gentler! Like you want the pebble to slide,’ Jungkook said. Namjoon tried again and failed. Jungkook shook his head chuckling.

‘Why aren't you at dinner?’ He asked Jungkook.

‘Not hungry…’ the younger replied, looking away. He pulled his knees to his chin and wrapped his arms around it.

‘Don't worry too much about what happened today. Everyone knows you are a brilliant student. You are the golden boy of Hogwarts after all! They are going to let this pass,’ Namjoon consoled him.

‘It's not just that…’ Jungkook said, restless on the grass. ‘I made a mistake. I lost control over my emotions, put others in danger. How can I aspire to follow your footsteps if this is what I do?’
Namjoon started wide-eyed, ‘Follow my footsteps?’

Jungkook’s ears went red as he played with the rock in his hand, ‘You inspired me to do better in whatever I did. Seeing you excel at everything and yet be so helpful and understanding to people, I always felt that’s how I want to be one day. We are in different houses, yet I feel you were there for me, guiding me more than my own house seniors. I... I’ve looked up to you ever since my first year in this school. And to be honest, I was working towards being chosen as Head Boy after you… but what happened today may have taken that opportunity away from me…’

‘Trust me, this incident today will not affect your future in the school. I will make sure of that. Do you trust me?’ Namjoon asked him. Jungkook nodded slightly.

‘But I’ve never seen you go out of control like that. What happened?’

‘I… I don't know. Dracwyn gets me so angry. Her smug face… She’s the epitome of Slytherin pride,’ Jungkook replied.

At that moment, both saw a paper memo fly in and come towards them. Jungkook dropped the rock he had been fiddling with to grab the memo. His hands rough as he unfolded it impatiently.

‘It’s from Flitwick,’ he said, scanning the contents. ‘He’s called me to the dungeons… well, we know why.’ He crushed the paper in his palm and stood up. ‘I better get going then.’

‘Don’t worry, it will be fine,’ Namjoon said, giving him a soothing smile.

Jungkook had been called to the inventory dungeons. He thought that was an odd place to meet. He found the room and entered, finding Flitwick, Mcgonagall, Snape, and Laura standing there. The room was big and dingy. Dust mottled the shelves. The floor was covered in straw and there were a hundred rows of ingredients in barrels, vials, bottles, and mouldy boxes.

The 2 confiscated wands were kept on a table behind which the three professors stood. One was a slender whitewood wand of average length. The other was an ebony wand, long with depressions along the length of it like a stone.

‘Is it really necessary for me to be here?’ Snape said to his colleagues. He was least interested in whatever drama had brewed up.

‘She is your prefect so I would say yes,’ Mcgonagall said to him, lips pursed. She turned to the two students before her disapprovingly, ‘You both know why you are here. Today’s behaviour was just atrocious and unacceptable. You both are prefects, and you failed to show even a fraction of responsibility.’

‘Jungkook this was least expected of you. I am so disappointed. If Minerva hadn’t told me herself, I wouldn’t even believe it!’ Flitwick added.

‘We can see it on their faces that they regret it,’ Snape said. ‘I am sure they can assure us it won’t happen again. And Miss Dracwyn will surely act more responsibly from now on. So if we are done…’ he started to leave.

‘Not quite,’ Mcgonagall said, halting Snape. He sighed and rolled his eyes. ‘This matter is too much to just be put aside. A healthy competition is always good but this has gone far beyond that. They put nearly 50 students in danger and damaged school property!’

Snape curiously looked at Laura when Mcgonagall mentioned the damage done.
‘That is indeed… grave,’ he said, crossing his arms over his chest.

‘And that is why, you both need to learn to get along. As students of Hogwarts!’ Flitwick said, standing on his toes to impress this point of importance.

‘What do you mean?’ Laura asked with crossed arms.

‘What we mean is, both of you will serve detention, together. Complete the tasks, together. And if the tasks are not done in time or if there is one more fight then both of you will hand over your prefect badges to us,’ Mcgonagall said, her voice and eyes assertive.

‘What? Why do we have to serve detention together? I’m ready to serve double detention alone,’ Jungkook retorted.

‘And that’s precisely why you will do it together or lose your badge. It’s time you two put your differences aside and learned how to work as a team. As student body heads, you should know how to cooperate. You both will learn to control, endure, and respect,’ Mcgonagall said.

Laura tried to talk Mcgonagall out of it. ‘This is not really necessary Professor. I can assure you something like this will never happen again-’

‘This is not a negotiation. The 3 of us have made our decision,’ Mcgonagall said. Laura looked at Snape as her last resort. He surely didn’t think this detention was necessary? He would certainly support his students, like he always has.

‘Yes, the decision is made.’ Snape said and Laura was evidently appalled. ‘I cannot have a student of mine behaving recklessly. At least you will remember this detention…the next time you are about to lose… self… control.’ he said, enunciating the last few words clearly. Laura gulped. Now she knew why Snape was in favour of this detention. She had lost control once with Gwen. With Jungkook, the situation was about to get dangerous too.

‘What is the detention?’ Jungkook asked, expressionlessly, trying not to gnash his teeth together in frustration.

‘Both of you have to clean this inventory, create new labels for each item and arrange them alphabetically,’ Flitwick said.

Laura and Jungkook nodded their heads slightly. The task wasn’t too bad. Yes the room was big and items were many, but with their skill in spells, it would be done in a few hours-

‘Without magic.’ Flitwick added with a knowing look. Both the students looked up in shock.

‘You can’t be serious?’ Jungkook said exasperated. ‘There are a thousand items here!’

‘We are very serious. You will report to Professor Snape on Saturday evening 8 pm, in these chambers. You will hand over your wands to him and begin the task, which should be completed by Sunday morning.’ Mcgonagall said. ‘You will learn to be patient by doing these tasks by hand. And it will also spare me the tension of another death duel bursting out in these chambers,’

Laura looked like she wanted to run away and Jungkook’s face seemed like he would punch through a wall in annoyance.

‘Now take your wands and Professor Snape will see you on Saturday,’ Flitwick said. Both the students stepped forward to take their wands, Laura snatching back her whitewood wand and Jungkook his ebony, stone-like wand. They stormed out of the chamber, maintaining as much
distance from each other as possible, and went their separate ways.

‘I didn’t expect these two to be such a handful,’ Flitwick said.

‘Well, young minds often need to be reminded of the consequences of their actions,’ Mcgonagall said as she watched them go.

*

In the other end of the castle, a group of students were gathered in an empty classroom. They were laughing at each other’s jokes, eating Bertie Bott’s Every Flavoured Beans and seeing the reaction on each other’s faces. The group consisted of the Head boy and girl, their best friends - Jin and Hoseok along with Taehyung, Seirra the Ravenclaw prefect and a couple of other students.

‘I know this is the wasabi flavour!’ Emina exclaimed, carefully eyeing the green bean in Hoseok’s hand.

‘No, it’s kiwi, trust me,’ Taehyung said.

‘Which one of you am I supposed to believe?’ Hoseok said, making his scared face.

That’s when Jungkook entered the room.

‘Oh! Jungkook is here!’ Seirra exclaimed. ‘Did you get your wand back?’ she asked as she scooted over in her already occupied seat.

‘Yeah…’ he said. His mood still sour.

‘What happened?’

‘I have to serve detention this weekend because of that Dracwyn,’ Jungkook answered, sitting down next to Taehyung in a huff.

‘Oh no! That’s so unfair!’ Sierra cried out, reaching forward to Jungkook. ‘Well what about her? I hope she got punished too! She’s the one who started it.’

‘Yeah she has the same detention… but Snape is supervising it so we all know how it’s going to happen. It might was well be just my detention with double work. I’m sure she’s going to get away with it,’ Jungkook said lightly kicking a chair aside.

‘No way! You can’t let that happen,’ Hoseok said, the green bean all forgotten. ‘If that’s the case then tell Mcgonagall or Flitwick about it. This is ALL Dracwyn’s fault. It’s high time Slytherins stopped getting away with creating messes. It boils my blood. Playing quidditch with them is the worst,’

‘Tell me about it,’ Jungkook said, shoulders slumping back feeling exhausted from the day. ‘I thought things will improve after Ash Vorhart became their captain. But she seems to be hanging out with Dracwyn all the time now. She’s going to become one of those irksome serpents,’

‘I have never liked that bunch ever since I joined school,’ Seirra said. ‘They are evil, arrogant bullies. Why are such people even allowed to study here? It’s like you are willingly inviting death eaters.’

‘I’ll tell you why. Who wants to cross a death eater?’ Hoseok said, tone dark. ‘You think people are ready to take the heat if Hogwarts shuts their gates to these black blooded people? You Know
Who is gone but these remaining death eaters will strike us the moment they think we have insulted them,

Taehyung looked at his housemate uneasily, hand touching the four petalled locket inside his shirt. *They are wrong. This locket right here is proof of that isn’t it?*

He could understand Hoseok’s anger. A decade ago, six year old Hoseok and his family had been attacked. The Death Eaters needed his father to give up information regarding an object in the Department of Mysteries, where he worked. And for leverage, they wanted to take his mother and him as hostage. Jin’s family had offered to provide protection to them, but the attack was unexpected. All his mother could do was somehow send off Hoseok to Jin’s house and let herself be taken hostage. Taehyung’s mother, a skilled auror had led the rescue mission. They managed to bring her back alive, but the damage to her because of the Cruciatus and Imperius curse was severe and she still hadn’t fully recovered. Taehyung could not blame Hoseok for hating death eaters with so much rage. But it was still not easy for him to hear all that they were saying right now.

‘And I bet that Dracwyn is as black blooded as her parents,’ Seirra continued. ‘I swear they should’ve passed a law to banish all families of death eaters the moment You Know Who died. We are living with a time bomb. People like her shouldn’t-’

‘Why are you being so harsh on them?’ Taehyung finally cut in. Everyone turned to stare.

‘What are you saying Taehyung?’ Seirra asked him, unable to believe her ears.

‘Do any of us even know her? Or any of the other Slytherins for that matter. Then why are we sitting here talking crap about them?’ he said defiantly.

‘Do we know any of them? Tae, half of them bully you so badly because your mom is an Auror. I can’t believe you are taking their side!’ Hoseok said disbelievingly.

‘I am not taking their side. I am not taking anyone’s side. Yes some of them are bullies and I hate those guys coz they have personally frustrated me. She hasn’t... I am only asking, why are you all judging her without ever even having a proper conversation with her?’ Tae said.

‘So have you had a conversation with her then?’ Jungkook asked, glowering. ‘Coz I have and she is so arrogant it makes me want to pull my hair out,’

Taehyung turned to Jungkook, ‘But that’s all she is. She is arrogant. Is that bad enough that we call her black blooded? And it’s not like the rest of the school ever spoke nicely to her to begin with. She came in branded as a bad person because of something her parents did,’

‘Well the apple doesn’t fall too far from the tree,’ Seirra remarked snidely.

‘Seriously Taehyung, why are you defending her so much? Do you have a crush on her?’ Jungkook asked astonished at his friend’s weird behaviour.

‘What? No! I don’t have a crush on her!’ Taehyung retorted.

‘Well, there is no other explanation for your behaviour then!’ Jungkook snapped back.

‘This is ridiculous!’

‘YOU are being ridiculous,’ Jungkook said.

‘And when does saying black blood become any different from saying mudblood?’ Taehyung
asked incensed. Everyone become uneasy at the latter word. ‘We are basically calling them what they call us so how does it make us any different from them?’

Jungkook opened his mouth to argue again but Emina cut in. ‘I think we all should calm down now. What Tae is saying is not wrong you know,’

‘It’s better we don't continue this topic,’ Namjoon added.

‘I think I should head to bed,’ Taehyung got up from his seat not looking at anyone. ‘See you guys tomorrow.’

He walked out of the room and headed towards the Hufflepuff dorms. He had his wand lit and was passing a corridor of paintings, when he heard footsteps behind him and a hand on his shoulder. He turned to find Jungkook.

‘Taehyung I didn't mean to upset you like that,’ he said to his friend.

‘You’ve had a hard day… I shouldn't have pushed the conversation too much,’ Taehyung replied.

‘Come let's talk a walk. There's a cool breeze outside,’ Jungkook said.

Taehyung and Jungkook headed to the school grounds through the secret passage behind a gargoyle. The passage opened out of a burrow, some distance away from the castle. They would often sneak out at night through this way if they felt like roaming about the grounds. Soon they were in open ground, with stars above their head and a cool breeze on their face and they walked along the bank of the great lake.

‘Tae, we are good friends, right?’ Jungkook asked him.

‘Huh? Why are asking me that all of a sudden? You know it all, you are my best friend,’ Tae replied with a tune to his words, trying to lighten the heaviness around them.

‘You do trust me then? Completely trust me?’ Jungkook asked with big doe eyes.

‘Of course I do! I trust you with my life!’

‘Then why do you hide stuff from me Tae?’

Taehyung blinked, unable to think of an answer. Now he had his suspicions as to why exactly did Jungkook call him out for a walk.

‘What do you mean? What did I hide from you?’ He asked with guarded eyes.

‘Tell me the truth about Laura Dracwyn,’ Jungkook said. ‘What is going on between the two of you? Don't deny it. I've had my suspicions since that Shrieking Shack incident,’

‘Do you really think I have a crush on her?’ Taehyung said, trying his best to distract Jungkook from probing into the real truth of it. Laura would not be happy if Jungkook found out anything.

‘Well, I have my doubts about that but that's not what I'm talking about. You both seem to be having this unspoken conversation in the great hall, like you both know each other. I know you hate Jeffrey and Derreck but you never speak a word against Laura even though she seems like an evil mastermind. And today you looked angry and hurt when you started to defend her,’

Taehyung opened his mouth but Jungkook raised his hands to stop him.
'Yes yes I know whatever you said back there makes complete sense. We should not be judging them like this. But there was something more to it. If you trust me and say I’m your best friend, then tell me what it is,’ Jungkook said, looking Tae in the eyes.

Taehyung bit his lower lip and then sighed. ‘You won’t let this be, will you,’

‘Damn right I won’t. And I know when you lie so don’t try that with me,’

‘Alright… sit down,’ Taehyung said, sitting on the grass with his legs folded. Jungkook followed suit. ‘Before I tell you anything, you have to swear to me, you cannot let anyone know about this. And I mean not one other soul. You cannot tell Hoseok or Jimin. Even Laura should not get to know,’

‘I swear to you,’ Jungkook replied in assurance, holding out his little finger.

Tae smiled at the familiar gesture they had followed since they first became friends. He hooked his pinkie and sealed the deal.

‘Okay… I guess I should start that the beginning… The first time I met Laura was in Knockturn Alley, 4 years ago, when I had gone for my first year supply shopping,’

As Jungkook listened to Taehyung’s retelling of the past, there was impatience growing in the north east dungeons of the castle.

A 5th year boy entered the dark unused dungeons. It was fully made of stone with no furniture whatsoever. It looked more like a storage cell. There were around 10 people inside. The student went to a woman, sitting by a small barred window. She was gazing out, looking at the reflected moon in the lake. As she heard the boy’s footsteps, she turned, her curly black hair, swaying in the breeze.

‘So who were they?’ she asked him, her dark, heavy lidded eyes curious.

‘3 Slytherin students,’ he replied, not daring to look the woman in the eye.

‘You were told to be careful. You and that girl. Looks like I entrusted our safety in the wrong hands.’

‘No no. I assure you this won’t happen again. And among the 3 one was Laura Dracwyn and the other Min Yoongi. Even if they saw anything, they would never betray you, would they?’ the boy said.

The woman chuckled hearing the two names. ‘Well there’s no time for it to happen again. It will be full moon tomorrow and we should do what we came for.’

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is something that sets the tone for the events to come, about the underlying problems between the houses of the school. And some backstory into the lives of the characters.
It's a multilayered plot so some chapters may have more information to absorb than events taking place. :)
Taehyung and Jungkook were on the grassy banks of the lake, sitting cross legged. Jungkook intently listened to the younger one while the cool breeze ruffled their hair. The lake sparkled a silvery blue under the moonlight.

‘I was looking for a shop called Twilfitt and Tatting’s Clothing in Diagon Alley,’ Taehyung said.

‘That pompous place?’ Jungkook’s eyebrows arched. ‘Can you afford those clothes?’

‘Of course I can’t afford it! But we all know how good Twilfitt robes look!’ said Tae and Jungkook nodded in agreement. ‘I just wanted to see them from the displays. Mom was busy with some work with the Wizengamot so I had come with some friends. None of them wanted to come with me; they’d rather go to Gambol & Japes. I’ve been to that joke shop enough times. So I decided to go to Twilfitts on my own. I asked around for it. One plumpy man at some store called The Magic Shop gave me directions. As far as I can remember, I followed the path but I guess I took a wrong turn,’

‘Did he look sketchy? This guy?’

‘He had a black hood and a mask. But when I spoke to him, he removed the mask and smiled at me with those round cheeks, he looked like a human teddy bear honestly, I don’t think he misled me. But soon I was in Knockturn Alley,’

‘Why am I not surprised that you found Dracwyn there,’ Jungkook rolled his eyes.

Taehyung pursed his lips. ‘Do you want to listen or not. I told you don’t judge yet,’ he reminded the older.

‘Ok ok I won’t interrupt,’ Jungkook folded his arms over his chest, shivering a little in the cold air.

‘So I was lost in that scary Knockturn Alley,’ Taehyung continued, the images of the memory coming back into his head.

4 years ago

Taehyung ran from one store to another. Everything seemed morbid in this place. There were shops with all kinds of animal feet hanging in the windows. He even saw a bloodied heart on display, still pumping. Some shops had all windows tinted black. The people he passed looked at him suspiciously. Fear crept inside him. They were much bigger or much older than him with stern, gaunt faces. He knew he was in a wrong area of Diagon Alley. He did not know who to ask for directions. He recognised a face in an open stall selling fried meat. It was the face of a Death Eater he had seen in the Daily Prophet - a fat man, with tiny eyes and a scarred face which reminded him of a wounded bulldog. It scared him to death. The man looked towards Taehyung and gave a scary grin, his mouth full of crooked teeth and red gums. Taehyung instantly ran, not knowing where to go. He found an alleyway stuffed with wooden crates and barrels. He went in, sitting near an empty barrel, trying to catch his breath.

He heard footsteps approaching and a girl peered inside the alley. She had dark hair which fell in waves till her shoulders and wore deep purple robes, matching the shade of her eyes. She looked a few years older than him and thankfully not as scary as the rest. Taehyung picked up some courage.
'Uh, can you help me?' he asked the girl.

'Who are you?' She asked with an expressionless face.

'I am… my name is T-Taehyung. I came to Diagon Alley to buy supplies for my first year at Hogwarts,' he explain, stuttering a little.

'So what are you doing in Knockturn Alley?' She asked.

'I lost my way. Someone misdirected me. Please can you help me find the way back?' He asked earnestly. Her eyes studied him carefully while Taehyung’s eyes looked at the silver dragon brooch she wore, next to which was a four petalled locket.

'Follow me,' the girl said. ‘And don't speak a word to anyone. Don't meet anyone in the eye you got that?’ She turned to leave but Taehyung stopped her.

'Hold on, where did you get that locket?' He asked, pointing to the silver she wore around her neck.

'How does my locket concern you?’ she enclosed the locket in her palm. ‘Stop asking questions if you want me to help you,’

'No wait, please I need to know!’ He said.

'Why!?' the girl exclaimed with wide eyes.

'Because I have the same locket!' He said, pulling out an identical one from within his robes.

The girl was in complete disbelief.

'That's not possible,’ she muttered. ‘Where did you get that?’ Her tone was accusing.

'My mother gave it to me. She told me to keep it safe. I keep it like a lucky charm,’

'Who’s your mother?’ She asked him. Taehyung realized he had let out too much. He shouldn't have spoken about his Auror mother in an area with so many Death Eaters. But he needed to know why this girl had this locket.

'Tell me your name at the least. You already know so much about me,’ Taehyung said. The girl studied him again.

‘Laura Dracwyn,’

'Oh…’ Taehyung had briefly heard about the Dracwyns… they sometimes showed up in the Daily Prophet. ‘Where did you get the locket?’

'It belonged to my mother. She gave it to me saying it belonged to a dear friend of hers. So tell me who is your mother?’

'My mother.. is Kim Jiyeon.’ He said with a guarded face.

‘Kim Jiyeon...The Auror?’ Laura asked.

‘The Auror.’ Taehyung nodded.

Laura took in a deep breath. ‘Show me your locket.’ she held her palm out.
Taehyung unhooked the chain from his neck and handed it to her. Both lockets had engravings on them. Laura looked at it closely, studying the make and quality.

‘I am not lying you know,’ Taehyung said.

Laura ignored that and kept his locket on hers, pressing it together. They fit with a click, the grooves inside matching perfectly.

‘Yeah I guess you are not.’ She said. Taehyung held the joint locket in his hands and looked at it closely too.

‘So our mums were friends?’ He asked her, an innocent smile on his face, his eyes turning big and curious.

‘How is that possible? Your mother was an Auror and… well everyone knows what… my mother was,’ Laura said.

‘But… it doesn’t make sense. I know my mom isn’t lying about this. She said it belonged to her dear friend. I remember that clearly,’ Taehyung said.

‘My mother never mentioned yours. So yeah, it makes no sense,’ Laura said. Her mind was in deep thought and they heard some people walk towards them.

‘We can wonder later. Please get me out of here,’ Taehyung cried.

‘Right… follow me,’ Laura said, gathering her thoughts and walked ahead with Taehyung behind her. People looked at her companion but no one wanted look too long, lest it displease Charles Dracwyn’s grand daughter. They managed to pass by without anyone asking questions. But then they met a few fellow students. It was Graham Montague with 2 freshers who would go on to become Taehyung’s tormentors - Jeffrey and Derreck.

‘Hey Laura!’ Montague called out to her.

‘Shit…’ Laura cursed under her breathe. ‘Ok, just look normal. And hide that locket right now!’ she said to Taehyung. He swiftly pushed the locket inside his shirt.

‘Who’s that?’ Montague asked coming towards her. The two boys followed him.

‘Dont know. Some boy who lost his way,’ she said. ‘I was headed to Diagon Alley so I told him to come with me,’

‘Looks like a first year. These two are joining too,’ Montague gestured to the two boys behind him.

‘Oh. Didn’t realize you both turned 11 this year,’ she looked at the two juniors who returned acknowledging smiles but their eyes were darting to Taehyung. ‘Anyways I’m leaving now. I have a lot of work,’ without waiting for a goodbye, she set off with Taehyung following her.

‘That’s odd,’ said Montague as he watched them go. ‘Who is that guy? Do you guys know him?

When Laura and Taehyung reached the road to Diagon Alley, she held his arm tightly and stopped him.

‘Listen to me,’ her voice was urgent.

‘What’s wrong?’ Taehyung asked her.
‘I don’t know what our mothers were. I can’t ask mine… you know why. But maybe you can ask yours. Till then, promise me, swear to me, you will not show this locket to anyone and not speak of this incident to another soul’ she said, her eyes searching his.

Taehyung gave a small understanding smile. ‘I get it. You helped me so of course I promise you this stays between us. I’ll let you know what my mom says,’ he said to her.

‘Ok, off you go then. And don’t take directions from strangers,’ and she walked away briskly.

In a few weeks Taehyung was at the door of the Great Hall along with other excited and nervous first years. Professor Mcgonagall opened the doors and they all walked in towards the Sorting Hat. When Taehyung’s name was called, he sat under the hat for a long time.

‘I see a lot of conflict in your mind… you have me confused,’ he heard the Hat speak to him. ‘I see loyalty, I see courage, I see innocence… but yet… there is something else. There is something… hiding within,’ the hat said to him.

Taehyung was confused by whatever the hat was telling him. He bit his lip and rubbed his hands nervously. He looked around with big amazed eyes at the students sitting on the 4 long tables. On the table to the farthest left, under a green and silver banner he spotted Laura, looking at him curiously and he wanted to wave at her.

‘Does Slytherin peak your interest? You do have the qualities for it but it will not be an easy path you know,’ the Hat said. ‘But your heart hasn’t hardened seeing your friend in this unsuitable, hated house. Your heart is still loyal to her regardless. I think you will be better off in… HUFFLEPUFF!’ The hat announced loudly. The table to the extreme right, under the yellow and black banners clapped and welcomed him. Taehyung slid off the chair and made his way to the table, giving one last glance to Laura who’s face looked a little fallen.

Some days later, as Taehyung was going to his classes, he saw Laura in the corridor.

‘Hi!’ He waved at her excitedly. Laura looked at him startled. She looked around and started to walk like she didn’t know him.

‘Wait!’ Taehyung called out.

‘Looks like we caught a mouse,’ Jeffrey walked to stand between him and Laura. Laura halted and looked back slightly.

Taehyung didn't know how to respond.

‘Hey isn't this that Auror's son?’ Derreck joined in. They both paced around him slowly as if they were scrutinizing their prey.

‘Your mommy isn't here to protect you… you should be careful not to wander too far away from your burrow,’

‘She won't hear if we make you cry you know,’ they laughed. Taehyung’s breath was hitching up. He had never faced a situation like this before.

‘Jeffrey, Derreck,’ Laura’s sharp voice sounded through the corridor. ‘Now is not the time, come on, we’re late,’

Both the boys smirked at Taehyung and then moved away, following Laura out of the corridor. Jeffrey gave one last scoffing look to him. Taehyung’s breathing slowly eased up. He wanted to
talk to Laura but she would not even look at him.

That evening Taehyung received a note from an owl.

‘Shrieking Shack. 12am. Gargoyle on the east wing corridor’

The letter was signed in the symbol of the locket and he understood who it was from.

With a lot of difficulty, Taehyung gathered enough courage to break a big rule within his first few weeks of school. He crept around the east wing in darkness, trying to find an opening behind each gargoyle statue. Finally one of them moved and he crept into the tunnel behind it.

‘Lumos’

The tunnel was slightly damp. Luckily there were no forks to confuse him and he reached a small opening towards the top. He peered out to see trees and grass. Pushing his feet against the rock he climbed out of the opening. The Shrieking Shack was right next to him. The door slowly swung open and Laura let him in.

‘What were you thinking, trying to talk to me in public!’ Laura instantly rained down at him.


‘What's wrong? You know what's wrong! I'm a Dracwyn! The world knows your mother led the mission which led to my parents…’ she didn't finish the sentence and looked away, the memory of her parent’s death was too painful to recollect.

‘Our mothers were friends,’ he said. ‘I spoke to my mom about it after the day we met in Knockturn Alley and that's why I was so eager to talk to you,’

Laura looked at him earnestly, ‘What did she say?’

‘She said it is true. They knew each other in school but they became real friends later on. I hope you know that your parents wanted out of the Death Eater circle and mom was trying to help them get out safely,’

‘Only I know about that. And my grandfather. We were expected to be a loyal family to the Dark Lord, not the disgraceful snitches. If… certain acquaintances found out, they will try to punish us for this betrayal,’ she said, crossing her arms and moving further into the room.

‘Who would punish you for not being a death eater?’

‘Perhaps you haven’t heard of my father’s family, the Rosiers. It was by their influence that my father became a death eater, expecting my mother to support him. And then there are… certain cousins in the Lestrange and Black families,’

‘I understand that,’ Taehyung said, moving towards her. You don't have to worry about me telling anyone about this,’

‘Well then you should've thought twice before trying to talk to me in public!’ she was back at scolding him.

‘I thought you were alone!’ he cried.

‘Next time, if you want to talk, make eye contact. If I can talk, I will. Else just ignore and walk away like you don't know me, you got that?’
‘Does it have to be this uptight?’ Taehyung wondered.

‘It's for your safety as well as mine! You've already put yourself under the radar after today’s act. Derreck and Jeffrey noticed you since Kockturn Alley. No wonder they dug out who your parents were,’ she started pacing the room, feeling panicked. ‘Trust me you do not want to be anywhere near the children of Death Eaters when you are the son of the most hated Auror AND a half blood,’

‘I wont, I wont,’ Taehyung tried to calm her down.

‘You should get back now! Go the same way alright?’ She said to him.

‘What about you? Aren't you coming?’ He asked, his lips turned down in concern.

‘Don't worry about me. I know how to get about the castle,’ she said, flopping on an old tattered chair in the room. ‘Besides we need to give a gap. I'll leave later,’

‘Alright then,’ Taehyung nodded, giving a smile. He waved and left.

And then, 2 years later came the Shrieking Shack incident which almost blew their cover -

Taehyung was in pain. His hands and feet were bound and he was in the Shrieking Shack. He a door open in the other room followed by voices.

‘What the hell are the two of you doing here?’ it was Laura’s voice and she sounded furious.

‘Nothing! We just came to check the place out,’ Jeffrey was trying to act innocent.

‘Among the two of you, you are not the better liar Jeffrey,’ Laura said. ‘Where’s the Hufflepuff boy?’

‘What Hufflepuff boy?’ both asked, feigning innocence.

‘The Hufflepuff boy you both brought here,’ Laura said.

‘No idea what you are saying Laura. Are you alright?’ Derreck said. ‘Did you take something funny?’

And the next thing Taehyung heard was a painful screech.

‘WHAT ARE YOU DOING?’ Jeffrey yelled.

‘Teaching him how to show respect. You better watch and learn too, unless you want your head to fry,’ Laura said. And after a few more moments, Derreck’s screams stopped, replaced with him gasping in relief.

‘ I will ask you one last time, where is the boy?’

There was silence and then Taehyung heard footsteps coming closer.

‘Alohomora,’ the door creaked open. She pushed it all the way and found Taehyung on the dusty wooden floor. He slowly looked up. There was a wound on his left cheek. Laura wanted to run to his side but she stopped her fast steps. She stood still a while and composed herself.

‘And what was your lame plan for this boy?’ She asked turning to the other two.
'It was just a prank,' Derreck said.

‘You both think we seniors have tons of time on our hands to clean up after your messes?’ She berated them, pointing at Taehyung on the floor. ‘If you cause irreversible damage, then Snape will skin you alive. We might be pure bloods but Dumbledore will expel you all the same.’

‘We won't get expelled! Our families will see to that!’ Jeffrey retorted. Laura laughed out at that.

‘How dumb are you? You think no one would've found him here? And your family won't be able to go against even a word of Dumbledore’s,’ she said and went to Taehyung. He was looking at her earnestly.

‘Thank you…’ he whispered in a hoarse voice, utterly exhausted.

‘Don't think I did this for you boy,’ she said with a hard heart. ‘Emancipare’ she pointed the wand at him and his whole body loosened out. He slowly moved his limbs and stood up.

‘Let's get out of here now,’ she said to the 3 juniors. Together they stepped out, only to bump into Jungkook who was out for Slytherin blood.

Present.

‘So that’s about it,’ Taehyung said.

Jungkook stared at his friend blankly. His mouth hung open and eyes were wide in shock. Taehyung chuckled and pushed his chin up to close his mouth.

‘I’ve told you everything. Don't break my trust,’ he said.

Jungkook only blinked, still completely shook.

‘You are saying… that Dracwyn actually cares for you?’ He asked, totally unable to grasp the truth of things.

‘Yes! She cares a lot! And even Min Yoongi. Remember when my pup Soonshim went missing 2 years ago? It was Yoongi who helped me find him,’ Taehyung smiled.

‘And… their parents were not Death Eaters?’

‘That's what my mom tells me. But I swear, THAT truth no one can know. It might put their lives in danger,’ Taehyung turned serious.

‘Yeah I understand,’ Jungkook nodded. ‘Don't worry, I won't ever break your trust… Man I’ve been hating her so much since the Shrieking Shack incident. Not just me, the whole school. And now… I’m hearing all sorts of rumours of what happened at the Duel Club. And all targeted at her,’’

‘Now you know why I got angry back there. She's in a life where she can't be herself. She is hiding the truth about her parents from everyone she knows. And I feel Yoongi is in the same boat,’

‘It's really difficult to wrap my head around all this,’ Jungkook said, gazing at the lake, still shook from the truth.

*

Jimin walked to his common room after dinner. He realized many people were not meeting him in
the eye. Otherwise whenever he greeted any one of them, he would atleast get an acknowledging nod. Right now, even if people noticed him, their smiles were forced and uneasy. Finally he saw someone he could talk to about this, his Ravenclaw friend named Tony, who was in the same year as him but twice his size.

‘Tony!’ he waved but the boy glanced away from him. ‘Hey Tony!’ Jimin grabbed his arm. Was he being ignored?

‘Oh Park! Hi,’ the other boy pretended to just notice him.

‘Is it just in my head or is everyone behaving oddly with me. Even you are! What’s happening?’

‘What do you mean what’s happening? You were there to see it all happen. How your prefect put everyone in danger;’

‘What? Is that what this is about? Firstly, they were having a duel. Jungkook is my friend but I cannot blindly support him. He was fighting back recklessly too! And secondly, I had no hand in it so why am I being treated like this?’

‘I don’t know man… everyone’s pretty pissed off with your house. And from what I heard, Jungkook was only trying to stop her and get the situation in control,’

‘That’s not true. I was there when it happened. If you have to blame them then it’s equally the fault of both!’

‘If Jeon gets expelled because of this mess then trust me, the entire school is gonna hate on you guys. Jeon is a good mate. We’d hate to see him go,’

‘You guys are never ready to hear our part of the story,’ Jimin said.

‘Well, it is always really difficult to believe your side of the story. I heard from so many people about what happened at the duel club. They can’t be lying to me, can they?’ saying that, Tony went his way, leaving Jimin feeling like someone had punched him through his chest. He looked at the crowd of people heading in different directions in the castle. Which direction did he belong to? Neither did the Slytherins accept him the way he is, nor did the others trust him because he wore green.

He sulked away to his common room. Not wanting to see anyone. He decided to sit in their small balcony. He hopped on to the ledge, legs swinging freely in the breeze.

‘That’s not too safe,’ a voice came from behind him. He turned to find Ash Vorhart standing there.

‘I’ll be fine,’ Jimin said grumpily.

‘What happened? I have never seen you like this. You walked through the common room like a gloomy cloud,’

Jimin looked away. ‘I… I don’t know how to say it…’

Ash hopped onto the ledge next to him but didn’t say anything. She was trying to figure out for herself why had she chosen to sit by him. Was she liking this growing acquaintance with her new chaser?

‘Your parents…’ Jimin said. ‘They… they are different from the parents of most of our housemates aren’t they?’
'Different as in?' Ash asked, confused.

‘They didn’t get involved… in the war, did they?’

‘No… They didn’t. It was not easy, but they managed to stay out of it. Why do you ask?’

‘My parents somehow managed to stay away from it too,’ he said. ‘Is that why… I am different?’

‘How exactly do you think you are different?’ Though Ash had an inkling what he was referring to.

‘I don’t enjoy being closed off. I treat everyone else as my friend, regardless of their house. Why isn’t the Slytherin pride there in me? Was I sorted wrong…’

‘Why do you want to be like the rest of them here?’

‘Who is really my friend? Everyone here looks down on me because of how I am. Meanwhile, other houses shun me if one Slytherin does wrong. I used to turn a blind eye to all this… but I can’t anymore,’

‘You don't have to feel ashamed of who you are,’ Ash found herself saying. She suddenly felt guilty about the times she had judged him for being too friendly. Look at him now… he meant nothing but to do good. ‘I know there are people in other houses too, who won't see your house before making you their friend,’ Ash said. ‘But… I understand the situation is difficult,’

Jimin looked at her with searching eyes.

‘What you faced all these years, I faced too in the beginning. And so I decided to choose a side. I realized being with your own kind will be better. There are always going to be people out there who will judge you. Slytherins might not be the kindest to others but no matter what they take care of their own. At least they are dependable that way,’

Jimin nodded slightly.

‘You don't have to prove anything to anybody Jimin,’ she said. ‘Neither to them, nor to the Slytherins. You be however you want to be. This struggle of being stuck in the middle is not going to go away,’

Jimin ran his fingers through his hair and looked at her. If he could, he would’ve hugged her. He still couldn’t believe Ash Vorhart had come to his aid… the girl he had an unspoken fondness for ever since he saw her play Quidditch in third year. She was telling him to be himself. That was one of the most reassuring things he had heard from anyone. Ash turned towards him and he saw her beautiful forest green eyes and smiled at her, all anger forgotten for a while.

Ash was suddenly startled at the way Jimin looked at her. She gave a small smile, ears turning slightly red and looked away. Jimin shyly looked away too, trying to suppress his growing smile. She looks cute when she blushes like that, with that cute little nose he thought. He again ran his fingers through his hair and when he kept it on the ledge, he felt another soft warm hand under his.

‘Oh’ both said, startled at the brief touch.

‘Sorry I was just-’ Jimin mumbled, feeling embarrassed and shy.

‘I-it's fine,’ Ash replied, looking everywhere except at him. Both were feeling their heart flutter all
the way down to their stomach. ‘Ok, I should head to sleep,’ she nodded at him, eyes not lingering on him and went away.

When Jimin left for breakfast next morning, he didn't bother looking at anybody. *Not like the rest of the school is awaiting my greeting* he thought. He saw Yoongi, Laura, Montague and a few other of the elite group walk right in front of him. The moment they entered the hall, the noise died slowly and turned to low murmurs and whispers. Laura looked at the students around her with hard eyes and then made her way to the Slytherin table. Jimin followed them.

‘Is this taken?’ Jimin asked Yoongi, pointing to the vacant seat next to him.

‘No,’ Yoongi replied, shaking his head. Jimin slid in.

‘She used a dark magic,’ they heard someone whisper behind them from the Gryffindor table.

‘What else can you expect from a black blood,’ another whisper replied.

Jimin turned to look at who was talking. It was two Gryffindor 5th years boys, stealing glances at the Slytherin table. When they saw Jimin look at them, they slowly turned ahead. Jimin stood up and went to them.

‘What did you say?’ Jimin asked them in a threatening tone.

‘Uh, nothing. Park you better get back to your table,’ one of the boys said.

‘You called her a black blood,’ Jimin did not move from his stance. Ash was watching all of this from across the table, her mouth hanging open and spoon held midway. Yoongi and the rest turned to see as well.

‘I called her what she is,’ the boy replied, giving a stink eye to the rest of the Slytherins.

‘Apologise. Right. Now,’ Jimin glared at them. Everyone around was shocked to see him like this. The 2 Gryffindors stood up and their friends seated around them looked like they were ready to back them up.

‘We shouldn't be the ones apologising. Go back to your table,’ they said, giving a slight push to Jimin. Before Jimin could respond he saw a pale hand grab hold of the Gryffindor’s hand.

‘Keep your hands to yourself,’ Yoongi said, clenching and slightly twisting the boy’s hand before pushing it away. ‘Don't you dare lay your hands on us,’

Jimin looked at Yoongi a bit startled.

‘You want a fight right now?’ The Gryffindor boy snarled.

‘Ahem,’ came the voice of the Head Boy, who came right next to them. Both sides slightly eased up.

‘What's happening?’ Namjoon enquired.

‘These Slytherins were creating trouble as usual,’ the Gryffindor said confidently.

‘Jimin?’ Namjoon exclaimed, surprised at seeing his friend involved.

‘They called one of us a black blood,’ Jimin said.
‘Did you now?’ Namjoon asked looking back at his house students. The Gryffindor boys shrugged.

‘If I hear anyone using that word anymore, they will be reported to Professor Mcgonagall,’ Namjoon said loudly. ‘No exceptions. There are enough rumours going around. You both don’t need to add to it,’ he said to his house mates. Then he turned to the Slytherins ‘Go back to your table.’ The Slytherins gave a lingering glare to the two boys and went their way.

‘That was unexpected,’ Ash blurted out as Jimin sat opposite her, running his hands through his dark hair.

Laura smiled at him maybe for the first time. She appreciated him standing up for her.

‘Well no point being good to people who judge you. You were right. It’s better being with your own kind,’ Jimin said to Ash, grabbing an apple from the table and taking a bite.

‘I think we had enough trouble for the whole semester in this one week,’ Yoongi said. ‘We need to chill and unwind,‘

Laura gave him a knowing gaze and her lips pulled in up in a smile. ‘The dungeon?’ she asked, referring to a secret dungeon they had in their common room. Only the luckiest in Hogwarts history were allowed to enter.

‘I came with a refilled stash from home!’ Yoongi said.

‘So did I,’ Laura said. ‘Ash,’ she whispered to her roommate, ‘keep yourself free tomorrow post 10 pm,’

Ash had once been to these secret Slytherin parties. Even her lips pulled up in a smile, ‘Alright then.’
Elkyre

Chapter Summary

A bit of everyday Hogwarts life... sprinkled with certain information that thickens the plot. :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jin and Namjoon were in their afternoon Alchemy class. This year seemed to be more of theory than practice. Everyone was sleepy while Professor Hohen wrote some points on the board. Jin rolled up pieces of parchment and flung it at Namjoon’s ear, who was sitting in front of him. Namjoon looked back puzzled.

‘What happened?’ he asked his best friend.

‘I’ve thought of a new joke,’ Jin said. Everyone around him started complaining.

‘No more dad jokes Jin!’ Emina cried.

‘But this one is not too bad! Hear me out!’ Jin continued, ignoring his friends. ‘What do you have to do to have a party in outer space?’ He asked all the blank faces around him.

‘You have to planet,’ Jin said and burst out laughing. He had that sounded like a sponge wiping a glass window, but many found that adorable about him. Seeing him laugh, Namjoon laughed too. The others just shook their heads.

‘Namjoon thinks it's funny, and he's more intelligent than the rest of you, so my jokes aren't bad,’ Jin said smugly.

‘He laughs at all of your jokes so it doesn't matter,’ Emina rolled her eyes.

‘Ok here's another one. What did the dog say to the wall?’ Jin asked.

‘Jinnie, one joke is enough for the day!’ Emina raised her eyebrows.

‘Miss Carter, what is the talk going on back there?’ Professor Hohen asked Emina, looking through his round spectacles.

‘Emina was spoiling my jokes,’ Jin whined, pointing at her like a child. Emina gaped at him with bewildered eyes.

‘Guys I understand this time it's more theory, but try not to get too distracted alright?’ Hohen almost pleaded.

‘Professor wasn’t today supposed to be a special class by the Headmaster?’ Jin asked.

‘We had to reschedule,’ Hohen said, continuing to write on the board. ‘He is on Wizengamot duty at the Ministry,’ Hohen said.
Hohen heard some sad whines from the students at missing out on Dumbledore teaching them. It was every student's wish to be taught by the greatest wizard alive.

‘Don't worry, I'll make it happen!’ Hohen said, trying to cheer them up. ‘Till then here's your homework.’

This time the whining was much louder.

When the class ended, Namjoon lingered back to try and get some information out of Hohen. He and Jin had discussed this after learning about the Ministry’s fears regarding Alchemy and Jin had been quite interested in getting to the bottom of it. Along with Emina, they had got to work, checking out books in the restricted section and anywhere else they could. Emina finally found a very old book in the Ravenclaw library, written in ancient runes which might hold the answer to their questions. Together with Namjoon both tried to translate the writings but they needed better insight.

‘Professor?’ Namjoon placed his long fingers on Hohen’s desk.

‘You look like you are brimming with questions,’ Hohen smiled at him.

‘I am… and I hope you answer them,’

‘Of course I will,’

‘Can you… can you tell me about Elkyres?’

Hohen’s smiled visibly faltered, ‘Where did you read about that… you aren’t supposed to know that term,’

‘You once said knowledge is for everyone and only cowards hide facts. Isn’t that why you are fighting with the Ministry to teach us deeper alchemy?’

Hohen gave a chuckle, ‘I share too much with you three, don’t I… this is going to be my downfall,’

‘Professor you know I can handle delicate information. I read about it and am very intrigued. Please help me out before I mislead myself translating those ancient languages,’

‘Alright,’ Hohen gave in. ‘What is your question about Elkyres?’

‘I read that… they control forces of nature. Is that correct?’

‘More accurately, they control the elements present in nature. Earth, fire, wind, water, metal, ice and even electric and magnetic currents,’

‘Do they really exist? Why don’t we know of them?’

‘Because the Ministry threatens to prosecute any Elkyre they find. Elkyres are a great force of nature… and by some balance of the universe, these powers are rare and roam only among a select few, passed down through generations,’

‘But they are still mortal? Or immortal?’ Namjoon asked, eyes wide in curiosity.

‘They are human, but… they are not like ordinary witches and wizards… their magic transcends the need of spells, wands and staffs… their body can live transformed in that element and the power is immeasurable. One such being, Aquirys by name, could submerge half the earth under water if they wanted to,’
Namjoon breathed in. *Was the existence of such a power even possible?* he wondered.

Hohen stood up. `I’ve told you quite enough Namjoon. My advice would be not to go looking for more information on this. Don’t poke into things the Ministry doesn’t want you to. You don’t know their power and politics yet,’

`I understand Professor,’ Namjoon gave his dimpled smile. He appreciated the man’s concern but his curiosity would not let him be at peace. Of course he was going to dig up more on this.

*

`What did he say?’ Jin jumped at Namjoon the moment he saw him. Emina was looking at the Head Boy curiously as well.

`Not a lot,’ Namjoon said, leading the way to their usual spot on the castle grounds. A white owl flew their way, perching on Jin’s shoulder.

`Owlbus!’ Jin exclaimed at his owl, `You have something for me!’ he took the letter from the bird’s beak. His face fell a little when he read who it was from.

`You guys go ahead,’ he said to his friends who nodded and left without probing further.

Jin tore the envelope open and read the letter from his father.

*Dear Jin,*

*Hope you are doing well. The final year can be taxing but I know you will excel. You have always been headstrong in whatever you do. I am always proud of you and hope to be in the future too.*

*And that is why I am writing to you. I heard from your mother about your plans after Hogwarts. I see you are feeling a bit lost in your direction and it is concerning me. Jin, I have worked hard my entire life to keep the Kim name as prestigious as it was 300 years ago when our forefathers made this country their new home. We had discussed it at length, the plans about you taking my position on the Ministry's inner council after me. I would only feel it right if you succeed me, not someone else who just swoops in to take a part of what the Kims have built. But now you say this isn't what you want? Jin, if we don't stay as strong as a fortress, the dragons will wade in.*

*I want you to think with a calm and clear mind about the responsibilities that are upon you. I know that you want what is best for our family. Hope you write back to me soon. We miss you.*

*Love,*

*Dad*

Jin crushed the parchment in his hands.

`Incendio’ he said and the parchment lifted up in the air, flames erupting from it, reducing it to ash in no time. He walked to where his friends were.

Emina and Namjoon were slumped against the trunk of a big Aspen tree. The shade and breeze were a good break from the classrooms.

`Do you think it’s his family again?’ Emina asked.

`It is always his family,’ Namjoon replied.
‘It’s unfair isn’t it? The pressure of following his father's footsteps? It’s not like he asked to be born in such an important family,’ she said.

‘I know… but they just won’t let it go. I guess the only thing that can be done is run away together after school ends,’ Namjoon said chuckling.

‘Run away? Yeah ok, that doesn’t sound too bad. I’ll marry Jin and you can be our butler,’ Emina said laughing.

‘Me? Butler? Why don’t you marry me and Jin can be the butler? He cooks well enough!’ Namjoon said.

‘Nah, Jin is more husband material than you. And isn’t your heart set on Ash Vorhart?’ Emina asked teasing him. Namjoon looked away embarrassed.

They heard a voice behind them, ‘What will happen is Jin and Namjoon will get married while you be the butler,’ Hoseok threw his heavy book bag next to the two. Emina laughed out loud hearing that.

‘Yes that's highly possible,’ she said.

‘I have an idea,’ Namjoon said, springing to his feet. He took his wand and drew a circle on the ground. The other two sat up curiously.

‘We have soil… and grass, water in the soil, air,’ Namjoon muttered to himself. He touched four points in the lighted circle. The ground vibrated slightly and stems started to spring up from the ground. First three or four, then as many as ten. And from them bloomed beautiful white lilies.

‘Jin’s favourite flowers!’ Emina said, eyes wide in amazement at Namjoon’s flawless alchemy.

Jin walked into sight. His mouth hung open at the beautiful field of lilies in front of him.

‘Woah!! What is this? It isn't the season for lilies! I don't remember seeing them earlier!’ He exclaimed with sparkling brown eyes.

‘Namjoon made them bloom for you!’ Hoseok said.

Jin walked closer to the flowers, grazing his fingertips over the silky petals. He came and sat down next to Namjoon, taking a flower for himself.

‘It's beautiful!’ He said, smelling the flower. Namjoon gave his cute dimpled smile, eyes looking at his own hands shyly.

‘So, what did Hohen tell you?’ Jin asked, leaning back on the tree with the others.

‘So whatever we read about Elkyres is true,’ Namjoon replied. ‘They have formidable magic and control elements in nature. He even told me the name of one such being- Aquirys, who could control the seas,’

‘Aquirys?’ Jin blinked. ‘I know that name… I’ve read that name in some of the ancient books of my family,’

‘Have you?’ Namjoon’s eyes widened, ‘You have to find out more!’

‘I can only access those books when we go home for christmas,’ Jin said.
Hoseok moved closer into their circle, ‘Can you… can you try and See more about it?’ he asked cautiously. ‘If you wish to,’

‘I’ll try but don’t have your hopes up,’ Jin said. ‘My Seeing is very circumstantial and doesn’t work under my control,’

‘Namjooon,’ Hoseok turned to the Head Boy, ‘I found a spot for Tae’s training. I’ve told Jungkook to bring him, so we should head there too,’

On the other side of the castle grounds, Taehyung was at the food of a fir tree, feeding grain to a big grey bird. The boy smiled as he gently stroked the bird’s neck. The bird was not the most beautiful one. Rather it looked like an underfed vulture.

‘Hey Tae,’ Jungkook walked towards him. The sound of twigs crunching below his feet startled the bird slightly.

‘Hey Kookie! Look I found an Augurey,’ he said just as the bird ruffled its feathers preparing for flight.

‘All animals seem to like you,’ Jungkook squatted next to him after the Augurey had squaked and flown away. ‘I read that Augureys are a sign for rain,’

‘Well, I hope it doesn’t rain,’ Taehyung said looking at the cloudless sky. ‘What’s up? You were looking for me?’

‘Yeah, so… I was thinking, with you being under the radar of those bullies… maybe you should learn to defend yourself better? What if one of us isn’t there to sort things out? Those guys don’t know their limits, I don’t know what they would do to you,’

Taehyung sighed, ‘You sound just like Laura,’

‘Please, don’t even compare us–’

‘But you do. She said the exact same thing to me,’

‘Anyway,’ Jungkook tried to get the topic back to the important stuff, ‘I know you think it’s violence but it’s not. It’s only for your protection,’

‘I know…’ Taehyung said softly.

‘Then why are you so hesitant?’

Taehyung took a deep breathe, wondering how was he to explain what he felt to Jungkook when he didn’t understand it himself.

‘I…’ Taehyung tried to voice his thoughts. ‘I… have these moments… of such anger that it scares me. I’m scared I’ll lose control and something terrible would happen. I feel this… surge, like a tremor that I want to…’ Taehyung paused, swallowing the words.

‘To what? Punch the guy?’

‘That’s the kindest way to put it,’ he said, looking away from the earnest expression on Jungkook’s face.

‘That’s understandable. Anyway, I already told Namjoon to take lessons for you, so will you please listen to me about this because you know I care for you,’
'Jungkook you aren’t understanding what I’m—'

‘Tae,’ Jungkook put a hand on his shoulder. ‘What I’m trying to say is… whatever you’re going through, you have to find a way to overcome it. You need practice and Namjoon is the best teacher out there,’

Taehyung looked at the ground beneath him. He had a fear of lifting his wand against someone. Whenever he thought about it, his mind was filled with flashes of images of someone getting hurt, of blood and chilling screams. He didn’t know if they were real or figments of his overworked imaginations and nightmares. Will Hoseok be able to tell him more about it? If anyone knew what it feels like to see things that don’t exist, it was Hoseok.

‘Tae, give this a shot, please. You can’t sit hand in hand forever,’ Jungkook appealed to him again.

Taehyung looked at his earnest doe eyes, concern mixed in his expression. He took a deep breath and nodded. Maybe this is what he needed, a friendly environment where they could practice.

Soon they all gathered at the spot Hoseok selected.

‘This should be a good place,’ Namjoon said, his hands on his hips as his eyes analysed the open space, enclosed by vegetation on either side. This way not many will notice them.

‘So how should we do it?’ Jin asked. ‘Should one person duel against Tae and we instruct him?’

Hoseok volunteered to go first.

‘Tae!! C’mon!’ Jin called out to the youngest. Taehyung came running towards them like a child, his brown hair bouncing.

‘Ok! I'm ready!’ He same hopping to a spot opposite Hoseok.

‘Do you know how to disarm?’ Jin asked him. Jungkook sat on the grass a few feet away, observing them all from a distance as he ate wafers from a packet. Emina had got a lot of muggle snacks and dried seaweed wafers were his favourite.

‘I know the spell for it but haven't really disarmed anyone before,’ Tae replied.

‘Ok, take your position here,’ Jin demonstrated, standing sideways and pointing his wand at Hoseok. ‘You have to move your wand like you are striking at your opponent, like this,’ he showed the younger. Tae imitated the movement.

‘Aim with your eyes and speak out the incantation. Hoseok won't defend himself yet,’ Namjoon added.

Taehyung repositioned his stance, concentrating hard on his opponent.

‘Expelliarmus!’ He cast out the invisible beam which struck Hoseok’s hand. His wand flew out and slid on the ground. Everyone applauded Taehyung’s successful first attempt.

‘Good, you’re a fast learner!’ Jin patted his back. ‘Let’s take it up a notch. Now Hoseok will attack too. You have to disarm him first’

Both the Hufflepuffs regained their position.

‘Tae I believe in you!’ Hoseok said from across him
‘Begin!’ Namjoon announced.

Both sides shouted the disarming spell but neither hit the other. They circled around a little and tried again.

Everyone duelled each other in turns. Taehyung was steadily learning. He liked this supportive environment. Without being condescending, Namjoon helped him correct his mistakes and Hoseok was an ocean of encouragement. Emina and Jin kept the atmosphere fun with their jokes even though most of it were Jin’s dad jokes which would only make Namjoon laugh.

‘Ok my turn!’ Emina said, hopping in front of Taehyung. ‘Tae go full power! Don't hold back!’

Both took their position and shot out their spells.

‘STUPEFY!’ The red beam from their wands collided and struck back, hitting both of them square in the chest with a big impact. Emina and Taehyung were thrown back with the force. Emina scraped the ground several feet while Taehyung glided and hit the ground.

‘Oh no!’ Jin exclaimed as he ran to rescue Taehyung and Hoseok rushed to Emina.

‘Are you ok?’ He asked, kneeling beside her and bending down to pick her up. Emina groaned as the pain slowly receded, trying to hoist herself up.

‘I think we made good progress for today, we can head back now,’ Namjoon said.

‘You sure?’ Tae asked. ‘I can still practice more,’

‘It’s getting close to curfew time and we can’t stay on the grounds longer,’ Namjoon said. He put an arm around Taehyung’s shoulder and they all headed back to the castle.

* * *

After dinner, Laura was busy assigning work to the invited juniors to steal some food from the kitchens. After seeing that the arrangements were on track, she went to her room. She bent below her bed and pulled out her big trunk. She opened it and rummaged through, pushing her curious cat out of the way.

‘Ser Baron, I already fed you. Go hunt some mice,’ she set the one-eyed grey cat near the open window and went back to her trunk, pulling out a long wooden box from it.

‘What’s that?’ Ash asked curiously.

‘Well, if my dreams of working at the Ministry fail,’ she said, snapping the locks open. ‘I think I’ll open an underground bar,’ she flipped open the box. Inside were long bottles of various types of liquor.

‘Where did you get all this from?’ Ash asked amazed, moving closer to it.

‘We have a collection at home. One of the companies under Grandfather makes wine and other liquor. No one notices if I take away even a dozen,’ she winked and grabbed a wine bottle. ‘And tonight, we’re gonna have the top bunk of this,’ she kept two bottles of elf-made wine, firewhiskey and one bottle of Absinthe. ‘I’m curious to try Absinthe. The color is lovely,’

‘Yes it is,’ Ash said, taking the bottle and twirling it in her hand. The liquid inside gleamed green. ‘Only seniors invited right?’
‘Only seniors,’ she said, putting the bottles in a bag. ‘I should go ahead and see if the juniors did their job. I’ll see you there soon?’

Ash nodded, pulling on a green skirt, grey ballerina shoes and headed out. Jimin came from the boy’s dorms, running a hand through his hair. Her breath hitched a bit seeing him in the same sleeveless shirt which he had worn during the Quidditch tryouts. Those dangerously low cut arms gave a peak to his chest muscles.

‘Shall we get going?’ Jimin asked her. His eyes looked over her, top to down briefly before looking away. But Ash didn’t really notice that because her mind was concentrated on other aspects of Jimin.

She slowly nodded walking with him towards one corner of the common room. In the wall, one of the panels slid just very slightly. One would not expect anything to be inside but Ash pushed through the gap, and Jimin followed. Both lit their wands and continued walking down the dark tunnel.

‘Are we...underwater right now?’ Jimin’s voice echoed.

‘Yeah, this is an underwater tunnel. Pretty cool right?’ Ash looked back at him and smiled. Jimin’s eyes were wide in awe.

‘I bet no other house has these cool things in their dorms!’ he said.

‘I’m pretty sure they don’t. That’s why they’re always out on the grounds trying to have fun,’ Ash replied, feeling proud. After walking another minute in this silent tunnel minute, they reached a door.

Jimin pushed the door and as soon as it flung open, a burst of noise and light hit them. A hand grabbed his shoulder and pulled him in. The room was full of people. The walls were tiled with plain grey stone slabs. Jimin saw a small shallow pool along the front wall of the room. The water from the lake probably streamed into this. Makeshift seating arrangements were on the floor - tattered sofas, small tables, rugs. Tiny colorful balls of light were just whizzing around the room, casting their light everywhere. There was thumping music playing. The gold framed windows of the room showed a much deeper of the lake. Jimin went to gaze out the window and saw creatures he had never ever seen before. He even saw the giant squid sleeping in his lair. The green light emanating from these windows added to the trippy vibe of this small room.

Yoongi came through the crowd, grabbing his shoulder and putting his arm around him. ‘Let's get you a drink!’ His blonde hair was ruffled and he looked like he had already had his first round of alcohol.

Laura had set up an upturned chest of drawers as a makeshift bar and was mixing drinks.

‘She likes to experiment,’ Yoongi whispered to Jimin. ‘Choose wisely,’

‘Let's start with shots!!!’ Laura announced before anyone could say anything. She had already started preparing the absinthe.

‘Yoongi, as the new leader you have to make the toast,’ Montague said.

Yoongi held out his glass high, everyone followed, holding it close to his. ‘This is to the seniors who transformed this scraggy room into the best place in the world and to all the new faces here who will keep the tradition going,’ he smiled and shot a glance to Jimin who smiled back. ‘This is also to our Slytherin unity. The whole world may hate us, probably coz they wish they were one of
us,’ he smirked and heads nodded in agreement. ‘But we’ll continue being who we are. House Slytherin!’ He cheered and others cheered with him. They clanked their glasses and emptied the green shot in one go. Everyone instantly scrunched their noses and shook their heads at the strong burn going down their throat.

There was food being passed around. It was mostly leftovers from dinner. Everyone was having a good time. The alcohol had completely lowered their inhibitions. Ash was slightly buzzed by now. She looked at Jimin dancing and laughing with the other guys.

*He has the most adorable laugh,* she thought to herself.

‘Yes he does,’ she heard Laura beside her. Startled, she looked to her side and found Laura gazing at him in adoration as well.

**Did I say that out loud?** Ash thought. Laura looked at her.

‘If you are wondering, yes you said it out loud,’ she said, laughing. Ash turned a bright red. She needed to be more careful about whom she gazed at.

‘You don’t have to hide anything from me!’ Laura nudged her by the elbow. Ash noted that the moment alcohol entered Laura’s system, she became quite expressive.

Yoongi was sipping on firewhiskey when he noticed Vanessa move from her friends, towards him. His chest knotted. Ever since the break up, he had avoided her. Was that wrong on his part? Probably. But he didn’t know how to cope with this.

‘You know you don’t have to avoid me,’ she spoke softly, sitting next to him.

‘Yeah… I know… I’m sorry,’ Yoongi muttered.

‘I thought you’ll stop feeling awkward after a few months. We were friends since childhood before we started dating. And I still think you’re a friend,’

‘Honestly, I think that too,’

‘So, how’s he?’ Vanessa asked, leaning back on the chair.

‘Who?’ Yoongi was dreading this.

‘The one you sneaked off to check on in the infirmary,’

If the ground could open up and swallow him right now, Yoongi would like that. Yoongi swung the remaining contents of the glass down in one go. He hissed, smoke issuing from his mouth. His lilac eyes were steel-like.

‘Van, whatever you said to me day, about… him, you said it in rage. None of that is true,’ he said, remembering the loud fight they had on the day they broke up.

Vanessa leaned back on the tattered chaise, the green light from the lake throwing her face in shadow and light. ‘I said a lot of shit that day, Min Yoongi… but not all of it was in rage,’

The Slytherin prefect gazed at her for a few seconds, and quickly broke eye contact. ‘I’m going to get another drink,’ he announced and escaped her probing blue eyes.

‘I know you very well Yoongi, maybe better than you do yourself. Like I said, we were friends for a very long time,’ he heard her say but did not respond.
‘Hey Ash,’ Jimin tugged at her arm. Ash turned to find a completely flushed Jimin, cheeks glowing pink. He was giggling at anything and everything.

‘Cute… you,’ he said, his cute crooked tooth peeking as he smiled.

‘What?’ Ash blinked at his smiling face but any further words from Jimin were drowned by Laura.

‘Yoongi! The ceremony is left!’ Laura yelled over the noise.

‘Yes the ceremony!’ Yoongi said, coming into the circle. ‘Hey everyone! It’s time to dunk Jimin!’ Yoongi yelled over all the noise. Before Jimin could ask anything further a group of people lifted him up and carried him towards the pool and threw him in. The lukewarm water enveloped his heated body as the cheers silenced for a few seconds. Once he found his grip, he pushed his head up to the surface and saw everyone cheering him.

Everyone lost track of time playing in the cool water, slowly sobering up. Jimin splashed water at his friends as Yoongi playfully wrestled with him. He had head locked Jimin while Jimin tickled him to let go.

A noise, like rumbling thunder in the distance, caught Yoongi’s attention and he looked towards their door.

‘Did you hear that?’ he asked the others.

* * *

In the abandoned classroom on the east wing of the castle, six students were lazily talking.

‘Hey Jungkook, are those new glasses?’ Namjoon asked the boy who was still snacking. Jungkook nodded while chewing like a bunny.

‘Can I try it on? I wonder how round glasses look on me,’ Namjoon asked. Jungkook gave him his glasses but…

‘Oh no…’ Namjoon said, looking extremely apologetic as the object snapped in two the moment he tried to wear them. Jungkook gave an exasperated sigh.

Next to them Jin was engrossed in making a house of cards. Taehyung was looking at the stacked up cards with a concentrated face.

‘What are you doing?’ Emina asked him with raised eyebrows.

‘Do you believe in the power of the mind?’ Taehyung asked her, his eyes unwavering from the cards.

‘What do you mean?’ she asked.

‘I’m trying to move these cards with telekinesis,’ Tae replied. Emina rolled her eyes.

‘You can’t be expecting to do one of the most rare and advanced forms of magic in your Fourth year?’ she said to him.

‘You need to belieeeve!’ Taehyung said as Jin tried to carefully put the last card. Suddenly they felt the ground tremble and the house of cards collapsed, scattering all over the floor.

Everyone looked at Jin and Taehyung in surprise.
‘Did you do that?’ Jin asked Tae, who shook his head innocently. Instantly, there was another tremble around them and Jin blacked out.

He was standing at the entrance arch of Hogwarts, everything was covered in snow. He could hear a familiar voice calling for help in the distance. He tried to run to the voice but fell down, crying in pain from the cold ice beneath his bare feet. It pierced him like needles. The cold was choking him. He struggled against the burning snow and ran towards the voice. As he drew closer, he saw people fallen on the icy ground around him. He couldn’t see their faces. At the end of the path, he saw a white lily flower in bloom, the only other living thing apart from him in this frozen world. But he could see that its stem was starting to wilt and frost, alarmingly fast. He ran forward to somehow protect it. He was too late. By the time he reached it, it had turned to ice and it crushed itself, breaking into a hundred shards of ice. Jin’s chest was in knots and he was unable to breathe. He felt like his heart was going to freeze and break like that flower.

‘JIN! WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!’

He heard Namjoon trying to call him back. There was a stinging ache on one side of his head. But he had to stay here. He had to know what was happening. Why were all these people dead?

He felt a punch on his face and everything around him started to change. The ice covered ground was replaced by a stony floor of the room they were just in. The furniture lay broken and there were glass shards everywhere. Namjoon pulled him up, making him run out the door as he heard blasts and screams.

‘We’re under attack!’

Chapter End Notes

:):) :) *yes this is my evil smile* *but I'll try to update asap* :)
Fear & Courage

Chapter Summary

Hogwarts has been infiltrated and now the school is under attack. Will the boys be able to save themselves and their friends?

Chapter Notes

Hi!

This is going to be a long chapter. There is going to be some amount of violence. You have been warned.

The chapter has simultaneous things happening with different characters in different parts of the castle, so there will be cuts from one character to another. I have tried to keep them as minimal as possible but to culminate the events, I have to switch the narrative between characters.

I'm also adding in some mood music. I listened to these soundtracks when writing the chapter and you can find them right at the start of the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window):

Ramin Djawadi - Dracula Untold Prologue

Ramin Djawadi - Coronation
Seven figures creeped in the dark, walking over the school caretaker, Argus Filch’s unconscious body.

‘We should’ve killed him,’ one of them said.

‘No,’ a dark haired woman replied. ‘I owe him a debt,’ she smiled and walked forward. They reached a corridor through which faint white light fell in. Their shadows moved one behind another. As soon as the light got brighter, one of the shadows changed its form, becoming bigger and beast like, a low growl breached the silence. He swiftly moved away from the rest, who took another turn toward a brighter corridor.

‘Looks like they’ve made it easy for us. They are all together in the east wing,’ said the man with a husky voice.

‘Lovely,’ a dark haired woman replied. ‘Looks like we are feasting tonight.’ Giving a devilish grin, she lead the way to their prey.

Chapter 9 - Fear and Courage

They looked at Jin’s blank face and a few of them knew what had happened. He was having a vision, about something that was about to happen in the future. But along with that, there was something else out of place around them. They felt the ground tremble slightly and the door banged open. No one had any time to react. Splinters from the door flew in their faces and unspoken hexes were shot that them. Everyone dived and ducked behind the broken furniture to save themselves. Namjoon dived to the ground but then remembered Jin was still in his trance.

‘Jin!’ He yelled getting up. He cast a protective shield around Jin who was still sitting blankly; asleep to the chaos around him. Namjoon grabbed him by the shoulder and pulled him under the table. He shook him but there was no reaction. Finally he had to slap that face, as he yelled his name to call him back. At last Jin blinked, a sense of his surroundings coming back to him.

‘WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!’ Namjoon yelled amidst the disarray.
'Confrigo!' he blasted the back wall of the room. Behind it were a series of old tunnels. He grabbed Jin by the waist, dragging him out through the tunnels.

Emina tried to stand up after her first chaotic fall but a hex hit her in the shoulder. She saw Hoseok on the floor, blood all around him.

‘Finish this mudblood,’ a man said, turning to leave, ‘I need to catch the boy.’

A tall man turned Hoseok over with his foot. Emina saw her friend’s face. He was bleeding from the lip and there was a gash on his abdomen. The man lifted his wand.

‘Avada-‘

Emina yelled her lungs out. He looked at her in surprise, his long hollow face showing an expression of shock for the briefest second. She grabbed her wand and without thinking just whipped it at him. A white flare shot from her wand, hitting the man in the chest. He was thrown back, hitting the wall behind him. Emina got up and ran towards a barely conscious Hoseok.

‘Hobi! Hobi, wake up!’ She cried, holding his head. There was a wound on his chest that scared her to the bone. She wanted to heal him but her hands were shaking.

By this time the man had recovered from the hit and came walking towards them.

‘Stand aside girl, unless you want to die too,’ he said, his hazel eyes had a crazy spark to them.

‘Who are you?’ She asked, wand at the ready.

‘Why I thought my face was quite famous,’ He laughed eerily, stroking his greying beard.

Emina remembered his eerie laugh from the papers, eyes widening in horror. He was a Death Eater named Howard Jenkins who had gone into hiding after the Dark Lord had been defeated. He belonged to You Know Who’s inner circle - the selected 13 who the Dark Lord considered his best and most loyal. He had a death warrant on his head from the Ministry.

‘What do you want?’ She asked, praying that one of the professors, or better yet, Dumbledore came through the door to rescue them. Then she remembered that Dumbledore wasn't in the castle and a new fear washed over her.

‘This mudblood right here,’ he pointed his wand at Hoseok. ‘I lost my brother because of his parents. His bloody mother did not give us what the Dark Lord wanted and my brother had to pay for it. So now I'm here to take her son from her,’ he said spitefully.

Emina stood up, her wand aimed at him.

‘Don't think that you can come in here and do whatever you want,’ she said in a dangerous voice.

‘And you, a kid will stop me?’ He laughed again, his yellow teeth flashing.

‘Reducto!’ Emina shot at him. But he blocked it. He looked at her as if he wanted to play with his prey now. He grinned devilishly and both paced around slowly. Hoseok lay in pain in the middle.

‘Em….’ he whispered. ‘Run…’

‘I won't leave you like this,’ she said to Hoseok, her eyes still fixed on Jenkins.

‘You are making a grave mistake girl,’ the Death Eater said. ‘Incendio’ Tongues of flame erupted
from his wand, surrounding them in fire. Emina tried to not show her fear on her face. She relentlessly attacked, one hex after the other but Jenkins blocked them all.

In a last attempt, she thrust forward her wand, ‘STUPEFY!’ , and the force of it was so strong that the windows shattered, shards of glass flying everywhere. Jenkins was thrown back from the impact. He hit the wall but got up quickly, grinning.

‘Now we getting there,’ he licked his lower lip. ‘Crucio!!’

The red beam of light hit Emina and she screamed in pain. It was like her insides were on fire. She curled up on the floor, screaming, her fingernails clawing at the stone floor. She felt a thousand knives piercing her and it wouldn’t stop no matter how much she screamed.

Hoseok roared in fury seeing that. He pushed himself up on his palms, taking his wand from his robes.

‘EXPULSO!’ He screamed at the man and Jenkins fell backwards. Emina gasped out in relief, her breathing heavy. She coughed, trying to find her voice again. Hoseok limped and dragged himself in front of her, leaving a trail of blood in his path. His wand was still pointed at the Death Eater.

* 

Jungkook and Taehyung ran through the unlit corridor. Both sent blasts at the two people chasing them but it didn't seem to do any good. He could hear the high pitched cackle of one of them. In the flashes of light, the paintings around them exclaimed in horror as to what was happening.

‘Where are the Professors!’ Jungkook yelled. Where was Filch to alert the castle when you needed him to. Jungkook did a full back turn. ‘STUPEFY!’ He yelled with as much force as he could. He sent a ball of red light with such impact that even he and Taehyung fell back along with their chasers. The paintings on either side of the walls shook and fell down. The floor board splintered along the path of his hex. Taehyung stared at Jungkook’s display of strength, but Jungkook knew they had no time.

‘Hurry hurry!’ He pulled Taehyung to his feet and both ran towards Professor Flitwick’s chamber. As they neared the fork towards it, they saw a big shadow making its way towards them.

‘Jungkook what is that?’ Taehyung whispered and they heard a low growl. They took slow steps backwards but the beastly figure was coming closer. The moonlight through the window cast its rays upon the creature.

Werewolf! Jungkook’s mind screamed but his body was frozen in fear. He was too scared to even breathe.

The big black wolf had seen them. It stalked towards them on its hind legs, growling. Its yellow eyes were shining in the moonlight. It bared its big white teeth and the two boys ran in the opposite direction.

‘But those chasers are that way!’ Taehyung said. Jungkook had no idea what they should do. There was danger on either side. They climbed up a set of stairs and reached a junction. Choosing to turn left, they ran, only to bump headfirst into the course of their previous chasers.

‘There he is!’ One of them yelled and hexes were shot in their direction. The boys turned the other way to find that the werewolf had caught up to them. Jungkook caste a shield charm around them but he couldn't hold on for too long. He felt the beast push and claw at the invisible shield. He heard more voices and thankfully, felt the attacks on his shield lessen.
Ash and Jimin had found them right in time. Ash was fighting off the werewolf. But one required double strength in their attacks when dealing with a creature this powerful. Jimin and Jungkook duelled against the remaining 3 Death Eaters and found a familiar face among them.

Twycross! Their Apparition teacher showed no emotion on his face but continued fighting them mercilessly.

‘There should be a woman with them,’ Jungkook said, remembering that bone chilling laughter and that’s when they realized, Taehyung was not here. The Death Eaters shot the last round of attacks at them and ran away, shattering a window and jumping down. Jimin looked back at Ash who was fighting the werewolf alone.

‘Go find Tae!’ He said to Jungkook. Jungkook nodded, nervous and unsure.

*

Taehyung was struggling, trying to break free of the invisible ropes around him while his capturer was dragging him by the collar.

‘LET ME GO!’ he screamed but he was not strong enough to break the magic that bound him. He was pulled forward and thrown against a wall. In front of him stood a man and a woman in black robes and hard faces. They were at the courtyard.

‘Itty, bitty, baby,’ the woman pouted. Taehyung recognised her. Every witch or wizard knew that malicious face… she the most evil follower of The Dark Lord - Bellatrix Lestrange.

‘You’ve got some fight in you, don’t you,’ she came closer to him, observing his face, ‘You do look like him. The alchemists will be very happy to have you,’ she grinned.

‘GET AWAY!’ Taehyung whipped his head. He could feel that same maddening rage surging in him. His breaths were getting shorter and chest colder. But the two death eaters in front of him seemed to be filling with glee at that.

‘You wanna hurt us boy?’ Bellatrix came closer again. ‘Go on, do it,’

‘No,’ Taehyung’s voice shivered and he closed his eyes. He didn’t want to do this… all he wanted as to be set free. He didn’t want to hurt anyone. But before he could plead for release he heard Bellatrix scream.

‘Crucio!’

All Taehyung saw was blinding red light. The pain was so terrible that he did not know for how long he screamed. His entire body burned and stung like his flesh was being cut by fire. He felt something fighting inside him, that powerful rage surging again and suddenly he saw blood, he saw his old house, he heard his mother scream.

No! Not again! Taehyung wanted to cry. Please make it stop!

‘Aunt Bella?’

Bellatrix looked up from the boy, towards the other side of the corridor where a girl stood and Taehyung finally felt relief. His mind and body was completely exhausted, fighting the curse and somewhere, fighting himself. The last thing he saw was footsteps of a girl walking towards him and he lost consciousness.
Ash panted heavily. The attacks on the werewolf had completely drained her. Her hands felt heavy and her legs were slowing down. She recognized this werewolf by the Dark Mark on his back. This was not a regular werewolf... could this be the infamous Skoll? He was the only Death Eater who was part creature to be given the higher status of branding with the Dark Mark. The Dark Lord had usually considered werewolves, dementors, giants and other creatures much below the status of pure blood wizards. They were more like slaves to him, to do his dirty work without expecting any fruits in return.

She had been fighting Skoll for a while now. Her strength failed her and she tripped over the broken painting below her, falling on the floor. The werewolf growled and jumped at her but Jimin dived in, covering her with his arms and rolling her out of the way. The wall stopped their momentum and both stood up. Ash looked at Jimin’s arms with wide eyes. There were big claw marks on his right arm, blood dripping from it.

The werewolf turned to them and stomped, growling through his teeth. He was annoyed now, having being hit multiple times by Ash. But werewolves healed fast and whatever injuries Ash had caused him were already disappearing.

‘What do we do?’ Ash whispered to Jimin.

‘Continue fighting, we have no other choice,’ Jimin said, stepping forward and launching into an offensive mode. But his arm wouldn’t let him do much. Ash tried to steady her head and gain some strength to fight again. A bright beam of light shot past her, hitting Skoll. The werewolf was thrown back 10 feet. She looked to her side to see Professor Roland. Relief washed over her as their teacher strided forward to save them.

‘Go to Snape immediately,’ he said to Jimin, but his eyes were fixed on the werewolf. Jimin hurried towards Ash.

‘They have Taehyung. We need to save him!’ he said to her urgently.

‘But your arm!’

‘It was only his claws. Claws don’t have the infecting venom. We need to hurry!’

Jin and Namjoon ran through the back wall of their classroom, being pursued by 2 people.

‘Why are they chasing us!’ Namjoon screamed between his breaths. Jin’s wand was not with him. In the sudden attack and sprinting, his wand had got left behind, lying somewhere in the rubble.

They reached the dead end of an old corridor and had no other option but to turn and face their enemy. Namjoon shielded Jin behind him. The chasers halted in front of them. Both students recognised who their attackers were- Alesta Carrow with her red hair falling around her face, giving her the look of a patient run away from an asylum and Antonin Dolohov, big and broad, standing more than 6 feet tall with a square jaw. Both were Death Eaters known for their sadistic treatment of muggle borns. Namjoon’s eyes were watching them intensely. There was a moment of silence and Namjoon sent the first attack. He spoke no incantation. The Death Eaters blocked it and sent their own counter attacks. Both parties duelled. To the Death Eater’s surprise, Namjoon was evenly matched in power against them.

‘Kill him,’ Carrow hissed at her partner.
‘He’s too close to Kim. We can't risk that,’ Dolohov stated. Jin realized they probably want to take him. But why? Jin stuck close to Namjoon so that they would not risk using any irreversible curses on him.

‘A mudblood with such abilities?’ Alesta Carrow sneered, seeing Namjoon’s non verbal attacks. ‘Too bad I’ve to kill you,’

Namjoon had no time to pay heed to her words. Dolohov was sending more curses at him. Jin saw a malicious grin on Carrow’s face. ‘Petrificus Totalus,’ Dolohov shot at him.

‘Crucio,’ Carrow whispered at the same time. A red beam shot from her wand. Jin launched himself in front of Namjoon, taking in both the curses meant for his friend. Namjoon stared wide eyed as he saw the flashes of light in front him from the silhouette of Jin’s shoulder. The Death Eaters weren't expecting that. They withdrew their wands. Jin gasped out as the effects of the curses faded. He slowly turned to face them.

‘Why are you here?’ He asked.

‘We don’t like questions. Now be a good boy and come with us. Your friend won't live for long trying to save you,’ Carrow said.

Suddenly, a thought spoke in Jin’s mind, and he knew it was his third eye that was telling him this. They were here for him and Taehyung, and they would kill anyone in their path… and they already had Taehyung.

‘I will go with you, if you swear to leave quietly,’ Jin said to everyone's shock.

‘Jin you can't,’ Namjoon said in disbelief.

‘Trust me, it's the only way. They will not harm me. Tae will need me,’ Jin said to him. ‘Protect yourself,’

Giving a squeeze to his best friend’s arm, trying to give him an assurance which he himself didn't have, he stepped forward towards the Death Eaters.

‘I'm not leaving you,’ Namjoon whispered. Jin did not respond but went his way with his capturers with a hard face.

*  

Hoseok was on the floor, his bloody fingers twitching in pain. Emina fell to her knees and collapsed. Both were soaked in red. They had lost a lot of blood and were losing both magical energy and their life force. Jenkins stood in front of them panting. He had almost exhausted all his strength as well. But nevertheless he was happy to be the one giving the final blow.

‘I had given you the chance to save your life. Instead you chose to die with this mudblood. Now Which one should I kill first?’

He walked towards Hoseok and bent down. His wand was at his temple. ‘Maybe I’ll have my revenge first,’

They heard a whizzing sound and the Death Eater was thrown several feet away. Emina looked behind Hoseok. A small figure stood there.

‘How dare you harm my students?’ Flitwick said, completely enraged. His frame was far from
intimidating but the Death Eater knew better. Flitwick whipped his wand wordlessly and sent whip like light strings at Jenkins. It hit his body, splitting open his skin. Jenkins knew he didn't have the strength to fight a full grown expert wizard. He gave a glare to them and transformed into dark smoke. Flitwick shot hexes at the billowing smoke but couldn't stop Jenkins from running away. Once the smoke disappeared, Flitwick's attention immediately went to the two people on the floor. He ran to them.

Yoongi was moving towards the blasting sounds. It seemed to be coming from more than one place. He saw the Gryffindor prefects follow the noise coming from the east.

'Someone check where Mcgonagall is!' Charlie Weasley said to some of his senior housemates who curved towards Mcgonagall’s chambers. A nurse was lifting a stunned student onto a stretcher. When she saw Yoongi buzz past her she tried to stop him.

'Let the staff handle it. This is very dangerous!' But he paid no heed to her words.

Reaching the third floor, he found two figures running past them. Yoongi’s hex hit one of them and he fell. The other man didn't stop for his fallen friend. Turning him around to see his face, he was shocked to see Twycross. Twycross pushed him away and got on his feet, wand pointed at Yoongi.

'Professor?' Yoongi asked, trying to grasp the situation. Twycross was just an instructor for Apparition from the Ministry.

'You look so surprised boy. I thought you would be expecting this. You lot aren't as smart as I thought,' he mocked.

'What is happening? Why are you terrorising the school?' Yoongi asked.

'I'm helping my friends to collect something we came for. Now be a good boy and let us be,'

'What do you mean your friends? How many are there?'

'There are enough to fight off the whole staff if it came to it. What a golden time for Dumbledore to leave his castle,'

'How did they get here?'

'Why! You haven't even figured that out yet? You were right there when the first ones arrived. Hogwarts grounds is open to apparitions precisely one hour every Tuesday so that you all can practice. You and all the other students were too busy rescuing that Hufflepuff to notice anything,' he laughed. Yoongi squinted his eyes and then he understood.

'Hoseok said someone attacked him, he didn’t splinch,' he muttered to himself.

'You should've believed him. Poor thing, I almost felt sorry. We needed that distraction so that -,'

But Yoongi wasn't really listening to what he said. He was shaking in fury, his fists curled. He came hurtling at Twycross before the latter had any time to respond. Yoongi punched him in the jaw and Twycross fell, a broken tooth flying out of his mouth. All he could see now was that image of Hoseok bleeding from every inch of his body and a rage filled him. Yoongi grabbed him by the collar and punched him.

'How could you do that to him!?' Yoongi screamed. Twycross tried to push him away and both
rolled on the floor. The older man managed to pin him on the ground and snapped his wand at him.
Yoongi kicked him in the stomach. Twycross fell to the side and Yoongi stomped his wand hand.
He yelled in pain, letting go of it and Yoongi kicked it away. He grabbed him by the collar and
punched him again. Yoongi’s knuckles were split open and bleeding by now. It painted Twycross’
face red.

‘YOONGI STOP!’ He heard Jungkook’s voice. He felt strong arms grab him from behind and pull
him back.

Yoongi pushed Jungkook roughly but that had managed to knock some sense into him. Jungkook
fell back gasping. Twycross lay unconscious in front of them, covered in blood.

‘Which way did they go?’ Jungkook asked Yoongi. Yoongi lifted a shaking bloodied hand in the
direction the accomplice had left and Jungkook ran. Yoongi bound Twycross and then ran after
Jungkook.

Yoongi heard Laura’s voice near the courtyard and stopped, Jungkook right behind him. They
peered from the wall and saw Laura talking to Bellatrix. Taehyung was unconscious on the floor.
Jin stood with his hands bound, two people keeping a watch on him. A man he recognised as
Dolohov, came and lifted Taehyung over his bulky shoulders.

‘They’re trying to get away!’ Yoongi whispered realising Twycross would have lifted the block on
apparition in this area. ‘You stay here,’ he whispered to Jungkook. ‘They’ll kill you in a moment,’

‘And they won't kill you?’

‘No they won’t. We need to to stall them. Get help Jeon. We can’t take them all on our own. He
moved out of hiding.

‘Dear Laura! How much you’ve grown!’ Bellatrix hugged Laura who stood as still as a statue, her
jaw tight.

‘Aunt Bella,’ Yoongi called out. The woman turned towards him.

‘Ah! I was hoping to see you too!’ she smiled at them. It was sinister rather than pleasant.

‘What are you doing here?’ Laura asked, her eyes shooting to Jin and Taehyung. Jin was looking at
her suspiciously.

‘We’ve come to take something. Which will help us become stronger. We need our strength for the
Dark Lord when he returns,’ Bellatrix grinned.

‘Something to make you stronger?’ Yoongi asked looking at Jin who stood there looking defeated.

‘How are these two supposed to make you stronger?’ Laura asked, feigning to be unconcerned
though she already suspected the answer.

‘Well… you remember your dear friend Gwen?’ Bellatrix paced around the two students. ‘I must
convey to you that she misses you deeply.’

‘You… you’ve spoken with her?’ Laura’s voice shivered.

‘Yes I have,’ Bellatrix smiled. ‘She had such interesting things to tell me,’

‘She isn’t the most sound minded,’ Laura stated cautiously.
‘No my dear, you are wrong. You know she’s been observing you since 4 years… and she tells me,’ Bellatrix halted in front of Laura and cocked her head to the side, ‘You are friends with the enemy’s son! This boy,’ Bellatrix pointed at Taehyung. ‘His mother killed yours!’

‘That’s a lie!’ Yoongi cut in. ‘We don’t know who attacked them that night,’

‘Oh but I was there!’ Bellatrix’s wide eyes snapped to Yoongi, ‘I saw it all… how his mudblooded mother shot and killed so many of our own,’

‘Laura,’ Yoongi caste her a careful look. This was Bellatrix’s mind games… they shouldn’t let this affect them. Laura looked like she was in pain, this was not something she could discuss with any ease.

‘That still doesn’t explain why you would need him?’ Yoongi said.

‘You all act so ignorant,’ Bellatrix shook her head. ‘Gwen tells me this boy has something special about him… And we wish to trade him,’ she grabbed Taehyung by the chin. ‘His price should be high, being the descendent of Aquirys,’ she chucked his face and walked to Jin, ‘And this handsome young man,’ Bellatrix pushed her wand right into Jin’s chest, ‘will keep us away from Ministry’s harm,’ she turned to him, ‘Daddy would hate to see you… dead, wouldn’t he? He doesn’t have another son to fill in for you,’

‘You have the wrong boy,’ Jin said. ‘I am enough for you. Let him go. You can ask Laura. It was not Taehyung who fought Gwen that day. Aquirys is my ancestor not his!’ he looked at Laura begging her to understand his plan. Laura clenched her jaws.

‘He-He’s not lying,’ she said, hoping she was following Jin correctly. ‘Seokjin was there when I found Gwen with this boy. He could be the one you are looking for because the younger one is pretty useless and dim witted from what I’ve seen. He’s a half blood of a muggle born mother. He doesn’t have any special ancestors! Gwen is not the best investigator you know. She doesn't know how to accept that her guesses were wrong. You should've never put her to any task. She will weave any stories to make believe that she was right,’ Laura stated. Yoongi looked from Jin to Laura in confusion.

‘In any case, I’ll see for myself if this boy is useful to us or not. If not we’ll give back his mother what she gave us. You would like that won't you Laura? The death of your parents will be avenged,’ Bellatrix said and the Death Eaters turned to leave. Laura couldn't stop herself. She had her wand out and took a step forward but Bellatrix saw that from the corner of her eye.

‘Is there a problem?’ Bellatrix stopped and turned her face to them. Her eyes were curious. She reverted her course and walked towards them with careful steps, her wand tip touching the finger of the other hand.

Laura didn't know what to say. Yoongi had his wand at the ready too.

‘Now that I think of it…’ Bellatrix scrunched her nose, ‘I was... never fully convinced of your mother’s loyalty. She always seemed… too shifty,’

‘How dare you question her mother’s loyalty! After she died for the Dark Lord!’ Yoongi asserted.

‘Trust me dear I don't want to question my own blood… but some actions,’ she stated, walking around Laura again like a spider slowly weaving her trap and her voice turning to a whisper, ‘left a lot of doubts in my mind,’ she faced them again. ‘I’m sure you’ll clear my doubts dear Laura, won't you?’
'How can I clear the doubts about a person who is not alive?' Laura asked in an icy tone. Her purple eyes looked hard at her aunt.

‘By doing, what your mother would have done. If you are saying she was loyal. Prove yourself… to me. You know what, I’ll make it easy for you. Gwen tells me, there is someone you here who you really really hate… Carpe Retractum!’

Bellatrix pointed to something behind Laura and Yoongi. She pulled her wand like she's pulling a rope and a figure dragged itself from behind the wall. She seized the boy from his neck and put her wand to his neck.

‘You like to eavesdrop huh?’ She asked Jungkook, who struggled in her grasp. Dolohov punched his face and he fell to the ground. Jungkook swiftly tried to stand up but the hex from Bellatrix’s wand held him pinned to the ground. He struggled to break free but was no match to her magic.

‘I’m sure you've wanted to cause him unimaginable pain over these past years,’ she said to Laura. ‘For all the times he's humiliated you, broken your pride. Well now is your chance,’

Jungkook looked at Laura fiercely, he did not know what she will do. The Death Eaters had all of them at their mercy.

‘Why aren’t you doing anything! You know the curse!’ Bellatrix hissed at her. Laura just stood there, not lifting her wand. Her brain had stopped working under all this pressure.

‘Maybe she doesn’t want to. Are you protecting these mudbloods?’ Carrow asked her in a threatening tone.

‘I do not serve any of you so why should I listen to you?’ she snapped back, trying to shield her fear with her pride.

‘Your family serves the Dark Lord and so will you,’ Carrow said.

‘Yes and none of you are the Dark Lord. Your actions look sloppy if nothing else,’ Laura snapped.

‘You dare talk back to us?’ Rodolphus Lestrange seemed highly offended. ‘We are doing this to make our army stronger when the Dark Lord returns and he will be pleased-’

‘The Dark Lord is dead!’ Laura’s voice rang in the sudden silence. All looked at her with horrified faces.

‘He is alive…’ Bellatrix whispered, inching towards Laura. ‘HE IS ALIVE!’ she screamed like a maniac. ‘You will listen to me, by one way or the other. I'm not going to use the Imperius curse on you… no where’s the fun in that?’

The Death Eaters who were earlier not in an attack mode at Yoongi and Laura, now started to circle them. The two teenagers weren't really any match to their dark arts. Both didn't know what to do or how to even launch an attack right now. Rodolphus cast a binding curse on Yoongi and grabbed him.

‘Point your wand at the mudblood,’ Bellatrix said to Laura, a cocky grin creeping up her face. ‘If you don’t do as I say… then your cousin and this boy, both suffer,’ she looked at Jungkook. ‘I might even kill your little plaything,’

‘If you have me, let them go!’ Jin called out from the back, struggling with all his strength. He got a heavy blow in the stomach to shut him up.
‘Do it!’ Bellatrix snapped at her. When she still did not lift her wand, the woman motioned to her husband who moved his wand across Yoongi’s cheek. A gash appeared on the pale white skin, red dripping down from it. But Yoongi refused to show any pain.

‘NO!’ Laura yelled in horror.

‘You know what you have to do,’ Bellatrix sang in an eerie tone.

Laura slowly raised her wand at Jungkook, still unable to say the curse. Her mouth was dry as sand and she felt like she was choking in her own emotions. The intensity with which Jungkook looked her in the eye was confusing her. Was he being brave? Or was he being understanding?

‘Fine then let me show you. Cruc-‘

But she was struck by a bright red flash of light. All looked back to see Namjoon standing there with his wand out.

‘You won’t harm them anymore,’ he said dangerously. His eyes were burning into them all. This side of his rarely surfaced. But when it did, it was more dangerous than anything else. The scattered Death Eaters gathered themselves. Bellatrix was looking at him with careful eyes, as if studying him.

‘And who do we have here? Another mudblood?’ She sneered.

Namjoon stepped forward. ‘Let them go,’

‘Come and get em,’ Bellatrix hissed, launching into an attack. There were flashes of light as both duelled. This was nothing like the students had ever seen. This was a real, life or death situation where no one gave the other any time to think. Two flashes of green just buzzed past Namjoon and Jin felt like tearing open his insides if he could. Bellatrix could kill him any moment and it was sheer luck that he was missing.

‘Boy you think your schooled hexes will do anything to me?’ She danced from one foot to another, sending hexes as she conversed. ‘You are as good as dead,’ she stood to face him.

‘Avada Kedavra!’ She shot him the third time. Namjoon felt a blow on his side and fell to the floor. Jin screamed in horror, shaking so badly that he broke his binding curse and ran to Namjoon before anyone could catch him again. Jungkook screamed too but felt a kick on his stomach. Tears filled his eyes. But in their shock and fear they were not grasping the key element of the situation.

Jin fell to his knees next to Namjoon and saw him move. It was not over yet.

Bellatrix looked to her side suspiciously. Jimin stood there, his wand held out. He had struck Namjoon with the expulsion curse just in time that her killing curse missed him again. His arm was bleeding but he looked far from weak. Meanwhile Namjoon stood up with Jin help, trying to recover from Jimin’s saving blow.

‘We are even now aren’t we?’ He said. Laura gained her position too. Now it was 4 students against 5 Death Eaters. It was hardly even but they would take their chances. Namjoon was as good as 2 of them.

‘4 puny students?’ Carrow gave her high pitched laugh and then suddenly became silent. They all looked behind Jimin and saw Mcgonagall and Sprout standing there with their wands out.

‘Let’s move,’ Bellatrix muttered, all joy vanishing from her face. They all turned into dark smoke.
but Jungkook caught the leg of Dolohov who was carrying Taehyung and disapparated with them. He was not letting them take his friend away.

‘No they don’t,’ Mcgonagall said almost instantly shooting curses at them. They couldn't perform a full disapparition inside Hogwarts. They teleported short distances, getting hit by the professor’s attacks each time they materialised. Professor Sprout was equally fierce, moving at great speed for her. They reached the ground where they could disapparate out of Hogwarts but Jungkook had gained his state of mind by now. His grip on the man was so strong that not once did he fall away during their teleportation. Finally he managed to grab hold of the man and pushed Taehyung out of his shoulder. Taehyung fell from a height of six feet but at least he was safe now. Jungkook held on to Dolohov and punched him hard, ending his ability to teleport anymore. Both landed on the ground a some distance away from Taehyung. Jungkook’s anger and frustration could not be delivered by small swift movements of a wand. The man staggered, his mouth bloody. But Jungkook didn't stop. He grabbed him again and kicked him hard in the chest with the knee. When the man came at him, he held his waist and lifted him by the shoulder only to slam him down again. Dolohov was almost unconscious. Jungkook stood up, wiping his cheek where a wound bled and ran towards Taehyung.

Mcgonagall and Sprout were chasing the Death Eaters at their heels. Curses were being shot in both directions. One of Bellatrix’s curses hit Mcgonagall square in the chest. She tripped and fell back, clutching her throat in pain. Sprout stopped to help her.

‘Catch them,’ Mcgonagall wheezed through her closing windpipe.

‘I won’t leave you to die. Anapneo,’ she worked the anti hex to release her windpipe. They heard the last of Bellatrix’s maniacal laugh as they disapparated. Mcgonagall and Sprout looked at the dark smoke diffusing into the high sky with grieved faces.

Everyone made their way back to the castle. Jungkook was carrying Taehyung and Hagrid carried Dolohov, who Jungkook had beaten to a pulp. They gathered in the Great Hall. Jimin was getting his arm bandaged by a nurse and Snape was giving him a potion to drink.

‘Are you absolutely sure it was his claws?’ Snape asked him again.

‘Positive,’ Jimin confirmed again.

‘I’m giving you a strong dose as a precaution. It may give you nightmares or hallucinations’

‘Nightmares are better than turning into a werewolf,’ he said, downing the black potion. ‘Where’s Professor Roland?’ he asked. When Snape gave no answer, Jimin looked up with worry. ‘Professor what’s happened?’

‘Roland is in the infirmary. We are trying to heal him,’ was all Snape said before moving away. From his tone Jimin knew Roland’s condition was serious.

Ash had decided to stay in the castle and help the injured students to the infirmary who were attacked as they tried to stop the Death Eaters from sprinting. Laura went to her roommate, grabbing her arm. Whatever had just happened was too much for her to take in. Ash squeezed Laura’s hand in return, happy that she was unharmed too.

Yoongi walked up to a nurse, showing his bloodied knuckles and his face for medication. He saw Flitwick walk towards Sprout and overheard their conservation.

‘Jung Hoseok is in quite a bad state,’ Flitwick told her. ‘Go see him, maybe you know what herb
Yoongi felt a restlessness inside him, the same way he had the last time Hoseok was hurt. He rushed behind Sprout to see Hoseok.

‘Take Taehyung to the infirmary,’ Mcgonagall said to Jungkook who turned to leave but stopped, hearing the Great Doors open. Dumbledore stood there, looking so furious that they couldn't even recognise him as the same happy Headmaster who always joked with them. He rushed to Mcgonagall.

‘The students?’ He asked worriedly.

‘Some are hurt but no serious damage seems to have happened,’

‘Have you put a search on?’ He asked.

‘Yes. Flitwick and the rest of the Professors are doing a thorough search. But I don't think there's anyone who was left behind,’

Dumbledore looked around and spotted Jimin’s wounds and the potion in his hand.

‘Did the werewolf escape as well?’ He asked.

‘No. Roland killed him in his transformed state,’ Snape said.

‘Albus we need to speak urgently,’ Mcgonagall said to him, placing a hand on his arm. He nodded.

He turned to the students.

‘I am gravely and deeply sorry that the safety of this school had been compromised on my watch. But I assure you, nothing like this will ever happen in Hogwarts again. You have my word. The Death Eaters will pay for their crimes. I am proud of how brave and responsible you all acted tonight,’ his eyes were twinkling again, looking at his students.

‘Someone from the students surely helped them,’ a seventh year Hufflepuff spoke up.

‘We will hold a formal investigation Brian,’ Mcgonagall said to him.

‘They won't be too far away to find,’ Sierra added, shooting a look to the Slytherins. There was an awkward silence as the Slytherins stared back at her fiercely. Jimin looked like he would kill her with his gaze.

‘Let the investigation decide that Miss Gibson,’ Mcgonagall said to her curtly. ‘Professors can we all meet in Dumbledore’s office please?’

The professors all walked towards the corridor to the Headmaster’s office. The Slytherins huddled together, happy to have survived the attack. All except Jimin were mostly unharmed.

‘That was very brave Jimin,’ Laura said to him, coming at his side.

‘He saved my life,’ Ash said, looking at him gratefully, keeping a hand on his shoulder. Nothing she could say would fully deliver the gratitude she felt for him. Jimin gave her a tired but warm smile.

They heard some words here and there from the conversation the other house students were
“Wasn’t Bellatrix Lestrange there too?”

“Why did they come here?”

“Is You Know Who back?”

“I think they just wanted to spread terror,”

“Did they come here to attack Dumbledore?”

“How did they even get inside Hogwarts?”

“It’s impossible without help from the inside,”

“Aren’t Min and Dracwyn related to Lestrange?”

“All Slytherins are related to each other aren’t they? Trying to keep bloodlines pure,”

The students were giving the Slytherin prefects suspicious looks. Ash couldn't believe they were again being treated unjustly even though they readily jumped in to save the castle. She saw a tall figure walk through the group of students towards them. It was the head boy. He bent to his knees in front of Jimin who was seated on a bench. Namjoon hugged him, inviting looks from everyone.

“I am alive, because of you…” he said to the younger. ‘I cannot thank you enough… I owe you my life,”

“You don't owe me anything Namjoon,” Jimin said. ‘I couldn't lose my friend, could I?’ He said, a small smile on his exhausted face.

Laura walked towards Jin who was holding an ice pack to his face.

“We need to talk,” she said to him.

“Yes we do,” he said and both sneaked to an empty corridor.

“Why did the Death Eaters want you?” She asked after casting the sound barrier charm.

“You heard them. For leverage. But what I don't understand is, why are you always there when something like this happens?”

Laura didn't know what to say exactly. She opened and closed her mouth twice before being able to form a sentence.

“Well last time, it was my roommate who was doing this crazy stuff so I had to butt in. And this time I just happened to be there,”

“Don't lie. What's happening between you and Taehyung?”

“What do you mean what’s happening?”

Jin crossed his arms. ‘I know you were looking for him, trying to protect him. You did something to Gwen and that's why she hasn't come back,”

‘That's a very serious accusation Kim Seokjin. You better know what you are speaking,’ she
wagged a finger at him.

‘I know what I am speaking. You can’t fool everyone. Dracwyn, our families may not like each other but we’ve been around each other since we were eleven. You were never the cruel one. If you care about Taehyung then tell me what did Gwen tell the Death Eaters about him,’

‘Seokjin, I’m not lying to you when I say I have no idea that Gwen told them about that incident from last year. Till now I have been thinking they were getting sadistic pleasure out of teasing that boy, and masking it as vengeance against his mother. When I saw the two in that frosted room, I only thought it was some kind of defense charm that you casted. And today, again I find you both being captured. So you tell me, why were they here for the 2 of you? Is it really true? That… you two are… gifted?’

‘I assure you that is not true. If you really want Taehyung to be safe, you will not let the investigation turn towards him. He is an innocent, good hearted kid. Dragging him into this is only going to make him scared and anxious,’

‘Wait, why are you telling me all this?’

‘Like I said, I've seen you since we were kids. And I'm not someone who is easily fooled. I may look like I'm always joking around but I know and observe more than anyone thinks I do. I know the truth about the Shrieking Shack. I know you came to save Taehyung from Gwen last year,’

‘You’ve got it all wrong,’ her eyes were apprehensive.

‘There's no need to lie to me. I am not your enemy. If I was, I would've told the whole school about your other side ages ago,’ Saying that he walked away to join Namjoon. Laura was left gaping behind him.

*How does he even know all of this?* She wondered. She could feel her secret slipping away from her hands. After what Jungkook witnessed when they were with the Death Eaters, she was sure he would have some doubts too. Not to forget the Death Eaters themselves were suspicious of her and her family now.

**Chapter End Notes**

Before you read chapter 10, it would be nice you read the mini series on Sope which covers their story from year 1-5. (Little Sope so cute!!!) Here it is - [Sunshine In Your Lilac Eyes](#)

The reason I say this is because, after relooking at the chapters, I realised that I haven't been able to give much time to Sope's story with the plot going on and character establishments (I'm learning on the way) And Sope's relationship already had a history which I couldn't mingle with the plot right now. So I wrote it separately. It's not too long and would really help you understand Sope's (and to an extent even NamJin's) development in a better way.

Of course it's not absolutely compulsory for the plot if you don't want to spend time on that. :)
Aftermath Pt.1

Chapter Summary

With the attack on Hogwarts, the wheels have now started to turn...

Chapter Notes

Also, lookie! I made a short teaser! Just like a very small preview into the feel of this story. (This is my first ever video. I thought of brushing up on the software skills from ages ago and thought why not try to make a teaser. I gave up so many times because its SO HARD to find appropriate clips! Seriously, all you video editors, you guys have the patience level of the deep blue ocean)

HERE IT IS! > (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) House of Cards BTS x Hogwarts Teaser 1

Before beginning this chapter, it would give you a better insight into Sope's relationship if you read their mini-series -

Sunshine In Your Lilac Eyes

It's a comparatively shorter read. Of course, you don't HAVE TO read it to know the plot here. But these two have a heavier history between them which I think required a mini-series of it's own.

Also, this chapter is a gift to one of my friends. Something that you wanted is coming up in this :P Hope you catch it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Some Months Ago…

Jin was in his common room. The room was a blaze of red with crimson curtains, sofas and armchairs. It was the last day of his 6th term. His juniors were done with their OWLs and there was a big celebration going on in the Gryffindor tower. Tiny fireworks burst into red and gold sparks over their heads. The voice of jolly singing filled the circular room and seniors passed around mugs of butterbeer and firewhiskey. Jin walked towards Namjoon, two drinks in hand. Namjoon was seated in the biggest red armchair, looking at all his juniors celebrate, eyelids looking heavy with exhaustion. They had bewitched a golden crown on his head as a gesture of gratitude for all the tutoring he had given them, putting his own free time aside.

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Rupert Gregson Williams - Sagana

As Jin handed him his firewhiskey, he heard a faint scream from behind. He turned to look but there was nothing except cheerful students. He looked back at Namjoon who seemed to not have heard the screaming. But he could hear it growing clearer and closer by the second, a distressed scream of someone in pain. His vision started to blur and he saw a Hufflepuff in the dark dungeons on the north side of the castle, a yellow scarf around his neck, the only bright thing in the dull cavern-like room. The young boy cowered against the wall. A girl stood in front of him her wand pointed right at him, the silver and green wool of Slytherin hanging from her neck.

‘Tae…’ Jin whispered to himself, recognising the form of the fallen Hufflepuff. He looked back at Namjoon who had slept off on the armchair, his half drunk glass almost slipping from his grip. All the noise around him couldn’t stir him from his exhausted state. Jin decided to go and see for himself if what he saw was true or not. His visions often did not show exactly what was happening. Many times they were symbolic. If it was indeed true, he was sure he could handle that one Slytherin attacker.

Laura waited at the Shrieking Shack for Taehyung. She wanted to see him once before they all left for home. Everyone in her common room was talking about how they did in the OWLs and that was the last thing she wanted to talk about or she would overthink and come to the overly dramatic conclusion of failing the OWLs. She had been waiting a long time in the shack, twirling her half of the twin locket between her fingers. She had decided not to wear it during the school year for fear of being spotted by someone. Taehyung used to wear his, he was less worried about things than she was. Time passed and Laura suspected he wouldn’t be coming, deciding to head back to her common room. She was walking through the Slytherin corridors when she felt a sharp burn on her chest. Hissing she put her hand in her robe, and felt the silver pendant heating her palm.

‘That’s strange. It’s never done this before,’ she thought, confused at what was happening. All this while she thought it was a regular locket. But it was burning, heat increasing by the second. Soon it was scorching her skin.

Could this be related to Taehyung? Just as she thought that, she saw Jin run past her but he was too much in a hurry to spot her behind a curve. She crept behind him but he had run ahead of her, leaving behind loud echoes of footfalls. Laura followed the sound for a while. But soon the silence engulfed her and she heard nothing. She walked aimlessly in the vast corridors and soon she was at a tunnel leading towards the old and unused dungeons. It was cold and damp here, the stone walls moist to touch. Curious Laura followed the path and at the far end of the corridor she saw two bodies on the floor. She approached them hurriedly but carefully and saw that it was Jeffrey and Derreck, unconscious on the floor.

They looked like they had been guarding the heavy door behind them. Fear, panic and anger hit her. She feared if her suspicions were right, if they had hurt Taehyung again. She pushed open the
door they were slumped against and the moment she opened it, a stark chillness hit her, instantly fogging up her breath.

‘Lumos,’ she spoke through chattering teeth. What she saw, astounded her. The room was made of dark stone slabs but they now were covered in a thick layer of white frost. As the light from her wand filled the room, she saw big icicles jutting out like a fence of the far end of the frosted floor. Ominous and dark, they rose like white knives stabbing into the dark sky.

There were two bodies lying near the icy fence, their dark robes a sharp contrast to the sparkling wall of ice. ‘Taehyung!’ She cried out, rushing to the boy with the yellow scarf. He was unconscious. She saw that the other was Seokjin who didn't seem to be awake either. Both their bodies were ice cold and their lips were blue. Frost laced their eyelashes. She tapped Tae’s face, trying to wake him up but he wasn't stirring.

She heard the tell tale whisper of a wand swishing in the silence and a red hex hit her hand, almost knocking out her wand.

Laura hissed in pain, snapping her head to look at the silhouette in front, moving past her to hide again.

‘Gwen!’ she called out, grabbing her wand. She could recognise her roommate anywhere. There was no answer but after a few seconds of unnatural silence, she grasped around to hoist herself up and brightened the light on her wand. A few feet away, she saw Gwen pointing a wand at her. Her eyes were frenzied, hair slightly disarrayed. Without warning, Gwen shot more curses her way but this time Laura was prepared and blocked all of them.

‘What the hell are you doing Gwen?!” she shouted, blocking her hexes. Finally Gwen stopped, but didn’t put down her wand.

‘Why are you attacking me?’ Laura asked furiously.

‘Laura, who’s side are you on?’ Gwen demanded of her.

Laura guarded her face, ‘What do you mean?’

‘What’s going on between you and that boy?’ Gwen pointed at Taehyung. ‘I know you meet him in secret. What could you possibly have to do with an Auror’s son who put so many of our families behind bars?’

‘You’ve got it wrong Gwen,’ Laura spoke carefully, trying to placate Gwen who was getting agitated by the second. ‘There’s some misunderstanding-’

‘I have perfect understanding,’ Gwen screamed. ‘You’ve betrayed us, just like your mother did’

Laura’s fist tightened over her wand.

Gwen continued, ‘She was a snitch wasn’t she? She’s the reason my father is in Azkaban.. Now I know for sure! You’re a filthy blood traitor just like her!’ Gwen shouted.

She saw Laura raise her wand and quickly shot hexes at her. Laura blocked all but one.

Laura felt the hex hit her hard on the chest. It was like dark smoke and she hadn’t seen it coming. There was a sharp pain, below her left shoulder as if something was pressing a blunt spear on her with force. She clutched her chest unable to move for a moment. She saw Gwen raising her wand again, and Laura Dracwyn would not go down this way.
A shot of light from Laura’s wand had Gwen falling back with force. Her cry filled the entire dungeon. Blood started to seep out of the stinging cuts on Gwen’s crumpled body on the floor.

A moment passed as Laura quietly walked towards the other and pulled her body up. Gwen recoiled from her touch, squirming back until she was met with a wall.

“So you’re the one who’s been torturing Taehyung for the last three years? You went behind my back and did all of this?” Laura’s voice was like ice. She was enraged in a way that Gwen had never witnessed and now she was regretting how she had spoken of her mother. She looked angry enough to take a life and not bat an eyelash after. She had only heard of the dragon’s wrath before but to watch it blaze before her eyes, Gwen shivered in fear of her life.

‘Laura please,’ Gwen bit out, teeth clacking together in the cold. ‘I only…’ she mumbled incoherently.

Laura inched forward, her lit wand held directly at Gwen’s cowering form. The ice glittered wherever the light touched. Her hand, glistened red with blood as she stroked her friend's hair.

‘It was you, wasn’t it,’ she asked in a soft tone. Deep purple eyes looking at her intensely. ’You captured him in the Shrieking Shack and had him beat up. Instead of confronting me, you’ve been scheming behind my back all this time. Like a coward,’ she sneered. ‘Do deny that? Or do you wish to suffer more?’

Her friend violently shook her head. Blood ran down her shaking arms. Laura's lip turned up in distaste. Pathetic, she thought.

‘Its what the Death Eaters would’ve wanted,’ Gwen wheezed, ‘They need him! I was following the right orders. You would have done the same if you were on our side!’

Laura’s eyes pierced her. ‘Why do the Death Eaters want him?’

Gwen’s eyes darted to where Jin was carrying Taehyung out of the dungeon. For a brief moment, her eyes scanned the entire room and how it was frozen in a layer of ice. ‘I don't trust you anymore to tell you anything. Your time is over Dracwyn. Now the whole of House Slytherin will know what a backstabber you are. I can't imagine the disappointment on your Grandfather’s face,’

Laura was shaking with anger now. She sent more whipping attacks at her. ‘You will tell me what the Death Eaters know about him.’

As the attacks hit her, Gwen cried in pain. New cuts and gashes appeared on her arms. Gwen was defeated now. She was not in a state to attack Laura. She crawled towards the back wall, whimpering in pain. Laura caught Gwen’s wrist and pulled her to face her.

Gwen cried, pulling her hand back. ‘If you tell me, I'll make the pain go away,’ Laura spoke in a calm voice which scared Gwen to the bone but her mouth was shut about the Death Eaters. Laura realized it was just a scare tactic she was using so that she would back down.

‘You disgust me,’ Laura said, pushing her aside. Gwen slumped to the floor in pain. ‘You torture someone lesser than you and feel honourable? If it were in my hands I would throw you out of the Slytherin house right now. You don't deserve to breathe the same air we do,’

Laura stood up and walked towards the door, wiping her hand on her green robes. Now that Taehyung was taken out of the dungeon and Gwen was defenseless, Laura’s focus went to the burn in her chest where Gwen’s curse had hit her. It still ached her badly. She peeked at her chest to see a dark bruise, it’s black veins slowly spreading.
Jin brought Taehyung to their abandoned classroom in the East Wing, where, to Jin’s utmost relief, he found his Slytherin friend.

‘Jimin!’ Jin whispered. Jimin snapped his head in the direction of the voice and was beyond surprised to see Jin and Taehyung in this state.

‘I can't explain now,’ Jin said before Jimin could voice his surprise. ‘Find Yoongi immediately. ONLY Yoongi. Tell him Laura and Gwen are fighting. Taehyung was tortured. Both the girls are in danger of each other. It's serious,’

Jimin was shocked but nodded understandingly. He gave a worried look to Taehyung and ran to get Yoongi.

Taehyung opened his eyes wide, heavily gasping for breath.

‘Tae, I'm here, it's fine,’ Jin cradled his head as he kneeled on the floor with Taehyung in his arms.

‘I... Laura...’ Taehyung gasped, pupils constricting in horror.

‘She's gone. They're all gone. We are safe here,’ Jin hugged him, trying to warm his cold body. Taehyung was shivering in fear, not knowing what had exactly happened. Jin kneeled in front of him and looked at him with searching eyes.

‘Tae, do you remember what happened?’ he asked.

Taehyung looked lost and disoriented. He wasn’t speaking.

‘Tae, I know Laura is your friend. I have known it since a while. You can trust me,’ he tried to assure him.

Taehyung looked at Jin weakly. ‘I... I was supposed to m-meet her,’ he said, fumbling and stuttering. ‘We usually met at the Sh...Shrieking Shack.’

Jin listened to him intently and patiently. He took his hand in his, urging him to go on.

‘I g-got a letter f-from her saying the shack is not safe anymore… She... wanted to see me before the holidays. Told me to meet her near a secret entrance on the grounds...It was in her writing… with the secret sym-m-bol we use...

‘When I reached there… those t-two guys… hexed me and took me in. Gwen wanted to know… why I am friends with Laura. She... tried a lot…’

Taehyung blinked his eyes. He was remembering those flashes of red and that immense unbearable pain. Gwen laughing and his body burning as he writhed on the stone floor praying for the pain to go away, until there was a sudden burst of cold and he was in Jin’s arms. The last thing he remembers was Jin looking down at him with a worried face.

‘You... saved me…’ he said, looking at Jin with tears in his eyes.

‘Is that all you remember Tae?’ Jin asked, holding his face. Taehyung nodded.

‘I’m so relieved you are alright. I won’t let his happen ever again. I promise you,’ he said, hugging him.

*Present Day*
Everyone was gathered in the Great Hall, early Saturday morning. The school was bustling with talk and rumours about what happened the previous night. On the other hand, the people who were actually present for all the action just wanted to cling onto their beds in deep sleep. But this meeting was mandatory to attend except for the people admitted to the hospital. Dumbledore stood at the pulpit. All eyes and ears were on him. They had never seen Dumbledore this serious. Gone was the twinkle of his blue eyes and the cheer in his words.

‘Students, it is my gravest regret that this school’s safety was compromised,’ his eyes looked at them all. ‘Something like that should have never happened and I am at fault. Thanks to our brave staff and the student council, we all are safe and on the road to recovery. I can assure you I will never let something like this happen ever again and those who broke in and tried to cause terror will suffer the consequences. We have heightened security at all gates, entrances and hidden passages that we know of. If any student has information about any hidden passages of this castle, please I urge you to inform the staff,’

His eyes watched all the anxious faces, ‘I should also inform you that the Ministry will be coming to access the situation soon. But I guarantee that you all can feel as safe as you did before. I am not going to let terror have its way,’

The students were relieved that Dumbledore was back. Everyone could feel the change in his demeanor. From the optimistic, chuckling professor, he had more of a protective and dangerous flicker in his eye. They knew that no evil could touch them now.

‘We will resume regular classes, come Monday. Let’s put this grievous incident behind us and look forward to the year ahead,’ he concluded and went back to take his seat. All students enjoyed an early breakfast. Yoongi slept off on the table with one toast in hand. Laura had bags under her eyes. She couldn’t wait to collapse on her bed and sleep forever.

* * *

Jimin found himself in a dark corridor of the castle. Fighting the werewolf with his bare hands. The big beast jumped at him, pinning him down to the floor and compressing his chest with it’s big paw. He heard a shrill frightened scream, until he opened his eyes and realized that he was the one screaming.

‘Jimin!’ He heard a worried voice and felt a hand on his arm. ‘It was a dream. It’s not real,’ It was Ash Vorhart, her green eyes looking at him in worry. Her hair was messy like she had just woken up. Jimin breathed deep. He was covered in cold sweat. Ash got a towel and dabbed it on his forehead, wiping it off.

‘How are you feeling?’ She asked. Jimin was in the special ward near the nurse’s room so that she could come to his help if needed. He had taken Wolfsbane which was known to cause irregular sleep. His skin had lost all color, purple bags formed under his eyes.

‘I’m dizzy,’ Jimin said ‘but what are you doing here?’ He asked. The nurse came in at that time.

‘What happened? I heard something. Is he alright?’ She asked with wide eyes.

‘I think he’s running a fever,’ Ash said, touching his forehead. The nurse came to check his temperature and took two pink pills from the bottle on his bedside table.

‘Have these. I can't give you anything else or the effects of the wolfsbane potion will wear off,’ she said.
‘That’s alright’ Jimin smiled weakly. The nurse patted his head and went back to her room.

‘But what are you doing here?’ He asked Ash. ‘Were you sleeping here? You should be resting! You are as exhausted as the rest of us,’

‘You saved my life. The least I can do is take care of you for a few hours,’ she said. Jimin regarded with a look of amused surprised.

‘You are always helping everyone no matter what. So why are you so surprised?’ Ash asked.

‘I don't know… I just… never expected someone to do this for me,’ he said. His eyes were soft but the gaze was deep. ‘Thank you,’ he said.

Ash felt her cheeks go hot. ‘W-well… you should sleep now! C’mon have your pills and go back to sleep,’

Jimin smiled. ‘I’ll get well in a jiffy if you are there to nurse me back to health,’ he said, popping the pills in.

‘I’m hardly care taking material,’ Ash said, shaking her head.

‘I don't think so,’ Even in the messy bed hair, Jimin felt she looked absolutely cute. ‘You are taking care of me so well,’

Ash looked at his smiling face for a while and then looked away, trying to hide her own smile. She realized she liked being around him a lot more than she suspected.

Jimin sighed, settling back into his bed. ‘Ash, please go get some rest?’ he said to her, with his head on the pillow.

‘I have the whole day to rest. Can you please stop worrying about me and go back to sleep?’ she said, looking at him which mock sternness. ‘Close your eyes right now and count your sheep,’

Jimin shut his eyes like a child. A smile played on his lips. He’d be lying if he said he wasn’t feeling special at this moment. It was not usual for Ash Vorhart to her give attention to someone. But he didn’t want to get ahead of himself. He always thought that Ash was way out of his league. That is why he never even tried expressing his feelings when he had a crush on her. He forced it to fade away, knowing that someone as pretty and confident as her would always prefer a guy who could match up to her level of confidence, who was equally admired and popular. Even their awe inspiring Head Boy couldn’t really make her fall for him. Ash Vorhart was not easily impressed.

*  

Jungkook sat silently in the infirmary. A nurse was undoing the bandages on his hands. He had broken a few knuckles in his fight with Dolohov, but the pain didn’t matter to him. He was numb from the experiences of the night. Had all that really happened? He glanced towards the inner wards were Hoseok and Emina were and a shiver passed through him. Is this what Hoseok had experienced when his family was attacked? Hoseok was a mere child then. Jungkook couldn't grasp the horror of what he must have felt as a seven year old being torn away from his mother.

They had all been so close to death just a few hours ago. They were indeed lucky to be alive, and he felt most fortunate to be conscious. He couldn't be more grateful to Namjoon for arriving right in time, or he also would’ve suffered from the Cruciatus curse like Taehyung had. Jungkook looked to his right where Taehyung slept. The younger’s breathing was shallow, like a part of his life force had gone.
He would’ve met the same fate if not for Namjoon… and Laura? Did she refuse to attack him, or was she too fearful to use an unforgivable curse? In that moment, seeing how they were at Bellatrix’s mercy, how they hurt Yoongi, Jungkook had prepared himself. He would’ve taken the curse if Laura hit him. Yet she didn’t. She couldn’t. He felt a part of the hatred he carried for her leaving him.

Jungkook tried to move his fingers and sharp pangs of pain went through his tendons, making him wince. But he didn’t care. He would’ve happily broken his entire hand if it meant he could get Taehyung back safely from the clutches of that Death Eater. When he glanced at his friend again, he had to fight back his tears. They could’ve lost him… It was unimaginable to think of.

Movement outside the infirmary doors broke Jungkook’s train of thought. He saw a woman enter, her sharp eyebrows were contorted in worry. She wore the Auror’s navy blue cloak. Her eyes immediately looked at Taehyung and then at Jungkook and she smiled at him. ‘How are you?’

Jungkook smiled back, ‘I’m alright Mrs. Kim,’ he nodded. They knew each other well enough, having met every time they were at King’s Cross station.

Kim Jiyeon’s eyes fell worriedly at her unconscious son again. ‘He’s still not awake,’ she said softly.

‘He’s out of danger,’ Jungkook said. ‘That’s what Pomfrey told me,’

Maybe it was his mother’s voice, or her touch when she slowly pushed the hair out of Taehyung’s forehead but the boy stirred, opening his eyes. The nurse rushed to him, administering the strengthening potion and checking his vitals. When the nurse was convinced he’s recovering well, she left them.

‘Jungkook?’ Kim Jiyeon said, ‘Can I please have some time alone with Tae?’

‘Sure,’ Jungkook nodded, getting up from his chair. He smiled at Taehyung and left, even though he wanted nothing more than to sit by his side and ask him how he was… to make sure he was feeling ok.

On his way back, he saw the students leave the Great Hall after Dumbledore’s speech. Among the crowd he saw the Min-Dracwyns and how some people were shooting suspicious glances at them.

‘We should go check on Jimin and Ash,’ Jungkook heard Laura speak to Yoongi who nodded. Something moved in Jungkook on its own and he walked to the infirmary behind them.

Ash and Jimin had just woken up for breakfast. A nurse brought in a tray and they were eating egg and toast from it. Jungkook saw Laura sit beside Jimin while Yoongi stood at the foot of the bed.

‘Here,’ Laura put some of the butter onto the toast for Jimin since he wasn’t able to use his injured arm.

Well this is new. Jungkook was slightly amused at seeing Laura lend a caring hand to one of his friends.

‘I’m so glad you guys are here,’ Jimin spoke, taking a bite of the toast from her hand. ‘I really couldn’t have-’

‘You have thanked us enough Jimin,’ Yoongi said. ‘I don’t even know why you’re thanking us, stop it,’
‘Are you kidding me? I never thought any of you will be here, taking care of me like this, well, except Jungkook. That guy is a sweetheart,’

Everyone’s attention turned to Jungkook who was still at the door. The Ravenclaw felt immensely out of place among this group of Slytherins, the only saving grace being Jimin’s smile.

‘Why are you standing so far off?’ Jimin asked, ‘Come on over here,’

Jungkook walked towards them, eyes on the floor. The tension visibly increased when he shot a glance to Yoongi. He hadn’t interacted with the Slytherin cousins since Bellatrix’s attempt at torturing him. Now he wondered why his legs had betrayed him by bringing him here. Yet he was curious to know their real relationship with Bellatrix. If only it wasn’t so awkward to ask.

‘How are you?’ Jimin asked him. ‘I heard we have one Death Eater captured thanks to you. I didn’t know you were strong enough to beat up a big guy like Dolohov,’

‘I’m not that strong’ Jungkook mumbled quietly. ‘Well, my knuckles shattered,’ he showed him his bandaged hands with a weak smile. ‘Don’t worry they will heal by tonight,’

‘Thank god you are unharmed otherwise. Things could’ve been so much worse,’ Ash said to him. They were acquainted over the years of common classes and quidditch. Ash and Jimin were perhaps the only Slytherins Jungkook liked.

‘H-how are you guys?’ He looked at Ash and then Yoongi. Both gave an affirmative answer and then silence hung in the air, as if the next expected reply was Laura’s. Jungkook wanted to look at her, but he didn’t. He might not boast of royal blood like the two cousins, but that did not mean his pride could not match theirs. Suddenly Laura stood up.

‘I’ll leave now,’ she announced her departure and left without a second glance to anyone. Jungkook wondered what was that about. Why was she acting like he had offended her in some way? Well, it was classic Dracwyn behaviour, so he shouldn’t be surprised.

But Jimin looked at Yoongi with question and the older just waved his hand, ‘Don’t mind her, she’s tired. C’mon, eat up,’

In the infirmary, Taehyung’s mother sat beside him, smiling. ‘Hey sweetie,’ Jiyeon took Taehyung’s hand and gave it a light squeeze. Taehyung smiled, seeing his mother.

‘I can’t believe this happened,’ his mother said. ‘I’m… so, so sorry,’

‘Why are you sorry mom, it’s not your fault,’ Taehyung pouted.

‘I can’t believe… they would harm you because of my Auror duties,’ Jiyeon’s eyes were tearing up. ‘I don’t know what to do, I can’t see this happen. What kind of mother-,’

‘Mom,’ this time Taehyung squeezed her hand. ‘You’ve helped put so many bad guys in Azkaban. Because of you, our world is safer. I’m proud to have you as my mother,’

Jiyeon looked at Taehyung like he was the purest and most precious thing in the entire universe. She sniffed in a sob, looking down at her hands.

‘Are there more ministry folks here?’ Taehyung asked.

‘Yes, they’ve come to investigate. My team is here, along with some council members who wish to be on board with the investigation. Lord Kim is here too, so everyone is on their heels,’
'Jin’s dad?’ Taehyung asked. Only once he had only seen Jin’s father face to face. He was nothing less that a celebrity, being the richest wizard in Europe. He showed up in the papers every now and then for a successful foreign business venture, for charity work etc. Lord Kim Hyunseok was very close with the Minister too. If he was involved in this case, then surely things will move faster and more efficiently.

‘Tae?’ His mother’s voice brought his attention back to her. ‘They told me it was Bellatrix herself who took you. What exactly happened with her?’

Taehyung recounted the incident with pain, how he was dragged away, how he wasn’t able to fight back. It wasn’t easy to speak of it and Taehyung shut his eyes, trying to calm down.

‘It’s good you didn’t attack her back,’ he heard his mother say, ‘they would only get more violent if you did,’

Taehyung slowly looked up. His mother seemed more stressed than before.

‘Mom… I actually expected you to give the opposite of that advice. Don’t you think it’s time I learn self defence? As an Auror, don’t you see it’s importance?’

‘You’re still so young Tae,’ his mother said. ‘Once you are older you’ll learn,’

‘I’m 14,’ Taehyung said, a pinch of annoyance showing on his brows, ‘I’m not a little child either,’

‘I think you are,’ his mother said softly. ‘You need to stay safe, you don’t need to fight. People will protect you. I am there, Dumbledore, the entire staff of Hogwarts is there to protect students,’

‘That makes no sense,’ Taehyung shook his head. ‘They can’t be with me all the time, throughout the year,’

Jiyeon looked away without responding.

‘Mom, is there something you aren’t telling me?’ Taehyung asked her. His mother’s face turned stoic and slowly looked at him.

‘What do you mean?’

‘I mean is there anything, about Bellatrix or anything else that you are not telling me about? Something I should know?’

‘No honey, there’s nothing like that at all. Well of course, I can’t discuss confidential information about the case with you,’

‘No I wasn’t asking you to do that,’ Taehyung felt a little disappointed. He felt his mother was telling the truth, so was that just his imagination? The screams he hears and the surge of anger he feels within him every time he’s in a traumatic situation? Figments of a forgotten dream perhaps?

‘Dumbledore wants to speak with you before the Ministry does,’ his mother said. ‘So we should get going now,’

Taehyung nodded and slowly got off the bed, putting on a pair of spare robes. Soon the Hufflepuff boy sat in front of Dumbledore in his office. The room was empty except for the two of them.

‘How are you feeling now Taehyung?’ The Headmaster asked him, his blue eyes were looking at him softly.
‘Feeling exhausted, that’s all,’ he tried to smile but it wasn’t the bright, innocent smile he would always have on his face.

‘Tell me all that happened. You don't have to be worried about hiding anything,’ Dumbledore assured him. ‘Would you like some chocolate frogs?’ He offered a box of the famous chocolates to the boy. Taehyung shook his head.

‘I was with my friends in an unused classroom on the east wing. We were just having a usual Friday night,’

‘It was quite late in the night,’ Dumbledore said, peering from behind his spectacles. He had a smile showing through the silver beard.

‘Yes… I know it was past my curfew time but the seniors had permission,’ he said. ‘We felt the ground tremble and the door blasted open. All of us were shocked and we had no time to react. Hexes were being shot at us but Jungkook grabbed me and we ran out. We were followed through the corridor. Jungkook sent a really strong stunning spell and shook them off our trail. We were heading to Professor Flitwick's room but a werewolf blocked our way. Soon we were cornered but I saw Jimin and Ash come to our aid,’

‘Bellatrix Lestrange caught you, didn’t she?’ Dumbledore asked.

‘She cast a binding curse on me while I tried to fight alongside Jungkook and Jimin. No one even realized when she pulled me out of there. They… they used the Cruciatius curse,’ Taehyung gulped, choking on the words.

‘You passed out from it,’ Dumbledore said, his fingertips joined.

‘Why did they want me?’ Taehyung asked. He was not himself. It was like the whole incident had stripped away all happiness from him.

‘We suspect it is because of your mother. But you don't have to worry anymore Taehyung,’ Dumbledore said. ‘What is on your mind? Are you worried they’ll attack again?’

‘I'm worried I won't be able to do anything even if they do. I'm… never able to do anything,’ he said with downcast eyes. He was so angry and disappointed with himself. ‘People are in the hospital right now because of me. Others always get hurt because of me and I am helpless,’

‘Taehyung don't blame yourself for anything. You are still a student, learning everyday. These were powerful witches and wizards, extremely skilled in the dark arts without any trace of conscience. You are comparing your skills to the duel you had with Bellatrix. Trust me, no student could actually win against her one on one. Whatever happened is not your fault. You should just focus on learning more and becoming as skilled as everyone else when your time comes,’ Dumbledore said. ‘What we are right now, doesn't establish what we will become. You have to choose your destination and make your own path,’ he said to the boy.

Taehyung looked at him. He wanted to feel better but he didn’t know if he should. The guilt wouldn’t go away. All his friends were hurt and injured in the infirmary while he sat here, relatively unharmed. He wondered if he should speak to Dumbledore about the flashes he sees and screams he hears. It was hard enough to speak about last night, he couldn’t bring himself to discuss what was wrong with him.

His friends didn’t deserve this… It should’ve been him in place of Hoseok and Jimin. We wished he could take all their pain onto himself, but life wasn’t fair was it?
After Taehyung, it was the Slytherin prefects’ turn to speak with Dumbledore. Taehyung gave them a small smile as both passed each other.

The Slytherins entered Dumbledore’s office, not knowing what to expect. They weren’t as friendly with the Headmaster as the rest of the school.

‘You can be at ease, both of you. You look worried,’ Dumbledore said, motioning them to take a seat across him. ‘We don't have much time so unfortunately I will have to rush you,’

‘That's fine,’ Yoongi said.

‘Tell me everything, start to end,’ Dumbledore said, his blue eyes almost piercing them from behind his half moon glasses.

‘We heard blasts and a junior told us something has happened on the east end,’ Yoongi started and told them whatever they did till they found the Death Eaters on that open balcony. ‘Bellatrix is a distant relative of ours. She wouldn't harm us. So I and Laura decided we’ll stall them till Jeon Jungkook gets help,’

‘The Kims were captured you say?’ Dumbledore enquired. Both the students nodded. ‘Why do you think they wanted to abduct two students?’

Laura answered before Yoongi opened his mouth.

‘Soekjin belongs to one of the most prominent bloodlines. And Taehyung’s mother is the most hated Auror. I think they wanted to use them as leverage,’ she said. Dumbledore studied them both with deep gazes.

‘That is true. Is there nothing else?’ He asked. Both shook their heads.

‘I understand, it is difficult for both of you, to trust others. But I am the Headmaster of this school. Both of you can come to me or Snape if you have anything else to say,’

‘There is nothing else,’ Laura implied. ‘Or do you have your suspicions on us too?’

‘What suspicion are you accusing me of exactly?’ Dumbledore asked.

‘The whole school thinks it was us who helped the Death Eaters invade,’ Yoongi stated. ‘We did not. Just because we are related to one of them does not mean we are the same as them. Half of our house is related to each other, but fingers are being pointed on us because we were involved in the chase.’

‘That is not what I meant when I asked if there is anything further to tell,’ he said and turned his eyes to Laura. ‘I remember your mother very well. You have a lot of her in you. Amelia was a strong, intelligent and proud student. But she wasn't cruel… and neither are you. That is why I again say that you can trust me with whatever is in your mind,’

Laura gulped. Questions about the Death Eater’s intentions swam in her head. ‘There is nothing on my mind,’

‘Alright then,’ Dumbledore gave her a smile. ‘I think we are done here. You can leave. Take good rest,’

Both the prefects exited. Yoongi made his way to the Great Hall for lunch.
Laura made her way back to her common room and saw the Ministry officials being escorted to the Headmaster’s office. She recognised some faces among them. On the way she saw Jin walking towards her with some books in his hand.

‘Seokjin,’ she called to him. He stopped and looked at her surprised.

‘The Ministry people are here,’ she told him. ‘I saw your father among them… and Taehyung’s mother. Are you going to tell them why the Death Eaters were after Taehyung?’ she asked him.

‘I’m not going to tell the Ministry anything. Whether they are my family or not,’

‘Good…,’ Laura said.

‘But Dumbledore is another thing,’ Jin said. Laura shot him a look.

‘I knew you told him something! And here I thought he could read my mind. What did you tell him?’

‘I told him that Taehyung needs to be protected, that’s all,’

They heard a deep elderly voice behind them.

‘Laura?’

Both turned to look at a tall old man standing at the end of the corridor. He wore long deep purple robes, almost black, made of the finest material. His cloak was pinned with the head of a silver dragon. He had cold lilac eyes that looked at you unnervingly, ready to catch every secret of yours. They bore into you so hard that anyone would immediately avert their gaze in fear. A silver stubble lined the wrinkled face of this man. His whole persona was intimidating.

‘Grandfather,’ Laura whispered and held her breath.

Chapter End Notes

With this we enter into the second tier of the plot, the politics of the wizarding world seeping in, all spokes of the same wheel, one trying to be on top of the other. (Kudos to you if you figured where I stole this analogy from :P) They will pull their strings, unknowing of the greater danger, pulling the boys in different directions.

and... HAPPY NEW YEAR to all you LOVELY folks!!! *sends big ass heart full of love*

I thought of putting the mood music as per the scenes. Let me know if that's a better way or is it obstructing your flow of reading and you would prefer it all on top in one place.
Laura and Jin glanced at each other a moment and Laura made her way towards her grandfather, Charles Dracwyn, the mighty dragon. Jin followed, since he was already on the same path. As he passed the older man, he gave a formal nod.

‘Lord Dracwyn,’ he greeted without any smile.

‘Mister Kim,’ Charles Dracwyn nodded just so slightly and Jin went his way with fast steps. Charles turned to his granddaughter.

‘Thankfully you and your brother are unharmed,’ he said. ‘What were you doing with the Kim boy?’

‘Nothing of importance. It was just something related to school,’ Laura replied.

‘Are you two friends?’ he enquired with those intimidating eyes.

‘No, we are not,’ Laura said plainly, being among the few who were partially unaffected by his iron gaze. ‘He is a muggle loving clown,’ she said.

‘Good. The last thing I want is one of my children mingling with the likes of the Kims. I heard a few relatives were a part of the invasion,’ he raised his eyebrows. ‘Is that true?’

‘Yes. The Lestranges were there. They… they may have gotten suspicious,’

Her grandfather’s jaw hardened.

‘What do you mean?’ he asked.

‘I did not let anything out. But… they were forcing me to use the Cruciatius Curse on a student… and I couldn’t,’ Laura’s voice was defeated.

Charles Dracwyn took a deep breath. ‘This time, the situation was severe but I hope you understand all the things I have had to do to keep you safe. The amount of lies, stories and oblivion that has been done to keep the story the way we want it. You cannot ruin any of that,’

Laura felt like her insides were crushing her. She could stand against the whole world but not her Grandfather. He would do anything to keep her safe and alive but it came with a price.

‘Do not be weak the next time, do you understand me? Do what you have to do to keep yourself and your family name safe. I hope Yoongi has some more maturity in him. Do not think that I don’t know about this new cold war between you and Gwen. I pray it is nothing more than some childish drama. The Osbournes and Dracwyns have been friends for generations and I wish for you to keep it that way. Laura, our freedom balances on a very very narrow tip, always remember that.’

Laura looked away from his piercing gaze. She did not want to respond to him. She took a deep breath and calmed herself.
‘Are you part of the investigating council?’ she asked, trying her best to stay normal.

‘No. Kim Hyunseok made sure I wasn’t on the council,’ Charles said, referring to Jin’s father.

‘Then how come you visited?’ she asked. Her Grandfather was not a sentimental person who would want to see his grandchildren because he misses them.

‘I may not be on the investigating team but I want to come see for myself what the state of affairs are, for my family. Averil was much too worried about how her son was doing. She insisted to visit. So I brought her with me,’

‘Aunt Averil is here?’ Laura asked in surprise.

‘Yes. She must be with Yoongi right now. We will be leaving after lunch. But I have to meet Dumbledore now so you go ahead and see your aunt,’ Charles nodded at her and left. Laura made her way to the Great Hall hoping to find Yoongi and his mother there. After the demise of her parents, Yoongi’s mother and father had an equal hand in raising her along with her Grandfather.

She found them seated at the Slytherin table. Her aunt had bought some sweets that she baked herself. Vanessa was there too. Averil Min-Dracwyn was her mother’s sister, though they looked as different as she and Yoongi. Averil had wavy platinum blonde locks and purple eyes. She smiled the same way as Yoongi. She had her arm around her son, ruffling his hair occasionally. Yoongi was feeling embarrassed of his mother’s over display of affection. She looked at Laura and gave a welcoming smile.

‘Honey here you are!’ She stood up to hug her niece, matching in height with her ‘I was wondering when you will show up! I had left a message at the dorms for you,’

‘I met Grandfather. He told me you had come too so I figured you’ll be here,’ Laura said.

‘Oh you met father already. He must be with Dumbledore right now. Always business,’ she shook her head ‘Come sit, I prepared all this especially for you three!’ She gestured to all the delicious stuff on the table. Laura took her seat and grabbed her favourite dark chocolate and blueberry cupcake.

‘I got a heart attack when I heard what happened! Your grandfather was beyond furious! And right now, your father is so busy in the Ministry. From the moment we received the news it’s been hell,’

Averil went on about all that has been happening at the ministry. Dumbledore was recently called for the hearing of some Death Eaters who were caught. As Chief Wizengamot he had to be there. They were now suspicious that it was a planned catch, so that Dumbledore could be away from the school for a good few days. She also had to meet Snape to give him a gift that Yoongi’s father had sent for his old friend. She winked and said it was some really rare and expensive liquor which Snape probably won’t know how to fully appreciate since he loves his potion ingredients more than anything else in the world. Her aunt talked for a long time. Laura saw some of the Ministry Aurors walk towards the main entrance. She saw Taehyung’s mother among them, easily recognizable in the short brown hair. She was slim and of average height. Taehyung had his mother’s nose and face cut. Kim Jiyeon looked in her direction and their eyes met for a moment. Jiyeon’s eyes were looking at her searchingly. Laura sharply looked away. She had given away enough to the wrong people. She wasn’t going to let anyone else catch anything about her now.

The Ministry’s investigations began by noon. Every student involved was called one by one. Jin explained to Namjoon and Jungkook to keep Taehyung out of their statements and this is the story everyone stuck to -
‘Yes the Death Eaters wanted Jin and Taehyung’

‘Why?’

‘For leverage and vengeance, given who their parents are’

Laura had explained Jimin the same. She realized that Jimin already had an inkling about her friendship with Taehyung. At this point she felt like she might as well tell the whole school. Yoongi knew it since the start, but that was her decision. Gwen found out. And now Jin and Jimin know it too. Her gut said that Jungkook will start showing his suspicion. In all this she might as well tell Ash. At least Ash was her friend and she felt like trusting her, unlike the other two - her school arch nemesis and the heir of the rival family.

Namjoon returned to his dormitory in the afternoon. Pomfrey has attended to his injuries and given him a calming potion so that he could sleep through the day. He had given his statements to the Aurors and couldn’t wait to just crash on the bed. But the moment he entered his common room, everyone crowded him, some with concern, some with curiosity.

‘How are you doing Namjoon?’ ‘What did the Ministry say?’ ‘Did you really duel with Bellatrix?’ ‘How many people did you fight?’ ‘Do you have any injuries?’

‘Kim!’ a group of girls pushed through the crowd. They carried an enormous basket in their hands, filled with chocolates and a few get well soon cards, adorned with sparkling hearts.

‘We made a care package for you,’ one of the girls smiled with big eyes. Namjoon was mildly familiar with this group. He always tried to nudge them away with kindness but they never got the message. Namjoon would describe them as a group of people who cared way too much and would do better to focus on other things in life, but Emina and Jin had slightly unkind terms for them.

Namjoon took the package with a smile and saw all their eyes grow even bigger. One of the girls named Jessica asked him, ‘So did the Ministry’s investigation get anywhere? I asked Seokjin but he didn’t say anything,’

‘I don’t know Jessica,’ Namjoon replied. ‘They won’t give such information to us,’

‘Well,’ Jessica briefly raised her eyebrows. ‘I hope the people involved don’t draw on influences in the Ministry and escape justice,’

‘What do you mean?’

‘I mean, whoever helped the Death Eaters should be punished, no matter who they are,’ Jessica said. ‘They’re blaming Twycross but we all know it isn’t him. Twycross is a nice man. He’s been with the ministry for a long time,’

‘You know what they Ravenclaws told me?’ one of the boys said. ‘They could see what was happening in the grounds from their tower. They saw Bellatrix hug those Min-Dracwyns,’

There were big gasps from everyone and instant whispering began.

‘I’m sure that’s why their grandfather is here, to save their arses,’ Jessica said.

Namjoon cut through the talks, ‘I need to go to my room now, so please,’ he gestured for them to give way. All of them stepped aside.

‘Let us know how Seokjin is!’ one of the girls called from the back. This time Namjoon didn’t
bother to respond.

Jin was already in the room, sitting quietly at his desk. In front of him were a number of wrapped gifts and a similar care package.

‘When do they have time to make all this?’ Namjoon set his package on the desk. ‘I mean, I really am touched by their concern but… then I’m guilty about receiving all this. There’s nothing I can give them in return,’

‘You’re giving what you can,’ Jin replied. ‘You help them out a lot in school. If they expect something more, then that’s not your problem, they need to draw the line somewhere,’

So Jin was not in a good mood, Namjoon figured. He sighed, taking his shoes off. ‘So your dad is here,’ Namjoon said to him.

Jin turned around. ‘Uh, yeah, I met him. Did you meet him too?’

‘I did,’ Namjoon nodded. ‘He seems quite upset about what had happened,’ that was the conclusion Namjoon drew from his friend’s father’s behaviour. Kim Hyunseok has known Namjoon since the 2nd year of Hogwarts. Jin’s parents had liked Namjoon right from the start. They were happy to see that Jin’s friend could help him study and would keep him out of trouble. But this meeting today with Jin’s father seemed… strained. It must be the stress of the events of the night, Namjoon didn’t know for sure. But Mr. Kim was being somewhat distant and cold towards Namjoon.

‘Oh you met him,’ Jin said. ‘What did he say to you?’

‘What everyone else has been sayin to me. To not worry, they will catch the death eaters, this will never happen in Hogwarts again,’

Jin nodded and turned back to his desk. Namjoon turned away and decided to change into something comfortable before he hit the bed. He winced in pain as he pulled over his shirt, an audible hiss escaping his lips which instantly made Jin turn around.

‘Are you still in pain?’ the older asked.

‘Jimin saved me from the death curse, but his blow shattered my ribs,’ Namjoon said. ‘But, that’s hardly a reason to complain when I’m still breathing,’

Jin walked to him and caught the hem of his shirt, helping him take it off without having to stretch the muscles in his abdomen.

‘You aren’t complaining,’ Jin said. ‘Joonie, you are too hard on yourself,’ Jin’s eyes fell on the white bandages wrapped across Namjoon’s torso. He took a sharp breath in, seeing how he was hurt. ‘How long does skelegrow take?’

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Alexandre Desplat - I Need You

‘The bones should be fully formed by evening,’ Namjoon said. ‘You look worried. Don’t be,’ Instinctively, Namjoon’s hand stroked Jin’s temple, tucking his dark hair back but when he realised it, he brought his hand down. ‘How are you?’

‘I’m ok,’ Jin said. ‘No severe injuries. Dittany healed most of it,’

‘I wasn’t referring to only physical injuries,’ Namjoon said. ‘You had a vision right before the
attack didn’t you?’

Jin crossed his arms over his abdomen, like he was trying to suppress the cold pangs of fear emerging out of his chest. A visible shudder passed through his entire body. ‘I had a vision…’ Jin said. ‘But it was difficult to understand. Maybe… maybe it referred to the death eater’s attack itself, because I heard Taehyung scream in my vision.’

Namjoon stretched out his hands over Jin’s arms, soothingly rubbing in up and down.

‘But…’ Jin spoke again and he looked like he would cry, ‘I feel it’s far from over. The vision was for the future, not present,’

‘You might be right,’ Namjoon said. ‘The death eaters came for you and Tae, and they caught neither. I would be a fool if I assumed they would rest after this,’

‘Joon?’ Jin’s voice carried a request and Namjoon looked at him earnestly. Jin looked at him for a moment and then put his head down, moving closer. He leaned his head on Namjoon’s bare, warm shoulder and slowly put his hands around his waist. Namjoon slightly tugged him in, completing the hug as he wrapped his arms around Jin’s back.

This was the best comfort Jin could ask for. There was something beyond physical that Namjoon carried in his touch. Jin could already feel his anxious fears slowly ebb away by the warmth and softness of Namjoon’s hug. His breathing evened. He gave in, leaning all his weight on Namjoon and the other took it all willingly.

‘We’ll get through it, together,’ Namjoon softly spoke near Jin’s ear. ‘We don’t stand alone. After last night, I know I have friends I can depend on with my life, and so can you,’

Jin nodded slightly, cheeks rubbing on Namjoon’s collar. When he pulled away, Namjoon saw that his nose was red and eyes were teary. It took all of Namjoon’s self control not to hold his face and kiss him. He wanted to, so very much. He wanted to take all the pain away, but would a kiss do that? Would Jin even like that? That fear always made Namjoon hold back.

They had grown up together since the first day of school. And Namjoon didn’t know when and how Jin had become an inseparable part of him. At first he had put the thoughts aside, of wanting to hold Jin’s hand when they casually sat in their clubroom, of wanting to gaze at his beautiful lips and sparkly eyes when Jin would animatedly recount a story from his life. Namjoon was such a goner that he couldn’t help but laugh at every joke Jin made, no matter how cringey it was. The moment Jin’s own laughter reached his ears, Namjoon couldn’t help it.

He had put these thoughts away, not expecting Kim Seokjin to reciprocate the same way. This friendship was too important to him to screw up, way too important. Namjoon couldn’t imagine a day without Jin and if his feelings would cause any kind of awkwardness or trouble for Jin, he would rather keep it all sealed away, masked under false rumours of him liking Ash Vorhart. Jin seemed to really enjoy teasing him with any kind of dating rumours so he let him.

Jin was also not like a regular student of Hogwarts, no matter how much both wished he was. His family was the richest in Europe and his father had an important seat in the inner council of the Ministry. Everything about him made news. He couldn’t forget what Jin had said 2 years ago. He had to think twice before doing anything in public. Jin’s relationship with his father was already going through a strain. Namjoon would never want to add to that because he knew that his family liked him only as a ‘friend’ to Jin, anything more than that would be seen as forbidden.

So Namjoon looked away, eyes looking anywhere but at Jin’s.
Jin sniffled and blinked his tears away before looking at Namjoon, ‘Remember you spoke to Hohen about Elkyres and forbidden alchemy?’

Namjoon nodded.

‘And, he mentioned Aquirys,’ Jin said. ‘The Death Eaters were here for the descendent of Aquirys,’

‘And you said you’ve seen that name in your family tree,’ Namjoon concluded.

‘Something’s happening Namjoon,’ Jin felt the ominous weight of the situation grow. ‘There’s something more than just Death Eaters here, I know it in my gut,’

And they all knew Jin’s instincts were always right.

* *

Hoseok slowly pried his heavy eyelids open. Staring back at him were creamish stone arches. He realized he was in the special ward in the infirmary. He had been here so often. It looked like the approaching hours of sunset, judging by the orange light from the windows. His chest hurt a little and looking down he saw his torso and his right arm wrapped in bandages. He looked to his left. Emina was sleeping in the bed near his. Her hands were bandaged as well and she had some small cuts on her temple. Flashes of the incident came to his mind. Emina screaming in terror as the Death Eater tortured her. His eyes were getting teary.

Slowly, Emina stirred awake from the sound of the nurse’s footsteps. The moment she opened her eyes, she looked alarmed, as if her mind was still stuck in the attack. She gulped and looked to her side. Hoseok was quickly blinking his eyes to stop the tears and that broke her inside.

‘How are you?’ she asked in a hoarse voice. Hoseok nodded, ‘and you?’

‘Chest still pains a bit. But otherwise I think I’m fine,’ she said. He smiled, looking at her and that filled her with some courage. How did Hoseok manage to smile through the worst times?

‘Hey!’ They saw Vanessa walk in, smiling. She sat at the foot of Hoseok’s bed.

‘How are you two?’

‘Alive,’ Hoseok chuckled. ‘I guess that’s enough for now,’

‘I hope you don’t enter the infirmary ever again Hobi,’ she said. ‘It’s… too much,’

‘Don’t worry about it,’ Hoseok smiled, ‘I don’t mind skipping classes and sleeping from time to time,’ he tried to laugh it off.

‘Van is right,’ Emina nodded.

‘And.. you were right after all Hobi,’ Vanessa said. ‘I’m sorry I didn’t believe you when you said you didn’t splinch. It was indeed the Death Eaters who did that to you.’

‘They found proof?!’ Even though Hoseok knew it in his guts, it was still hard to realise it was all real.

‘Twycross was the main hand in his invasion,’ Vanessa said. ‘They apparated when Twycross lifted the block for our practice. The staff found a mirror with Twycross, a two way mirror which would show them the appropriate time to apparate, attack a student for maximum distraction and
make their way into the castle,

Hoseok’s breaths were getting shorter in rage. Did they target him on purpose?

‘I’m sorry that this happened. But they caught Twycross now, thanks to Yoongi,’

‘Yoongi?!’ Hoseok wondered how that went down.

‘Yeah he punched the living hell out of Twycross. That bastard is now pretending to have acted under the Imperius curse. But don’t worry,’ Vanessa tried to reassure him, ‘The aurors will get to the bottom of it,’

‘I hope they do, or I’ll start a riot I swear,’ Emina said, trying to sit up. Her wounds pained her.

‘Hey Van you think you could help me walk to the bathroom?’

‘Yeah sure!’ Vanessa instantly went to her side and the girls slowly made their way out. Hoseok heard the wheel of the ward divider move.

‘Who’s there?’ he asked out loud and clear. Slowly, a blonde head emerged and Min Yoongi stood in front of him. He looked at Hoseok. The Hufflepuff looked tired to the bone, face pulled down, lines under his tired eyes, wavy hair disheveled. Yet, he still looked beautiful. Yoongi blinked and looked away.

‘Huh…’ Hoseok chuckled. ‘Well, at least you didn’t run away like last time. Were you eavesdropping?’

‘No,’ Yoongi pouted and gave him a look of disbelief. ‘I don’t eavesdrop Jung,’

‘Then why were you hiding?’

‘I wasn’t hiding. I was waiting for Vanessa to leave,’

‘Oh…’ Hoseok felt awkward. Vanessa was his friend. She had shared her feelings for Yoongi with him, but she hadn’t spoken anything about the breakup except that Yoongi wanted it. ‘You can sit down you know. I don’t bite,’ Hoseok moved his leg slightly so Yoongi could sit. The Slytherin slowly sat down, like he had forgotten how to take a seat.

‘You guys…’ Hoseok asked, ‘You aren’t talking anymore?’

‘It’s not that,’ Yoongi played with his fingers again. Hoseok noticed the split knuckles. Did he get them when punching Twycross?

‘We speak,’ Yoongi continued. ‘But not like before. We fought during the break up but you know she’s nice. I can’t stay angry with her,’

‘She is nice,’ Hoseok agreed. ‘The nicest Slytherin ever,’ he teased. ‘Why’d you let her go, I’d never understand,’

At that moment, Yoongi looked directly at him and Hoseok’s smile slowly faded. Yoongi’s eyes held an answer but Hoseok wasn’t able to decipher it. Finally, Yoongi’s eyes changed and he said, ‘Yeah, she is nice,’ he looked back at his hands, ‘But I’m not. So… I let her go.’ For you.

Hoseok blinked, ‘I didn’t catch that,’

Yoongi looked up. Surely he hadn’t said the last words out loud? Panic rose in him, he had to say something. ‘She… she deserves much better. So I let it go. Told her we should end it,’
'Oh… ok,' Hoseok nodded.

‘I…’ Yoongi stood up suddenly, feeling his hands get clammy. ‘I should go now. ‘I hope… I hope you get well soon,’ Yoongi said and Hoseok could sense the sincerity in his voice. The Slytherin left his side in panic, like he always did.

Yoongi ran till he reached the dungeons near his common room. He hid himself behind a wall and his knees gave away. He slumped down, breathing hard. His heart was pounding in his chest, the beat reverberating till his ear. He didn’t want to be pulled towards Hoseok but every time, he found his own footsteps leading him to the Hufflepuff. This was now beyond a moment of superficial attraction. Vanessa was right. He had feelings for Hoseok.

Chapter End Notes

WOOHOOHOOO GRANDPA DRACWYN!!!! :P I was excited for him to show up.

Ok, this chapter was a lot of talking and thinking and remembering and relationship reflections. Some new key characters were introduced too! But, from next chapter we are onward to a little happier, lighter school days! I did promise sweetness, one spoonful of Suga at a time :P
Chapter Summary

Things have started to settle down after the tumultuous happenings so far. The boys are finally living their regular school lives again (whilst trying to stay alive with Hagrid’s classes). But the incidents of the past days have left their mark on the relationship they all share with each other, whether it be between friends or rivals. Now they are all bound by the same fear and enemy.

Mood Music (Don’t forget to open in a new tab/window) James Newton Howard - A Close Friend

Slowly, Yoongi gained his composure again. He willed his heart to beat at a normal pace. The realization… the acceptance that he liked Hoseok, strangely made him feel… happier? He stood up, knees strengthening again and walked out of the tunnel, only to stop dead in his tracks, at the sight of blue eyes of Vanessa Turner piercing into him.

‘I saw you run away,’ Vanessa said, ‘Again,’

‘You followed me here?’ he asked her.

Vanessa nodded solemnly, ‘Yes, because I felt like I needed to. What are you doing Yoongi?’

Yoongi’s eyebrows knitted, ‘What do you mean?’

‘When will you stop running?’

Yoongi gulped, trying to speak up, ‘You-You were right Van,’

‘Mh-hm?’ Vanessa raised her eyebrows.
'About… my feelings for,’ he swallowed again. ‘For Hoseok,’

Vanessa chuckled slightly, ‘Well, I think you climbed a big mountain today accepting that. So what are you going to do about it?’ her eyes found his again and Yoongi looked away in embarrassment.

‘I don’t know…’ he replied. It felt weird to talk about this with her… because Yoongi felt he might be hurting her. He remembered her tears from that day… the day they broke up and guilt engulfed him.

And like always, Vanessa seemed to know exactly what he was thinking.

‘Yoongi,’ she spoke softly and walked towards him, ‘Are you hesitating… because of me?’

‘I…’ Yoongi clenched his fists. ‘Maybe, I shouldn’t act on this,’

‘Yoongi, stop feeling guilty. Yes, I can see it all over your face. We broke up. It’s over, it’s in the past. Are you gonna hang on to it forever?’

Yoongi exhaled with a shiver, crossing his arms over his torso.

‘If you stay stuck on it, then whatever pain we both went through, will be for nothing. At least let the break up pave way for happiness, for both of us. That’s why we broke up in the first place didn’t we?’

Yoongi looked at her with a small disbelieving smile, ‘How do you… always know the right thing to say?’

Vanessa shrugged, a smug smile on her face, ‘Well, I think fate sent me to knock some sense into you and maybe your dear cousin too. Thickheadneses runs in your blood I suppose. Yoongi, please pursue what makes you happy.’

Yoongi slowly nodded.

‘Good,’ Vanessa said. ‘I hope I don’t have to lecture you again,’ and she left him to his thoughts.

Ash woke up from her sleep and turned to look at the clock at her bedside in the infirmary. It was 6 am. She turned over to her other side and looked at the person lying in the bed next to hers. Jimin was sleeping with the covers right up till his neck. He will get discharged today. She had spent the last two nights here after begging the nurse to let her sleep in the special ward if there were vacant beds. She got up from her bed and walked to his. He had his face in a worried expression, she knew he still had nightmares, but they weren’t as bad as the initial ones. Last night again, he made a whimpering sound before calming down. She put her finger to his forehead and eased out the space between his eyebrows.

‘Much better’

His body itself seemed to become more relaxed after that. She looked at his now calm face and once again was reminded of how he jumped in front of her to save her from the werewolf. If it wasn’t for Jimin she would have either died or wishing she was dead. She couldn’t imagine living as a werewolf. Even his expression was something she had never seen before on his face. Gone was the smiling puppy, the one standing before her was a man who was fearsome and brave. She knew Jimin was a very caring person but she didn’t think he would put himself in danger to save another. And to think he would deem her worthy of saving somehow made her feel…special. She looked at him again and slightly smiled.
'Hi!'

A dark haired boy walked next to her, rounding on Jimin’s bed.

‘Taehyung! Hello,’ she smiled at him. The boy scooted closer to Jimin, looking at him with a slight crease on his eyebrows. He chewed on his lower lip, the guilt still fresh in his mind. All he could think of was that it should’ve been him instead of Jimin.

‘How is he now? Can he start classes?’ he asked.

‘Yes,’ Ash nodded with a smile, ‘He resumes classes today with all of us. He seems to be recovering fast,’

Some relief washed over Taehyung’s face.

‘Miss Vorhart?’ Ash heard the familiar nasal voice of her house professor. She turned around and found Snape and Dumbledore standing behind her.

‘I don’t recall giving you permission to stay out of your dorms,’ the potions master said, black eyes looking down at her. ‘This is an infirmary, not a hotel. If you aren’t admitted here, you cannot be staying beyond the visiting hours,’

‘I know professor,’ Ash resisted the urge to roll her eyes. ‘But-’

Snape stopped her by raising his palm, ‘Go back, now,’ his eyes travelled to Taehyung who was back to chewing his lips, nervousness creeping back in under Snape’s judgemental stare. ‘Both of you, out,’

Ash sighed. What had her professor in such a sour mood? Well, he wasn’t a ball of sunshine but he never pestered his students to follow the rules. She beckoned Taehyung to come with her but before they could take a step ahead, another man entered. He had a smile on his face on seeing Dumbledore but overall had a shy appearance, a stubble around his face and brown hair that looked like it was on the onset of balding.

‘Remus!’ Dumbledore ushered him in, ‘Welcome back,’

The two students walked out of the infirmary but didn’t head back to their rooms just yet.

‘Hold on,’ Ash caught Taehyung’s arm, ‘Don’t you think it’s weird that they called someone to see Jimin?’ her gut said something was off about this.

They heard Snape’s voice grow closer and hid themselves behind a suit of armour next to the door.

‘Was this really necessary?’ Snape said. ‘I hardly think Lupin will be of any use to us,’

‘If Park starts to show any signs, Remus knows best what to do,’ Dumbledore replied to him.

‘I thought you were convinced Park cannot be infected by it,’

‘It’s always better to be prepared isn’t it?’

Taehyung and Ash exchanged looks of worry, a heaviness growing inside both of them. If Jimin is infected, it’s my fault… both had the same thought. He didn’t deserve this. A kind person like Jimin did not deserve any of this. Taehyung pressed his back against the cold stone wall, his breaths hitching. Ash glanced at him, it looked like Tae would have a panic attack. She shook her head, trying to shake this feeling of dread away. No, she had to think logically, ‘Don’t worry yet
‘Taehyung,’ she whispered. ‘Dumbledore doesn’t think Jimin is infected, he’s only taking precautions. That’s good right? Everything’s going to be fine. Jimin is going to be fine,’

‘Are-Are you sure?’ Taehyung’s voice was weak, eyes blinking furiously to fight away tears. In that moment Ash realised how important Jimin was to Taehyung. She nodded, despite being scared herself. There was no point in spreading fear without a tangible reason.

‘Let’s not overthink this,’ she said to the Hufflepuff, hand gripping his shoulder tightly in hopes of stabilizing him. ‘And Tae, don’t mention this to anyone. Let’s keep this amongst ourselves,’

Taehyung sniffed, nodding.

‘Go on, head to your dorm,’ she tried to smile and herself headed to the Slytherin dorms and get dressed for the day. She would come check on him when she was done. Jimin was recovering fast. Nothing to worry about. When she entered her room, she saw Laura sitting on the bed drying her hair.

‘Hey Ash, did you just come into the room now? I feel like I haven’t seen you in ages,’ Laura said looking up at her.

‘I’ve just been spending the nights at the infirmary, you know that,’

‘Yes well, I sure hope Jimin knows how lucky he is. Kim Namjoon would trade places with him in a heartbeat if he knew you were taking care of him,’

Ash blushed heavily at Laura’s teasing. ‘Hey hey!!’ she held a finger up, ‘First off, I’m not taking care of him, Madam Pomfrey is. I’m just grateful to him and it’s the least I could to do thank him. Second off, what do you think is happening there that Namjoon would want to be there?! Wait let me answer that before you think of something else. Nothing is happening!’

‘Suuure,’ Laura drawled, ‘I don’t know where your mind went because all I was referring to was you taking care of Jimin,’ she teased.

‘La la la la ! I can’t hear you!’ Ash said covering her ears while she walked out of their room.

‘Makes me wonder what HAVE you been doing? Were you gazing at him while he slept?’

Ash’s eyes widened but she kept silent. What happened to the gloomy girl who I knew? And so what if I looked at him once?

Okay maybe it was twice… let’s say a few times. Nope , forget it. Erase all thoughts.

With Monday’s arrival, classes went on as usual for everyone. It was better to resume normal routine and put the incident behind them. During their last class for the day - Transfiguration, the 6th years had to pick a topic for research, which will be presented the next week to the whole class. Mcgonagall told all of them to give her their topic by the end of the class. Laura scanned through her book and decided on hers. She went to Mcgonagall who was writing notes for the next class.

‘Professor, I’ve decided the topic,’ she said.

‘Alright, tell me what it is,’ Mcgonagall took her quill to her register, pausing next to Laura’s name.

‘Human Transfiguration,’ Laura said. Mcgonagall paused.
‘Sorry Dracwyn, that topic is taken,’ she said.

‘What? By whom?’ Laura demanded. McGonagall didn’t say anything. Instead she diverted the discussion. ‘There are many other topics. You could take Gamp’s Elemental Laws or—’

‘I am sure I can convince the other person to change their topic. I really want to present on Human Transfiguration,’

McGonagall sighed. Laura was not going to quiet down. The professor’s eyes looked in front at the students and called out the name.

‘Jeon Jungkook could you come here please,’

Laura took a heavy breath. Great… just great… why does it always have to be him raining on my parade?

Jungkook hopped through the rows of students towards McGonagall. He looked at her innocently. ‘Yes Professor?’

‘Would you consider changing your topic to something else?’ McGonagall asked, though her face clearly showed this discussion was not going to be an amiable one. Jungkook looked to his side and saw Laura standing cross armed, avoiding his eyes.

‘What happened Professor?’ he asked, though he had an inkling.

‘Dracwyn has expressed interest in presenting this topic as well. Now there is no point in presenting the same topic twice to the students. So it would be better if one of you changed their subject,’ McGonagall said, though she knew her words fell on deaf ears.

‘I really want to present this topic as well. It’s been my interest since years,’ Jungkook argued.

‘Perhaps this topic is too complex for you and this is a sign that you should switch,’ Laura scoffed, still not looking at him.

‘Yeah, this is a very complex topic and I don’t think you can stomach the research. It’s not for the faint-hearted,’ Jungkook replied, not looking at her either.

‘Who are you calling faint-hearted,’ Laura snapped at him. Jungkook turned to her to answer back but their view was blocked by 2 memos.

‘Hope you have been informed,’ McGonagall said, ‘that your detention has been rescheduled to Wednesday 9 pm,’

Both snatched the memo in anger.

‘Why do we still need the detention?’ Jungkook started.

‘You saw that those very skills came to use during the invasion,’ Laura argued.

‘Yes, but the purpose of the detention was that both of you learn to work together without bickering every second. Which clearly isn’t happening. So both of you will still serve detention. And if it’s successfully completed, I’ll divide the research of Human Transfiguration between the two of you. It’s vast enough. And you will not argue about that any further,’ she looked at them over her oval spectacles. ‘You can leave now,’

Both scowled and turned to leave, muttering under their breath.
Jungkook stomped to his dorms in the West towers, each step filling him with irritation. He was not really hearing the people greeting him. He had never served detention in his life. Ever. It was not something top students and prefects landed themselves in. He reached his usual spot and slumped into the navy blue armchair, adjusting the cushions so he could comfortably sink into it. Head leaned back, he stared at their blue domed ceiling, watching the suspended stars and planets orbit around the sun. The airiness of their common room always calmed him down a few notches - The high ceiling of the tower, the tall arched windows, the calming blue shades of the room.

Thoughts about the attack and all he had heard over the past 3 days revolved around his mind. Taehyung’s words came back to him- Laura was not bad. She has protected him all these year. Yet, Jungkook found her very presence vexing. He sighed, had he judged her too harshly?

The incident with Bellatrix had again backtracked his mind. Maybe she just didn’t have it in her to use such a dangerous and strong spell? He had never been this confused about anything in life. It was as if his mind was a ping pong ball, bouncing from one opinion to the other.

He sat up so quickly from the chair, he startled a poor first year on the hearth who dropped all their gobstones in a clatter towards the floor. The first year was shook. Jungkook breathed in deeply once before getting up and walking away at a brisk pace, but not before he slipped out his wand, levitating the gobstones off the floor as an unvoiced apology. He was much too preoccupied with the onslaught of thoughts that were crowding his golden coconut head to see the confused child hightailing it out of there after collecting the stones. Jungkook seemed slightly intimidating to the fresh first years, being called the ‘golden boy’ who was perfect in everything. Right now, Jungkook felt maybe he wasn’t deserving of even a quarter of that… If the Min-Dracwyns were good people, Jungkook has been at fault countless number of times, in confronting them, speaking ill about them, despising them.

Sierra Gibson, his fellow prefect walked in, just having completed her prefect duties and Jungkook apologized to her for skipping out on them.

‘No, it’s alright. I saw you get the memo,’ her eyebrows knitted in concern over her green eyes. ‘Dracwyn again managed to spoil your mood. I can’t believe Taehyung stood up for those black blooded serpents that day,’

Jungkook stared at her expression of disgust for a moment. Did he also sound like this? Is that how he had judged the Slytherins to be, when he had only heard words that others had thrown about in passing, not examining any deeper? He averted his eyes.

‘Sierra, I think you are forgetting how open-minded Taehyung is. Maybe we shouldn’t jump to conclusions too quickly,’ He said with his eyebrows raised, the expression in his eyes cold.

His friend scoffed her arms folded, she had known him long enough to catch that he was looking down on her. Sierra decided to call him out on his game, ‘Please, Jungkook. Don’t pretend like you are the better man in this case. You are equally guilty of what you accuse me of,’

Jungkook lifted his hands up, the universal expression of “guilty as charged”.

‘Even after the attack, do you still have a doubt about what they are? I bet you anything, when Dumbledore and the Ministry is done with the investigation, they’ll know that it was the Slytherins who led those Death Eaters in, with their prefects the masterminds behind it. No one else has the permissions to roam around the castle at night without garnering suspicion. It has to be them who executed it,’ she ranted.

Jungkook stopped her. ‘Why don’t we wait till the investigation is over instead of drawing
conclusions. As far as I know, Dumbledore does not think the Slytherin prefects were involved,’

‘Alright. We’ll wait for the investigation results. And I’ll get to say I told you so,’ and she stalked
away, her blue robes swishing around her feet. He lowered his hands and walked past the
Ravenclaw common room entrance. This only escalated his frustration. He really needed to calm
down. He needed the open air and headed to the castle grounds.

On his way, he saw a feline figure sitting in the nook of the huge glass windows on the ground
floor. Moonlight made her hands look pale white as she scribbled notes in an old notebook. Her
head shot up sensing his presence and her dark eyes focused on his.

Ah there they are those cold purple eyes, he thought.

The person who Laura wanted to see the least stood before her- Jeon Jungkook. She wanted
nothing more than to stab his eye. Was that god-awful mouth of his stretched in a smile? How dare
he smile, after having caused their mutual demise?

The books she was scribbling on slipped out of her hand at her sudden movement. She slid out of
the window sill and picked it up but Jungkook had already read the book’s name - Alchemic
Human Transfigurations. He looked at her, his tongue pressing on his cheek. Laura’s face showed
some guilt but it was soon stone cold and she stepped forward to walk past him.

‘Preparing already? What are you planning to do? Bully Mcgonagall into giving you my topic?’ he
asked, blocking her way.

Laura hated when he loomed in front of her like that - broad shoulders and a muscular built. She
paused so she could look him in the eye and shot back at him, ‘Shouldn’t you be preparing more
than I do? I heard you have a lot on your plate Golden Boy,’ she rolled her eyes but was in no mood
to engage in an argument. She felt weird being alone with him after the incident with Bellatrix.
Now she felt it would’ve been easier if she had just used a mild curse on him to satisfy the Death
Eaters. Did her inability to use the curse make her look weak to him? ‘Let’s just agree to stay out of
each other’s way,’ she said, looking away and walked past him.

‘Well, thanks to your great need to show off, that will have to wait until the detention is over. The
consequences are chasing us till now,’ he said. Laura stopped but refused to tilt her head back just
to answer him.

‘I was duelling by the rules,’ he continued. ‘Why did you jump into a fight that wasn’t yours in the
first place?’

His words made her turn her face towards him slowly, her anger seething through her pores. Why
did it look like he was actually curious to know this time. That made her nervous.

‘You did the same thing, didn’t you?’ she said, still not looking at him.

‘Your little cousin was going beyond his limit with Taehyung. I couldn’t simply stand there seeing
him get unfairly beat up,’

She shook her head in incredulity, her dark hair sliding off her shoulder, ‘You think you can play
hero dueling a lower classman?’ Pushing back on her heels, with a tilt to her head she looked into
his face to deliver her blow, ‘I only evened the ground for you. So you could at least say you lost to
a fellow classmate and not a junior,’

She watched his big eyes flare and his lips twitch. She had angered him, a smile was almost
making its way up to her face. ‘If you are so worried about that helpless boy then teach him some
skills instead of coming after my juniors and trying to show off that you are better,’ she said, about to side step him and leave, having had the last word.

It was a whisper, but she heard it. It started with a sigh, ‘Thank you,’

Laura’s surprise didn’t show on her face except for a slight flutter of her lashes.

She heard a cackle above her, and Jungkook fell into a deep bow as he jested, ‘Thank you very much for looking out for me. But we both know who really wanted to show off there. No wonder you couldn’t stand it that I was defeating you,’ His pronouncement was followed by that smug head tilt he did when he thought he had won.

Jungkook’s sudden cockiness left her bewildered only for a fraction of a second before she could taunt him back. But he was already walking away. Laura wanted to throw her shoe at the golden boys’ head. She wished he would slip and break his neck so she didn’t have to see his smug face ever again. Merlin’s beard, how dare he infuriate her and walk away!

* 

Was it stupid what he had done? He had walked out of his dorm, deciding to have an open perspective but he ended up behaving the same way he always had. Old habits die hard. But there was something in Laura which would always make him behave in an uncontrolled manner. Tae in his heart considered her a real friend. Jungkook realised Laura masked the idea of teaching Tae self defense in her taunting remark. He loved Tae too much to not feel a little gratitude towards someone who looked out for the younger one’s well-being as well. And the word of gratitude had slipped past him. He had panicked for a heartbeat and then and covered it up with cockiness as per usual. Jeon Jungkook didn’t like to lose face.

His feet and thoughts carried him out to the school grounds which was him technically breaking the rules again, but he couldn’t care less. He figured adding to the detention he had already been assigned to, it wouldn’t make much of a difference. He wandered around breathing in the various scents in the atmosphere. The sweet smell of honeysuckle and spicy wild thyme filled his head and instantly transported him thousands of miles, across time and space. An image of a potted herb on a window sill next to a simmering pan rich with delicious fumes approached his mind’s eye- Home.

The comforting smell always took him to a simpler time, to a place where he was the apple of his parents’ eyes, the golden child they had called him. He could never do wrong. Hogwarts hadn’t changed much of that, he was still the ‘golden boy,’ indisputably charming, intelligent, and well-liked. He didn’t feel much joy at the thought right now. He felt empty. Maybe… just maybe Jungkook had to learn to be more accommodating and open minded like Namjoon and Taehyung.

Jungkook tried to shake the unpleasant feeling of smallness, insecurity and confusion. Abruptly, he began to jog the way he had come. He had to work it out of his system. So, he ran trying to clear his head, he lengthened his strides, and was proceeding into a full on sprint at the edge of the Great Lake. If anyone looked out of their window, they would see a blue blur of muscle mass trying to circumvent the Lake. He could get caught, punished but he was only focused on the burn of his thighs and calves as he ran.

He tried to think logically. After all he couldn’t deduce a solution if he was too close to the problem. He had figured out one crucial aspect to help himself out of the guilt as well: Laura hid herself and because of that half of the things she spoke were lies. Jungkook wasn’t buying into Taehyung’s pretty portrait of Laura so easily. Taehyung was a good hearted kid who only wished to see the best in people and that could be blinding. Jungkook had to see it with his own eyes, he had to know if serpents could really be good-hearted. She certainly wasn’t the kindest person in the
Sweaty, tired, and having made a decision, Jungkook made his way to the dorm. The Eagle asked him, ‘What gets wetter the more it dries?’ His hair dripping sweat into his eyes, Jungkook stood with his hands on his hips, his mouth twisted trying to figure the answer to the riddle when all he was thinking about was getting into a warm bath. . . ‘Towel,’ he replied, figuring out his answer while he was thinking about the fluffy white towels at the prefect’s bath.

Having gained entrance, Jungkook ran up the stairs to his room, where his roommate was almost getting ready to go to bed.

‘Woah, where you been?’ Yugyeom asked looking up from his book.

‘Later. Gotta hit the showers,’ was the reply he got as Jungkook riffled through his drawers to pick out his clothes and a robe.

Yugyeom’s hair bounced as he fell back on the mattress addressing his roommate, ‘Don’t get caught. We have a match against Slytherin soon and you need to organize the team. We have to win this after Min Yoongi and Graham Montague beat us at the practice today. They had some creative insults for us again. Gotta beat the pride out of them man,’

The captain of the Ravenclaw team shrugged. Gathering his bathing equipment, Kookie stepped out of the room and walked straight past the empty common room, out the entrance and towards his destination. Jungkook had to keep reminding himself that not everyone knew about what Taehyung had told him. Everyone despised Slytherins.

He reached the statue of Boris the Bewildered on the fifth floor. He turned left till he reached the fourth door and whispered the password, “Musk Rose”

The first impression that Jungkook predominantly approves of is the olfactory impression and tonight, the prefect’s bathroom smelled beautiful. Jungkook could find traces of something floral...like lily, and something like a smokey incense, reminding him of ancient cathedrals… was that frankincense? The combination was heavenly. His nose automatically sniffled in response to the fragrance and an absent-minded smile found its way to his lips. It was an almost familiar smell. It was distracting and calming at the same time as he walked to the far side to the pool-like tub in long strides.

Jungkook pondered at the taps a while. He liked to experiment with the water color and foams, still getting the hang of what’s what. The mermaid in the wall was asleep already, and Jungkook was secretly glad to be rid of all her scale flashing and hair flipping.

He stripped to dive into the pool. His hair clung to his neck and forehead and his arms pushed the water powerfully aside as he tried to get to the taps to shut them off. He submerged himself in the water, trying not to think of anything.

This might be the best part of being a prefect, he smiled. He would do any amount of late night duties if he got to keep enjoying these amazing baths.

The lingering scent of lily, frankincense and musk was hypnotic. It was so subtle as if he was being drawn in and held under an incantation he didn’t have the heart to break out of. Dark, but sweet. Jungkook’s head floated with the cool smell that was almost seducing him to relax. His muscles loosened under the lukewarm water and his body was almost humming in response to the aromatherapy.
The Next Morning...

Emina Carter was in the nook of the Ravenclaw library, sitting within a fortress made of stacked books. This was the most prized spot of the Ravenclaws, a library that started with the first ever batch of this house of wisdom, a thousand years ago. Every year students added books to this library, of every subject possible, without judging if something is too whimsical or too mature. Everything had knowledge of it's own and everyone should attain it regardless of age, that was their motto. You could find muggle comic books to books of ancient languages that no one spoke anymore. This was the secret of the Ravenclaws, a library that could hold an answer to anything you sought. And they knew this was best left a secret, or rules would be put on what kind of books made a part of this library, hindering the knowledge they could find otherwise.

It was early Tuesday morning and she had unfortunately been woken up by the sunlight hitting her directly in the face, thanks to her inconsiderate roommate leaving the blinds open. When she couldn’t go back to sleep, she decided to make use of the time, looking through old books for any mention of ‘Aquirys’, the great water elkyre.

‘What are you doing?’ Jungkook peeped in and Emina almost dropped the book in her hand with a jump.

‘God’s sake Jungkook! Announce your arrival!’ she breathed. ‘Why are you awake?’

‘There’s a Quidditch meeting,’ he said, ‘First match was supposed to be on Friday but with Hobi and Jimin still recovering, we have to decide what to do,’ he said and made to leave but back tracked again, ‘Also, Jin was furiously waving from the grounds. I think he wants to see you,’

As she was walked down to the grounds, Emina spotted the familiar silhouette ahead of her, clothed in loose fitted running clothes, his broad shoulders like the Pacific Ocean as he ran around the ground. “YooHOE!” she screamed waving her arms. The wind carried away her voice, and he had her back turned to her. She tried to jog towards him; ‘tried’ being the keyword here. Her hair was flying in her face and she had the energy of a wet noodle. She stopped to remove her wand from her arm strap, holding a stitch in her side. The tip of the wand at her throat, she thought the incantation in her head. She called Jin again, this time her voice amplified, ‘JIN! SEOK JIN! KIM SEOK JIN!’

Jin was startled enough to trip on his feet as he whipped to see the screamer. He had a hand on his heart and another on his hip looking for all the world like a startled grandpa. He was wiggling his finger at her and saying something in agitation but she couldn’t hear anything.

‘I CAN’T HEAR YOU. HOW LONG ARE YOU GONNA MAKE A LADY WAIT? GET OVER HERE.’ As he jogged towards her, she began to coach him. ‘THAT'S RIGHT! ONE,TWO! ONE,TWO!ONE-’ Her eyes widened as the silencio charm hit her. Emina had been reduced to a mass of flailing angry arms and hair as Jin came closer laughing hysterically.

Emina stilled her hands, hearing Jin’s wind-shield wiper laugh and gave him the stink eye. She gave an upward flick to her wand arm and thought, Levicorpus.

There was a flash of light and now Jin was dangling upside down in midair as though an invisible hook had hoisted him up by the ankle. He screamed, his face red, ‘Get me down this instant!’

The spell caster was doubled over in mirth as she guffawed, clutching her stomach, her fisted hand hitting the ground. She wasn’t paying the least attention to Jin’s screams. She heard a deep voice say, ‘Liberacorpus’ and a pile of limbs fell on the patch of grass she had been assaulting.
Namjoon looked at the two - one on the ground grimacing and the other mouth open without a sound. He guessed, Emina was under a silencing charm and worked the counter charm. Jin had recovered and dazedly shook his head as Emina winded down from her laugh-a-thon.

‘I swear I don’t know what to do with the two of you,’ Namjoon murmured offering his hand to Emina to help her up. She took his hand and stood dusting herself.

‘You are an utter nerd Namjoon. If it weren’t for us, you would have been stuck in the middle of a sea of books you toppled over yourself,’ she said, forgetting her own ocean of books in the Ravenclaw library from just 10 minutes ago.

‘Joonie,’ Jin called, holding out his hand to be helped up as well. Sighing at his best friend’s pout which only he could pull off, the head boy pulled him up.

Jin sensibly used magic to blow off any particles of grass and somehow looked more poised even if he was the one actually strung up in midair.

‘So I was thinking,’ Emina said, ‘Let’s take the broomsticks for a spin you know,’

The other two weren’t averse to the idea, but the concern was evident on their face.

‘What about your wounds?’ Namjoon asked her.

‘Don’t worry, all healed,’ she said, giving a thumbs up. So they talked as they made their way to the broom shed, intent on getting some fly time before quidditch teams started their practice sessions. The topic had come back to what the two were doing when Namjoon found them.

‘He started it! He used silen-’

‘HA! What do you mean? Weren’t you the one screa –’

‘I asked him why he was making a lady wait-’

‘What lady? I don’t see-’

‘Old man! You ar-’

‘Yea! I am old, so wha-’

Namjoon sighed, and threw a scream to the skies. “STOP IT! STOP IT! PLEASE FOR THE SAKE OF ALL OF HOGSMEADE. I CANNOT DEAL WITH THE TWO OF YOU. STOP IT.”

Jin opened his mouth and a crooked finger rose to make a point, but Namjoon refused to let him speak, ‘Stop.’ Emina glared at the injustice and the blonde again said, ‘please.’

They got to the broomshed in one piece and the former quidditch players indulged in reminiscence. Talking about their glory days, the games that had been “legendary”, Seok Jin’s “yaah” frequently punctuated their conversation, as they exclaimed about the exact curve executed in the game and what not. Emina was selecting her broom from the common ones kept in the shed. She had given away her old broom to one of the first years who needed it for practice.

Namjoon declared the wind’s direction, and set out an easy course to fly over the castle grounds skirting the Forbidden Forest, over the astronomy tower and past the greenhouses. Enthusiasm leaking through his agitated warm-up, Seokjin stretched, loosening his muscles for a safe flight, his brown hair bouncing, shining as it caught the early morning light. Namjoon and Emina just
watched him go through his routine.

Although Jin’s broad shouldered body wasn’t an exact fit for the ideal flyer, Jin took his flying seriously. He was especially interested in broomstick design and had an extensive knowledge of brooms, aerodynamic design and nitpicked at every new broom that came out in the market. What he took even more care of was himself, his body was his temple and his face the resident god. But for all the love he had for Quidditch, in the seventh year, it was not easy playing this considerably dangerous sport. Extreme sports didn’t exactly guarantee being injury free, especially if one had to play alongside Namjoon who had some kind of ‘God of destruction’ looking down upon him. Everything Namjoon touched, broke within or under an hour. This unique phenomenon had been dubbed the ‘Namjoon Effect’ in their fourth year. If anything broke or fell to repair, they had joked it was all due to the reigning ‘Namjoon Effect.’ Madame Pomfrey had even suggested that the head boy had better walk around with a shield charm on at all times to protect his bones from breaking every three weeks. They were an odd pair this Namjoon and Seokjin, but they had been the closest friends for the last six years, inseparable.

‘Can we fly already?’ Namjoon asked. ‘Jin, are you done? Em, are you re- why do you look like a burrito?’ he turned back to look at Emina. He had already mounted his broom.

‘Hair, gets in the way and I lost my hair tie. Hence, the burrito,’ she said, her voice muffled by the spring jacket she had wrapped around her head. Jin scoffed, pushing his hair back in a deliberate move and winking at them when Namjoon looked to him for confirmation. Namjoon shook his head and Jin’s antics, a dimpled smile coming on his lips and soon kicked off, followed by the other two.

Soaring towards the sky, he felt air resistance and bent lower on his broom to reduce it so he could gain more height. He looked to either side of him, Emina was flat on her broom and slightly behind him and Jin’s broom was clutched close to his folded body as he started to draw ahead of them.

Namjoon pulled his broom from ascent and angled it towards the course they were to follow, the one Jin had named, “aesthetic route that can give some minor competition to my visual.” With practiced ease, they drew into a line trying to match their speed.

The stunning geography made them pause for a moment. It was beautiful no matter how many times they looked at it. The mist had nearly evaporated, letting the sun shine its rays on the silvery waters of the lake, while the castle itself looked like an island rising from the deep waters: ancient, majestic and magical. The visual appeal of looking over Hogwarts from this height had always calmed and reassured Namjoon. All the confusing feelings of being young but not young enough and being older yet not a complete adult were slowly melting to let this complete freedom envelop him.

He and Jin had become adults in the eyes of the Ministry of Magic last year. They were so excited when they had performed magic without the fear of being expelled. It had been a new experience, but deep inside Namjoon didn’t feel any different. He was still the same, there wasn’t anything different about being an adult. Was it all a hoax? There weren’t any moments of clarity, he couldn’t suddenly find solutions to problems. His insecurities didn’t vanish overnight. He still felt the same awkward, gangly, clumsy nerd he was before. He had the same regrets, the same doubts, hell this liberation felt more like a cage. So, he liked to fly often. It gave him a pseudo-freedom, it felt like he could forgive himself for not always being collected, for being anxious. Flying, it felt like he had sprouted wings on his back, like if he could just fly far enough, fast enough he could be free from freedom.

After a while, the three landed near their beloved Aspen tree. Namjoon walked over and sat down
heavily next to them. They sat quietly, letting the silence stretch, backs rested against the massive tree roots, as thick as half a metre.

‘I got a letter from Father some days back,’ Jin said, the speed of the words falling out of his mouth increased. But they listened well as Jin finished telling them the contents of the letter.

‘I burned the letter but I am not ready to burn the bridge between my parents and I,’ He swallowed thickly, trying to not get worked up. ‘Honestly, I couldn’t care less about the honour of family name and the Ministry position. It isn’t what I want in life.’

His hands went to smooth his hair down, his voice had become low. ‘What will I do with reputation, honour and prestige? Hmm? It’s not going to make me happy.’ He shook his head slowly.

Namjoon and Emina let him speak his heart out. There weren’t many words they could offer to console him. They were all living the same part of hell as he was. Scared, confused, and anxious about what tomorrow holds.

‘I can see it hasn’t made my parents or grandparents happy. They have to pretend to be someone else all their lives. I do not want a part in that. I am not ready to commit to a role that I have to play for life. It isn’t me,’ Jin leaned back on his hands, his neck thrown back, his eyes closed to the sky.

Namjoon watched him, his eyes half closed against the sunlight reflecting along Jin’s neck. ‘Our lives differ from our parents I guess. Others want to chase milestones while I want to chase butterflies. That’s all there is to it,’ He mused.

Emina raised an eyebrow at Namjoon and Jin rolled his neck forward to eye this sudden-poet amidst the grass. Namjoon returned their looks evenly for a beat. Before his dimples deepened and his hand came to his face, trying to hide his embarrassment. They burst into laughter at the same moment. Anxiety, fear and doubts buried inside, eating away at them yet this was the most beautiful moment of their lives.

* * *

Care of Magical Creatures was the one class in Hogwarts that Jeon Jungkook wished would get cancelled on days when pregnant clouds promised rain. The morning had started out sunny but the afternoon looked like it was 7 pm. They had been studying magical water creatures for the past week, so they were all standing knee deep in The Great Lake trying not to shiver or lose focus of the lesson because it meant loss of limb or life in this class. Hagrid had the worst lesson plans but made up for it by sheer enthusiasm. Kookie watched as the huge man swished through the lake (only his ankles were submerged), pink umbrella aloft speaking fondly about ‘Ninian’ the Kelpie he had procured for their class.

‘Alright the Kelpie is a shape-shifting water demon. Ninian, here is a baby so he will be relatively easy to handle. Today’s class is all about treating the Kelpie’s bulrush mane but firs’ you must learn to tame the Kelpie and y’all are goin’ to put a Placement Charm on Ninian here,’ His umbrella pointed to the surface of the lake and he smiled through his bushy beard where rain drops clung as it started to drizzle.

Jungkook watched Hoseok beside him make a sound between a groan and a whimper. Honestly, where did Hagrid get these creatures from? If the Kelpie was anything like they had learned about for the past week, it meant they were standing in the cold to be eaten by ‘Ninian’ and have their entrails floated on the water’s surface. Jungkook felt nauseous thinking about it and lifted a hand to his mouth trying to quell his uneasiness.
Dracwyn behind him rolled her eyes as she watched the reactions of her fellow prefects, ‘What a bunch of children,’ She muttered sassily. But even as she spoke, she crossed her arms over her chest trying to stop her body from shivering. She wished she were anywhere but here in a group that had Jeon and Montague, the former existed to annoy her and the latter tried too annoyingly hard to impress her. This class was being held with students from the seniors all four houses, since he couldn’t repeat a demonstration with a live Kelpie twice.

Her cousin Yoongi had ditched her for dry clothes and stood on the shore with Ash and Jimin whose group had been selected to be on standby. The kelpie was known to shape shift and attack before dragging unsuspecting travellers underwater to make a meal out of them. If it shifted to land then they would be responsible to tame it. The only reason to capture it was to obtain its hair which was an important wand element.

Graham Montague pushed his way to the front from the side knocking into Weasley who was wiping his wet red hair away from his eyes. ‘So, where is this Ninian?’ he asked derisively.

‘Watch it!’ Charlie Weasley exclaimed languidly getting back his balance. Holding tightly unto his fellow Gryffindor- Abbot’s robes who let out an ‘oof’.

Montague looked back to give Laura a smirk and she gave a tight smile with raised eyebrows, rolling her eyes as soon as Montague looked away. Montague turned to face Hagrid again, trying to show false bravado.

Hagrid continued class unperturbed quizzing them on the study of the Kelpie they had been doing. ‘So, which form does the Kelpie often shape shift into on land?’

Sierra the Ravenclaw prefect answered, ‘Male, although the most legendary kelpie, the Loch Ness monster is always referred to as ‘she.’

‘Good answer. Five points to Ravenclaw.’ Hagrid announced beaming. ‘Come on, wade in a little further,’

‘Hey professor, I don’t think that’s safe. We are already waist-deep in water,’ Hoseok pointed out.

‘A’right lets stop here, the taller ones walk a little way over there if you could please. The kelpie likes to take travellers, so moving helps draw him out,’

Hoseok watched nervously as the others traveled further. He knew he should have dropped this scary class; he could be sitting on a cozy pouf reading tea leaves at the moment. Oh, how he envied them, all warm and toasty in the castle while the rest of them tried to stay afloat, hunting a man-eating water demon. Suddenly, he felt a tug on his ankle and almost slipped. ‘Woah, Something is at my feet! It’s puu-‘ he wailed being pulled to his knees. Hoseok struggled, trying to aim his wand at the dark water.

‘Relashio!’ a flare from someone hit the creature at his ankle. He watched an amorphous shape in the murky water as the purple sparks became a jet of boiling water as soon as they got past the surface.

‘Are you okay?’

Hoseok looked up and it was Min Yoongi, holding out his hand for him. The Hufflepuff clasped his hand in his and pulled himself up. Yoongi’s hand was so warm and it felt like heaven right now.

‘What are you doing here?’ he asked the blonde, ‘You’re on land duty aren’t you?’
‘Well, looks like you need a helping hand, or you’ll be pulled into the abyss,’ Yoongi pointed towards the deep end of the lake. ‘Maybe you’ll make friends of the merepeople. I heard they eat humans,’

Hoseok shivered, ‘You are not helping in any way with that information,’

‘Aw don’t get scared now Seok-Seok,’ Yoongi said.

‘Scared, me? At least I don’t run away from the infirmary out of embarrassment,’ Hoseok smirked, glancing at Yoongi briefly and what he saw was so satisfying. Even under the cold rain, the Slytherin seemed to have gone red.

The others who had been watching in the distance came closer to see what had happened. They had heard a splash and Montague’s shout before he disappeared underwater. He didn’t seem to have gone into the deep end since all could see his hands and legs thrashing and he managed to stand up on his own.

Weasley waded back to the commotion in the lake as Montague shot spells in every direction and missed. It was like there was a whirling dervish in there shooting spells at anything that moved. Montague shot indiscriminately, sometimes at the weeds and once at a Gryffindor’s foot who screamed and promptly fell down in a whirl of red and gold robes. Weasley rolled his eyes and went to help his friend.

Hagrid tried to get the situation under control. ‘Kid! There’s no reason to be scared! Ninian is only a baby. He won’t harm yeh,’ He was trying to get back to Montague as he ambled in the murky lake.

Meanwhile Jungkook watched Yugyeom disappear in the water with a gurgle. Before he had lifted his wand, he saw Laura send a series of red sparks and help the sputtering boy stand. A red jet of light barely missed the pair as Montague whirled his wand around at their movement.

‘It’s a grindylow. I saw it’s slimy tentacles,’ Yugyeom spat out, righting himself.

Laura growled under her breath and ordered Montague to stay still. She hated it when Slytherins tried to make a fool of themselves. Hagrid tried to subdue the agitated sixth year and remove his wand from possession. The land group was watching the spectacle in awe wide-eyed just as a huge mound of water rose between struggling a Hagrid and the freshly recovered Yugyeom.

Ash paled as she saw the growing size, ‘He said it was a baby!’ she whispered. Hoseok had his mouth open as the horse-faced water demon rose out of the water glistening mane green and muscles in its neck corded in stress.

Hoseok laughed at the completely surprised look on the proud Slytherin’s face as Yoongi aimed his wand at it calling out, ‘Hagrid! You didn’t say anything about this horse hybrid being the size of a small dragon!’

Jungkook bellowed back at him, ‘It’s a shape shifter Min! Don’t be obtuse,’

‘Hey guys,’ Jimin yelled from the land, above the shouting of spells and the falling rain. He watched Ash bring the bridle to the edge of the lake, ‘If you force it into its true form we can place the bridle, it’s all ready here. Just give us the go signal,’

Hagrid wasn’t intervening, which meant that they had to figure this out on their own and with the way things were looking, his friends were exceeding at impersonating human bowling pins: falling over and over. Did the Kelpie have secret tentacles to trip them up?
Hagrid finally sent Abbott out of the water when he fell in for the fiftieth time and the sixth year Gryffindor was happily skipping to be out of the water where he couldn’t find his balance. ‘Oh thank you so much professor. I don’t know why I can’t seem to stand upright today,’ He simpered in pretense as he clambered out of the water with surprising agility. A red streak passed through his vision and almost hit Laura on the side of her head. But thankfully she had deflected the Stunner that Montague had aimed wrongly.

Dracwyn’s jaw tightened. She cleared her mind and used the stunning spell non-verbally, discrete with her wand movements aimed at a certain idiot. As she resisted the urge to shove her wand into Montague’s eyehole for impaired aiming and settled for the splash of his body in the water as she stunned him instead.

Jungkook watched Laura stun Montague from the corner of his eye. He couldn’t help but smile at it. He shot the water demon with a bombardment spell and almost simultaneously his feet were pulled from under him. He didn’t have much time to hold his breath as he went down and ended up drinking a lot of the filthy lake water. He struggled a while, saw pale green scaly fingers pulling him further and a flash of yellow teeth. Jungkook recognized the grindylow, aimed his wand at it and uttered, ‘Relashio’ in his head. A stream of bubbles hit the scaly hand which let go with a scream, angry red welts on its flat face.

He felt a tight grip on his arm hefting him upwards and he coughed breaking the surface. He realized that they had been pushed farther into the water by the creature. Hoseok was holding his arm up watching Weasley and Laura trying to stun the kelpie. It was no use. The shape shifter had a thick armour on its underside that prevented the spells from striking it.

‘Watch out for the serpent’s tail!’ Laura warned as it came flying out towards them again. Both the quidditch players dived out of its way. They had to get the shapeshifter to its true form soon or they would risk drowning or getting pneumonia.

It was getting harder and harder to stay upright as the Kelpie tripped them up with its long serpent-like tail that Laura warned them about. Not to mention the grindylows that kept pulling them deeper inside.

‘Hagrid! There are grindylows tripping us here. Where are you?’ Hoseok scanned the area and noticed Hagrid carrying a limp Montague to the edge of the lake. The rain was coming down harder now and all of their robes felt heavy making it very sluggish to move around in. Why didn’t Hagrid just declare the class dismissed? Hoseok figured they would still have to deal with the beast somehow. He ran his hand over his face, trying to shake out his hair. He was so distracted when the Kelpie’s serpent tail came swooshing at him throwing him quite a distance as it hit his chest. He felt his wound ache slightly.

Laura hit the beast at its weakest point, its eyes, with the conjunctivitis spell and it reeled keening, its form briefly flickering before Jungkook hit it with the Revelio charm just as the horse-like face of the creature lifted to keen in pain from its stinging eyes. The blue light hit the underside of its jaw where it had no armour. There was a jet of thick smoke issuing from the enraged creature. In the smoke none of them could see clearly and the rain was taking up a while to clear the obscured air. Ash spotted a small figure emerge out of the water. It looked like a human until something whipped like a tail and pulled at Jimin at the edge of the Lake. ‘Ninian!’ she shouted pointing. The Kelpie had an immensely strong grip that not even Jimin’s spells could ward off.

‘Don’t scare the Kelpie away again!’ Yoongi directed as Montague lifted his wand to curse it, still wanting a piece of the action.

Jimin tried his best to break free from the coil of Ninian’s tail while Abbott and Yoongi tried to
haul him up again but the Kelpie changed its target its hand caught hold of a handful of blonde hair.

‘FUCK!’ Yoongi’s roar pierced the sounds of rain and struggle. His hands reached up to his head to pry the Kelpie off but its grip was too strong.

Meanwhile, Hoseok had made his way through the smoke, with his wand point lit and acting as a compass. Discarding his robe had given him added maneuverability in the rain and sleet. He pointed at the kelpie and used a full-body bind on it, now that it was smaller in size and humanoid.

The Kelpie froze for a moment, it began to shift to its original form. It was about the size of Hagrid and its horse-like features came alive again as it tried to thrash away from the wand pointed in its direction. Its bulrush mane stood on end and it’s huge liquid yellow-green eyes rolled about in fear as it reared on its serpent-like tail.

The ones in the lake had managed to corner the scared Kelpie trapping it so it would not go back into the water. Hagrid had his hands out in a placating motion as he spoke in a soothing tone.

‘Where’s the bridle?’ Abbot was looking around his feet and the bridle was too small to fit on the head of ‘Ninian’. He was panicking when Jimin smacked him upside the head and reminded him he had a wand for a reason.

‘Engorgio’ Jimin’s wand shot out a jet of light elongating the strings.

‘Nice and easy now, Ninian. Nothin’ to be scared of. Use the spell,’ Hagrid whispered to Jimin as he tried to calm it.

The Kelpie’s nose flared as it felt the bridle around it and eventually calmed as the bit and noseband settled on its face. Jimin lowered his wand after performing the Placement Charm and watched the feral Kelpie slow its labored breathing, it’s inflamed eyes stilling.

Hagrid went towards the calmed creature and ran his hands through its mane repeatedly cooing encouraging words at it while he motioned his tired and rain-soaked students to step forward to run their hands over the creature so they could bond with it.

The Kelpie was docile and tame now. Hagrid praised Jimin’s charm skills because it had been done perfectly aligning the headpiece together. Jimin glowed at the praise running a hand through his hair.

Hoseok hurriedly climbed up to snatch up his discarded robe before he got sick again. Yoongi lay flat on the ground his eyes closed and turned up to the skies. His pale skin looked paler in the rain. He looked like a vampire trying to enjoy a day on the beach without the sun. Hoseok laughed at the sight.

Jungkook pulled his tired body up the lake’s edge just as Charlie helped a dead tired Yugyeom up the high climb. He saw Laura in the shallow water, a hand resting on her chest as her face contorted in pain. She was walking with a stagger and as she came closer, he could see how her heavy robes dragged at her, slowing her.

Laura was heading straight to where he had dragged himself to sit up against. Jungkook was sure that if she was paying attention she would have gone out of her way just to avoid being near him. But she wasn’t and Jungkook looked at her with open curiosity, confident that the others were absorbed in the water creature.

He wondered what hurt her because her hand rested pressing against herself as if she were trying to
hold the hurt inside, even though her face remained inscrutable. Had she taken a bad fall? Was she hurt? His eyes narrowed as he tried to compute.

She was right in front of him now, and without much thought Jungkook extended his hand to help her. Her face snapped up. Her dark hair was stuck to her face and from his perspective, her sharp angular face looked softer. Did it look softer because he could still see pain in her eyes, in the slope of her shoulders? He watched the rain stick to her eyelashes, following a particularly appealing drop of water make its way down her neck and settle on her peeking collar bone. Jungkook swallowed to relieve the sudden tightness in his throat. He immediately looked away, gaze dropping to his hand still extended, expectant. What was he asking of her? A truce? An apology? A chance to find out her secrets? He slowly looked back at her. Her pained eyes flashed. First in incredulity then in annoyance and finally turned to an opaque amethyst that he had only seen once before: fear.

Her hand came to smack at his own outstretched one to the side. The sting caused Jungkook to suck in a breath through his mouth. She pushed past him and clambered up on her own.

He examined his hand, she had smacked him hard. Jungkook pushed himself to stand up, and deciding to at least pretend like he was paying attention to the class and not his classmate… the classmate everyone believed he hates.

Laura stomped out of the water, which looked more like she was struggling out of a net, a hundred thoughts swirling in her mind. Was Jungkook in his right mind? What was he playing at? He should be watching her drown in the water and smirk, not stretch out a hand in help! Was he indeed thinking that she is weak now? Unable to do things herself? Rage filled her. She wanted to scream her lungs out and punch something.

Soon, most of them had gathered around the Kelpie, petting it and Hagrid taught them a few pointers on how to keep the creature relaxed. ‘Here, he likes it if ya’ pet his nose jus’ so,’ He said demonstrating to a scared Hoseok who hadn’t managed to touch Ninian yet.

Yoongi snorted from his position on the muddy ground still massaging his head. He even wondered if there was a bald spot because it was stinging so badly. Laura felt herself calm down as she saw a confused Yoongi with messy hair, mud all over him. It reminded her of when they used to play at the beach as kids. She patted his head as she went past him to go forward to run her hands through the Kelpie’s mane.

Montague had been keeping a low profile, sitting under the tree while Abbot blabbed about how they could have used the first years’ boats instead of wading into the water like muggles. Montague had hummed loudly so that the other would just shut up. He had been enervated shortly after a debate of his contributions and still felt sore. When he saw Laura, he straightened up and strode importantly to the front. Ash smoothly cut into his path to intercept her roommate first to save her from the big oaf.

Hagrid was beaming at his class. Even with the rain making them miserable, they were getting along just fine with the creature.

*Mood Music (Don’t forget to open in a new tab/window) James Newton Howard - Salamander Eyes*

When they all headed in, Hoseok noticed who had fallen in step with him and a small smile tugged at his lips. Something about this was making him happy.

‘Are you still trying to take care of me?’ He asked his walking companion Yoongi, who snorted.
'Please, don’t be so full of yourself,‘

‘Oh gee, and here I thought you are finally getting nicer,’ Hoseok rolled his eyes.

‘Yoongles,’ Laura’s outstretched hand was in Yoongi’s face. She had a purple envelope in her hand. Hoseok’s laughter filled his ears at the nickname.

‘What is it you brat!’ Yoongi’s eyes flared at her.

‘Grandfather’s letter,’ she said. Her voice didn’t carry any joy and Yoongi got the hint, taking the letter quietly. He opened and read it, letting out a sigh before tucking it into his half-dry robes. Hoseok glanced at him curiously. He knew the Min-Dracwyns knew most about the case of the death eater’s invasion, and he was itching to know more too, especially since he was one of the people who had suffered the most. But of course, the royalty always got special treatment, thanks to their grandfather’s connections.

‘You seem troubled,’ Hoseok spoke, eager to know more. ‘Bad news?’

‘Not really,’ Yoongi replied, ‘It’s about the case,’

‘Oh, what about it?’

‘I think you already know… that I and my cousin are… suspects,’ Yoongi slowed his walk and Hoseok slowed down with him. The Hufflepuff looked at him anxiously and found those lilac eyes looking straight back at him.

‘Do you believe that too?’ Yoongi asked him bluntly. ‘Even if it’s in the slightest?’

Hoseok looked at Yoongi long and hard, finally giving his answer with an exhale, ‘No,’

Yoongi’s frame finally relaxed, ‘Thank you,’

They walked a few steps further in silence.

‘I hope you also know,’ Yoongi spoke again, ‘that you’re statement is key in this case,’

‘Against Twycross? Is… Is something happening? Are you and Dracwyn gonna be ok?’

Yoongi nodded, ‘Don’t worry about that. We are gonna be ok, grandfather is there to take care of everything,’ Nothing will ever harm this family name as long as I’m there. Yoongi remembered the words from the letter. ‘But, just letting you know, in case things go bad, your statement is what can save me and Laura,’

‘I understand,’ Hoseok nodded with a soft smile and saw that Yoongi’s lips were tugging at the corners as well.

‘You know, I won’t tease you if that’s what it get’s for you to smile freely again,’ Hoseok said and booped his nose before heading his own way. Once he was out of earshot, a small giggle escaped Yoongi’s lips as he fully broke into a smile, apples of his cheeks turning red.

At 5 pm, the classes for the day finally ended and Ash was happy about going back to her dorms. This day had started early and was beyond tiring. She entered the common room which was empty apart from her Quidditch team and a few others. The boys were quite excited, putting on their green and silver robes.

‘They’re here! The Quidditch robes!’ Klaus exclaimed excitedly. Ash smiled, crossing her arms
and leaning the wall. Jimin was adjusting his new chaser shirt.

‘Are the pants too tight for you Jimin?’ Terrence asked.

‘They look tight, but they feel quite comfortable!’ He turned around, showing his uniform from all angles.

‘Jimin looks sexy doesn’t he!’ Yoongi said, smacking his butt and that’s when she saw it. The perfect perky curve of his butt that would make one wanna bite it. She was surprised to see such a desirable booty on a guy.

Jimin laughed shyly at what Yoongi said. He waved his hands, trying to dismiss his comments. His eyes travelled to where Ash was standing. He saw her eyes watch his butt and then look at him. There was a flicker in her eye, like a craving as her lips parted slightly. But before Jimin could respond he felt someone pulling him down.

While Ash and Jimin were busy communicating with their eyes, the boys had broken into a playful hustle and soon Jimin was under 3 of them as they laughed and punched and rolled. He heard Ash trying to break them apart, saying something about them tearing their robes before the match.

Ash couldn’t believe the boys still acted like little kids. Someone had jested something insignificant and all of them were now rolls of green, their robes getting pulled between each other. She caught Yoongi by the back of his neck and pulled him apart from the rest. He stood up, smoothing his robes.

‘Good luck with the rest,’ he chuckled and left. Ash heaved Adrian away and smacked the butts of the two people below him, expecting them to be the 4th years. When they untangled themselves, Klaus and Jimin stood up, rubbing their butts.

‘Ok, that was hard!’ Klaus complained.

‘Well… you were… being kiddish!’ Ash said but her mind was only thinking that she had just smacked Jimin’s fluffy butt. Jimin shot her a shy glance. She felt her breath hitch and she stomped towards her room, completely flustered head to toe.

Laura was spread on her bed, lying like a dead body floating in the sea. She was so exhausted and she hated the gloomy weather. She groaned in tune to the low rumble of the falling rain, her eyes looking blankly at the ceiling. When she saw Ash come in with an anxious face, she hoisted herself up.

‘What happened?’ she asked.

‘Jibooty happened,’ Ash cried, flopping on the bed and burying her face in her pillow.

Laura blinked at her roommate, not able to make any sense of the situation, ‘What’s Jibooty?’
Detention

Chapter Summary

Things are starting to get better for the students, with life resuming back to regular classes. But sadly for Jungkook, he has to serve detention for the first time ever.

Chapter Notes

For the music, some character themes going to be set in this chapter.
You can play a piece till that particular scene runs. A scene ends with "* * *"

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Ramin Djawadi - Dragonglass

‘No wonder I spotted an Augurey,’ Taehyung’s tone was gloomy, much like the weather outside. He remembered seeing the grey bird in the morning near his common room window, an omen of rain. He stared out of his window, during the first class of Wednesday - Arithmancy. He gave a long sigh looking at the dark clouds, promising a rainy afternoon.

‘Is the Hufflepuff missing some sunshine?’ The boy seated next to him asked. Taehyung looked to the side and found one of the Slytherins of his year seated there. His name was Alexander Fawley, one of the cousins of the Fawley pure-blood family who got sorted into Slytherin instead of Hufflepuff like his many ancestors. He was also the boy who many fawned over, with his lush brown locks and blue eyes.

‘Don’t tell me you like this weather,’ Taehyung arched a brow. ‘I heard it’s as dark as this in your underwater common room,’

Alexander chuckled. It was a clear and hearty sound, ‘Well, what our common room is like, is a secret. I won’t accept or deny what you just said. But I’ll say that Slytherins don’t love this dull weather either. All that is a made up lie, that we like dark and cold places,’

‘I see,’ Taehyung nodded knowingly, ‘Then why you all gotta act so mysterious?’

‘Isn’t that a part of our charm?’ the boy flashed a grin with perfect teeth and Taehyung giggled the slightest, catching himself in time.

The class resumed and Taehyung saw Alex struggle with his arithmancy question, crossing out whatever values he had attached to the coded message.

‘Hold on,’ Taehyung said to him, pushing his paper closer, ‘I think you got some values wrong that’s why you aren’t able to decipher it,’ he pointed to the values he had assigned to the symbols in the message.

‘Aw, thanks Kim,’ he said, taking the parchment, ‘Yeah I got plenty wrong. This is my least
When the class ended, Alexander thanked him again, shaking hands with him and flashing the perfect smile again. Taehyung grinned widely, the apples of his cheeks at their peak and bid him goodbye.

‘Dear Taetae,’ his Hufflepuff friends shook their heads when they all headed to Charms together. Taehyung looked up with question.

‘You know he was just playing you to copy the work off you,’ one of his friends said.

Taehyung frowned, ‘No he wasn’t. He’s not that bad you know,’

‘You’re too nice to know when someone’s playing you,’ it was his roommate Jacob Anderson who said that and Taehyung’s frown grew. ‘I didn’t mean to upset you Tae,’ Jacob continued, ‘But I just want you to be more careful,’

‘For how long,’ Taehyung pinched the bridge of his nose, patience running out, ‘For how long will you guys keep singing the same song? They’re not all bad alright?’ His eyes looked at them with anger. ‘Some of them are actually nice,’

‘And how would you know?’ they asked. ‘Park Jimin doesn’t make up for his entire house. You get too close to them, you’ll get hurt Taehyung,’

The same sense of smallness started to creep into Taehyung. Why didn’t people think he could take care of himself? He ignored his friends and walked ahead alone. During lunch break, he grabbed a few bites and left the Hufflepuff table quickly. His other friend group always cheered him up, no matter how dull his day had been. And so he headed to the clubroom.

Jin, Namjoon and Emina were sitting on the rug in their makeshift clubroo, some papers spread around them. They all had books in their hands and seemed to be engrossed in reading them. Taehyung picked up of the books lying at the edge of the rug. The cover read - Elemental Alchemy.

‘Hey guys,’ Taehyung greeted them. The first to look at him was Jin and the Gryffindor wore an expression of alarm.

‘Taehyung! What- How come you’re here?’ Jin was scrambling the notes and books away, as if he was trying to hide them from the boy.

‘What’s going on?’ Taehyung was clearly suspicious. ‘What are you reading about?’

‘Nothing,’ Jin shook his head, ‘Just doing our assignment for the alchemy class,’

‘Then why are you being so weird about it?’ Taehyung asked, taking the notebook Namjoon was writing in. Namjoon looked from Tae to Jin, not resisting Taehyung from taking the book. Even he was confused at Jin’s behaviour.

Taehyung’s eyes scanned the notes, ‘Who’s Aquirys?’

‘Tae, I didn’t know you could read ancient Runes!’ Namjoon was pleasantly surprised.

‘Yeah, just started learning the alphabets,’

‘Aquirys is nobody,’ Jin said sternly. ‘Forget you read that,’
‘Seriously why are acting so weird?’ Taehyung asked of him.

‘It’s just… this is advanced study Tae. Most of it is from the Restricted Section so I don’t think you should be reading any of this right now,’ Jin took the book from his hand.

‘I’m not a child,’ Taehyung had to state that again.

‘Well, you kind of are. You’re not allowed to look at these books till you’re 16,’ Jin said.

‘Look who’s a stickler for rules now,’ Taehyung raised his eyebrows, regretting the decision to come here. He turned around and walked off.

Mood Music (Don’t forget to open in a new tab/window) Ramin Djawadi - See You For What You

The next class was Herbology, something Taehyung usually enjoyed but today he felt as dark as the clouds overhead the greenhouse.

‘Be gentle when you’re plucking the berries,’ Sprout said as she walked between the rows of students, reminding them the correct way of extracting the yellow berries of the flitterblooms. If they weren’t gentle, the plant would attack them with the needles that lined its stem.

Taehyung was being far from gentle and Sprout observed that from the very beginning. He was quick and quiet, plucking the berries off the many shrubs and one of them whipped at him, embedding 5 tiny needles in his forefinger.

‘Ah!’ Taehyung pulled his hand back, hissing at the pain. He slowly pulled the needles out and pressed on the small wounds so the blood wouldn’t flow out.

‘Taehyung can you come here with your berries please?’ Sprout called him to the front of the class. Taehyung took his basket with a frown and walked to the front.

‘Sit please,’ Sprout gestured to the stool in front of her desk and Taehyung did so, setting the basket of berries in between them.

‘I think you plucked enough for two, don’t you think?’ The professor chuckled, trying to lighten the mood. When Taehyung didn’t reciprocate with his usual box smile, Sprout’s brown eyes looked at him intently. ‘You know, your emotions really show in your spell work and how you execute your tasks,’

‘Oh,’ Taehyung glanced at her, not knowing what to say.

‘What’s wrong Taehyung? Is something bothering you?’

‘It’s nothing professor,’ he said softly.

‘You are my house student Taehyung,’ Sprout said. ‘And even if you weren’t, I’d still be worried if you were in distress. Because you are the kindest boy I know,’ she smiled, her chubby cheeks lighting up. ‘So tell me, is something wrong?’

Taehyung looked at her kind eyes, ‘Professor… do you think, I need to improve in something?’

‘Well everyone needs to keep improving Taehyung,’ she replied. ‘But if you meant to ask me if you’re lacking then the answer is no. You aren’t lacking in anything. Did someone make you feel otherwise?’
Taehyung shrugged. He wanted to say yes, but he wasn’t ready to open up right now in the middle of a class. And he also feared if Sprout would end up agreeing with his housemates, Jin and his mother. That he was too naive, he was a child who couldn’t handle himself. He wasn’t oblivious to some of the things people spoke about him behind his back. He was the great Auror- Kim Jiyeon’s only son. People expected him to be like his mother, who had been head girl in her school years. She was exceptionally skilled at defence against the dark arts, meanwhile Taehyung took 3 years to learn Expelliarmus, the most basic spell. Things were expected of him, and he remembered the look on some of the professor’s faces when he hadn’t lived up to their expectations- a subtle surprise in their eyes, that had tugged their lips down the very slightest.

‘No professor,’ he finally said. ‘I’m alright. I just had a tough morning, fourth year isn’t easy,’ he grimaced lightly, letting her know it wasn’t anything serious.

‘Well, it gets tougher as you progress, but I know you’ll do well Tae, you have nothing to worry about,’ Sprout smiled with warmth. Taehyung returned it and went back to his desk.

After class, on his way back to his common room, he saw the 6th Years all walk in with muddy shoes, completely drenched in the cold. His eyes found Laura and he looked at her with familiarity but the Slytherin looked away without a single emotion in her face, quickening her pace. On the other side he saw Hoseok talking with Yoongi and to his biggest surprise he saw Hoseok touch Yoongi’s nose. Taehyung’s eyes widened in shock. How did Min Yoongi not scratch his friend’s face off like the panther he was? Instead he saw Yoongi turn away with a hint of a smile. Well, he didn’t see any of Hoseok’s friends scold him for being friendly to a Slytherin.

That evening after dinner, Taehyung flopped himself next to Hoseok in front of the fireplace.

‘New pyjamas?’ Hoseok asked, looking at the silk fabric. ‘They look fancy,’

‘Birthday gift from last year. I like sleeping in soft clothes,’ Taehyung said, leaning on the chair’s leg next to him, a pout played on his lips.

‘Namjoon told me you might be upset,’ Hoseok said, putting his book of Advanced Potion Making to the side. ‘What happened?’

‘I’m tired of everyone treating me like a dumb child,’ Taehyung and Hoseok was clearly surprised at his words. ‘My own classmates today told me off about being friendly to a Slytherin. And then I thought maybe going to the clubroom would cheer me up but Jin told me off too, for reading his alchemical notes,’

‘Reading his notes? That sounds absurd,’ Hoseok said. ‘I can’t believe Jin would do such a thing. He’s the most patient one among us,’

‘Well, he did. He snatched the book away from me, he said I was too young to be looking at it. If everyone is treating me like this… maybe I’m… maybe I’m actually not smart enough-’

‘That’s rubbish,’ Hoseok cut in before Tae could finish his sentence, ‘Since when did you start believing in the negativity of others?’

Taehyung looked at Hoseok apologetically, his big brown eyes seeking answers.

‘Tae,’ Hoseok kept his palm on the back of the boy’s neck. ‘Do you remember when you came to me last year? With the broom in your hand?’

The boy nodded slightly.
‘Do you remember what you said to me? You said you’re scared of heights. But you don’t want to be left behind in class. You liked flying but the moment you looked down, fear took you over. Do you remember that?’

‘I do…’

‘And what is your position on the quidditch team now?’

‘S-seeker,’ Taehyung’s voice was a whisper.

‘Say it like you’re proud of it,’

Taehyung looked up into Hoseok’s eyes, ‘Seeker. I’m the seeker of the team,’

‘You are. You are the one who flies the highest, circling above us all. You’re the one who takes the most dangerous flying trails to catch the snitch. You were made Seeker because you CAN do all of it. You overcame your fear of heights Tae. Do you still think you aren’t good enough?’

‘I could do it because I had you, and Jungkook and Jimin…’ he said remembering how the 3 boys had helped him selflessly, practicing the ‘Trust fall’ with him, flanking him when they were flying high till he built his confidence.

‘No, you could do it because YOU were determined to. No amount of help works when the person doesn’t believe in themselves. You are so brave Tae, and so kind. If people see that as a weakness then they’re in the wrong, not you,’

Taehyung nodded.

‘And next time someone tells you anything about it, you tell them is none of their business,’

‘Does no one tell you not to be friends with Slytherins? Like Min Yoongi?’ Taehyung asked innocently.

‘Friends with Min Yoongi?’ Hoseok blinked. ‘Well, we aren’t really friends, why do you say that?’

‘You’re not? It seemed like you are… when you two were walking back from your Creatures class,’

‘Oh that…’ Hoseok chuckled dryly, feeling a small flutter at the bottom of his chest when he remembered Yoongi’s lips tugging in a smile ‘That was just… it was nothing,’ he concluded, but inside his mind he knew it definitely didn’t feel like nothing. He snapped out of it and turned his attention to Taehyung, ‘So are you good now? Will you believe in yourself?’

Taehyung nodded and Hoseok grabbed his head, kissing his hair softly before getting up.

* * *

‘What do you mean Jibooty?’ Laura asked her roommate.

Ash slowly lifted her head from the pillow. Her hair was a mess and her cheeks were flushed red.

‘Well… have you ever noticed Jimin’s butt?’ She asked, not able to look at Laura in the eye. Laura’s lips stretched into a big smile. She slipped off her bed and jumped onto Ash’s, eyes wide in curiosity.

‘No I haven’t, why? Do you like it?’ She asked.
‘Well… it's quite… one feels like biting it,’ Ash said. Laura laughed.

‘Now I really wondered what happened in the infirmary,’ she teased with a sly smile.

‘This is all your fault!’ Ash smacked her with her pillow. ‘Why did you put those thoughts in my head?’

‘What thoughts? I didn't tell you to ogle at his butt!’ She smacked a hand on the pillow, guffawing. ‘And I saw the looks you gave him at our party! Just accept you have a thing for him!’

‘But I don't want to have a thing for him!’ Ash cried.

‘Why not? He’s really good looking! And look at those arms! He takes such good care of everyone. He's perfect boyfriend material,’

‘Well yeah he is all that,’ Ash agreed as her mind wavered to the perfect sculpted body she glimpsed during the Quidditch tryouts, the attraction factor escalating when she was again reminded of how caring and selfless Jimin was. How could you not fall for that?

‘And he is brave. You don’t get to see that very often. Who would’ve thought he would fight the werewolf and the death eaters like that!?’

Ash shook her head feeling all points of argument dissolving. He was perfect indeed.

‘WELL THEN WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR!’ Laura snapped in excitement, startling her roommate.

‘It's not that easy! If you like someone will you just stroll over to them and ask them out? I'm not even 100% sure about my feelings!’

‘Well I think you really do like him or why else would you sacrifice your sleep for so many days to take care of him?’

‘I DONT KNOW!’ Ash cried, smothering herself with her pillow.

‘There there,’ Laura stroked her head. Her eyes were looking at the ceiling in thought. ‘How exactly is his booty perky?’ She asked.

Ash’s green eyes peeked from behind the pillow, ‘Maybe he’s still in the common room,’ Both crawled out of bed and crepted out to the common room, watching sneakily from behind a wall. The Quidditch players were still there. Jimin was standing in front of the sofa, talking to the people sitting on it.

‘Do you see now?’

‘Ah… I see what you mean…’ Laura said, realizing the perfection of the curve.

‘What are you two doing?’

They were startled to hear Yoongi’s voice behind them. Both jumped and turned to find him right behind, eyebrows critically knitted.

‘Nothin,' Laura lied and Yoongi saw right through it. Yoongi peered behind their shoulder.

‘What’s over there? All I see is the team,’ he said, tone heavy with suspicion.
‘Yeah, exactly. There's nothing at all,’ Ash shrugged.

‘But you two were secretly excited and talked in hushed voices,’

‘Well what you doing here near the girl’s dorms?’ Laura eyed him. ‘Off you go Min Yoongi! This area is beyond limits for boys!’

‘The boys dorm is right there!’ Yoongi pointed to a door across the girl’s dorm entrance, ‘This is common area,’

‘Off you go!’ Laura pulled him away, throwing him into the common room.

‘I’m not letting this go!’ Yoongi pointed at her, ‘This seems way too suspicious!’

Laura rolled her eyes, ‘Get a break Yoongles. I think you are too jobless. Go tease Jung Hoseok or something,’ and she took Ash’s hand and went into her dormitory, slamming the door shut.

‘How dare you!’ Yoongi yelled but he was evidently flustered at the mention of Hoseok. He curled his pointed finger in, cursing under his breath.

‘Ugh..’ Laura cried, checking the time. ‘I have that detention soon. Stupid Jeon’s fault!’

‘Should we head for dinner then?’ Ash asked.

‘I should bathe first. I was too tired for a proper bath after class,’

‘Alright, I'll meet you at the Great Hall then. In 20 mins?’

Laura nodded, grabbing her robes and setting off for a lavish bath at the prefect’s bathroom.

When Ash exited the common room, she almost bumped into, none other than Park Jimin himself.

‘Oh, hi!’ Jimin greeted her a bit nervously as he caught her arms to stabilize her. Ash felt her tummy flutter. She wasn't over all that had happened today. And to add to that, she saw that he was still in his quidditch robes.

‘Hi,’ she said, her voice breaking a little. She steadied herself, brushing a strand of hair away from her eyes and for a few moments, silence hung in the air.

Jimin finally spoke up, ‘You have a firm hand!’ He didn’t know why he said that and was inwardly questioning the decisions of his brain. Maybe because he could still feel a ghost sensation on his rear, sending tingles to his stomach whenever he thought about it.

Ash’s head snapped up anxiously when he spoke but she was glad to see him smiling about it and not frowning.

‘Oh! Ha!’ Was all she could manage to say because her stomach just wouldn’t calm down. Should I apologise? She wondered. ‘I thought it was Klaus and Terrence. Didn't expect it to be you,’

‘That's ok,’ he said. His lips were still pulled into a slight smile. ‘I didn’t mind it,’ and suddenly he realised how that must have sounded and his eyes grew wide, ‘Well, I mean… I’m not-’ he was struggling with his words.

‘You-You’re still in your quidditch robes?’ Ash’s eyes looked over him quickly.

‘Yeah well. They’re quite comfortable. Do they look good on me?’ He asked and Ash found that
tone of his just so adorable, like he was being naive on purpose.

‘Yeah, yeah they look, quite good,’ she nodded. *A bit too good.*

‘Well then I ought to show off a little to the other teams don’t you think,’ Jimin winked with a smile, sending a mini heart attack towards anyone who would’ve witnessed and and Ash was clearly no exception.

The next words stumbled out of Ash’s mouth in a breath ‘Do you wanna go get dinner?’

‘Sure,’ Jimin’s smile widened and they both headed to the Great Hall. He hoped he didn’t look too silly because his lips just wouldn’t pull down. How did the events turn to this? There was a time he was too nervous to even talk to Ash, the girl he had liked since he was thirteen. And now, she’s taking care of him, spending more and more time with him. Jimin’s heart soared and he never wanted it to come down.

* * *

The detention night had come. Jungkook sullenly made his way to the dungeons. He passed by students of all houses headed for a good night’s sleep. A few couples were going out for their late night walk before curfew time. But here he was, bound to a tedious task, with the person he despised. When he reached, the door to the inventory dungeon was half open. He pushed it and entered. Snape was seated at a desk and Laura stood next to him, with her arms crossed.

‘You are late,’ Snape said in a flat voice.

‘I had to hold Quidditch practice. There’s a kick-off match day after and-’

‘As far as I know, you are the Captain, isn’t it? You should have scheduled your other responsibilities better instead of wasting my time. 5 points from Ravenclaw,’ Snape said, standing up. Jungkook bit his lip in anger but kept his cool on the outside. He saw Laura trying to suppress her smile at his misery. *Oh she’s just the worst. Forget whatever Taehyung said.* Snape went to the bookshelves and pulled out two massive register. They must have weighed 15 kgs altogether. He kept them on the desk with a big thud and dust flew off it.

‘These are the records for all the items in this inventory,’ he said, his eyes moving from Jungkook to Laura. ‘Numbered with diagrams for reference. You will clean everything, create new labels and arrange them alphabetically. Now, place your wands on the table,’

Both of them reluctantly placed their wands to where Snape pointed. Snape took them and tucked them inside his cloak.

‘When you are done, come back and retrieve them from my office,’ he said.

‘But what if we are done in a few hours? You would be asleep then Professor,’ Laura said.

‘Trust...me,’ Snape spoke through gritted teeth, ‘you won’t be done in a few hours,’ he said and walked out of the place.

Both sighed, seeing the mundane task ahead. There was an awkward silence for a while. Laura looked at the big dungeon, rows of shelves were lined, all about 12 feet high. There was straw all over the floor. It was slightly cold in here. She glanced at Jungkook. He was yet again wearing a white shirt and baggy blue jeans with those light brown boots of his that he never ever took off. To top of off, he was wearing his prefect cloak over it, asserting what he is.
Well Laura couldn’t judge him too harshly on that because she too wore her Slytherin Prefect robes over her casual black pants and plaid green shirt.

‘I’ll clean,’ both of them said at the same time and both narrowed their eyes on each other.

‘I’ll be better at cleaning,’ Laura said. She looked at him a moment and blinked.

‘Where are your glasses?’ she asked, realizing he was without his usual round spectacles. He would only remove them during Quidditch. Did he forget them at his practice?

‘Namjoon tried them on…’ Jungkook said, stroking the back of his head. ‘And they broke,’ He realized this was the first time they were having a conversation that went beyond making remarks.

‘Well, you should’ve expected that when you let him try them,’ said Laura, shaking her head and moving towards the shelves. ‘So are you blind right now?’

‘Of course not!!’ Jungkook frowned in disbelief. ‘I just need them when reading in the dark,’ he said, looking at the desk and the two registers, all under dim light. There was only one light between the 8 rows of shelves.

‘What kind of a condition is that?’ Laura asked, moving around the room. This condition was unheard of to her and she always felt he wore them to show off more than to read.

‘The kind that you get when you don’t take the necessary precautions after a Night Glow Slug attacks you. I wear them while reading and writing so that the condition doesn’t get worse. It will take a few more months to completely heal. But yeah, reading in this light is a pain. Don’t have my wand either,’ he said the last sentence more to himself than to her.

Laura didn’t respond much. She moved around, looking for something. She spotted the bright spot below a lantern at the start of the middle aisle of shelves. Searching further, she found a shallow but wide basket filled with straw and dragged it below the lantern. Then she went and heaved the registers, carrying them like a penguin. Jungkook laughed seeing that.

‘Dare you laugh. You should be grateful to me I’m letting you do the work I wanted to, all because of your night blindness,’

‘Well, it’s not exactly night blindness and... you were walking like a penguin,‘

‘At least I know how to handle a slug,’ she said with a raised eyebrow. ‘Now get me the items,’ she commanded which made Jungkook roll his eyes again. But he was surprised that Dracwyn didn’t fight with him once he explained his situation to her. She had silently resigned and taken the work he couldn’t do.

_So there was truth in what Tae told me? She isn’t sadistic. She just doesn’t express herself openly._

Laura sat down and neatly arranged all her equipment - the registers, her ink and quill, glue, parchment cut out for labelling. Even though she didn’t want this detention but if it wasn’t done properly then it will nag her in the back of her mind.

Jungkook carried as many bottles in his arms as he could from the first shelf and kept it in front of Laura as she opened the first register and took her quill, ink and parchment. A light draft was flowing in from the grilled windows on top. The scent of Lily, Frankincense and Musk wafted past Jungkook. His nose sniffled like they always did when this scent hit him. He was instantly reminded of the beautiful baths in the prefect’s bathroom and felt the similar hypnotic effect this scent always had on him. _Dark and Sweet..._ He remembered. His head shot up in the direction of
the scent to see Laura’s dark hair wave slightly in the breeze and realisation dawned on him. It was her? The scent he had grown so fond of in the prefect’s bathroom was hers? He stared at her in disbelief. Laura’s head shot up as if sensing his eyes on her.

“What!?” She snapped, bringing him back to reality. Even he was relieved to see the usual scowl he always saw on her. Things had taken a confusing turn for a moment and he didn't like that.

“Make sure you write legibly. How's your handwriting?” He asked, peering onto whatever she had written till now.

“It's better than yours. Don't butt in my work unless you want to do it yourself,’

Jungkook silently returned to doing his work but the scent was distracting him a lot. Like always he wanted to close his eyes and immerse himself in it. But he could not, and would not. He was getting a little annoyed at himself.

*It's just a scent. No need to get so worked up.*

But Jungkook had always appreciated how his olfactory senses had made him sensitive to things others never felt. A scent could transport him to different places, make him feel like he had actually travelled back in time, make him feel a rainbow of emotions. He used to wonder how can a simple scent have such a wondrous effect on his brain. But now a part of him just wanted to switch it off… yet another part of him wanted more of it.

“You've already cleaned that,” Laura said as he picked up a vial. He looked down at it and realized she was right.

*I need to focus on what is important,* He said to himself and went to dust the shelves to keep the newly labelled bottles. He needed to get away from that falsely inviting scent.

A few hours passed. The work was going systematically. It’s as if both of them had an orderly brain and had set their tasks in a sequence. Jungkook yawned cleaning the 220th glass bottle.

‘Sleepy already? The moon hasn’t even reached it’s zenith yet,’ Laura said, looking out at the moon through the small barred window.

Jungkook blinked at her, ‘I sleep a lot.’

‘If you fall asleep now I’ll whack you,’ she warned him.

Jungkook watched her expressions. Her threat was different time. It was not the usual warning filled with hate. Jungkook just laughed his bunny teeth laugh.

‘I am not joking!’ Laura exclaimed.

Jungkook rolled up a piece of spare parchment and threw it at her. It bopped off her forehead. Laura couldn't believe his guts. She looked so flustered like steam would blow out of her ears, while Jungkook continued to laugh. She picked up the rolled up paper to throw at him when they heard someone come in.

‘Hey Jungkook!’ came Seirra’s voice from behind them. Both awkwardly turned to see her. Seirra’s eyes snapped at Laura’s raised hand with the paper ball.

‘Are you trying to bully him into doing all the work?’ She asked Laura with a raised eyebrow.
'What are you doing here?' Laura snapped back at being questioned about her actions. Sierra ignored her. She turned to Jungkook. ‘Do you need any help? There’s a lot to do right?’ She went to him and sat beside him, taking the cloth to clean the bottles.

‘Why are you spending your Wednesday night in detention? You don't have to! I’ll manage,’ Jungkook said unable to believe she wanted to willingly spend time doing this mundane work.

‘I hope the work has been divided equally,’ Seirra said in a firm tone.

‘This detention and its tasks are none of your concern,’ Laura said to her.

‘You dragged him into this,’ Seirra lashed out. Laura glared at her.

Jungkook looked from one to the other, feeling the tension rising. He held Seirra by the elbow and spoke to her, coming in between her and Laura.

‘Seirra let it go. We have to do this detention properly or I’ll be in more trouble,’

Seirra looked at her fellow prefect and tried to calm down.

‘Don’t worry, everything will go on fairly here,’ he said to her in a low voice so Laura won’t hear much. ‘I’ll see you in the morning ok?’

‘It will take all night?’ Seirra asked in concern.

‘We are trying to work as fast as we can but the work is a lot more than we expected. So yeah it might run into the early morning hours,’

‘Well then let me help you,’

‘Ah, work cut down for the Ravenclaw,’ Laura snapped from behind Jungkook. ‘Why don’t I call Snape too and we four can work together? 2 Slytherins, 2 Ravenclaws?’

Seirra shot her a look and was about to answer back but Jungkook cut in again.

‘Lets just… let’s not. There’s already a big mess created. Please hear me this time and go back?’ he said with furrowed eyebrows. Seirra sighed at his bunny face.

‘Alright… But if you need me, just call for me ok?’ she said and left, giving a threatening glance to Laura which made the latter roll her eye.

‘If the great show of sacrifice is done can we get back to work?’ she snapped.

Jungkook didn't answer back anything to her. He just wanted to get this work done and was not going to entertain an argument now. Laura was a bit taken aback by his silence but didn't say anything further.

Both returned to their system and got done with 2 more shelves in silence.

‘I'm hungry…’ Jungkook muttered after a while.

‘When are you not,’ Laura muttered. Jungkook gave her a look of contempt and then reached into his robes to pull out a lollipop. He unwrapped it so noisily that Laura looked up in irritation. He popped the blue candy in his mouth. Laura was still looking at him with judgemental pursed lips. To annoy her more, he pulled the candy out of his mouth and almost pushed it in her face.
‘Want some?’ He asked. ‘Blueberry Sparks from Honeydukes,’

‘I-do-not-want-your...candy!,’ she said, startled by his actions.

‘Well then stop looking at it like you want it,’ he said, taking it back and popping it in his mouth.

‘I was only looking at how kiddish you are,’

Jungkook ignored it. He went to keep the bottles back into their shelves, twirling the candy in his mouth. By the time he returned, his lips had a tint of blue.

‘Ok you gotta move, I have to get the stuff from behind you,’ Jungkook said.

‘Do that in the end. I'm not gonna displace all the parchment right now,’ she said.

‘But it will break the order,’ he retorted.

‘It's too much of a task for me. Don't break my flow,’ she said, returning to her labels, scribbling intensely. From the periphery of her vision, she saw two strong, veiny forearms on her sides, holding the edge of the basket she was sitting in.

‘Hold the ink,’ his deep voice came from right behind her ear. She grabbed on to the ink bottle as she felt the basket move below her.

‘Hey hey! What are you doing!!’ she yelled but Jungkook wasn't paying any attention to her. She felt herself being lifted up and her head bopped on his chest for a moment. He turned his body and put the basket with her on the other side of the aisle like she was just a stack of books. Laura was too shook to say anything.

‘There, done.. You whine for nothing,’ he said, standing in front of her, pushing his rolled up sleeves further back. He proceeded to climb the shelves and get the things.

Laura blinked at him. What did he just do? Does he think he can just be whatever he wants in front of me? I am Laura Dracwyn, not some friendly fellow Ravenclaw.

She turned her angry face back to her work. He always has to show off in everything he does. Strong, golden ANNOYING boy of Hogwarts.

It was around 4 in the morning when Jungkook bought the last set of 10 bottles to be cleaned and labelled. Halfway through cleaning the 8th bottle, Laura saw Jungkook’s body slide limp on the floor. His chest rose and fell as he took long deep breaths, fast asleep, the bunny teeth peeking from under his thin pink lips.

Laura climbed out of her basket and crawled to him.

‘Hey! Wake up! Sleepyhead!’ She called out to him but apparently sleep made him deaf.

‘WAKE UP!!’ She screamed but he still didn't stir. She poked him with her finger but it was like poking a sack of potatoes. Finally she grabbed his arm and shook him all she could. He only groaned and slapped her hand away, curling up his legs.

What the hell.. how can a person not wake up?

By habit she reached for her wand thinking she’d pour water on him and cursed under her breath when she realized it was with Snape. She resigned and cleaned the remaining bottles herself. Her eyes were getting really heavy and hands sloppy but she pushed through and finished all.
Phew… this was some work. How do they think of such detentions… she looked towards the door but her legs felt like lead.

Maybe I can rest for 15 mins and then go to my room and crash…

She made some space in the hay and lay her head down, losing consciousness instantly.

*  

*Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Hans Zimmer - Davy Jones*  

Laura opened her eyes slowly. There was hay below her. The air smelled of wood and dust. She looked around to see her palm clutch onto something blue. She moved back and felt something firm touch the back of her head and looked back to see a pair of thighs in baggy blue jeans. Jungkook’s torso lay tangent to her head. As she hoisted herself up on her elbow, a blue robe slide of her shoulder. She had slept off on the floor near Jungkook and half wrapped herself in his spread out Ravenclaw cloak at some point in her slumber. She shuddered and stood up quickly.

*What the hell was I doing?*

But in her hurry, she knocked down a bottle of ink which spilled all over the registries and parchment.

‘Oh no no no!!!’ She exclaimed loudly, waking up Jungkook. He stirred, opening his eyes to the chaos. Laura managed to move some papers away but some had gotten completely soaked. The ink stuck them to her palm as she tried to lift them up, blue liquid dripping down her forehand.

‘What happened!’ Jungkook exclaimed, moving to help her. His hair was messy with hay. He was about to step onto some parchment but Laura pushed her hand out to stop him urgently.

‘Don’t step there! We need that!’ she cried, her hand on his chest. She bent down to pick them but Jungkook was staring at his shirt. Laura stood up, seeing an inked handprint on white cloth in front of her.

‘That was my favourite shirt,’ he said, holding the stained area, clearly unhappy.

‘Don’t you have like 20 of these?’ she said, shrugging.

‘But this was my favourite,’ he said.

‘I…. I could get it cleaned,’

‘This ink is permanent and unfading, specially given to us for labelling,’ his tone was flat and eyes dark.

‘I could buy you a new one?’ she asked, squinting her eyes, shoulders slightly shrugging. She saw Jungkook bend down and grab the ink bottle, pouring the remaining of it onto his palm. She was instantly alarmed.

‘You will not! These are my Prefect robes!’

‘Don’t worry about your robes,’ he said in a deep voice. The look in his hooded eyes was borderline dangerous, head lowered and one eyebrow raised.

Before Laura could step back, his palm smeared the ink across her right cheek, his fingers leaving three blue trails from her ear till her lip. She was so shocked that she only blinked, her mouth
hanging open.

Jungkook looked at her shocked half blue face and laughed with amusement.

‘JEON JUNGKOOK I WILL KILL YOU!’ she yelled and ran after him. But he was much faster. He ran out, still laughing and was soon out of sight. Laura stopped chasing after a while as she felt out of breath.

‘Urrrggh!!! HOW DARE HE!’ she yelled at the walls.

Jungkook ran through the corridors, slowing to a jog as he entered the Ravenclaw towers. He caught his reflection in the tall mirror next to the nooked library. His hair had straw sticking out of it like a nest and his shirt had the handprint of a small slender palm. He remembered how her delicate frame tried to carry those registers all by herself with that penguin walk and he laughed again.

‘Looks like you had fun?’

Jungkook turned back to find Seirra standing there with crossed arms.

‘Well, its finally over!’ he said happily. Seirra’s eyes went to the blue on his shirt.

‘What’s that?’ she asked.

‘A small accident, don’t worry,’ he replied.

‘But this is your favourite shirt isn’t it?’ she said.

‘Yeah, but I have more,’

‘Who’s hand is that?’

‘Dracwyn’s’ he shrugged. Someone was in an interrogative mood...

‘Oh. Well I could clean it up for you,’ she said, taking her wand out.

‘Don’t trouble yourself. I’ll do it on my own in the evening. It’s a tough ink. Wouldn’t want to spoil the fabric,’ he said walking towards his dorms, a trace of smile still on his lips. Sierra watched him go in suspicion.

Laura stormed towards Snape’s office, knocking harshly on the door. The man opened it and peeked out.

‘A big hurry?’ His flat toned voice asked.

‘Very. I completed the detention now give me my wand,’

Snape opened the door and let her in.

‘Where is Jeon?’ He asked.

‘Who cares where he is,’ she said.

‘I had thought you both will complete it together,’

‘Yes it was completed together. Will this ink go with any charm?’ She asked pointing to her face.
Snape looked at her face in disinterest and picked up a bottle from his collection.

‘That doesn't look like an accident. When will you all stop acting like children?’ He said, giving her the cleaning potion.

‘Thank you,’ she said, taking the vial. ‘Well I was acting perfectly responsible.’

She took her wand from his table and went to the dorms, hoping no one saw her face. But her roommate had a keen eye.

‘What's on your face!?’ She exclaimed the moment Laura entered her room.

‘What do you think?’ Laura said, falling on her bed. ‘Can you please dab this on it? I feel like a dead person.’

Ash grabbed the bottle from her and went in search for some cotton. Once she found it, she sat next to Laura on the bed, dabbing the potion at the stain.

‘Jungkook did this?’ She asked surprised.

‘Revenge for a mistake I did. I accidently ink stained his shirt and he had to be so extra in getting back at me,’

‘Yeah well, he is always quite extra,’ Ash agreed. ‘How did it go?’

‘Overall, it was successful. We finished the work. Luckily he was mostly quiet through the night. Didn't blabber and roast my brain. But he showed off whenever he could,’

‘Mnhmm,’ Ash responded.

‘Jungkook is going out of control. I swear, who does he think he is? Nobody dares do all this to me. I told you his views about me have changed since the night of the attack,’

‘He was just being himself. He’s like that with everybody. I told you he's not a bad guy. I'm sure he doesn't hate you that's why he was just… being playful!’

‘Well, I am not everybody,’ Laura yawned. ‘I don't want people to think we are acquaintances... or even on the same social level…’ her eyes drooped shut and her head slide to the side. Ash chuckled seeing her friend who was snapping about Jungkook with all her Dracwyn pride, asleep like a child within a moment. She adjusted Laura’s pillow and pulled the blanket on her.

Ash leaned back on the bed. This is how they should be… going to classes, doing homework, getting detention, going to Hogsmeade, maybe even falling in love like normal 16 year olds. She hoped they would never have to face something like what they faced a few days ago. She just wanted them all to live a normal school life.

* * *

*Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Ramin Djawadi - Chaos is a Ladder*

‘Lucius, shouldn’t you be more hospitable to your sister in law?’ the raven haired woman slowly walked around the long dining table, her fingertips trailing the top of the chairs while her eyes bore into pale the man in front of her. Lucius Malfoy tried his best to keep the upper hand. He blinked once, grip tightening on his serpent headed staff.

‘You have a death penalty on your head Bella,’ he spoke calmly, even though the very presence of
three death eaters in his house was turning his blood cold with fear. ‘Forgive me for feeling just… a little bit alarmed. This is my home, I would hate for Aurors to burst in and turn everything upside down.’

‘Oh don’t worry,’ Bellatrix walked forward, past Lucius towards the fireplace. Her companions remained where they were, at the other end of the table. ‘No one knows we’re here,’ her voice dropped to a whisper, ‘We left no trail.’

The sight of the second member of the house took all the quietness out of the woman, ‘Ah! Cissy!’ Bellatrix walked forward and hugged her sister who’s shock was apparent on her face.

‘Bella what are you doing here?’ she looked at her younger sister fearfully, eyes darting to the other two men. ‘Why have you brought more? I told you, only and only you can come here, if you have no other choice,’

‘You are putting all of us in danger Bella,’ her husband spoke, ‘First you turn the Longbottoms insane and then you attack Hogwarts. Hogwarts out of all the places!’

‘Well,’ Bellatrix rolled her eyes like her crime was as trivial as stealing candy from someone, ‘That’s why I’m here Lucius. I need a favour from you,’ she walked back to him, boots clunking loudly on the wooden floor, ‘I need you to keep the investigation open.’

The blonde man narrowed his pale eyes, ‘Why?’

‘Twycross will stand his ground about being under the Imperius Curse,’ Bellatrix explained, ‘you need to put the blame on the Min-Dracwyn cousins,’

‘Bella,’ Narcissa Malfoy’s tone carried a warning, ‘Do not think you can go against Charles Dracwyn. He will do whatever it takes to protect his grandchildren,’

‘Not to forget that Kim Hyunseok is on this case,’ Lucius said, ‘What was the need to attack his son? He’s breathing down my neck everyday to make sure everything happens as per the law,’

‘Are you so dumb dear brother-in-law?’ Bellatrix mocked him. ‘Kim Hyunseok will bend every rule in the book if he knows that it will affect the Dracwyn legacy. Tell him that this case can tarnish the Dracwyn name forever. And he will let you do whatever you need to,’

‘Are you still stuck on what that girl told you?’ Lucius was losing patience. ‘Gwen Osburne was obliviated. She does not know what she speaks,’

‘Mulciber himself helped bring her memories back,’ Bellatrix said. ‘And I have reason to believe her,’ Bellatrix tilted her chin up, ‘Do you remember? The night Amelia Dracwyn and her husband died? We all were right there, in that very room,’

‘I remember,’ Narcissa said, ‘What about it?’

Bellatrix watched Narcissa with dark eyes. ‘Do you also remember what the Dark Lord was asking of her? The thing that traitor continued to deny?’

‘He asked… for the boy,’ Narcissa said quietly, like a realization was dawning on her.

‘It’s not a coincidence that Amelia Dracwyn’s daughter is friends with the boy Gwen told me about. It can’t be. They have some connection. They share a locket. Do you remember the one Amelia used to wear in school? It’s the same one! I need him, I need that boy!’
‘And will you invade Hogwarts again? And manage to kill Dumbledore?’ Lucius scoffed.

‘One day… I will kill that filthy blood traitor,’ Bellatrix said spitefully, ‘But for now, I need you to do what I ask, for the Dark Lord,’

‘The Dark Lord is not coming back Bellatrix,’ Lucius said, more like a warning than a statement.

‘He is… If you’ve seen what I have then you’ll know he is alive. I will be the one to bring him back,’ she sneered, ‘and when he does, I hope you don’t look like the coward who did nothing for him,’

‘I am not putting my freedom at risk for your senseless plans,’ Lucius tried to dismiss her, but Bellatrix’s hands found a photo frame on the mantle, of a young boy, blonde and light eyed.

‘Oh look how much he’s grown, my dear nephew,’ Bellatrix sighed, ‘They all grow so fast. He must be 9 years old now isn’t it? He will be off to Hogwarts soon. It will be shame if he’s taken away from you sooner,’

‘You will not-do-anything to him!’ Narcissa almost lunged at her sister. ‘Bella we are family! He is your blood!’

‘Precisely,’ Bellatrix smiled, ‘he is my own blood. And I will treat him the same. I will not let any harm come upon our dearest Draco. I will also hate it, if he’s brought up by two cowards such as your husband and you,’

‘We are not cowards!’ Lucius snarled.

‘Then prove it!’ Bellatrix hissed, ‘Let me see that the only pureblood heir of the Black and Malfoy bloodline will grow up believing in what our rightful leader wanted. Or I’ll give him the upbringing he needs,’

‘Fine!’ Lucius yelled, ‘Fine. I’ll do as you say,’ he knew first hand, to what extent Bellatrix was deranged. He knew there was nothing in the world she wouldn’t do for the Dark Lord. ‘But… I need more proof against the Min-Dracwyns. What we have is nearly nothing,’

Bellatrix smiled, showing her sharp teeth, ‘Good. And don’t worry about the proof. I have someone to take care of that,’ she looked back at her two companions - Jenkins and another man with a black beard and greying hair, pushed back slickly. She nodded her head and both followed her out of the Malfoy Manor.

‘Avaldi,’ she called to the bearded man as they headed out to the Manor grounds to apparate, ‘why don’t you leave to your alchemist friends and get an update for me,’

The man nodded and apparatus before the other two.

‘Hope you like a life at sea,’ Bellatrix sneered at Jenkins, ‘Carrow has found the safehouse,’

‘A ship isn’t exactly a house,’ Jenkins said and both dissolved in black smoke.

Chapter End Notes

So, luuurve is in the air! Yoongi is so far gone (as we saw previously), Hobi’s sprouted
butterflies inside him, Jimin is getting all the attention he wanted (and deserves) from someone he's liked since FOREVER (aww he's such a puppy!) and Kookie and Laura... oh well *deep sighing* they are such children. NamJin are busy being parents for now. They are the responsible adults who want to take care of their many babies first and then focus on themselves (being so domestic *eye roll*)

But I wonder what Bellatrix is upto... and the alchemists shrouded in all secrecy :P

I have so much to say, because y'all be blessing me with so much love my heart's gonna explode. I love you all so much!!!!

To those who have binge read this, you guys seriously have some killer reading skills and patience. I had NO IDEA this fic was something that could be read continuously. I expected people to be like 'oh daeng, too long'. Y'ALL BEASTS! I LOVE YOU!! <3 <3

And those that have been with this fic from when it was a teeny baby until now, thanks to your IMMENSE support, this story has reached so far. THANK YOU for bringing it until here.

And I want to mention this, just so that you all know what's coming and aren't caught off gaurd-
The ship progressions will be a little slow, BECAUSE I have to also accommodate the heavy plot AND there is no main ship here. All ships mentioned in the story tags will have (more or less) the same focus. There might be some chapters where some of the ships don't show up. I'm trying my best to maintain a balance of plot vs fluff over the chapters as well as within it and I hope I do it justice. With that said, its a plot-based story over a ship-based.
I wrote this with a severe headache (its not letting me sleep either so I thought I'll spend the painful time doing what I love) so please, excuse any mistakes in this. <3

‘Jin is there something you aren’t telling me?’ Namjoon asked his best friend. The two Gryffindors with their friend Emina were again in the clubroom, this time at an ungodly early hour so that no one would interrupt their research.

Jin looked up cautiously and shook his head as usual, ‘No Joon, there’s nothing like that,’

‘Then why did you act so weird with Taehyung? That boy was really hurt, for no reason. So what if he sees these books? It’s not like he’ll understand what we’re looking for. No one will,’

‘I just… want to keep him away from all this as much as possible,’ Jin said. Emina was observing the conversation silently. ‘He has a lot to deal with. With the bullying and then what Bellatrix did. If he even gets an inkling about what we are looking for, he’ll want to be a part of it. Don’t you remember, in his statement he said Bellatrix mentioned alchemists. He can get suspicious,’

‘You want to save him trouble but you ended up hurting him Jin,’ Namjoon said. ‘You two need to talk and sort it out,’

‘Joonie I’m hungry,’ Emina yawned and rubbed her belly, ‘Please please please could you get something from the kitchen? The elves love you, they’ll give you some good stuff,’

She knew Namjoon would never refuse and the head boy nodded, putting his books down and headed out of the room.

‘I was starving too,’ Jin said. ‘Thank god you-’

‘Jin,’ Emina’s tone changed and when Jin looked at her, he was met with a pair of stern auburn eyes.

‘What is it?’ he asked.

‘Namjoon may have believed you but I don’t. I saw the way you behaved with Tae. There was a streak of something else other than just genuine worry. You want to know who you reminded me of in that anger of yours?’

Jin guarded his expression, ‘Who?’

‘Your father,’ Emina said bluntly.

Jin certainly wasn’t expecting that answer and it filled him with fear and anger, ‘How can you say that? I’m nothing like him-’

‘I have seen your father scolding you, that one time when I stayed in your house during the holidays. And from all that you tell me of him,’
‘I’m not like him, ask Namjoon—’

‘Namjoon doesn’t know half the things you tell me. I don’t know why you don’t share most of it with him? Is it because he is causing the rift between your father and you?’

Jin didn’t answer. He just pursed his lips.

‘Aren’t you hiding things from Tae? When he deserves to know? Thats unfair. Like how your father treats you unfairly sometimes, not trusting you enough, not seeing what you’re capable of, belittling your abilities,’

Jin was fuming. Yes he was a little angry and Emina. But he was angrier at himself because whatever she was saying was as true. Jin recognised it now, the condescending way he behaved with Taehyung. He was becoming what he hated. When did he inherit this habit of his father?

‘Make things right Jin. Not just by apologising, but doing what’s required,’ Emina said and took her book up again, signalling that she was done with the discussion.

*

Jungkook was asleep like a dead body when Yugyeom got back from breakfast. He sighed at his roommate’s ability to sleep through an apocalypse. He pushed, pulled, jumped on him but to no avail. Finally he had to use the technique they reserved only for emergencies. Yugyeom turned Jungkook’s body on his back and pinched his ‘sensitive’ nipples. Jungkook woke up as if a jolt of lightning had hit him.

‘Yaaa!’ He yelled, shrinking to the back of the bed, covering his chest with his arms. ‘That hurt!’

‘Well, at least you woke up,’ Yugyeom said, shaking his head. ‘Get ready, you are late for class,’

‘Oh… yeah,’ he instinctively reached for his wand but remembered it was still with Snape.

‘Oh crap, my wand,’ he muttered and ran out of the room to retrieve it.

Tuesday’s classes were a drag for the detention survivors. Laura had a splitting headache by noon. All the hustle and bustle around her was only getting her annoyed. To her dismay, she saw a notice on the board that classes with few students at NEWTS level will be combined for all 4 houses. So Herbology, Alchemy, Care of Magical Creatures, Astronomy and Arithmancy will be held together for everyone. And she had Astronomy in the night. She couldn't believe she won't be able to sleep anytime soon today. ‘Just kill me already,’ she grunted, moving with dragged footsteps toward’s Alchemy. As she entered the class she saw Jungkook with Sierra and Yugyeom from the corner of her eye. It made her cheek burn in anger and her stomach knotted up. Putting in extra effort to stay as far away from him as possible, she went to sit in the opposite end of the room.

Jungkook had seen Laura from the moment he entered. Her cheek was still a faint blue. And that definitely made him chuckle, all tiredness forgotten for a few moments. But he realized she was trying too hard to avoid him. She wouldn't even look in his direction.

She’s so extra. Seems like she hated him with a renewed intensity now. Jungkook smirked, it was too much fun to get her flustered.

They were learning basic transmutation today after a week of theory. They had to create bread out of grass. Laura was writing the formulas of various compounds present in plants that Professor Hohen had written on the board. Jungkook glanced in her direction, watching her dip her quill in the ink. He walked towards her, mischief in his eyes.
Laura felt someone come and stand next to her. She glanced at her side and it was Jungkook, looking at someone ahead. What is he doing here?

‘Hey Yugyeom!’ He called to his fellow Ravenclaw who was a few seats ahead. The Slytherins right in front of Laura turned back to see what was happening. Yugyeom turned too.

‘I’m out of blue ink. Do you have some?’ Jungkook asked. His roommate nodded and held his ink bottle for Jungkook to see.

‘All yours,’ said Yugyeom.

‘Pass it on mate,’ Jungkook said, holding out his cupped palms, signalling Yugyeom to toss the bottle to him. Laura’s eyes widened in alarm and Jungkook noticed that from the corner of his eye. He resisted the urge to smirk just yet.

‘Here!’ Laura thrust her black ink bottle in his face. ‘Are you nuts? Asking him to throw a glass bottle full on ink?’

‘I don't want your black ink,’ he said, pushing her hand with his elbow. ‘And what are you so scared of?’

‘I’m not getting myself doused in blue again,’ she said moving away but Yugyeom threw the ink bottle that moment. Jungkook caught it perfectly but pretended like it's going to slip from his hands.

‘Oh no,’ he teased, shuffling the bottle dangerously in his palms. Laura moved away with her parchment covering her head and bumped into the Slytherin next to her. Jungkook smirked and walked away, tossing the ink bottle in the air and catching it like it was a ball.

Laura stared at him in bewilderment. What was this new urge of his to tease her? This was different from the usual. They used to pretend the other doesn’t exist, could they go back to that please? Laura was fuming head to toe. She could imagine the smug look on his face. If she could, she would walk up to him right now and punch that smug face of his and break his nose. She turned back to her work, staring at the grass in anger. Instead of turning it into bread, her anger lit it on fire. People around her backed away a little but Laura did not make any efforts to extinguish it. She just stared at it, as if trying to make the flames consume her frustration.

‘Is everything ok back there?’ Hohen asked, peering over all the heads of the students.

‘Yes Professor. Just a small accident,’ the Slytherins around Laura said and put out the fire with the Aguamenti spell. Laura slumped on her bench with crossed arms, watching the smoke rise up from the ashes.

Jungkook watched all of this from the corner of his eye. He didn’t know why his feet had carried him towards her. Why did he have the urge to poke at her annoyance. Was it because he missed his favourite scent? It was like his subconscious was playing games with his self control which he would only realize after doing the deed. He shook his head and tried to concentrate on his work.

* * *

‘I’m sorry,’ Taehyung heard the apology and slowly lifted his head up to see Jin. The older had called him to the clubroom to talk it out and Taehyung had been willing. He never wanted any disruption to last between him and his friends. Taehyung had gone in sulking, wondering if he was going to be reprimanded again. But hearing the apology first and foremost made him happy.
‘That wasn’t schoolwork that we were doing,’ Jin explained. ‘We were actually… trying to know a bit more about the alchemists. Maybe then we’ll know why the Death Eaters came for us,’ Jin said. ‘I didn’t want to tell you right away because, we’ve started to go back to our normal lives, I wanted you to just enjoy that and not worry about this,’

‘You could’ve told me that from the start Jin,’ Taehyung said, feeling a bit relieved.

‘I should’ve… but I got scared and acted that way. But I need you to promise to leave this to me and not worry yourself about it?’

‘But I want to help you too! Isn’t this as much about me as you?’

Jin placed his hand over Tae’s shoulder, hoping he would understand, ‘You are right, you are a part of this. But these books are in ancient languages which you haven’t studied yet. You just started learning Ancient Runes isn’t it? Namjoon and Emina are excellent in languages, that’s why they’re doing most of the research. I’m just observing from the side to be honest. If they find out anything, you and I will be the first ones to know about it,’ Jin smiles lightly, ‘I’m not trying to keep you away from it. I’m only trying to not burden you unnecessarily. Please agree to that Tae?’

After a few silent moments, Tae nodded and Jin smiled a little wider. If Jin was honest, this was killing him inside, lying to his friends like this, lying to the innocent Taehyung who believed in him. Jin felt like a coward at this moment, unable to get the courage to reveal everything to Taehyung, to somehow hope that all this will not harm him. Was it his vision that made him more fearful than the others? The constant foreboding of what’s to come? He couldn’t do it, even after Emina had pointed out his wrongs, he resorted to the lies. ‘Thanks Tae. Now don’t think about this and go out and enjoy the sun. I’m going to the Aspen tree. You coming?’

‘Yeah I’ll come soon. I was trying to find Jimin, haven’t seen him since a few days,’ Taehyung waved him goodbye with a smile and set off to find his friend who was walking by himself along the courtyard.

‘Jimin!’ He felt two big hands clap on his shoulder and Taehyung’s deep voice behind his ear.

‘Tae Tae! You startled me!’ He said, catching his breath.

‘Let’s go to the Aspen tree. You don’t meet us at all nowadays!’ The younger pouted and jumped on his back.

Jimin laughed at this precious child of theirs and adjusted him on his back so he could carry him properly. They made their way to the Aspen tree, while some people gave judgemental looks.

‘Hey hold on a minute,’ Taehyung said. Jimin halted.

‘What happened?’

‘Get behind the tree,’ he said to Jimin and he hid himself behind the trunk of a tree in front of them. Taehyung seemed to be looking at someone in the castle grounds.

‘Do you know Alexander Fawley well?’ He asked, looking at the dark haired fourth year boy in Slytherin robes.

‘Well, sort of. Why you asking?’ Jimin was very curious.

‘Well…. I don’t know… he’s cute right?’ He said, giving a dazed smile.
‘You can’t be serious. Out of everyone you found a Slytherin to crush on?’

‘Why?’ Taehyung said in disbelief. ‘Slytherins are nice too! You are nice! Vorhart is nice. Lau- I mean lots of people can be nice,’

‘Yeah but you are not looking at me or Ash from a dating perspective. Alex is nice… but 90% of our house has pure-blood pride and so does he,’

‘So you mean to say he’ll never like me?’ He pouted.

‘Even if he likes you, you both will be headed for a Romeo Juliet story,’

‘I like the intensity of that,’ said Tae, gazing at the distance as if he could already visualize their epic love story.

‘They both died,’ Jimin said flatly.

‘Oh…’

‘Don’t get upset. There so many others,’ Jimin said, bouncing Taehyung on his back.

‘Yeah but, they aren't as cute as Alex,’ he grinned. Jimin laughed and walked ahead. They reached the rest of the group sitting below the Aspen Tree.

‘Do you seriously like him?’ He asked as he put him down next to Hoseok.

Hoseok exclaimed. ‘Don't believe a word he says! Within a fortnight he suddenly has 3 crushes!’ He said to Jimin.

‘Those were not crushes! I just said they are cute,’ Taehyung retorted back.

‘Tomorrow he’ll say the same thing for that Slytherin boy,’ Hoseok said.

‘Leave the boy alone. He’s 14. He's bound to find some folks cute,’ Namjoon added.

‘Well they were my type,’ Tae smiled, giving a cute blush.

‘Right now he’s blind,’ Jungkook added, smacking Tae lightly on the back of his head as he sat next to them. ‘Your type seems to be everything.’

‘Say….’ Jimin asked shyly, cheeks going pink, ‘Do you know, what girls like in a guy?’

‘Good hair I guess?’ Taehyung said. ‘I don't know… Namjoon should tell us. He knows everything,’

‘How does he know everything?’ Emina asked wide eyed.

‘Yah! What flings have you been having behind my back?’ Jin asked in disbelief, smacking Namjoon’s arm.

‘No flings! Don’t start an imaginary story you guys!’ Namjoon couldn't believe his friends. They just needed a push to start making up stuff.

‘He reads a lot. A variety of stuff. That's how he knows… everything,’ Hoseok added teasingly.

‘Ok then tell us. What do girls like in a guy?’ Taehyung asked, his face cupped by his palms as he
listened intently.

‘Do...Do girls like a good butt?’ Jimin asked. All the boys looked at the horizon wearing an expression of deep wonder. Emina burst out laughing.

‘Well, who’s leaking information to you?’ She asked Jimin.

‘No one! I just wondered...’ Jimin replied.

‘Well tell us Em!’ Namjoon asked.

‘Yeah, girls like it,’ Emina said, nodding her head.

‘Well, Jimin is set in that department then,’ Taehyung teased, smacking his friend’s booty.

‘Why is everyone saying that,’ Jimin rolled away from him, hiding his face.

‘Well, Em would know all this,’ Jungkook teased, sticking his head ahead. Emina looked at him in surprise. He leaned into Hoseok’s ear and whispered, ‘Just act like I told you something scandalous,’

Hoseok got the cue and turned to Emina with the most shocked expression, ‘Oh my god Em, what have you been doing?’

‘What did you tell him Jungkook?’ Emina asked with wide eyes but the boy’s grin just spread further. ‘Tell me now or-’

She stood up, as Jungkook tucked and rolled, running away to the other side of the ground. Emina chased after him, her shoe in her hand.

‘THIS KID! COME BACK HERE!’ She yelled behind him as she threw the shoe. It missed him and fell near a group of Slytherins collecting moon crystals for their Astronomy class. One of them looked up from her crystals, seeing the Head Girl run towards her. From behind them, Jungkook realized it was Laura. She looked back to see what was going on and realized Emina was chasing Jungkook to give him a much needed smack. She stretched out her body and grabbed Emina’s shoe.

‘There you go, good luck,’ Laura said to Emina. She couldn't help but smile a bit.

‘Thank you,’ Emina replied, a bit surprised that she helped her.

‘My pleasure,’ Laura replied, hoping the shoe would hit Jungkook right on the head. Emina threw the shoe with all her might and it hit Jungkook’s back. Laura grinned at that and continued doing her work. Jungkook acted like he got shot by a bullet and fell down dramatically, crying out Emina’s name. Both the girls rolled their eyes.

‘So extra,’ both muttered at the same time and looked at each other. Emina smiled at the situation and to another surprise of hers, Laura gave a small smile to her too. She had never interacted with Laura outside of prefect duties. Maybe she wasn't that bad when she didn't have to defend the wrong doings of her mischievous juniors for the sake of their Slytherin pride.

‘Oh hi Emina,’ the blonde girl next to Laura looked up to see the action.

‘Vanessa, hi,’ Emina said rather breathily, ‘Do you need help? Should I help you?’

‘Not really but- oh ok thanks,’ Vanessa replied when Emina already made her way towards her.
Next day, after Herbology, Jimin, Laura and Yoongi came back to the common room, bearing new members for the house.

‘Can they stop wailing for a moment!’ Laura screamed over the crying Wiggin sapling in her hand. ‘JIMIN! How is your’s so quiet?’

Jimin shrugged smugly, ‘Maybe it likes me,’

‘Everyone likes Jimin,’ Yoongi rolled his eyes, placing his sapling into Jimin’s hold. ‘Here, be a good godfather, I’m going to sleep,’

Ash was waiting for them by their usual chaise near the fire. She scrunched her brows, hearing the wailing sapling, but to everyone’s relief, she had some delicious looking cupcakes with her.

‘Look what my mom sent!’ She exclaimed, showing the array of colorful desserts in front of her.

‘Oh my gosh that looks awesome,’ Laura said, her annoyance forgotten for a moment. She picked up the chocolate and blueberry.

‘Jimin, try one,’ Ash brought the box to him.

‘Maybe I'll have later. I can't put these saplings down or they’ll cry even more. They need body heat to sleep,’ Jimin said.

Looking around the common room, Laura realized it was completely empty. ‘Oh but you must be hungry right? And there's still time for dinner. Oh gosh I'm so sleepy I think. I better head to bed. Jimin, you're so good with these, please take care of my sapling too,’ saying that she put the third plant into Jimin’s arms and walked out of the room. Once she was behind the wall towards the entrance of the dormitories, she peered out to see if Ash got the signal.

Jimin was sitting in front of the fire, the saplings in his lap which had finally stopped crying. Laura motioned with her eyes to a slightly nervous Ash to go to him. Ash gulped and nodded, walking towards Jimin with the box of goodies. Laura heard footsteps behind her and saw Yoongi come in.

‘What do you keep peering at from here?’ He asked but Laura had to stop him then and there. She resisted the urge to roll her eyes at him. She put her drama on so that Yoongi wouldn’t go to the common room.

‘Yoongi I have never expressed enough what a wonderful brother you are!’

‘Ummm, did something happen?’ Yoongi asked, confused.

‘Yes. Let me tell you all about it,’ she tugged him towards the balcony so that they would be out of earshot for everyone. Meanwhile, Ash sat next to Jimin. The saplings in his lap were swaying their leaves.

‘They look cute,’ she said.

‘They've finally calmed down,’ Jimin smiled at the little plants.

‘You must be hungry right? You guys had double Herbology,’ she said, taking a piece of the brownie from the box. She held it out to him. Jimin bent his head forward and took a bite, his soft lips brushing against her fingertips. Both felt a tingle travel down their bodies.
'It's really good,' he said as he swallowed.

‘Have some more then,’ Ash said, holding it out for him to finish. Jimin took a larger bite this time, his wet lips touching her fingers just a little more. Ash looked at him and he seemed like he didn't mean to do that. He took his head back shyly, chewing the brownie.

‘Why don't you eat some too?’ He asked her, trying to ease the silence.

‘Yeah… yeah I will,’ she said, looking back into the box. She took one lemon cake and bit into it. The lemon syrup dripped down the corner of her lip. Jimin bit his lip as his eyes caught that. He wished he could taste it…. with his tongue.

Ash caught him looking. ‘What happened?’ She asked.

‘You got some syrup on you,’ he said, his hand coming towards her slowly. He was waiting to see if she moved away but she didn't. He held her by the chin as his thumb rubbed the corner of her lip, wiping the syrup.

His touch was driving Ash's self control off the cliff. He was so close and her eyes darted on their own to his plump, luscious lips. She resisted with all her might to not lean in and push him down on the floor to see how it felt to bite those lips.

One of the saplings stirred and started crying. Jimin took his hand back to it, trying to pacify it.

‘Oh gosh it's like having tiny babies. Why did it wake up!’

Ash chuckled. ‘Well, you gotta act nanny for a few weeks now. I see Yoongi has named you godfather of her sapling,’

‘Yeah I guess he has,’ he said, stroking Yoongi’s sapling with his fingers. It calmed down and stopped crying.

‘Are you still hungry?’ She asked. ‘It's the last one,’

There was something different in her tone and the way she looked at him now. Jimin was reminded of the way she had looked at him the other day, when they were all in their Quidditch robes. He wanted to believe in the seduction he was being drawn to.

He bit the cake, slowly this time, but not shyly. Ash watched as his lips closed on her fingers and wished he wouldn't stop there. Once he took the bite, he looked at her. There was no smile, his eyes were intense. They had never felt like this before, this mixture of excitement and nervousness, like they couldn't breathe but yet it was the most exhilarating feeling.

‘Laura I think you should bunk astronomy and go to bed,’ Yoongi’s voice invaded their moment. ‘Lack of sleep is making you emotional,’ They heard Yoongi enter into the room with Laura desperately pulling him back into the balcony.

‘But I am not done! Remember when we were 9 and I thought the elf stole my ring? No one would believe me but you did,’ she continued pulling him back.

Ash and Jimin dropped their gaze, looking at the floor around them.

‘Ash! Take your roommate to bed. I don't know what's wrong with her today,’ Yoongi called out.

‘I should put her to bed before she gets crankier with exhaustion,’ Ash said to Jimin, getting up.
'Sure. Thanks for the cake,' he said, unintentionally licking the remaining smear of chocolate on his lower lip. 'It was really good,'

Ash felt like her heart stopped. How could he be so adorably sexy and the same time? She let out a breath and nodded, hoping she smiled like a normal person at him.

‘Here, take her,’ Yoongi said, handing over Laura to Ash.

‘I'm sorry!’ Laura whispered to her. ‘I tried my best to keep him away,’

But Ash was not in a state to understand any words as she clung on to Laura’s arm. She felt like she would collapse out of all the butterflies in her stomach. Laura tried to balance the taller girl and bring her to the room.

‘So tell me what happened?’ Laura asked curiously when they were out of earshot. Ash sighed heavily, no idea where to start or what to even make out of what had happened. As soon as they entered the room, she dived into her bed, burying her face in her pillow again.

‘He will make me lose my sanity I swear!’ she cried into her pillow. Laura chuckled and went to her bed.

‘Well, I’m waiting. Spare no details,’

With the progression to the next day, it looked like things were getting back to normal since the attack. Jimin had recovered and was back to practicing for the upcoming match with Ravenclaw. And he was doing quite well in his Quidditch practice, and he couldn't be happier. To add to that, Jimin got all the attention he wanted of the girl he had pined for and realised his feelings grew stronger the more time he spent with her. Things were finally going his way. He was glad he had taken the step and talked to her this year.

He sat in his mid day Transfiguration class. It was a theory class with the Gryffindors and they were writing notes about their chosen topics - a summary on all that they wanted to present so that Mcgonagall knew they were on the right track. Mcgonagall had always commanded discipline so the class was silent and people were starting to feel sleepy. Abbott had already yawned 5 times, sitting next to Jimin. It was making him sleepy too. He blinked his eyes as his vision started to blur. It was like there was a halo on everything he saw. He blinked and rubbed his eyes but it wasn't going away. Suddenly, he felt cold sweat on his forehead and palms. From the halo like vision, he saw the shape of objects shift, like everything was in motion blur. He heard sounds around him, whispers growing louder until he heard the shrill laughter of a woman. He felt something hold his forearm and he snapped, flinging it away and growling. His vision slowly cleared and he realized it was Abbott, staring at him in bewilderment, his eyes full of fear. Jimin was breathing heavily as the rest of the class came into focus for him. Every single eye was staring at him in fear. Some were whispering. He looked at his hands. His veins were tensed and had turned a light purple.

‘He got bitten by a werewolf right?’

‘Is he infected?’

But Professor Mcgonagall came to stand between him and the rest of the students.

‘Are you alright?’ She asked, clearly concerned.

Jemin nodded. ‘Sorry Professor,’
‘Not to worry. Please visit Madam Pomfrey during lunch,’ she said and walked back to her seat. ‘I want everyone's parchments within the next 10 minutes. There is no time for your personal chats,’ she announced. Everyone stopped their private discussions and started scribbling furiously.

Ash gulped looking at what had happened. She was a few seats behind him with Laura. She looked at her roommate with concern.

‘Don't worry. He's fine. I'm sure Snape treated him well. This must be a side effect of the wolfsbane,’

‘He should've gotten all better by now,’ Ash said, her green eyes contracted in fear.

‘And he will be all better very soon,’ Laura tried to reassure her but in truth she was worried for him too. When the class ended, Jimin skulked out, not talking to anyone. Yoongi signalled to Ash and Laura and the three went behind him. Unity is what they needed more than anything else right now. Jimin shouldn’t be alone in a situation like this.

'Jimin, you should see Snape first. Maybe you just need some more wolfsbane,' Yoongi said to him as their footsteps caught up.

When Jimin turned to look at him, there was raw fear in his eyes, 'What is happening? They were sure I wasn't infected,'

'Don't jump to conclusions yet,' Yoongi put a hand on Jimin's shoulder. 'No matter what, we are here for you,'

Jimin looked at the three of them gratefully. Maybe there were graver difficulties to face this year, but for the first time, he didn't feel alone. This here, was a family, the essence of his house. No matter what, they will take care of you.

* * *

*Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window. Can play till the end) Myungsoo Shin - Love Yourself 起 Ryuseralover cover*

Yoongi spotted his favourite Hufflepuff as soon as he entered the Astronomy tower. He took a deep breath and made his way towards where Hoseok was laying out his instruments.

‘Hey,’ Yoongi greeting curtly, ‘Is anyone here?’ he gestured to the stool next to Hoseok’s. The boy shook his head and Yoongi set his bag down.

‘Surprised to see you here Min,’ Hoseok said, not paying too much attention to the Slytherin. Yoongi’s heart fell a little at the formal addressal of his name. Hoseok has barely spared him a glance.

They set their instruments out on the table and the ledge in front of them, over which the telescope rested. To their good fortune, they rain clouds had moved away and they had a clear starry sky over them.

‘You go first,’ Hoseok pushed the eye of the telescope towards Yoongi who nodded and opened his chart, aligning the hemispheres before putting his eye on the device.

He was trying to locate Orion, checking its orientation with the month of September, but some chatter next to him distracted him more than it should. He glanced slightly towards his right and saw Hoseok laughing with someone. Moving further away from the telescope, Yoongi recognised
who the company was. It was Kim Yugyeom from Ravenclaw, who if Yoongi wasn’t wrong was probably Jeon Jungkook’s roommate.

And Hoseok seemed to be having a good time with him.

‘He slept like a log,’ Yugyeom guffawed. ‘I had to carry out the emergency manoeuvre,’ he laughed harder, slamming a hand on Hoseok’s thigh. Yoongi’s eye zeroed on that lingering contact. His cheeks burned, nostrils flaring for just a moment. Hoseok laughed so hard that he was losing his balance, throwing himself on Yugyeom’s side for support or he would fall off his chair.

*What’s so funny…* Yoongi frowned. He was coiling hot inside, seeing the good time Hoseok was having with Yugyeom, hands everywhere. (To anyone else, this would’ve looked perfectly platonic but Yoongi loves to exaggerate)

‘Oh c’mon you have to help me out in completing the star table,’ Hoseok tugged on Yugyeom’s hand. ‘You’re so good at it, I need your help,’

‘Hey Hoseok?’ Yoongi called him, ‘I can’t seem to find Orion,’

‘Really?’ Hoseok looked towards him with narrowed brows, ‘it’s not too hard to find,’ but he nevertheless stood up and came to Yoongi. Yugyeom followed.

‘Aren’t you better than me at Astronomy?’ Yoongi cocked an eyebrow, ‘then help me out,’

‘Alright,’ Hoseok took the telescope, putting his eye on it. ‘Ok, I need to refocus this,’ and he turned the lenses. ‘It should be somewhere around here, I see it’s neighbouring constellations,’

‘Need help?’ Yugyeom was ready to offer assistance but before he could say further, Yoongi walked behind Hoseok to the other side, cutting in between him and Yugyeom. He gave a cold glance to the Ravenclaw, ‘Thanks but we’re good,’ Yoongi’s tone was normal enough but his cold eyes made the message clear.

‘Ah here it is,’ Hoseok spotted the constellation, hands reaching for Yoongi on the wrong side, ‘Where’d you go?’ He reached on the other, finding Yoongi’s shoulder and pulling him down towards him as he moved to give him space. ‘Can you see it?’

Yoongi’s eye was at the eyehole but his mind was where Hoseok’s hand rested on his shoulder, a gentle touch, fingers gripping him.

‘Yoongi? Can you see it?’ Hoseok’s tone sounded like he had been left unanswered since a while. Yoongi made up a lie, ‘Yes, I see it,’

‘Good, you’ll also see the moons of Jupiter if you look just a little more to the north,’ Hoseok gently moved the telescope in the direction, hand still resting on the blonde. ‘And to the side you will see Mars,’

‘Which side?’ Yoongi said. Hoseok came closer, turning the telescope slightly towards himself and looking through it. He was so close, closer than he had ever been, Yoongi’s nose almost touched his cheek when he turned to look at him. He could smell the lemony shampoo from his hair.

‘Here,’ Hoseok tugged him. Yoongi felt a shiver when Hoseok’s hand grasped his waist briefly. His cheeks burned again, but this time, it was a burn he liked. The boy pressed his eye to the device, hearing Hoseok’s voice close to him, ‘Can you see it?’

‘Hmm,’ Yoongi breathed out, seeing stars of another kind. He heard Hoseok’s breathy chuckle and
then the Hufflepuff was moving away. Yoongi wished he could reach out his hand and pull him back closer.

That class, Yoongi made a lot of mistakes in his charts, which left Hoseok wondering if he indeed spotted what he showed him and the Hufflepuff ended up correcting all the mistakes.

‘And this one is wrong too,’ Hoseok scratched out the moon’s name, parchment supported by the surface of the ledge, ‘Is Yoongles too sleepy?’

He was surprised to hear the Slytherin chuckle at that. He looked up to see Yoongi smiling, leaning against the ledge with his eyes to the floor.

‘Well, you might be sleepy but you seem to be in a good mood,’ he said.

Yoongi shrugged, ‘Well I’m glad you helped—’ he stopped when his elbow hit something on the ledge. His keeper instincts drove in as two of the instruments slid off the ledge, but he could save only one. Both peered down to see a blur heading to the ground and an audible crash was heard. They could see the shattered glass pieces glistening in the moonlight. A cold fright took over Yoongi.

‘That was…’ Hoseok’s voice was heavy, ‘My… Turquet,’

‘Damn, that thing looks shattered beyond repair,’ they heard a third voice and turned to the right to find Jungkook peering down as well.

‘Nobody asked for your assessment Jeon,’ Yoongi glared at him and the Ravenclaw walked away timidly.

‘Ah, I think I’ll have to use one from the spare closet,’ Hoseok frowned.

‘I am so sorry,’ Yoongi did not know how to salvage the situation. Everything was going so well! He cursed himself in his mind. ‘I’ll… I’ll get you a new one,’

‘No, you don’t have to, it was a mistake anyway,’ Hoseok shrugged. ‘I’ll use one of the spares,’

They all knew the spare ones weren’t the best ones. Most were of an older making. Yoongi internally vowed to get him a new Turquet as soon as it was possible.

Jungkook jogged away from the scary Min Yoongi when his eyes fell on Laura Dracwyn asleep on her chair near the tower door. Jungkook was curious. He had never seen Laura in such a vulnerable position before, neck bent towards the wall to support her sleeping head. She looked softer, and far more calmer than the volatile volcano she was otherwise. He wanted to see the little frown on her face relax into a more open expression.

He swallowed watching her gently moving chest as she breathed, her long fingers curled into her palm and her long dark hair swaying in the midnight breeze. His mind was racing, his heart rate speeding. He was curious, he wanted to know if her hair really felt like silk, if her neck really was fragile as it looked, and if her skin would really burn his if he dared to touch.

Unconsciously his hand clenched into fists at his side. Why was he feeling this strange sensation in his stomach as if he were falling from a great height with no safety net?

Jungkook stood there, all his muscles tensed from holding back the urge to just swoop down and-. . . he didn’t get a chance to complete the thought because some commotion had made Yugyeom and Hoseok burst out into laughter again.
Laura’s eyes flared open and she saw the Ravenclaw prefect standing over her. His eyes were blown wide open, the intensity in them making the hairs on the back of her neck rise to attention, the tilt of his head as he regarded her absently made her want to snap it but strangely she couldn’t rip her eyes away from his.

‘Hey,’ Jimin’s voice rang out and brought the deafening sounds of the real world back to the two prefects stranded in a moment of abstraction. He looked curiously at Jungkook who went past him brooding. Jungkook often looked distant, but the rare thing was seeing him like that after an encounter with Laura. He always looked more aggressive after such collisions.

‘Class is over, shall we head back?’ Jimin asked her. Jungkook had noticed Jimin had been weirdly quiet the entire class. He had heard some rumours going around, started from the Gryffindors about Jimin showing ‘flashes of transformation in broad daylight’. Jungkook's fists would clench everytime he heard them and tried to dismiss as many of the rumours as possible. But gossip always found it's way around, seeping through the small cracks in the wall you create to keep it out. Ash was beside Jimin and they were looking for Yoongi who seemed to be wanting to set Yugyeom on fire with his gaze.

‘What’s up with Yoongi?’ Laura asked.

‘Oh well, I might have a guess or two,’ Jimin’s eyes darted from the Slytherin to the laughing Hufflepuff. ‘C’mon, let’s go. He might come later,’

When they were descending down the Astronomy stairs, an owl dropped a letter at Laura’s feet.

‘This late in the night?’ She wondered, opening the letter. There was as the four petalled flower drawn on it and she knew where she had to go.

She entered the Shrieking Shack, but it was empty. Half her paranoid mind told her this could be a trap but in a moment the door opened and Taehyung entered, giving his widest box smile.

‘Laura!!!’ He greeted her excitedly. He dived, wrapping his arms tightly around her as he hugged her from the side, his chin on her shoulder. Laura was startled at the sudden display of affection. She was also surprised at how much Taehyung had grown. He was taller than her now.

‘Why so happy?’ She asked as Taehyung broke free. She smoothed his ruffled hair.

‘I'm glad that your detention went smoothly,’ he said beaming. ‘I was so tensed that you both will have a bigger fight! I hate it when you guys fight,’ he said like a child.

‘Well, your friend acts too smart. He's bound to get on my nerves,’

‘What's on your face?’ Taehyung asked, pointing to Laura’s left cheek which was a faint blue.

‘Your best friend’s antics,’ she said. ‘Someone will think I am low key supporting Ravenclaw or something,’

‘Are you guys getting along now?’ He asked with hopeful eyes.

‘No! Not at all. Never! Please don't hope for any kind of peace between me and that idiot. If anything, he's made it worse. He thinks he's oh so smart with that smug face. He's forgetting I am Laura Dracwyn!’

She saw Taehyung’s wide smile droop with each sentence she said, so she stopped.
‘But I'm only speaking the truth. Don't hope for us to be on amicable terms. It's too much to expect,’

‘Both of you are my good friends. You can't expect me not to hope for it! I wish both of you would stop creating this wall. Jungkook is really nice and caring. He's my best friend so if you trust me, you gotta believe that about him,’

‘I don't want to be friends with him. End of discussion,’ she said, folding her arms. ‘But we have more important stuff to discuss. What did the Ministry ask you? And what did Bellatrix want from you? I have been paranoid ever since the attack. That's why I was scared to even contact you. What if someone intercepts and-’

‘I wanted to talk to you about that,’ Taehyung said, hoping on the sofa. ‘Did Bellatrix mention anything about me? I was unconscious for half of it,’

‘She… she said they came here looking for a descendant of Aquirys. You know, that name was mentioned in the book I was reading about Alchemic Human Transfiguration. A very brief mention, like one wouldn’t even remember but since I had heard the name from Bellatrix, it caught my attention,’

‘Alchemy?’ Taehyung’s eyes widened slightly. ‘Bellatrix mentioned some alchemists too. Who are these people?’

‘I don’t know… but Aquirys is related to Jin, at least that’s what he said. I’ll try to find out more. But otherwise things are in control?’ Her eyes were still worried.

‘Yes of course they are! I'm glad at least Jin knows you and I and friends. Strangely he didn't ask me how and why,’

‘He didn't? That's strange. That's the first question anyone would ask. Does he already know somehow?’ Laura wondered.

‘I don't know. I didn't wanna tread into it and then answer questions I didn't want to. Even if he knows, he hasn't told anyone which means our secret is safe. Oh, I wanted to show you this,’ he removed a photograph from his robes. ‘My mom brought it when she came with the investigating team. She wanted me to show it to you. She was asking how you were and said you looked so much like your mom now,’

‘Oh… she said that?’ Laura asked, her heart filling with sadness and yet a strange feeling of belonging. She took the photograph. It was of Tae’s mother’s wedding. One of the two bridesmaids was a dark haired, purple eyed woman, shying away from the camera.

‘My mother was your mother’s bridesmaid,’ she said.

‘Yeah. You must've been 2 years old when this was taken,’ Taehyung said. ‘I agree with mom. You look a lot like your mother,’

‘Your mom had a muggle wedding,’ Laura said. ‘Oh yeah, your father is a muggle right?’

‘Yeah. It was a very small wedding. My dad doesn't have much of an extended family. Very very few people attended the wedding. Mom said she wanted to keep it very personal,’

Laura looked at the wedding couple. Taehyung’s father was a lean man with reddish hair, he looked like he was of english descent, with green eyes and fair freckled skin.
‘So what does he do? Your father,’

‘He’s a businessman. He started his own company that manufactures metal castings. So he travels a lot, meeting new engineers and outsourcing the work,’

Laura looked at him blankly like she didn't understand anything of what he just said.

‘Anyways, you can keep that. Another token of friendship,’ he said, smiling and pointing to the photograph.

‘You sure? Your mom has more right?’

‘Yeah she does. Don't worry about it,’ he lay down with his head on her lap. Laura was sometimes surprised as to how close both had grown over the past 4 years. It was impossible not to feel affectionate towards his innocence.

‘By the way, are you friends with Alexander Fawley?’ He asked. Laura looked at him in surprise.

‘Why????’

‘Do you think he's cute?’

‘Oh my god. So you have a crush on him?’ Laura laughed. ‘Please don’t say yes. You need to stay away from us Slytherins, not find new ways to mingle,’

‘Why is everyone saying that to me,’ he pouted.

‘Ok, it's 2 am. You need to get to bed,’ she said, patting his butt. ‘And sleep soon,’

‘Oh yeah that reminds me. I wanted to ask you one more thing,’

‘Yeah what is it?’ She asked yawning wide. She was so drowsy that she felt like sleeping in the Shack itself.

‘Do girls like a good butt on a guy?’

Laura looked at him with wide eyes. ‘Who is teaching you all this? What is this sudden explosion of hormones you are having?’

‘No one is teaching me anything! I am curious! It's better I come to you guys for guidance right? So tell me,’

‘Yes, yes we love nice butts. Now go to sleep,’ she said, waving him off and lying down on the sofa. ‘It's like a sudden butt obsession’ she muttered to herself, her eyes closing shut.
The first quidditch match of the year is about to take place. The castle is bustling with blue and green banners. Jungkook is excited to face Jimin who would be playing for the first time.

Since early in the morning, the castle had been bustling about the match today- Ravenclaw vs Slytherin. The tension between the competing houses had thickened with parties from both sides instigating trouble with comments and pranks. The head girl and boy had a busy time, running from one end of the castle to the other, trying to keep everyone in line while Filch yelled at every moving object that he saw.

Hoseok came in for the first class of the day - charms. He walked into chamber with his friends and came to his usual desk. There was a package kept there, a box wrapped in brown paper and tied with a simple string.

‘Jung Hoseok, Hufflepuff, Year 6’ Hoseok read the note on it. ‘Is this mine?’ He wondered out loud. It felt heavy in his hands when he picked it up.

‘Well open it and see what’s inside,’ his friend Leslie said, sitting next to him. Hoseok nodded, unwrapping the package carefully. Inside was a wooden box as expected. He opened the lock and lifted the lid, inside which was a brand new Turquet, it's brass body glistening brilliantly. Hoseok’s eyes widened realising who the package was from.

‘A turquet?’ Leslie questioned, ‘Did you lose yours?’

‘Mine broke a day ago,’ Hoseok said, carefully lifting the new instrument in his hand. The make of this was not ordinary. It looked much refined that the one he’s owned. The inscriptions were sharp, the glass was unblemished and crystal clear.

‘Hey this is of Wilkin’s make!’ Kimberley exclaimed, recalling one of the most expensive makers of astronomical instruments in Britain. ‘Hoseok I didn’t know you had that kind of money!’

‘I… I don’t…’ Hoseok felt a conflict within him. Of course he was grateful for this gesture. But this was far more money that Hoseok would allow ANYONE to spend on him, despite owing him a broken instrument. If he took ownership of this then the only thing more expensive than this in
Hoseok’s belongings would be his Nimbus broom.

‘I-It must be a wrong package,’ Hoseok chuckled, keeping it under his desk. He couldn’t keep this, now he felt he owes Yoongi something. He had to return it.

After charms with Ravenclaws, Hoseok tracked down where the Slytherins were and found them in the DATDA classroom which had ended just then. Professor Roland was still in recovery in St. Mungos after the Werewolf attack and Flitwick had taken a proxy class, ending it with some notes. Yoongi smiled slightly when he saw Hoseok standing at the door. He had the package in hand and Yoongi’s heart raced, wondering if Hoseok liked the replacement. The expression on the Hufflepuff’s face was making Yoongi nervous. Why was he looking guilty?

After everyone left, Hoseok came in.

‘Yoongi, is-is this from you?’ He held the package out and Yoongi slowly nodded.

‘I’m sorry again that I broke your Turquet. It’s only right that I replace it,’

‘I told you Yoongi, you don’t have to apologise. You didn’t mean to drop it,’ Hoseok said. ‘And… it was very kind of you to do this. But,’ he kept the package on Yoongi’s table, ‘I can’t take it,’

‘What? Why not?’ Yoongi was in slight panic and felt himself lose some confidence. What had he done wrong?

‘It’s too expensive Yoongi! I can’t take something from you that’s double the price of what I owned. It’s not fair,’

‘Its… it’s too expensive?’ Yoongi was clearly panicking now. ‘I-I didn’t know.. I didn’t realise. I mean, I didn’t mean to…’

Hoseok bent his head slightly to see Yoongi’s downcast face and nervously moving lips. The same protective instincts kicked inside the Hufflepuff the last time he’d seen him nervous like this. Yoongi looked so lost and fragile right now that Hoseok would give him anything in the world.

‘I just,’ Yoongi was still trying. ‘I just got you what I use. I didn’t know it would be.. expensive for you- I mean… I didn’t know it’s not what you want- ’

‘I’m sorry,’ Hoseok said and Yoongi froze for a moment before looking up. Hoseok was smiling. ‘I didn’t mean it that way. You didn’t do anything wrong. I also should’ve realised you maybe didn’t know which one I use,’

Yoongi’s panic slowly receded at Hoseok’s words and that beautiful smile on his lips. ‘If it’s not what you want, I’ll return it and get you the model you had earlier,’ Yoongi took the package in his hands.

‘Don’t worry about it,’ Hoseok put his hands forward to take the package from him. His hands came over Yoongi’s. They were so warm and the Slytherin breathed in, wanting his touch to remain imprinted on his own. The touch lingered for a while as Hoseok tugged the package from Yoongi’s hands. ‘You got it for me, I’ll use it carefully,’ Hoseok smiled.

Yoongi smiled too, a bit shyly, eyes downcast. Hoseok’s eyes were on his little nose and he bopped it again, making Yoongi look at him curiously.

‘Why do you do that?’ the blonde asked.
'Why? Should I stop?' Hoseok pouted a little and Yoongi tried to keep the strength in his knees intact.

'Just asked why you do that,' the Slytherin sighed, 'Answer the question,'

'Your nose is really cute that’s why. Like a little squishy button,' Hoseok said and Yoongi was sure he was turning redder by the second. 'Thanks for this,' Hoseok held the package up and then left smiling. The moment he left, Yoongi slumped to his seat, feeling tingles all over his body, face flushed red. He ran to the common room, on account of failing to contain his feelings. His cousin sat on a cushion by the fire and Yoongi slumped himself over her, sliding like a noodle, head on her lap.

'Min Yoongi what the heck?' His sister looked away from the book she was reading. 'Why are you being an emotional wreck out of nowhere?'

Jimin came into view, always on the look out for drama, 'It’s because he’s in love perhaps,'

Yoongi shot him a glare, 'Shut up Jimin!'

'Oh? Am I wrong? Tell me then, what’s got you flushed like a tomato?'

'I’m not-

'Didn’t you meet Hoseok just now in the classroom? Did he like what you got him?’ Jimin asked bluntly and loved the look of shock on Yoongi’s face. Laura looked shook as well, looking at her brother like the sky had fallen. ‘Yoongi? When did this happen?’

'Can we not?' Yoongi sat up, smoothing his ruffled hair. ‘And yes he took the replacement to the instrument I broke,’ he answered Jimin’s curious face and then looked at what was in Laura’s hand to distract them from the topic, ‘What are you reading? That book is in pure Latin,’

'I’m researching,’ Laura stated and her voice dropped low, ‘Remember the Death Eaters mentioned Alchemists? And Aquirys? Jin says he’s Aquirys’ descendant,’ she said doubtfully.

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Ramin Djawadi - Black of Hair

'Hold on,’ Yoongi narrowed his eyes. ‘That name sounds familiar, doesn’t it?’

'It does,’ Laura nodded thoughtfully, ‘I feel like I’ve read about him somewhere,’

'You know, I might just be able to get hold of the Kim lineage. At least a part of it,’ Yoongi said.

'What?’ Jimin was astounded, ‘How in the world could you do that?’

'The Kims and Mins have a long rivalry,’ Yoongi said. ‘Both are the most ancient royal bloodlines of the east. Well, the Mins were… before we, started to… flicker out. The Kims still have a strong hold on most of the eastern wizarding states. And now even in Britain. And you know what they say right, to keep a closer eye on your enemies?’ he smirked slightly. 'So let me see if there is anything on the lineage,’

'And how are you going to do that?’ Jimin asked. Yoongi took some parchment and a quill.

'I’m going to write to my favourite elf,’ he said, putting ink to paper. Both Laura and Jimin peered over his shoulder.
'Oh, you are sending this to your father’s castle,’ she said, seeing that he was not writing in English.

‘This is amazing. You’re so good at Hangul,’ Jimin looked at his beautiful writing with awe. ‘I need to brush up on mine,’

‘Could you bring me some wax,’ he said and Laura brought him a candle. Yoongi removed the deep blue ring he always wore and turned the stone. After a faint click, the stone detached to show an engraving in the metal beneath- the symbol of a crescent moon with an eastern dragon wound around it. Yoongi fetched an envelope, putting his letter within it, wrote the address and then poured wax on the flap, pressing the seal of his family on it.

‘I didn’t know you carry that around with you all the time,’ Laura said, eyebrows knitted. ‘I want one too!’

Yoongi went to the window and whistled a patterned tune, until his snowy owl came to him, perching on the window sill and cocking her head side to side while she stared at Yoongi with big golden eyes.

‘Take it safely alright?’ he stroked the bird and put the letter in the bird’s beak. He patted the owl's head and set her off.

* * *

Hoseok walked from the classroom towards the Great Hall for lunch with a smile on his face. His footsteps were bouncing slightly. When he sat on his table, his eyes scanned for sight of the blonde Slytherin who had occupied his mind more than expected these last few days, ever since he had come to see him in the infirmary. What was making Min Yoongi so friendly these days? He was quite like an adorable kitten who didn’t show affection but would linger around you for it. Hoseok’s heart fell a little when he couldn’t find him on the Slytherin table and he slowly resorted to eat his food.

‘So,’ Jin slid in next to him and many eyes and hearts fluttered across the Hufflepuff table. A few of them greeted Jin and he waved at them with a smile before returning to Hoseok. ‘Look’s like you got a gift,’

‘It’s not a gift,’ Hoseok giggled. ‘Someone broke my Turquet so it’s a replacement,’

‘Who broke it?’

‘Min Yoongi,’

‘Jungkook tells me you’ve been spending a lot of time with him,’ Jin eyed him.

Hoseok shrugged, ‘Do you still hate him?’

Jin answered after a few moments, ‘No… I don’t. I was too quick to judge, back when I was just 12. But I’m sure he hates me. I don’t completely blame him,‘

‘What could you have possibly done to make him hate you?’ Hoseok wondered, seeing that Jin wasn’t jesting. The older pulled him up for a walk through the castle grounds. This wasn’t something they could discuss in a crowd.

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Ramin Djawadi - The Greed of Man (Play till the end of current scene, till potions class starts)
They strolled through the grassy lawns, passing various types of trees. Jin picked up a broken twig and whipped it around lazily.

‘You know both of our families are from royal bloodlines right?’ Jin said, ‘The majority was ruled by the Kim Dynasty, while some of the higher regions where under the Min Dynasty's reign. Their castle is rumoured to be hidden amongst the clouds,’

‘Yeah, I’ve heard of that,’ Hoseok nodded.

‘There was a war, almost forgotten now by human records, that disrupted the peace between our two bloodlines forever,’ Jin continued. ‘The animosity remains even after 800 years,’

Hoseok had no idea that their enemity ran that deep into history. The two friends reached the shores of the Great Lake and sat down.

‘Do you know Hogwarts is not Min Yoongi’s first school?’ Jin looked at Hoseok was evidently surprised.

‘Is that even allowed?’ the younger asked.

‘Under special circumstances, yes. Min’s name is still enrolled in the eastern school, Mahoutokoro. That school takes in students at the age of 7. Min started school there,’

‘Why did he leave then?’ Hoseok seemed completely into the story Jin was telling him, knees drawn to his chin.

‘Do you know who is mother and father are?’ Jin asked again.

‘His mother is Charles Dracwyn’s younger daughter. And father is Min Yeonjae, am I right?’

Jin nodded, ‘Dracwyns were dragon riders, in Europe. European dragons are the hardest to tame. They are the most ferocious beasts to ever exist. So of course, to see a family that could tame them and control them, was a family to be feared. And the involvement of some Dracwyns during the First Wizarding War by Grindelwald, only furthered that fear. And the Mins,’ Jin folded his legs and exhaled, ‘The Mins were an equally royal bloodline. They drew their power from the moon dragons of the east, exceptionally skilled healers. They were so good at strategy that they were the only clan to win battles with the least amount of bloodshed. Of course, after the Ministry of Magic was instated 200 years ago, monarchy came to an end. The Dracwyns and other royal magical families had to give up their titles and whatever great power they held, like the Dracwyn’s dragon sanctuaries. Kingdoms became communities and the statute of secrecy was implemented,’

‘But how does this relate to him hating you?’ Hoseok asked, curiosity brimming in his brown eyes.

‘When Min Yeonjae married a Dracwyn, many people in the east didn’t like that. They viewed her as foreign blood, dark foreign blood from a violent bloodline. And by the ‘many people’ I mean the people associated with my family which is still a monarch that functions alongside the Ministry. My ancestor, who came to Britain with a seat on the foreign council around 150 years ago,’ Jin said, ‘was one of the king’s brother. And since then, we made this our new home, to create our own legacy. Of course, we are still tied to the Kim family in our motherland,’

‘Oh,’ Hoseok’s eyebrows contorted. So such prejudice was not just in their school… it was everywhere.

‘Many also wondered, what would the offspring be like, of these two combined dragon bloodlines. And from what I remember my father telling some of his ministers, Min Yoongi was an extremely
talented child. He tamed a dragon at the age of 8,'

‘What?!’ Hoseok’s jaw almost dropped to the ground, ‘That can’t be real,’

Jin shrugged, ‘Apparently it was real. Some started to fear his abilities. And by ‘some’, I again mean-’

‘Your family?’ Hoseok asked and Jin nodded.

‘Now, what followed next… no one knows the truth. But I strongly believe that my family was not responsible for it. Disliking someone is something, poisoning a child is something else,’

Hoseok couldn’t believe what he had just heard. He was so horrified that he forgot how to breathe… ‘Poison?’ his voice was a meek whisper.

Jin nodded again, speaking in the same calm tone with which he had started telling this tale. ‘While schooling at Mahoutokoro, one day, when he was 9, someone poisoned him, with the intention to kill him,’

The Hufflepuff gulped. Who could do that to a mere child?

‘It was a fatal poison. I heard it was a miracle that Min survived. They said the dragon magic in his blood saved him, but we don’t know really. This was enough to make them move to Europe where they were directly under Charles Dracwyn’s protection. The investigation led nowhere. But the Mins believed that the Kims were behind it, after publicly expressing they did not approve of Dracwyn blood mixing with an eastern bloodline. But, I know for sure that my family aren’t child murderers. Our forefathers may be enemies, but they were dignified in that. Harming a child is amongst the most dishonourable things, and my family’s first virtue is honour. I don’t know if someone cruel and foolish acted on their own in order to win the Kim family’s favour, but I know for sure, the head of my family did not order anyone to do that. I can bet my life on it,’

Hoseok was in deep thought. Yoongi had lived through something similar that he had. An attempt on his very life, when he was just a little child… there were real monsters in this world. Suddenly his heart filled up, wondering what the boy must have gone through as a child. Hoseok knew the faces of his enemies, Yoongi didn’t even know his. For Yoongi, everyone must have looked like an enemy, even someone as good as Jin.

‘So yeah, I think that’s why he hates me. It may be an emotion borne out of his childhood trauma,’ Jin said, ‘So I don't really want to confront him about it,’

‘But wait, why did you tell me all this?’ Hoseok asked.

‘I don’t know. I just thought… since you two are friends now, don’t expect him to be friends with the rest of your circle, and the other way around,’

‘But we aren’t even that good friends Jin, you’re stretching it a bit,’

Jin looked thoughtful, ‘Am I? But you two seem to be getting along so well, like you already have a good bond. Besides, I don’t know of anyone else who’s bopped Min’s nose and lived to tell the tale,’

Hoseok sighed in exasperation, ‘Can Tae and Kook not keep even one thing shut? These two kids, I swear…’ he shook his head.

‘Tae told me something else too,’ Jin said, turning to face his friend, deep concern marking all his
features ‘Are you… alright?’

Hoseok knew what Jin was talking about. He hadn’t shared this with anyone… but Tae had
witnessed it in the common room. Hoseok was starting to have some relapses… they were minor,
but they were filling him with fear everyday, fear that he was heading towards a full blown
breakdown. Hoseok heard voices in his head, many a times as real as someone was actually
speaking to him.

‘I… I don’t know. I’m hearing voices again,’ Hoseok confessed to his friend. ‘I don’t know who
they belong to… sometimes I think they’re from my subconscious. Sometimes it sounds like that
bastard Jenkins,‘

‘What do they tell you?’

‘Nothing in particular. They whisper… sometimes laugh and call my name,’ Hoseok shuddered,
drawing his knees closer and rubbing his arms. Jin extended his hand and rubbed circles on the
younger’s back with his palm.

‘Do you want to talk to Pomfrey about it? Maybe get a check up at St. Mungo’s?’

Hoseok shook his head, ‘I can’t do that right now. Not when I’m a key witness in the investigation
of the attack on Hogwarts. My statement of what happened during the Apparition class would
be struck out if they thought my mind is unstable,’

Jin understood the gravity of the situation, ‘But don’t let your health get worse… or if the case
requires you to present a statement again, you won’t be able to,’

They heard the school bell ring, signalling end of lunch and both headed back, only to be met by an
agitated Filch who was trying to chase down a bunch of students who had colored the entire
courtyard blue with ‘Ravenclaw for the Win’ written in sparkles.

* * *

The Slytherins had potions for the last class in their afternoon session. Their potions master,
Professor Snape, had been in a nasty mood ever since the start of the semester. Earlier he would
only pick on students from other houses but nowadays even his own Slytherin students could not
escape his wrath.

‘Who do we have this class with?’ Laura asked her group and as an answer, she saw the Ravenclaw
students walk in, wearing black robes with bronze lining, which were blue on the insides. She
spotted their prefect who glanced at her and then looked away, sighing and continuing his
conversation with his friends. Laura snapped her head away from him. The memory of his eyes
burning into hers was still strong in her memory. Why was he looking at her like that during
Astronomy? What was going on in his mind? Laura had a gut feeling that she shouldn't just ignore
his change in behaviour towards her. It was like he was probing at something. He wanted to know
all that she was hiding from the world.

Students from both the houses gave dangerous glances to each other. The tension between
Ravenclaw and Slytherin had been high since the duel club incident. Their Quidditch match today
and the prefect’s rivalry added to the heat.

‘Jungkook is too confident for the match. I'm a little worried now,’ Ash said as she parted ways for
her pre game preparation. Laura grabbed her by the elbow.

‘Make sure you destroy Ravenclaw on the field,’ her eyes bore into hers and she spoke direly.
‘Especially that Jeon. Need his pride blown to smithereens,’

‘Did he do something new?’ Ash wondered.

‘I don’t know how to explain it. It’s like he’s playing some new mind game. So he needs to be brought down,’

‘Trust me I want them defeated just as bad as you,’ Ash said. She was so excited about the match that it had been difficult for her to contain herself since she woke up that morning. Both currently looked like 2 crazy people whispering plans of world domination. They parted ways, nodding at each other and Laura went down the stairs to the dungeons.

The dungeon doors opened and the students filed in. There were cauldrons kept on each station. Snape sat in the shadows, a single lamp on top of his head making him look 10 times more sinister. There was pin drop silence once everyone took their stations in teams of 2. And Snape started his usual beginning of the year speech. He never made first classes easy.

‘All of you are here, because you Exceeded Expectations of the O.W.L.S board. But I will have to see for myself if you all really met the expectations or not.’ He droned in his particular nasal voice. He pushed a bottle of black liquid in front of them. ‘This is Anti-Blackfyre Potion. Hope you all know what blackfyre is,’ his eyes scanned the students to pick someone to answer.

‘Miss Dracwyn,’ he called to one of his ‘favourite’ students and everyone else who had raised their hands rolled their eyes at that.

‘It is an extremely potent fire which cannot be extinguished by anything other than its anti-potion,’ she responded.

‘Good. 5 points to Slytherin. Blackfyre can consume any material, solid or liquid. It is extremely difficult and endangering to create,’ Snape added, folding his arms and walking across the front of the class. This is a potion that should extinguish that fire and make it’s drinker resistant to its flames. All the ingredients are mentioned on your desk. You have some on your shelves and the rest you will need to take from the inventory. You have 30 minutes to make a potion of the exact consistency as the one on my table. The grades you earn today will be counted in your final grades.’

Laura felt panic rise in her, though her face remained stoic. She recognised some of the ingredients but not all of them and to add to that, the process seemed complex.

‘And your time starts now,’ Snape said inverting an hour glass and everyone scurried to the inventory. ‘If anything breaks, its detention,’ Snape added as a conclusion. Laura left her partner Vanessa to set up the utensils while she rushed to get the rest of the ingredients.

‘Which one is Bundimun Pomade…’ she muttered to herself, reading the new labels on the bottles, which reminded her of the detention night again. She shook her head, gathered what she could and rushed back to her station.

‘Have you started boiling the bitterroot?’ she asked Vanessa who nodded while cutting the purple beans. Laura took the Dittany leaves and started crushing them for juice.

‘We’re gonna need a lot more,’ Vanessa said, seeing the scanty juice that the Dittany produced.

‘Get some from the inventory. I’ll take over here.’ Laura replied. They were short of time. 10 minutes were up and they still hadn’t identified all the ingredients. The bitterroot hadn’t come to a boil either.
When Vanessa got some more ingredients, both of them got to cutting and crushing, measuring and mixing. The potion was an orange broth right now. She looked on the side towards Jungkook’s table and his potion was a grey liquid. This panicked her even more. Jungkook looked so calm that he even had time to joke with his fellow partner Sierra, showing his stupid bunny teeth. Together with Sierra’s efficient cutting and Jungkook’s precise measurements, they were currently ahead of everyone else. The only issue Jungkook faced was that the fumes from the potion were clouding up his new glasses.

‘We HAVE TO pick up speed!!’ Laura stated urgently. ‘We have to make this darker and thicker. Increase the flames!’

Vanessa protested, ‘But the fumes are already burning my eyes!’

‘I’ll do the stirring then,’ Laura asserted. ‘I have to finish first,’ she muttered to herself. Jungkook is not winning yet again. She turned the flames to high and stirred with one hand while trying to find the pictures of the rest of the unknown ingredients in her book. She found a few and sent Vanessa to look for them who returned happily, placing all the ingredients on the table and then took over the stirring.

‘Your need to excel is going to turn you blind,’ Van took the stirring ladle from Laura’s hand, seeing how red her eyes were. ‘Go on, cut the rest of the ingredients. I’ll stir for a while,’ The liquid was a dark grey and thickening, Laura was happy about that. But the potion was indeed giving off very hot fumes and was burning her eyes. She looked around. Everyone was coughing or getting their fingers burned by the hot cauldron or panicking. Yoongi had the most pained expression of his life as if he will run away from this torture anytime. Finally he gave up, cursing non stop and made his partner Montague do all the work for a while.

Laura looked back at Jungkook, who was now peeling Horn of Bicorn. He looked at her and smirked just very slightly.

*He is already on the last step!!!* Laura realized. She looked at her watch - only 10 minutes were left. They had to rush at lightning speed. The pressure and the fumes were making her feel light headed. *No. I will win this. I have to! I won’t have him smirking at me again!*

She hastily added the ingredients and grabbed the instructions parchment, almost tearing it. ‘Van! Keep stirring till its darker,’ she ordered her partner and fervently read the instructions. It said that 10 grams of the fire seed had to be used. She hated Snape for giving them a potion with that ingredient. It was extremely difficult to use. She weighed her fire seed, it was 33 grams. Fire seeds are very difficult to cut since their exterior is very smooth and slippery. One couldn't even keep it on the table and cut because of it’s curved shape. You need a special knife and the juice inside is so hot, it burns anything it touches. She marked a third of her fire seed and removed the onyx knife.

Van looked at what Laura was doing and said ‘Be careful with that, fire seed is very slip-’

But her words were too late. The knife cut the fire seed but slipped halfway and Laura cut her hand across the palm. Blood gushed out of it and the juice from the fire seed seeped in.

‘Ohhhhhmygodd,’ Laura gasped in pain, holding her wrist tightly.

‘Laura!!’ Vanessa exclaimed and rushed to her aid. She grabbed a cloth from their table and held her hand high, pressing on it. Some people around stopped their work to enquire.

‘I’ll get Snape,’ Van said looking at her bleeding hand but Laura stopped her.
'No!! You don’t…s..stop working on the p..potion. I am fine, the pain is..s going!!' Laura tried to say it as naturally as possible.

‘Laura, you aren’t even able to speak. Let me get Snape,’ Van said but Laura wouldn’t listen. She held her hand below the water tap and said, ‘This is soothing. I’m better now. Now get back to it!!’

Water hardly helped it. It did cool it down a bit but the burn had spread deep into her wound. Still, she didn't stop. She saw Jungkook look up to see what was the chaos at her table. He saw her wound and looked at her with a blank face.

Laura looked away, feeling weak and annoyed at herself. She made Van tie the cloth like a tourniquet, with a few turns running across her palm to cover the wound and quickly resumed making the potion. Vanessa added the rest of the fire seed juice, as much as was safely possible.

‘One minute to go,’ Snape’s voice rang throughout the dungeon.

Laura grabbed the Horn of Bicorne and tried to peel it. Her hand hurt a lot, as she held the horn and she tried to fight her tears back. Somehow, messily she peeled it and made Van crush the horn and add it to the potion.

‘Time’s up, step away from your cauldrons,’ Snape announced and everyone kept back whatever they were holding. Snape came to their tables one by one, unimpressed with each. Laura peeped into her cauldron. At least hers had thinned and was almost black.

‘This is a waste of time,’ Snape said as he passed a 5th table, still unimpressed. ‘Those of you who have a thin and dark potion, bring it in a vial to my table.’

A handful of people started pouring their potions into vials and walked forward. Laura glanced at them all. Yoongi’s was a midnight blue. Some others were grey. Some were foggy. Each kept their vials in front of Snape to see. Jungkook kept his next to hers. A black so pure and brilliant it reflected the surroundings. She looked at it wide eyed. How did he…?

Snape gave all of them a long leaf and lit a lamp.

‘Dip the leaf into your potion and then light it on fire. The leaf that survives passes,’ he said to them.

The students did as they were instructed. Every leaf crinkled and turned to ash, except Jungkook’s. His leaf was bright green within the flames. He waved the flames out and it was still as fresh as a newborn leaf. Sierra beamed with happiness, the golden boy had done it again.

‘At least someone passes. Disappointing as usual, the rest of you,’ Snape said. Dejected, everyone turned to leave with a sorry face.

‘Miss Dracwyn,’ Snape called her. Laura turned back to him.

‘A nightshade balm will be required for that,’ he glanced at her injured hand, making no attempt to observe it more closely ‘Unfortunately, the infirmary does not have it at the moment. Madam Pomfrey will have to prepare one and it will take a day. I suggest you keep the wound covered till then and take a painless draught.’ he said to her.

‘Alright,’ Laura said a sadness coming over her. It was one of the worst school days. Since this term had started, Jungkook had defeated her at everything, in every class and his smugness was reaching illegal levels because of that. She didn’t want to talk to anyone, not even Yoongi. She tucked her hand into her robe and walked out, telling Yoongi she will see him at the match and
went to her lone place.

It was a 5 minute walk from the castle, around a stream of the Great Lake. There was a nice fern patch below a Willow tree, surrounded by rocks. She would come here whenever she couldn’t go to the Shrieking Shack.

She sat on the cushiony moss and fern, resting her back on a rock. It was a beautiful place, surrounded by green and blue. When it was sunny, the sunlight would sparkle over the stream beautifully. She could hear the water gushing and birds chirping. At times a pleasant wind would blow, but the weather had been turning hot. The pain in her hand was nearly unbearable and it was spreading to her forearm. She could take the painless draught only before bed, because it made one quite groggy. Till then she’ll have to bear it somehow. The faint din of students cheering from the quidditch ground could be heard. The first match of the year will start soon. As prefect of the playing team she needed to be there to support her house but right now, she didn't want to.

She heard footsteps on the grass behind her and almost expected it to be Yoongi, come to drag her to the match.

‘Dracwyn,’ the deep voice called her. She looked back in surprise to see Jungkook.

‘What are you doing here?’ She asked her nemesis who was standing behind her below the tree. His broom was in his hand and was in his Quidditch robes- the robes of a captain. Laura’s eyes fell to the captain badge. ‘Congratulations Captain,’ Laura said to him saltily.

‘How’s your hand?’ he asked her, ignoring her snarkiness. His face didn’t give away any emotion and Laura wondered what he was playing at.

‘That’s none of your business,’ she snapped back.

‘You are in pain. Your face is red and swollen. Are you denying what I can see from my own eyes?’ he said to her.

‘Yes it hurts, but why do you care? Shouldn’t you be at your match?’ she asked.

‘I have something that can help,’ he again ignored her hate. ‘It's not nightshade balm, but its soothing,’ he removed a small round bottle from his pocket. Inside was a pale white balm.

‘Why do you want to help me?’ Laura asked, her tone full of suspicion.

Jungkook didn’t know what to say. He let out a deep breath. ‘This has happened to me before, in my 4th year. So I know how bad it hurts. Back then before I could go to Madam Pomfrey, a senior suggested I apply this balm. And it worked… And, to be honest… somewhere I feel this is my fault. I kind of teased you during the potions class and…’

‘Please,’ Laura scoffed. ‘Don’t make this about you. I just wanted to finish before everyone else. You in particular have nothing to do-’

Jungkook cut in, having had enough of her denial. ‘In any case, please, use this,’ he bent to his knees so he could be on level with her and handed out the balm. Laura took it from him but realised she couldn’t unscrew the cap with one hand.

‘Let me,’ Jungkook said, taking it back from her and opening it. It emanated a minty scent. Laura touched it with her good hand, it was cool to her fingers and didn’t seem to be harmful. She pulled
back the sleeve of her injured hand and prepared to dab it starting at her thumb, but the first touch itself made her grunt in pain.

‘Urrrgh! This is painful!’ she exclaimed. ‘I can’t do this.’

Before Laura could tuck her hand back in her sleeve, Jungkook caught it. It was a firm, steady grip and her wrist seemed puny in his palm.

‘Wait, it lessens the pain after a while, doesn’t it?’ he asked her. Laura nodded realising the pain in her thumb had receded and when he looked up, she was surprised to find that his expression was soft, unlike the usual smug look he always carried.

Jungkook took some more of the balm on his fingers. ‘Now just bear with it ok?’

Laura nodded, looking away and biting her lip, preparing for the shot of pain. She inhaled sharply as Jungkook started dabbing the balm softly on her wound. His grip was so strong that even though her other hand was scratching out the soil in pain, her injured hand stayed unmoving. She looked at her hand and Jungkook was taking his face closer to her palm.

What is he doing?? Laura wondered, completely shocked. Jungkook blew air from his mouth on the wound, while spreading the balm along the length of it. The pain was receding and so was the burn. The balm and Jungkook’s extra efforts were working but Laura felt something alien inside her as she watched him. Why am I letting him help me?

Just then, a loud cheer came from the Quidditch ground and she wondered what they are doing while a captain is missing from the match. Jungkook seemed to be too concentrated in playing the nurse, he didn’t react to the noise at all.

‘Hey, seriously, are you not playing today?’ Laura asked him.

‘Huh?’ Jungkook looked at her. The wind blew from behind her, making a few strands of her hair touched Jungkook’s cheeks. She had never seen him this close. She used to think he was a bit of a horse face with bunny teeth but now she realised he had beautiful dark eyes that looked at you with wonder.

Jungkook didn’t seem to be responding. He was just looking at her for a moment. He had again been hit with that familiar scent of lilies and frankincense. When will that scent stop affecting him? And he was sure the contact of their hands had spread the fiery effect of the fire seed to him because he felt a burn where her skin touched his.

‘Jeon!’ Laura tried to snap him back, his blankness was confusing her to great lengths.

Jungkook snapped to the present, ‘Your face is so swollen and red that you look like a tomato,’ he said to her, trying to cover up his thoughts. Laura blinked several times. Normally, that would offend her, but this time she just found it incredulously (and slightly amusing but she wouldn’t accept that).

‘Jeon, the Quidditch match! Right now! You are the team captain. Aren’t you playing?’ she asked again.

‘I told them to stall till I got back! Those losers. Did they substitute me!!? I am the captain!’ he screamed looking in the direction of the Quidditch ground.

‘You should get going then. Slytherin is waiting to beat all your asses,’ Laura said.

‘I will. Let me dress up the wound,’ he said, taking out a small first aid kid.
Someone came prepared, Laura thought, completely befuddled by this new Saint Jeon.

He opened the box and removed the dressing, tying it around her palm neatly, taking it between her fingers, wherever required.

‘Alright then, I gotta rush before I lose my seat as a captain,’ he said, hopping on his broom.

‘Th..thank you,’ Laura blurted out awkwardly, not meeting him in the eye. Jungkook gave her a shy smile which she saw from the corner of her eye and then he flew out to the Quidditch ground.

“That ought to make an entrance…” she thought as she watched him fly away. Looking at her bandaged hand, she felt that the pain had lessened a lot, but she would still need some painless draught if she expected to sleep sound tonight.

That was most unexpected from Jungkook. She was almost feeling bad about pumping up Ash to destroy him on the Quidditch field. She gathered her cloak and made her way to the Quidditch grounds for she had told Ash and Jimin that she won’t miss their first match.

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Patrick Doyle - The Quidditch World Cup

Taehyung jumping around like a ping pong ball in excitement for the first match of the season: Ravenclaw vs Slytherin. Usually the matches between Slytherin and Gryffindor had invited a lot of interest and inter-house betting channels ran rampant. But this time after the Duel Club incident, this match had tensions running high.

He had decided to support both the teams and his outfit as a result had received more care than usual. He wore both blue and green representing both teams. It would have looked ghastly on anyone else but on him it fit because he carried himself with such confidence and joy. Others who walked past him were affected by his infectious smile.

Speaking of which, another contender for the most ridiculous outfit was walking right beside him, his face painted blue in support of Ravenclaw, Hoseok stood next to Taehyung, doing some sort of cheering dance.

‘Ah! Hobi, you are here!’ Taehyung looked a little surprised. ‘You were fast asleep in the common room. I thought you aren’t well,’

‘No matter what I can’t miss the first match of the year!’ he said excitedly. Quidditch gave him a reason to forget everything else that was happening in his life and be happy.

The two Hufflepuffs were waiting with the rest of the team at the Ravenclaw players’ pavilion.

‘Where is he?’ Yugyeom said, bouncing at the balls of his feet. ‘I can’t keep entertaining the crowd with my somersaults. What was so important that he had to leave right before the match?’ Jungkook was usually early to the grounds to carefully check the wind direction and other affecting factors that would hinder flight. But this time his team was a bit shocked to see him late for such an important match.

‘I’m sure he’ll come in time. He’s never too late,’ Hoseok said. They heard a loud cheer from the crowd and looked out to see Jungkook flying into the ground. He didn’t waste any further time in waving to his cheerers and quickly entered the pavilion, dismounting smoothly as he glided in.

‘Where in the world were you!’ Yugyeom exclaimed disbelievingly.

‘I’m here! I’m here! How we all doing?’ he enquired, smoothing down his wind swept hair.
‘All of us are ready. Brooms have been checked,’ his beater replied. His team was ready to go out. Some were stretching their limbs, others pacing in impatience.

Across the field, quite a distance away the Slytherins had arrived in their pavilion. They looked to be doing the same except one Slytherin player was stretched flat on a bench. Hoseok couldn’t believe his eyes; did Min Yoongi still sleep before every match? He rolled his eyes before clapping a hand to Jungkook’s shoulder.

Taehyung waved at Jimin whose face was shrouded in seriousness. He smiled at Taehyung but it was brief. Hoseok and Jungkook exchanged a look. They knew how nerve wracking first matches could be. All of them had sent encouraging letters and words towards Jimin but he still looked very anxious about his match.

The Captain of the Slytherin team Ash Vorhart looked poised and strong in her well fitted quidditch uniform and was giving a last pep talk to her team. Her short hair tickled her face as the breeze blew.

It was usually the prefects who brought out the match equipment. Jungkook saw Sierra standing with Madam Hooch on the side of the ground. A seventh year from Slytherin came in to fill Laura’s place. He looked back at his usual gang. Namjoon had his arm around Taehyung, trying and failing to persuade him to remove the miniature snake and eagle he had magically bewitched to move around a halo on his head. Emina and Hoseok, both were in outfits which screamed Ravenclaw. Jin held out his hand to shake as he wished him a good game adding some tips about broomstick maneuverability that would work perfectly for the weather. Emina shot him a double thumbs up, and held up an embarrassing banner of his face, to which he facepalmed. Hoseok gave him a mini performance that had him covering his face in embarrassment. His friends were an odd bunch.

The crowd had been waiting since a while and they heard Mcgonagall on the mic.

‘Can we start the game before Kim Yugyeom does another round of somersaults? Captains please make your way to the grounds,’

‘Ok, I should get going, bye,’ Jin waved and hurriedly left.

‘Where’s he going?’ Emina asked them but all shrugged.

‘Okhay, it’s time to go,’ Jungkook said to his team. The supporters started to make their way to the stands.

‘Don’t get too excited,’ Namjoon told Hoseok.

‘Yes, last time you almost fell out of the box,’ said Taehyung, his geometrical smile showing through.

Jungkook’s hands came together in a loud clap once everyone had gathered inside the changing rooms. He tried to keep his pep talk short so that they could escape the slowly building heat and into the blue cool skies soon.

*Mood Music (Don’t forget to open in a new tab/window)* *Johannes Burnlof - Olympus*

‘Let’s get it! Uaaaagggghhh!’ they gathered their spirits and stepped out, walking towards the centre circle of the ground to wait for the referee. He watched the Slytherin team walk out of their side as well. Tall as she was, Ash Vorhart’s team looked impressive as they lined up. She had a new line-up this term including his friend Jimin and Jungkook had next to no data on the new players. The
expression on Jimin’s face intrigued Jungkook. He looked fiercer, more menacing somehow from his usual harmless self.

The commentator began to announce himself from the stands, ‘A match against the two most good-looking captains of the century is about to go down,’ Everyone looked at the commentary stand in surprise. ‘Well, good-looking only because now I have resigned from Captaincy thanks to NEWTs,’ Jin’s voice boomed. ‘Well, I suggest everyone take their seats as quickly as possible.’

Sierra and the substitute Slytherin came into the field then, and levitating in front of them was the trunk that stored their match equipment. Madam Hooch had her wand ready, ‘Captains! Shake hands,’ Jungkook grasped Ash’s hands in his own and gave it a firm shake, a smile rose to Ash’s face, one that said you may be my friend but I am going to own this match and Jungkook returned the sentiment.

‘I want a clean match,’ Hooch said, eyeing the Slytherin beaters. She placed the whistle in her mouth. The beaters flew up to take positions at the 3 big hoops. Yoongi spotted Hoseok in the Ravenclaw stands and his heart leaped a bit.

The game started with the loud screech of the whistle. The 3 balls were unchained and Hooch threw the Quaffle high into the sky. All brooms set off with loud swishes. Ash caught the Quaffle and raced towards the goal post.

‘Woah woah woah! Looks like Ash is too fast to handle for the Ravenclaws! Look at her go! She’s like a blur of green,’ Jin exclaimed. The Slytherins roared in cheer. Ash ducked a bludger but was cut in her path by Jungkook, who flew tangent to her out of nowhere. She pulled her broom back and tried to divert. But it compromised her speed. The Ravenclaw chasers flanked her sides, closing in on her.

‘A clever but risky move by our Golden boy! Looks like Ash is in trouble!’

Jungkook had his signature smirk on his face. He flew around the circumference of the pitch, accessing the situation. Ash was zigzagging through the stands, trying to shake off the Ravenclaw chasers. Jimin pulled up below her and Ash dropped the Quaffle. He caught it and raced, the green robe whipping behind him.

‘Looks like our new player Jimin has the Quaffle now! Jiminah you are looking too good, with the wind running through your hair. I see some junior girls fawning. Aint no stopping our Jimin! He’s dodging everything on his path! If I’m born again I want to be born with Jimin’s fluidity. Imagine that with my face. Hahahaha! I don't think the world is ready for it,’

Mcgonagall who was sitting below him cleared her throat. ‘Get on with the match Seokjin,’

‘Ow! Jimin is hit by a bludger. But would you look at that! He is unfazed! He’s nearing the goal post ammnd ITS A GOAL!!!’

The roar from the Slytherins was deafening.

‘And its 10-0 for Slytherin with Jimin making the first score of the match. Even though I can see more than half of the pitch is covered in blue, but the Slytherin’s enthusiasm is making up for it! Well I know at least one person in that blue crowd who is secretly supporting Slytherin,’

Namjoon got teasing glances from the seniors around him. Emina giggled.

‘I swear I will kill that idiot!’ Namjoon cursed, trying to hide his face.
High up in the sky, Jungkook smiled, seeing how well Jimin was playing. His heart swelled with some amount of pride. The rest of him was getting geared up for the heightened competition. He heard something whizz past him like a bee. He snapped his head around to see something glitter at a distance. He dived for it at full speed. His Nimbus broom was the fastest one ever made.

‘Oh my god! Looks like the snitch has been spotted!’ Jin announced and everyone awed, looking at Jungkook.

Slytherin seeker Terrence chased Jungkook trying to see the snitch. But something else distracted Jungkook’s vision. They were moving head first into the Slytherin stands. He saw a green shape and his eyes automatically adjusted themselves to see Laura walk into the stands, dressed in all her green glory. And in that fraction of a second, he had lost sight of the snitch. He pulled back before he got too near the stands and hurt somebody.

‘Well looks like the snitch, snitched its way out. Ahahahahaha!’ Jin’s iconic laugh rang throughout the pitch.

Jungkook wore the expression of being totally done with Jin and then soared higher above everyone else to have a larger view. The tension below had tightened again. The Ravenclaw chaser had the Quaffle now and was dodging through the Slytherin beaters and Chasers. She soared up to shake them off her tail and then dived sideways, throwing the Quaffle as she glided past the goal posts. Yoongi did a spin on his broom, kicking the Quaffle away with the rear end.

Jungkook sighed; after Jimin scored so fast, they needed to pick up their speed. The players were swooshes of blue and green all over the pitch. The Quaffle was passed between two Ravenclaws and caught by a Slytherin on the third pass. The chase began again.

He glanced at Laura. Her face was still a bit swollen. She had bewitched her hair to have streaks of green which shined as she moved her head. She was in a full green cloak and holding a big Slytherin flag which was bewitched to remain waving. The serpent on it was slithering in curves, glittering silver.

Vanessa Turner made her way towards her. She asked her something worriedly, gesturing to her injured hand. Laura waved it away in a ‘not to worry’ manner and Vanessa caught her arm, holding it tight and leaned on her shoulder. Laura bopped her head on her friend’s and they continued to watch the match. Jungkook’s head cocked slightly as he watched that. Why did it look so different, her face? She was… content and happy.

‘Jungkook close your mouth before flies make their house in there’ Jin called out. Startled to hear that, Jungkook snapped his head towards the Prince of Hogwarts, looking like he had been caught in a mischief.

‘Looks like the Ravenclaws took the Quaffle back from Slytherin,’ Jin continued his commentary. ‘Oh my they are zigzagging their way to the goal posts! It's a tight route the Slytherins don't know what to do!’

It was a moment of misjudgement for Yoongi. The chaser he expected to throw the goal passed it to the player next to him and she scored in a flash. It was too quick.

3/4th of the whole stadium roared in cheer.

‘And now it's even! The Ravenclaws have made their first score! But the Slytherins won't be left behind. Klaus is swirling through the stands with the Quaffle!’
Yugyeom chased after Klaus and bumped sideways into him, trying to knock the quaffle out of his hands. A bludger came right at them and along with that, the Ravenclaw beater.

‘I got this!’ The Ravenclaw beater proclaimed above the noise.

Th**ey’re gonna collide,** Jungkook knew and all three bumped into each other, falling in a swirl of blue and green.

Jungkook swooshed down as Adrian glided in to save his Slytherin teammate from falling. Fortunately the situation was saved and all 3 were on their brooms again.

‘Don't get too close to the players even if there is a bludger!’ Jungkook explained to his new beater. ‘They will dodge it. Hit it away only from a distance,’

The 4th year beater nodded nervously and Jungkook headed back to the top. His eyes on it's own turned towards the Slytherin stands and he glanced at Laura. What he saw made him float on his broom mid air, in the middle of the path of all the chasers. Laura laughed at Vanessa and was patting her head affectionately. Was he seeing it right? Is this the Laura that Taehyung saw? All frowns and scowls were gone from her face.

Did he make her frown all the time?

He was snapped out of his reverie as 2 players swished past him.

‘Yah! Jungkookie! Where are you lost?’ Came Jin’s voice. ‘Emina will spank you if you don't win this! Look at the glare she is giving!’

Everyone turned to Emina who’s angry face suddenly became shy and conscious.

‘Who made him the commentator!’ She yelled.

Jungkook shook his head and flew to a higher spot. What had gotten into him? Why was his mind not in the game? He had to concentrate. He decided to fly by his chasers and give them some encouragement.

‘C’mon we trained well. Don't show any mercy!’ He shouted out to his team.

The game went on below him. The Ravenclaws had gotten into form now, taking the Slytherins by surprise. Yoongi’s broom got hit by a bludger and he lost balance, hurtling down. Hoseok couldn’t help the exclaim that came out of his mouth. All Ravenclaw supporters around him turned to him with surprise.

‘YOONGI!’ He caught on the ledge of the stands, eyes watching in horror as the Slytherin fell. Adrian rushed to catch him and meanwhile Ravenclaws scored a goal which quickly distracted the people and they rose in cheer again. The hit was shaking up the Slytherins a bit and the score bumped up to 50 by Slytherin and 80 by Ravenclaw within the next 10 minutes. Hoseok sighed in relief seeing Yoongi unhurt.

Ash looked at the situation and flew past Yoongi.

‘Yoongi… time to go full swing,’ she said.

‘Yeah… guess we underestimated Jeon’s confidence,’ he said, scratching the back of his blonde head which shined like white gold in the sunlight. ‘Don't you worry now. Not even a fly will pass these goal posts now,’
Ash nodded and zoomed ahead, nodding at Jimin as she passed him. The initial plan was to not let their full strength show. They would need that in future matches. But looks like defeating Jungkook’s team will need their best effort.

Jungkook watched wide eyed as the Slytherin’s rearranged themselves. The quaffle was passed to Ash from Klaus and she cut through the Ravenclaws mercilessly. She had trained her team well. The Ravenclaws flew in to flank her but bludgers came hurtling at them, sent by the Slytherin beaters. The Ravenclaws pulled away and Ash ducked the bludger like she knew where it was coming from and scored a goal. This kind of team work went on. Jimin turned out to be the main shooter with incredible aim. Ash maintained a headstrong game. No matter how much the Ravenclaw chasers tried to snatch the Quaffle from her, she pushed and ducked away. The passing between the 3 chasers seemed flawless and Jimin scored another 2 goals. The whole pitch heard the chant of her name as the Slytherins held a moving banner of their captain’s face.

‘Oh my god!!’ Jin exclaimed. This is just perfection from the Slytherins! I hope Ravenclaws are not too shook otherwise I will lose all my money to Namjoon!'

‘Jungkook better catch the snitch quickly or I swear I will spank him,’ Emina said, tapping her feet impatiently while Namjoon facepalmed himself because of Jin’s big fat mouth.

On top, Jungkook was frantically looking around for the snitch. He had to catch it soon before Slytherin’s points surpassed theirs. Something green whizzed past him. Terrence spotted the snitch and was rushing at full speed. Jungkook chased after him, trying to get a visual on the snitch. The whole pitch was in awe of the two seekers. It was a chant of Terrence vs Jungkook from them. Terrance dived down, hand outstretched. Jungkook was not able to catch up to him yet and the sudden change in the direction of the course put him further back. Just as he was levelling up to him, a bludger came his way. As he ducked it, he heard a roar.

‘AND SLYTHERIN WINS!!’ Jin’s voice echoed loud over the maddening cheer.

‘SEEKER TERRENCE HIGGS HAS CAUGHT THE SNITCH! SLYTHERIN WINS BY 140 POINTS!’

The Slytherins soared up in joy, circling the whole pitch, giving high fives to all their supporters. There was singing and screaming from all of them. The Ravenclaws landed down on the pitch. All gathered around Jungkook.

‘140 points… it's not a big margin,’ Jungkook sighed. How did this happen? He was sure they were in top form but now he realised he had underestimated the new Slytherin team.

‘They played like monsters. No one expected Park Jimin to be this fierce,’ one of his chasers said.

‘Don't lose heart just yet. We have 2 more matches to prove ourselves,’ Jungkook said, clapping the backs of his team mates. All exited out of the pitch. Emina, Sierra and other Ravenclaws came to console the team, trying to say reassuring words and patting them on the back. They saw the Slytherins carrying their team members on their shoulders and walking towards the castle, with Laura in front, waving the flag. Their whole house seemed ecstatic at the win. Jungkook sighed seeing that. He was unconsciously trying to not think about why she had occupied his mind for most of the match.

‘It's only the first win,’ Seirra said. ‘They are too happy about it.’

The Ravenclaws exited while the Slytherins went on to party in their common room. Everyone was on a victorious high. Soon the common room was a mess of streamers, confetti, firecrackers and
disguised alcohol which was restricted to students above 15 years of age.

Laura stood next to Ash, slightly buzzed from the elf wine.

‘How do you think the Ravenclaw team did?’ Laura asked her.

‘Honestly, their team is quite good,’ replied Ash. ‘We didn’t expect them to play so well. But their captain seemed quite distracted today. That is quite unlike Jungkook,’

‘Indeed…’ Laura said, wondering what could put Jungkook off. Was his behaviour changing in general? Was his golden head finally cracking? Laura noticed Jimin, talking to Terrance in front of them.

‘I think Jimin is purposely giving you a good view,’ she whispered to her roommate as both watched him. His cloak was off and it looked like he was trying to maintain the best angle for his marshmallow ass.

‘How can you tell?’ She asked.

‘I saw him glance at you several times to make sure he stood in your field of vision,’ Laura said. Ash bit her lip. Things were starting to get slightly intense between her and Jimin. She wanted to know if the signs she was reading from him were not just in her head. He was like a puppy in front of everyone else, smiling innocently. But he would show a different side of his to her. What did that mean? At that moment he shot her a glance- a mixture of shy and sensual which he always pulled off so effortlessly.

She walked towards him kept a hand on his shoulder, casually pressing her body on the side of his, trying to get in on the conversation he was having with Terrance. Jimin felt her curves press against his arm and his cheeks burned. He gulped, trying to maintain a normal expression and looked at her and smiling, not like a puppy but more like he was waiting for her to notice him.

Laura was watching all of this and smiled at them. Then she left the scene to sit with some others.

‘YOU HURT YOUR HAND!’ Yoongi exclaimed, startling Vanessa who was next to him.

‘It's nothing major. Relax,’ she tried to assure him.

‘It is major. Fire seed juice seeped in. You took your painless draught right?’ Vanessa enquired.

‘Yeah I went to the infirmary after the match,’

‘Oh. I thought you got it bandaged before the match. Who did it for you then?’ Vanessa asked, innocently curious.

Laura blinked. Something was caught in her throat. Why did she not want to tell anyone that it was Jungkook?

‘I… I did it myself,’ she said, taking another sip of wine. A junior girl came towards them.

‘Dracwyn, your roommate has called you to your room,’ she said.

*Why is Ash in the room? Did Jibooty fluster her again?* Laura went to the room, wondering what could have happened.

‘Ash what’s wrong? Why aren't you at the party?’
The girl in Slytherin robes stood up from the back facing chair and Laura saw blonde hair twirl as she turned to face her.

‘Long time Laura,’ Gwen said, holding the picture of Taehyung’s mother’s wedding.

Chapter End Notes

OUUUUUU LOOK WHO’S BACK!!! BELLATRIX’S LITTLE MINION!!!

Wonder what new havoc she'll stir for our favourite Slytherins....

Sigh... Yoongi's backstory made me sad while writing it. Our Sope babies had struggles right from the beginning!
I also have some important notes at the end regarding the future rating warning of this story. PLEASE READ THEM.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Play till end of scene Hans Zimmer - Mind If I Cut In?

‘What a pretty picture,’ Gwen cooed at the photograph, a malicious smile played on her face.

Laura was in utter shock. Gwen’s return was the last thing she had expected. Just when things were all back to normal. Fury rose within her at the sight of Gwen’s smile. She clenched her fists and bit through her teeth scathingly, ‘You will give that back right now,’

But Gwen only continued to smile. ‘I wonder what will happen if the rest of the students saw this,’ she fanned herself with the photograph. ‘The amount of questions in everyone’s minds will be incredible!’

‘What are you doing here Gwen!?’

‘Attending school of course,’ Gwen walked towards Laura who was watching her carefully with narrowed eyes. ‘If you are wondering whether I’ve forgotten what you did to me, then no, I haven’t forgotten. I remember every single curse you used against me, for that filthy mudblood boy,’

Laura’s eyes darkened and she straightened herself. ‘Good,’ she spoke icily, hoping she exuded a quarter of the intimidation that her grandfather did. ‘I hope you remember every spell, remember the degree of pain I caused you. And know that I can cause more.’

To her shock, Gwen seemed unfazed. ‘You are in no position to threaten me Dracwyn. I will make
you lose all support in this house. I will make people spite you. Soon you will be all alone,’

‘She won't be alone,’ they heard a voice behind them. Ash Vorhart strided forward and stood next to Laura, her shoulder aligning with her roommate’s, much to the surprise of both her roommate and the intruder.

‘You can't do anything to her,’ Ash said to Gwen. ‘If you even as much as lift a finger, you’ll have to deal with me and many others,’

Finally, Gwen looked a little fazed and the smug smile of her’s faltered. She hadn't expected Vorhart to be friends with Laura at all. Laura certainly had Yoongi on her side. And Montague would any day crawl to her because of his stupid infatuation. She didn't know how many new friends Draewyn had made that she had someone stepping in front of her to protect her.

‘Keep the photograph back on the table right now,’ Ash said, pointing her wand at Gwen. It was clear who had the upper hand for now. Gwen couldn’t fight 2 people on her own.

Gwen ruefully placed the photograph on the table. She should’ve taken a better account of what was going on in the school. ‘You better sleep with one eye open,’ she said, walking past them.

‘Osborne!’ Laura called out to her. Gwen slowly turned, looking at them with condescending green eyes.

‘If anything happens to that boy, I won't care to find out who did it and why, but I will make you pay for it,’

‘Don't think I'm that weak Draewyn. I will do what I've come for. This is your last chance. Either stay out of it or get killed by them. They won't care about your Draewyn blood anymore. Blood traitors are as good as mudbloods,’ With that she left. Her words sent another wave of fear through Laura.

Ash turned to her, ‘Which boy were you two talking about? Does this have something to do with the Death Eaters?’

Her roommate nodded, ‘It does. The Death Eaters attacked Hogwarts because she fed them some misunderstood information… about Taehyung,’

Ash’s eyes widened as she slowly understood the chain of events. ‘Did she do something to Taehyung last year?’

Laura sat on the bed, recounting in brief what had happened. She touched her chest when she spoke about the curse that Gwen had inflicted on her, pulling her collar down to show the healing wound.

‘I…’ Ash sat next to her once she was finished. ‘I had no idea… the situation was this complex,’

Laura looked at her and smiled slightly, ‘Yet you came here to support me. Thank you,’

From the tone of Laura’s words, Ash knew she was truly grateful. She extended a hand to place over her’s, ‘I never liked Gwen, right from the start of school. And… Now, I know you better. I knew what I had to do when I heard her speak to you like that,’

‘That… means a lot to me,’ Laura nodded, heart filling up at the thought that someone could actually place their trust in her. Laura’s was a world of distrust, right from her childhood. She didn’t even know she was capable of garnering the trust of another by just being their assigned living companion.
‘Why do you look so surprised?’ Ash asked with a smile, ‘I can see you aren’t cruel, or selfish. You show it in the little things you do for the people around you,’

Laura chuckled, like she couldn’t believe Ash’s words.

‘But, what now?’ Ash asked and the weight returned to their brief smiles.

‘We have to warn Tae and Jin,’ Laura said. ‘We need Jimin to relay the message to them.

They knew Jimin was the only one who could deliver the message to them without garnering suspicion. Ash and Laura stepped out to the common room, signalling Jimin to come aside and told him what had happened. When he heard their request, he nodded understandingly and left. And they saw Yoongi standing behind Jimin with the look of utmost disbelief. He had seen Gwen return to the common room, and he looked like he was ready to break a neck as he watched the person who had put all their lives in peril go about the room, greeting everyone like she hadn’t almost killed his cousin and a 13 year old boy a few months ago.

The three headed to the Shrieking Shack where Taehyung and Seokjin had arrived. Taehyung stood frozen with wide eyes when he heard the news, a tremble going down his shoulders, till his fingertips started to shiver. Would he have to live in fear now? Until they caught Gwen? And the only way she could be caught is if she actually did something wrong. Either way, there was trouble incoming. Jimin instantly noticed his friend’s fear and put at arm around his shoulder, slowly rubbing his arm till he felt Taehyung relax a little and regain his senses.

‘Tae, don’t worry about it,’ Jimin whispered in his ear soothingly. ‘Look how many people are here for you. And there’s Jungkook, Hobi, Emina and Namjoon too. Gwen won’t be able to touch you, I promise,’

Taehyung looked at Jimin and nodded, feeling some amount of reassurance. This was true, it was Gwen and her numbered minions against 9 of his friends. His eyes looked at every worried face in the room and felt grateful, especially to Jin and the Min-Dracwyns, that they had put their cold war aside and come together for his sake. Maybe… now his two friend circles will finally unite. Jin and Yoongi, Laura and Jungkook, maybe they will all be friends now like he had always wanted. He’ll be safe… he will surely be safe.

‘Can’t say I didn't see this coming,’ Jin said. ‘She is a student after all. Her parents would want her to finish her education here, won’t they?’

Ash sighed. ‘Let’s decide what we should do now that she is back,’

Taehyung crossed his arms and stood in front of Laura. ‘You told Ash and Jimin?’

‘I didn't exactly tell Jimin. But he always acted like he knew,’ Laura said.

Jimin shrugged. ‘I caught on to these two,’ he pointed with his eyes to Yoongi and Laura, ‘They always tried to push me to keep you away from harm,’

‘And I told Ash myself. I trust her,’ Laura said.

‘Well…’ Taehyung said looking away, clearly he had something to say at the back of his mind. ‘You made that decision yourself. You didn't involve me,’

‘I'm sorry I...’ Laura tried to explain herself. ‘It was a moment’s decision. We should’ve ideally decided it together...but now it’s done,’
Taehyung didn’t say anything for a while. He pouted his lips, tapping his feet on the wooden floor.
‘Well… I guess it's alright… so I hope you understand what I did and why I did it,’ he sounded
sheepish and everyone's eyes turned to him in alarm.

‘What did you do?’ suspicion and threat was clear in Laura.

‘Well… you know how you trust Ash… and she has become your close friend in such a short span
of time…’ Taehyung said, looping around the truth as he played with his fingers.

‘Can you tell me what you did?’ Laura asked him again.

‘I hid this secret from my best friend for 4 years!’ Taehyung bursted in defense before he even told
them what he had done. ‘Of course he knew there was something I was hiding from him,’

Laura knew where this was going and panic rose in her.

‘So I told Jungkook… everything,’ Tae finally let it out.

‘WHAT! HOW COULD YOU!? OUT OF ALL THE PEOPLE WHY DID YOU TELL HIM?’
Laura was enraged and screaming her head off. Jin shook his head. She wouldn’t leave her petty
animosity with Jungkook even in this situation?

‘Well out of all the people, HE is my best friend,’ Tae stood his ground, straightening up. ‘He’s
like a brother to me. I trust him with my life. He will never ever break a promise to me,’

‘Listen,’ Jin interjected before Laura could argue further. ‘Taehyung, Jimin and I completely trust
Jungkook. He really is like a brother to us. More than a blood brother. I know why you don't want
to trust him but what is done is done. All I can say is you have zero reason to worry about
Jungkook,’

‘Easier said than done,’ Laura said, crossing her arms.

‘Soekjin,’ Yoongi asked ‘Since you and the head boy are practically two souls one body, should
we assume he knows about it too?’

Jin smiled at him slightly, ‘You think we are one soul? How cute,’ and ignored the exasperated
sigh that came from Jimin and Taehyung upon hearing the overbearing fondness Jin had for
Namjoon. ‘But yeah, he knows. You don't have to worry about Namjoon. I told you we all are like
a family. Namjoon is most protective of Taehyung and you can trust him,’

Laura turned ballistic again. ‘What is this? The chain of trust? This trust game needs to stop right
now! At this point I might as well stand at the Great Hall’s dias and tell the whole school!!!’

‘Can we?’ Taehyung asked her smiling and earned a smack on the arm from his Slytherin friend.

‘Stop treating us like we don’t know what this is,’ Jin said with annoyance furrowing his brows.
‘We know this is a serious situation, not some high school scandal. Considering three of us kept
your secret well hidden for the past two years, I hope you have a reason to trust us too,’

Yoongi and Laura knew they had no other chance that to take this leap of faith and trust them.
‘Alright,’ Yoongi nodded. ‘Now that so many people know about it, I hope Tae is protected at all
times. Always… be around Hoseok alright?’ he said to Taehyung. ‘You two are from the same
house, he’s your prefect. Now with Gwen back, you can never be alone,’

‘And you need to take care of yourself too Jin,’ Jimin added. ‘Last time the Death Eaters had come
for both of you. This time we don't know what Gwen is planning to do,’

‘Don't worry. We will be alert and keep an eye,’ Jin said.

‘Don't trust anyone else from our house apart from the ones present here,’ Yoongi said.

‘We should disperse now. It's late,’ Jin said. ‘We’ll leave first,’ and with Taehyung, he started to
head towards the door.

‘If…’ Yoongi said, halting them in their steps. He wore a formidable look even if Jin was taller and
broader than him. ‘If I come to know any of you or your friends have broken this trust, then I will
personally make your life miserable,’ He curled his lips in ever so slightly, watching Jin with
hooded.

Jin turned to face her and took a few steps closer to the Slytherins. ‘And IF I come to know that the
allegiance of anyone here has changed,’ his eyes travelled over Yoongi, Laura and Ash. ‘Then I
will make sure THAT person is miserable for the rest of their lives,’ he said, the pride as the heir
of the great Kim family finally showing through his face. He made them realize he was powerful
and they should be wary of him. ‘I told you, Taehyung is like my own to me. And I know the mind
games the Death Eaters play. If any of you can’t handle it, stay away but don’t you dare betray
me,’

He held Yoongi’s piercing gaze with equal ferocity until Taehyung tugged on Jin’s shoulder and
the two looked away. Both groups had landed themselves in a tricky position. Neither trusted the
other fully with only Taehyung forming a bridge between them. Jimin wondered if he will again be
dwindling between a set of two groups. He had thought he was finally starting to belong
somewhere but now he left he was back to square one.

* * *

As the weekend dawned, the castle was into its usual routine, completely unaffected by the ripples
that had been created by Gwen’s return. Gwen had Taehyung’s protectors on alert, but she was
strangely playing it low. She hardly showed herself in the castle, except for meals. She stayed in
the common, trying to catch up with her housemates after an absence of nearly a month. Her lack
of activities was making Laura paranoid until Yoongi told her worry is not going to get them
anywhere.

The only public development of problems in the castle was that the rival crowns were now on the
heads of Slytherin and Ravenclaw instead of Gryffindor. The attention seekers in Gryffindor felt a
bit of their house glory fade away at this. And that's when the incident happened that would drive
deeper cracks between the already alienated house Slytherin.

Everyone woke up quite late on Saturday. The Slytherins had partied all night after winning the
first match of the season and Saturday was a lazy, cloudy day for them. Jimin stood with Hoseok
in the Great Hall, looking at the big jars next to the teacher’s table, each coloured according to the
house they represented. Currently, Slytherin was on top, followed by Ravenclaw and then
Gryffindor and Hufflepuff at a minor difference. Jimin felt proud, seeing that his house was
currently ahead. Their Quidditch points had added to this.

‘I'm so proud of you Jimin!’ Hoseok said, putting his arm around Jimin’s shoulder. ‘You played so
well! I’m actually nervous about meeting you in the field whenever we play next,’

‘Really?’ Jimin couldn’t believe that Hoseok, the greatest Quidditch player the school had seen in
50 years was complimenting him so. He looked wide eyed at his friend.
‘I’m not joking. You were amazing on the field!’ Hoseok smiled. Jimin smiled shyly at the compliment. Klaus who was standing near them added, ‘He trained real hard you know. Even though he was hospitalized. Once he was back, he spent hours practicing himself. We practically won because of him. He was like our secret weapon!’

‘Weapon indeed,’ they heard a sneer comment from behind them. Try turned to look and it was 2 fifth year Gryffindors, the same ones who had called Laura a black blood a fortnight ago.

‘Make sure he is tested before the next match. Hopefully it's not during a full moon,’ they guffawed and Jimin looked at them with seething anger.

A few Ravenclaws around accessed the situation and added fuel to the fire. ‘Well it's unfair for us isn't it?’ they said. ‘Playing against the aggression of a werewolf. Maybe they should cut down the players in their team-’ but his sentence was cut off with Hoseok almost sneering as he took a step forward.

‘Watch what you are saying!’ Hoseok was furious. Jimin held his arm, pulling him back to not create a scene. They had never seen Hoseok lose his cool this way, but the Hufflepuff was boiling with rage. How dare they accuse someone who fought for this school’s safety?

‘Taking sides with the serpent, are we now?’ The Gryffindor said. ‘I expected more from a victim of their crimes,’

‘What do you mean our crimes?’ Jimin exclaimed. ‘Hoseok is my friend!’

‘Of course it's your crimes too, all of you black blooded lot,’

This time Klaus launched on them and that was the last thing Jimin wanted - a Slytherin involved in a fist fight. In separating them, Hoseok got punched on the cheek by the Gryffindor. Luckily the Gryffindor prefect Charlie intervened.

‘Hey stop it! Stop it!’ He held both the parties aside. ‘Hobi!’ He looked at him shocked, seeing a fellow prefect involved in a fight.

‘Teach your house some basic manners!’ Hoseok said angrily, straightening his robe, ignoring the ‘pushover’ comment he heard as he walked away from them. Klaus was still rearing to jump at them and Jimin dragged him back to the common room.

Soon the school was buzzing with news of the incident. The Hufflepuffs were shocked that a Gryffindor punched their prefect. Meanwhile the Gryffindors and Ravenclaws called Hufflepuffs weaklings with no spine of their own, shrinking under the power of the pretentious pure bloods. The cherry on the cake was the werewolf rumour where Abbott from Gryffindor acted as key witness of almost getting attacked by Jimin in front of a whole class until Mcgonagall came to save him. He said he was pretty sure Jimin was infected because he saw his eyes turn green and his veins pop blue and the Ravenclaws nodded their heads saying he was exceptionally fierce during the match, displaying inhuman strength. Even bludger hits didn't slow him down. Different versions of the spat circulated in the school, each more dramatic than the other. One said Charlie jumped in to save everyone from Jimin attacking them. Others said Klaus punched Hoseok. Another said the two Slytherins held the Gryffindors down while Montague beat them with his big fists.

‘But I was not even anywhere near them!!’ Montague exclaimed hearing the last version of the story in the common room.
‘This is ridiculous,’ Laura said, shutting the book she was reading. ‘I’d say just ignore it.’

‘But for how long will we all keep ignoring it?’ Ash seemed clearly angry at the situation. ‘It's high time someone puts an end to this,’

‘This is never going to end,’ Yoongi said ‘the Dark Lord saw to that,’

‘Should we talk to Dumbledore?’ Klaus asked.

‘We go complaining coz of a few words by butthurts and sore losers? We aren't that weak,’ Laura snapped.

‘We need to sort this out ourselves,’ Jimin said. He was the centre of all the rumours. ‘It might just die on its own, when the full moon comes. And they’ll know they're wrong,’

‘Maybe we should just put you in a wolf costume and scare them,’ Montague said and they burst out laughing.

‘Yeah maybe we should,’ Laura agreed, throwing her head back in laughter which made Montague quite smug.

‘Oh man I can just imagine Abbott’s face! He’ll have a heart attack!’ Klaus said, catching his aching chest out of the laughter.

* * *

There was certainly a lot of frustration in the air by the time Sunday’s Hogsmeade trip rolled around. All students above the third years looked visibly relieved that they could finally step out into the world again. The rumours that had grown through fear and ignorance only blew further out of proportion. The distrust between the Houses was beginning to cleave Hogwarts apart. So in a closed castle, the tension was like a ticking time bomb.

Namjoon was in his common room, sitting ready with the lessons for the day. NEWTs was far more intense than anything they had prepared for. He had his books open on the coffee table in front of him as he flicked the quill in his hand, memorising some terms from his potions book. But his concentration was soon broken by two girls coming to sit on his left side.

‘Hi Namjoon,’ They were the same girls who had gifted him the care package (among many other gifts)

‘Hi Annie, Jessica,’ he nodded at the two.

‘Could you help me out with this please? I’m trying since a long time but can’t figure out the answer’ Annie asked, showing him an arithmancy question. He internally sighed, seeing that she still looked at him with those big eyes, as if expecting something from him.

Jin stood a few feet away, jaw working as he watched the girls giggle, much too close to Namjoon for his liking. Jin could feel his chest burn, wanting to shield Namjoon from it all. Namjoon looked crowded but he was still being nice enough to explain whatever pretentious doubt the two had. Jin shook his head, Namjoon was either too naive or too kind. He walked up to them, clearing his throat audibly and the two girls looked up, wearing the same look of awe.

‘Could you move a little? I want to sit here,’ he said bluntly, gesturing to the non existent space the girl had put between her and Namjoon.
‘Of course,’ Jessica said and pulled Annie away.

‘Thanks,’ Jin said, sitting down in the space, making sure to put as much distance between Annie and Namjoon, ignoring her slightly fallen expression. ‘Aren’t you all going to Hogsmeade?’

‘Will you two be going?’ Jessica asked.

Jin shrugged, ‘Too soon to tell. Hey Joonie,’ he caught his friend’s arm. ‘Could you come with me for a second, I have some work with you,’ and without waiting for a reply he grabbed Namjoon’s elbow, pulled him up and dragged him away from the sofa.

‘But my notes-’

‘Your notes will not die if you don’t look at them for a day,’ Jin said, clearly unhappy at the lack of attention he was receiving from the other.

‘But where are we going?’ Namjoon asked as they headed to the boy’s dorm.

Charlie Weasley, the Gryffindor prefect came running towards them from behind, ‘Namjoon, the situation’s getting worse. Everyone’s fighting amongst themselves. The Hufflepuffs are livid, I have never seen them this way before, its making things very difficult for the prefects.’

Namjoon nodded as he listened to Charlie talk about how the houses had almost dueled in the corridor all because of some baseless rumours about Hoseok being attacked. He ran a hand down his face, stopping at his chin, thinking.

‘We will have a prefects’ meet and think of how to curb this soon,’ He gave Charlie a reassuring smile, clapping the redhead on the shoulder.

Charlie nodded, worry still creasing his eyebrows but he bade Namjoon goodbye and headed out.

As soon as they reached their room, Jin turned around to address the lanky Head Boy, ‘Happy Birthday.’ He held out a neatly wrapped package. Namjoon paused for a minute, ‘You’re late,’ but he smiled regardless with his dimples showing.

‘Just the present is late. I wished you on your birthday or have you forgotten?’

Namjoon shook his head. How could he forget? For his 18th birthday, Jin and his friends had decorated their clubroom and almost thrown a cake at his face. It was a small celebration but they had immense fun. He took the present and ripped it open. He found himself staring at a pile of common snacks and his smile faltered. Jin continued, ‘See, I found all those muggle snacks you enjoy. It was such a difficult thing. Muggle money is all paper, did you know?’ He asked his eyes wide.

Namjoon gave him a level stare.

Jin’s brain clicked, ‘Ah! Of course you would know. Go on, try them. I had some as a test and well they are pretty good.’ His hand pointed at a particular snack.

Namjoon chuckled. But his eyes became dangerous when Jin’s pointing hand made to grab the snack and attempted to open it for a second taste test. Namjoon’s hand extended, palm open to retrieve his present. Jin only looked at Namjoon in the eye completely aware of his friend’s displeasure and ripped it open. He stuck his hand in and pulled out a couple of the wafers and stuffed it in his mouth and chewed, all the while his eyes on Namjoon whose threatening hand had retreated.
Namjoon’s head dropped into his chest. There was no winning with Kim Seokjin. Resigned, he examined the other snacks in the package. He may have frowned at first but Namjoon’s heart now felt warm, thinking about the trouble Jin had gone through to get all of this.

He rubbed the back of his neck smiling absent-mindedly and his dimples showed which made Jin stop and stare in admiration. His hand came to wrap around the other’s wrist. ‘Joonie,’ Jin’s voice was an adorable whine, ‘Let’s go to Hogsmeade,’

Namjoon sighed. He had a whole day of lessons planned but every resolve in his mind was fading away at the thought of spending a day with Jin in the little village. Maybe they could grab some butterbeer together, stroll along the fence of the Shrieking Shack where no one else would disturb them.

‘Joonie!!’

Jin’s insistent requests brought him back and he nodded with a smile, ‘Yeah, let’s go,’ But a second later his smile slowly faltered. ‘But what about the prefect’s meet?’

‘Have it in Hogsmeade,’ Jin said, already taking a scarf to drape around Namjoon’s neck. ‘At least then people will show up. Do you think anyone wants to meet up to discuss peace right now? On a Hogsmeade day?’ He wrapped the scarf around Namjoon, hand briefly lingering on his chest, but Namjoon felt the spot of contact warm up his skin nevertheless.

Wearing their jackets, they headed down and rushed out of the common room before anyone else stopped them for any more ‘help’. Namjoon spotted Ash in the Great Hall and beckoned her.

‘Hey Vorhart!’ he greeted with a smile. Ash looked surprised but nodded at him. From behind him, Jin smiled teasingly and Ash resisted the urge to roll her eyes.

‘Could you please inform your prefects that there’s a meeting in The Three Broomsticks at 3 o’clock?’ Namjoon said. ‘It’s urgent that we all meet,’

‘Alright,’ Ash nodded. ‘They are headed to Hogsmeade as well, so shouldn’t be a problem,’

‘Thanks a lot,’ Namjoon smiled and then took Jin by the elbow, steering him towards the gates before the other could snigger out loud.

‘What?’ Namjoon sighed once they were out of earshot. ‘I told you I am not infatuated by her!’

Jin nodded, giggling all the same and pushed his head on Namjoon’s shoulder, trying to catch his breath.

‘I wait for the day you’ll stop embarrassing me,’ the taller sighed.

Jin put his head up, giving one of his disarming smiles, ‘Why, I thought embarrassing you was my prime job in this world,’

‘Stop being charming to get away with whatever you do!’

‘Oh, does the head boy find me charming?’ Jin quirked his eyebrows and Namjoon playfully pushed his face away with his hand, yet not letting go of the hold he had on Jin’s forearm and tugged him further onto the path towards Hogsmeade.

As soon as Ash had turned away from Namjoon in the corridor outside the Great Hall, her eyes had found the group of Gryffindor girls eyeing her rather scathingly. She knew one of them- Jessica
Howard, a senior Ash never liked. She tried to shake off the way their unsettling gaze made her skin crawl and walked past, only to halt in her steps when the word dropped out of their mouths-

‘Bitch.’

Hot rage rose from the pit of Ash’s stomach, all the way to her face and she turned around sharply, ‘What did you say?’

The three girls turned towards her, clearly trying to tower over her but this was Ash Vorhart, captain of an all boys team, some of whom had tried this tactic to domineer over her as well. Her eyes were unfazed as she looked at them, demanding an answer, ‘I asked, what did you just call me?’

Instead of answering, Jessica counter questioned her, sneer lacing her words, ‘What were you doing there back there? With the Head Boy?’

‘That’s none of your concern,’ Ash said.

‘Were you hoping to charm him off? It’s pathetic really,’

Ash ground her teeth.

‘Kim Namjoon has far more refined tastes,’ one of the girl’s looked at her from top to bottom. ‘He would never go for the likes of you,’

‘Oh yeah?’ Ash took one step forward, challenging them. ‘Likes of me you say? And what’s that?’

The three were definitely taken aback, taking a while to form a proper answer.

‘You are friends with Death Eaters, you’re a filthy bully. You keep a werewolf safe and you whore around for attention!’

The last two accusations almost made Ash lift her hand to strike the girl.

‘Vorhart don’t!’ Another hand clasped around her wrist, strong enough that Ash’s hand didn’t budge further. Ash looked to her side to see an extremely worried Jungkook. He looked from Ash to the Gryffindors. ‘Enough of this! Disperse right now!’

‘I’m your senior Jeon,’ Jessica stepped forward. ‘Don’t tell me what to do,’

‘You’re a senior but I’m a prefect and I have the authority to do this,’ he spoke with confidence. ‘Please just leave,’

Jessica shook her head, ‘I expected better than that from you,’ she said to him, seeing how he was reprimanding them and not the Slytherin. She beckoned the other two and left.

‘What did they say to you?’ Jungkook asked Ash.

‘Many… unkind things. They didn’t like me speaking to the Head Boy. And they taunted Jimin again about… the werewolf thing,’

Jungkook chewed his lower lip. They put this allegation only because some Ravenclaws were too salty about losing the match. Jungkook knew he was to blame for it. He should have kept better focus during the match. He was silently frustrated at himself for this. He would’ve preferred people blamed him for the loss rather than them framing Jimin for it.
'Tensions are high everywhere,’ Jungkook said. ‘I just had a bad argument with Sierra about this too,’ he spoke about his fellow prefect. ‘I’m sorry for what’s happening… you guys don’t deserve this,’

‘Thanks for saying that Jeon,’ Ash smiled a little. ‘I should get going now, there’s a Hogsmeade plan and I don’t want that ruined,’ she bid him goodbye and left.

Not in the mood to socialise with the people who were currently annoying him, Jungkook declined the offers by his housemates to visit the Three Broomsticks and walked into the village on his own. The sweet smells emanating from his favourite shop - Honey Dukes drew his eyes to the shop’s window and he saw some familiar faces. An adorable frown settled upon his features when he saw Dracwyn.

Why was he seeing her everywhere? And why was she smiling so much that her teeth showed? He wasn’t sure how he should feel about her anymore. He watched her as she tried a Sherbet Lemon and her nose crinkled at the sourness. He pushed his hands into his pocket, contemplating. She looked completely different, almost like she wasn’t wronged by all the wagging tongues and accusing eyes that followed her in school. He was staring as he tried to read her, his big brown eyes almost glazing over.

Suddenly a chocolate wand was in his face. He back stepped quickly so it wouldn’t hit his nose but the hand holding it came persistently closer and hit him square on the forehead. Jungkook took hold of the swaying wrist and pried the wand away, looking to the side and glaring at Jimin who giggled at him.

‘Hey Kookie, why are you trying to melt the display window with your eyes? What were you looking at so intensely?’ He asked, turning to see. Wide-eyed, Jungkook caught him by the shoulder to stop his friend from turning. But his reflexes were too slow. Jimin was a slippery quick thing and his widened curious eyes turned to the embarrassed Jungkook.

‘Ah! Ash? Ash Vorhart?’

‘Wha- ?’

Jungkook was confused. Jimin’s eyes were drilling into Jungkook’s face almost like he was burning with a question at the tip of his tongue. ‘Um, no,’ the Ravenclaw said shortly.

In an instant Jimin’s eyes cleared and he looked like he was going to grin but again his expression became one of surprise as his eyes widened. ‘Yoongi!?’ Then it seemed like his thoughts changed again and his eyebrow creased before he asked, ‘Don’t tell me! Laura?’

Jungkook’s ears turned red but he tried to maintain a stoic expression. It was becoming extremely difficult with an excited Jimin in his face trying to gauge his reaction. He shoved him out of his face and Jimin doubled over in laughter.

‘Why aren’t you answering unless its true?’ Jimin nudged him in the ribs and Jungkook swatted him away and that soon turned into a playful jostle, right in the middle of Hogsmeade, earning stares from each and every bypasser. A hand came to grab at both their collars, prying them away from each other.

‘I have had enough of this!’ they heard Emina’s voice as Jungkook fought through her pull to tickle Jimin who looked like he could cry from his laughter. ‘If I have to break up one more fight then I’m turning in my badge! I swear everyone is acting like children, I did not sign up for this!’
When the Slytherins walked out of the sweet shop door, their eyes instantly found Jimin in a tousle and Jungkook finally pulled away when he saw Laura's eyes on him. He straightened up, smoothing down his shirt and clearing his throat, eyes looking anywhere but at her.

Laura did not want to be around Jungkook after knowing that he knew her secret. It was like being naked even with all clothes on. What in the world must he be thinking about her now? She wanted to remain the ruthless, proud person she was for him because in a way, all those negative qualities made her feel… less vulnerable.

Jungkook’s eyes swayed to Laura’s injured hand. It was bandaged and there was a blue lollipop held in it. He looked at her face and her lips were tinted blue.

*My blueberry lollipop…* Jungkook realized. She had profusely refused it when he had offered it to her during their detention.

“So you like blueberries after all!” He smirked. Laura’s eyes flared up. Yes when she saw the same candy in the shop, something in her was curious to try it out. But she didn't realize she would be caught by him.

“No it's horrible,” she chuckled the candy which was almost over.

‘Doesn't seem like it was,’ Jungkook noticed. His eyes lingered on her lips for a fraction of a second and then he snapped them away. They were surrounded by people for god’s sake.

‘I hope you know about the prefect’s meeting in half hour,’ Emina said. ‘And hope to see you there,’

‘Why should we come for the meeting?’ Laura spoke, trying to avoid any situation that would put her in Jungkook’s presence. ‘First put an end to these rumours, then we’ll talk. Half of the prefects hate us too,’

‘But we should meet-’

Emina’s words fell on deaf ears as Laura excused herself from them. ‘Excuse us, we have an appointment elsewhere, so we have to decline the offer,’ Laura said and left towards the Shrieking Shack, her quiet place.

Yoongi and Jimin looked at each other while Emina drew herself to her full height determined to have Yoongi and Jungkook come to the meeting. She looked inquiringly at the two and watched their eyes move to reject her offer. She decided to pull out the Head Girl card.

‘Alright. Don’t forget that I write up the prefect duties for each month. Now, I really wouldn’t want you scrubbing the castle armour with Filch for the rest of the year. Unless you decide to be smart of and listen to me, of course,’

Yoongi frowned. ‘This is blackmail!’

Jungkook’s eyes widened, ‘You wouldn’t!’

‘Oh but I can,’ Emina replied, her attention diverted as she saw a few students playing with a Fanged Frisbee, a banned object within Hogsmeade.

Emina’s neck craned over them to get a better look at the unsuspecting trouble makers before she snapped back at the trio in front of her.
‘I expect all of you to be there or I will accio your arses from wherever it is hiding,’ she hissed, her wand held up threateningly in their faces.

Yoongi wouldn’t have taken her seriously but the shook expression on Jungkook’s face made him reconsider his next retort. He settled for a petulant shrug instead and stalked away with Jimin to Spintwitches Sporting Needs.

On the way a familiar loud laughter turned Yoongi’s head towards Zonko’s Joke Shop and his eyes immediately spotted the angular faced Hufflepuff prefect examining some trick wands that turned into a rubber chicken when waved and laughing at it gleefully.

‘Hey Yoongi!’ Hoseok’s eyes seemed to have found his own and he gave him a big wave. Jimin saw Yoongi exhale with a giggle and wave back. The boy had to will all the muscles in his face to not burst out laughing and the softness of the dragon.

‘You’re coming to the meet at Three Broomsticks? I’m headed there right now,’ Hoseok made his way towards him with Taehyung tagging behind.

‘Yeah… yeah I’m going,’ Yoongi nodded, making Jimin crane his neck towards his house prefect.

‘Are you now?’ Jimin quirked his eyebrows knowingly. ‘Just a moment ago you refu- OW!’ he exclaimed as Yoongi’s elbow poked at his ribs.

‘Shall we go then?’ Hoseok led the way, waiting for Yoongi to fall in line beside him.

Yoongi didn’t even realize when Taehyung got attached to Jimin’s back like a koala. How is he holding on like that? Did he buy some super adhesive form Zonko’s to achieve this?

Kim Taehyung kept glancing at Yoongi from his peripheral vision as if he were hesitating with something. Yoongi didn’t want to know what the kid had in mind but he couldn’t stand the bright eyes boring holes into his face anymore.

‘Just spit it out. Quickly,’ He bit out not unkindly.

The transformation was immediate, the shy hesitation blew up into an adorable giggle accompanied by his trademark box smile, and he said, ‘Soonshim is fine. But he still misses Holly sometimes. How is Holly? And- and your hair is so cool,’ He finishes with uncertainty.

Yoongi scratched the back of his neck as Jimin who hefted Taehyung higher on his back only beamed at the two of them. The Slytherin prefect was visibly embarrassed at the last comment.

It was strange the kind of praise that Taehyung just blurted out without a care in the world. ‘Holly is fine,’ he replied, talking about his own puppy who had a few years back helped them find Soonshim, Taehyung’s pup. He missed his pet as they had received curtailments against the kind of pets they were allowed to bring to school since a student brought an Erumpent as a pet and insisted that it was in fact, a ‘Crumple-horned Snorkack’.

The young Hufflepuff was still beaming at him when Jimin dropped him unceremoniously on the ground before whipping around pointing a finger in Yoongi’s face and accusing him of never having said he was such close friends with Taehyung. Taehyung was whining on the ground having hurt his butt while Hoseok came running over and Yoongi could not handle all the loudness. All he wants is peace and quiet with Hoseok, what celestial power had he angered that his life was cursed with such chaos. After a lot of animated arguing they reached the Three Broomsticks to see Namjoon, Jin and Jungkook seated in there. They were sitting on the farthest corner and well away from the others.
‘What about Sierra?’ Namjoon asked Jungkook who shrugged. Sierra was too mad to talk to any one of them.

‘Emina is still tackling the Fanged Frisbee situation. Someone got hurt. Charlie and Margaret are busy pacifying Filch about the flooded corridors too,’ Jungkook added, referring to the Gryffindor prefects.

‘Well, I felt Gryffindor and Ravenclaw should’ve definitely attended this meeting but well…’ Namjoon sighed. Jin pursed his lips, wondering if this was worth sacrificing the pseudo-date they were on. They were happily sitting by a boulder near the fence of the haunted shack, until Namjoon had suddenly exclaimed that the meeting was about to start.

One by one, the newcomers settled on the table. A significant weighted silence descended upon the seven of them. No one knew what to really talk about. A few minutes passed and several failed attempts at a stimulating conversation were made as each sipped their butterbeer. Surprisingly even Namjoon, who was usually the ice breaker was feeling a bit awkward.

Jin decided they have to get something to drink, something stronger than Butterbeer. He could see how dull it all sounded. Maybe a little liquid courage would lift the mood, shake things up a bit.

His eyes searched for Madam Rosmerta to see if she was alone. He waited till the last of her customer’s had dispersed and then left the table with a surprised Namjoon following his stride with his eyes. Jin was on a mission as he checked his reflection on a passing reflective surface.

His eyes met Rosmerta’s as she fixed a stray strand of hair back into place. Jin waited for her to notice him and leaned his forearms in the counter before him. He had known her from when he was fifteen and she was an insufferable narcissistic but that never stopped her from flirting with him now and then, while sneaking him some serious alcohol under the counter. She would give him some today as well. He was just going to have to work it out of her. Jin was going to pull all the stops today.

‘Hello, handsome. How are you, today?’ Rosmerta asked with her usual dimpled smile.

Jin just flashed her one of his winning smiles and sighed dramatically after a beat. ‘Better now after seeing you,’ He said sweetly with a glint in his eye.

* * *

Mood Music (Don’t forget to open in a new tab/window) Play till end BTS - Run Instrumental

‘Why does my butterbeer taste funny?’ Taehyung asked, his lips smacking and a frown marring his forehead.

‘Hmmm? No, Tae, you’re drinking from the wrong mug,’ Jin hurriedly took the mug that was meant for himself and not his younger friend.

Namjoon’s eyes widened as he clearly recognized the slight burn in his throat. He shook his head a little as he realized the drink was spiked with Firewhiskey, its effects muted but still evident. His cold fingers felt warm against the table as he drummed it wondering how Jin had managed to procure them drinks in the middle of the day. Must be that pretty face, he mused absently. He wasn’t going to complain, he certainly needed this after the mega failure this ‘meeting’ was turning out to be.

Yoongi had a look of slight admiration on his face, he had to give it to the Prince of Hogwarts. He had never managed this feat before but he would never voice his praise out loud. He might as well
have free drinks after the downward slope this day seemed to be taking.

Jungkook was frowning at Jin from his seat next to Tae who was making a grab for the ‘funny’ butterbeer again, getting his hand swatted by Jin in the process. ‘Jin, are you sure these aren’t spiked? We have to get back to the castle and half of us are still underage!’

Jin rolled his eyes, placed a hand on Jungkook’s arm and in a staged whisper said, ‘Do you want a glass of milk, Kookie?’ patting his head and Jimin who sat opposite to them giggled into his palm. Never one to back down from teasing, Jungkook resolved to show them and took the mug from Jin, taking a large gulp. He felt the slight burn and his eyes watered a little but he didn’t want to lose to them.

Hoseok was already starting to feel the buzz, the combination of his daily dose of mild medication acting up with the alcohol in his system. He grinned at Yoongi. ‘Want to play a game? he asks.

Yoongi chuckled fondly, ‘Lightweight,’ he muttered when he saw the slight red on the Hoseok’s high cheekbones.

‘Wait! If we are going to play a game, then we need the real deal,’ Jimin exclaimed, looking at the three ‘adults’ at the table.

‘We need to head to a proper bar then,’ Namjoon decided.

Soon they were in Hog’s Head. Soon they were so sloshed that even the filthiness of the place didn’t bother them. Yoongi was beginning to appreciate Jimin’s social butterfly status. Aberforth hadn’t batted one eyelid when the seven of them traipsed in (Namjoon tripped over his long limbs) and Jimin had demanded Ogden’s Old Firewhisky and the slightly smoking drink had arrived promptly no questions asked.

They played a game of shots. It was a muggle game suggested by Hoseok. (After a heavy amount of protests by Taehyung, the boy gave up and settled down with some fizzy cola shots)

Yoongi had a gummy smile on his face as he watched Jungkook cough into his whiskey, eyes watering after a big gulp.

‘Slow down, coconut head. Game’s over. You don’t have to compete now. It’s clear who’s winning,’ He said his eyes pointedly staring at a slumped Hoseok on the table his hands stretched out straight in front of him.

Jungkook’s muddled brain wrapped around the word, touching his hair, ‘Coconut head?’ Jin laughed his windshield wiper laughter as he looked at the perfect bowl cut.

‘Want to hear a joke?’ he asked and Yoongi frowned. They had been subjected to his lame jokes once every seven minutes, and no, they only made Jimin and Namjoon laugh. The Slytherin prefect nudged Jimin with his knee and mouthed ‘another game’ before Jin finished laughing at the joke in his own head.

‘Why is it so hot in here?’ Jimin exclaimed fanning his flushed face.

Taehyung was up and out of his seat before anyone could stop him, his long limbs kicking out the chair and pointed his finger out of the door, the fiercest frown on his face. No one knew what he was doing. He then promptly sat down on Namjoon’s lap to reach to the last shot glass still on the table and almost downed half of it before Jungkook snatched it away from him. Taehyung’s ears and mouth and nose were all issuing smoke and it came out green because of the absinthe in it.
Now he felt the burn of the Firewhiskey and he screamed like … well like he was on fire. Hoseok who had so far been slumped after the binge got up and screamed as well with a little jig to accompany it. And Jimin could never resist a good screaming match and together the sunshine line were responsible for the seven of them being kicked out by the back door.

Yoongi took hold of Hoseok’s collar as soon as the hold of Aberforth’s banishing magic lifted. ‘Why? Why did you have to get us all thrown out?’ He shook him when the other only grinned.

‘TaeTae enough!’ Jimin scolded the boy but everyone knew it wasn’t possible to stay mad at Taehyung’s pout. ‘Stop stealing drinks!’

‘I just had a sip!’ the boy protested.

‘And look how you screamed!’ Jimin sounded more protective than upset.

Jin chased after Jungkook his hair somehow mysteriously now pink in colour. ‘Jungkook! No that’s not where you can lie down! Get back here,’ He yelled while Namjoon looked at his back with his wand pointed at the Prince. ‘His favourite colour is pink,’ He explained to Yoongi with a dazed smile.

It was starting to get dark and they had been walking since a while, each muttering incoherently or singing off tune. The sun had already set. Jin was now leaning heavily on Namjoon, his arms wrapped around the other’s torso like a koala hugging a tree as both walked together. Jungkook almost tripped on his own leg but decided to blame the pavement for it. ‘Yah!’ he scolded the ground as it sloped away from him. They had already been spotted by several students when Jungkook had exclaimed loudly, ‘Who said I’m drunk? I AM NOT DRUNK. I am the golden Boy. HWHY YOU WANNA FIGHT ME!?"

They walked to the farthest end of Hogsmeade’s main street where shops ended and Houses began. A scattering of small children from the playground were cheering to some kind of rhyme.

“Let’s RUN RUN RUN again! I can’t stop running
Let’s RUN RUN RUN again! I can’t help running”

‘Do you really think you can go back to the castle like this?’ Namjoon asked Yoongi and looked at the youngsters they were supposed to take care of.

‘Shrieking Shack,’ Yoongi said, his communication worn down to a few words because his head couldn’t focus enough to get whole sentences out. He remembered his cousin would be there. Hopefully she would help save this situation.

Jin spit out the water he was drinking. They had managed to find some precious little and now most of it was spilled on Jin’s shirt. ‘That place is haunted!’

Yoongi snorted. ‘You weren’t scared when you went there yesterday! Would you rather stay here out in the open, where everyone can enjoy our mad parade?’

A big fat drop of water fell on Yoongi’s nose, then the skies opened up to descend upon them with all the fury they could muster. The cosmos had fucking had it in for him today.

‘Shit. Lead the way!’ Jin exclaimed his hand going to his perfectly coiffed hair which apart from its pinkness had maintained its gravity defying bounce. ‘I can’t let the rain touch my hair. Hurry, Grandpa!’
Yoongi was still trying to climb up the stairs of the Shack, hands slippery on the rail, before he could tell the rest of them to come up. His feet clanked loudly on the first of the porch stairs. Before he could orient himself to slowly pick up his other foot, he watched an excited Jungkook take a few steps back and measure the distance as if he were about to make a leaping jump. Yoongi tried to stop him, but it was too late. Jungkook had already jumped and collided into Yoongi, as the door opened and both were sprawled on the porch with their heads on the other side of the door.

‘Hi Laura!’ Yoongi grinned looking up at the shocked face of her cousin who stood with her hand still on the knob of the door. Her eyes went from Yoongi’s blank gummy smile to Jungkook’s rabbit teeth grin as both lay on the floor, arm in arm. Behind them were other guys, all swaying and laughing.

‘You’ve got to be kidding me,’ she sighed, realizing that ALL the boys were totally drunk.

‘What’s happening?’ Ash came to Laura’s side, peering over at all of them curiously. Just then she heard Jimin letting out a whoop and run towards them in full speed with a mussy haired Taehyung following him.

‘HIHHH!’ Jimin shouted his hand waving in front of Ash’s face. Jin sighed when Namjoon tripped on his own feet (for the nth time) and rolled his eyes. Laura helped Yoongi up to his feet but left Jungkook where he was.

‘MEANIE!’ he screamed at her, making a childish pout as he hoisted himself up.

‘Why are you here! Go away!’ Laura yelled at him.

The girls brought the drunkards into the room with the safe roof. Ash created small balls of purple fire and left them hanging at a height. They couldn’t light up the fire place or people will know someone was in here.

Laura managed to find some old towels and was running around with them in her hand, trying to grab hold of anyone to pat them dry. The girls felt like they were dealing with really big kindergarten kids, running around, screaming, flailing their arms, toppling over one another and then laughing insensibly.

‘Tae! You will catch a cold!’ Laura tried to make the boy sit still but he broke from her grasp and ran. He was sober but his brain was hyped by the drunk behaviour of his friends. Jungkook instead was running straight into Laura. She dodged to avoid colliding into him. He shook his head like a dog, spraying droplets all over Laura’s face.

‘Watch it you dog!’ she covered her face with her arms.

‘Hey Dracwyn! Do you want some more?’ he waved 3 more of the blueberry lollipops in her face, which he had pulled out from his pocket. His face was coming closer to her, his eyes big and head moving one side to another as if he was trying really hard to observe something. ‘I can still see your lips are blue,’ he said, biting his own lip.

‘Do you want a blue eye?’ she said irritably, stepping back. She wished he would stop looking at her as if trying to find a hidden mole.

Jungkook just laughed, showing his white bunny teeth and then ran behind Hoseok who was downing Laura’s favourite wine. Yoongi had found her secret stash of alcohol which she usually kept just for herself and her very special people and was happily giving it all to Hoseok. And now everything was either being downed people’s throats or spilled on the carpet.
‘THAT IS VINTAGE!’ she yelled at a deaf Hoseok but whatever she screamed next came muffled as she felt something wet and heavy being thrown on her face. She pushed the wet clothes away from her eyes to see a shirtless Jimin running away like a 5 year old child high on sugar.

‘PARK JIMIN GET BACK HERE! THIS IS NO PLACE TO RUN AROUND NAKED!’ She yelled, running behind him, clutching his discarded clothes in her hand. But it was futile. The boys seemed like they had an unlimited amount of energy inside them. Ash came to her side, Jimin’s flask in hand.

‘Its no use…’ she said, eyes on Jimin who was rolling on the floor. She took a swing of the flask’s contents hoping it would give her the strength to get through this task. ‘They don’t want to listen to any of us.

’I thought they would handle their alcohol better. And three of them are supposed to be adults,’ Laura shook her head.

Jungkook butted in again.

Can I get a break from this guy? Laura prayed.

‘Oh as if you can hold your alcohol,’ he slurred almost tripping over his own leg.

‘Please, you all look like a bunch of kids right now,’ she said coolly.

‘Pfft!’ Jungkook waved it off. ‘I bet you anything, one sip of Fireshky-’

‘Firewhiskey,’ Ash corrected him.

‘Yeah that. One sip and if you don’t feel the hit then I will proclaim that you are better than me,’

Laura raised an eyebrow. She knew she wasn’t that resistant to alcohol. A few shots were all it took for her alter ego to come forth. But Jungkook’s offer was too tempting to turn away. She took the flask from Ash and as always, ready to show off in front of Jungkook, she took 3 big sips, almost emptying the contents. She brought the flask down from her mouth and smacked her lips.

‘There! Three sips and I am totally fine!’ but she wasn’t really. She could feel her limbs relaxing and her body heating up slowly from her stomach. But she held her ground and stomped away, leaving Jungkook staring at her with an open mouth. After a few steps she felt the lights go brighter and soon there was a Taehyung in her face, holding her hands and making her dance to a song he was singing while Jimin made her down a shot of, she didn’t even know what.

Yoongi had somehow tweaked the old gramophone and had something playing on it. Taehyung was done with dancing and now his hands were covered in paint which he took from Laura’s makeshift art desk. But he had no paper and used Jin as a canvas after he got bored with the wall.

Jimin ran around the whole room, howling his lungs out. He spotted Ash sitting on the sofa with Jin, who was making her drink Firewhiskey with Absinthe to see the green smokes.

‘They say Firewhiskey is a Gryffindor drink,’ Jin posed like an intellectual person with the drink in his hand. In contrast to that, his shirt had paint smeared all over the back by Taehyung, who apparently was trying to replicate Van Gogh’s starry night.

‘And Absinthe is ours, for obvious reasons,’ Ash said, downing the shot.

Jimin ran towards them and jumped on Ash’s lap, keeping his weight on his knees on either side of
her thighs. No one knew if it was a glorious shirtless Jimin or the Firewhiskey but Ash looked like smoke was rising off her whole being.

**What is he doing? Where is his shirt? WHY IS HE SO CLOSE!??**

‘Here you are!’ He smiled, his face just inches away from hers and his hands resting on the back of the sofa behind her. ‘I missed you!!’ He bent his head forward, pressing his forehead to her. His flushed cheeks and wet body were radiating heat. He giggled as their noses aligned. Ash was frozen under him and then her breaths started to hitch.

‘You just saw her,’ Jin, who was usually the first one to read the signs was completely oblivious under alcohol.

‘Noooo! It’s been so long!’ Jimin cried. ‘What are you having? I want some too,’ he took Jin’s shot from his hand.

‘Should he be drinking more?’ Ash wondered but Jimin downed the shot, a long droplet of green trickling from the corner of his lush lips, down his perfect neck. Ash followed it’s trail through his absolutely perfect chest and abdomen. She was quite buzzed after the multiple shots and her hands moved on their own, her index finger wiping the trail of the Absinthe drop from his belly button till his collar, taking in every curve of his muscles.

‘Don’t get yourself dirty,’ she murmured, gazing at his beauty. Jimin watched her with dazed eyes, feeling his skin tingle at her touch.

‘Yah!’ Jin suddenly yelled. ‘Stop crushing the poor girl! You should be the muscle pig, not Kookie.’ Jin tried to stand, though he was swaying a lot and put his big arms around Jimin’s chest, heaving him off Ash. Both Ash and Jimin cried a ’no!’ in unison, but Jin ignored them. He swung Jimin around and both fell on the floor, feeling giddy.

Meanwhile, Laura was still trying to get Taehyung to dry his hair and clothes, the effects of the alcohol in her growing stronger with each moment. Laura pulled his head towards her and fluffed his hair to remove the excess moisture. Taehyung blew a raspberry at her and grinned. Her eyes went to Jungkook next to them, who was laughing, his eyes crinkled at the corners as he leaned on Yoongi who had a gummy smile on his face. Laura’s hands paused. She couldn’t believe her eyes. Her cousin was laughing with her enemy? But her eyes found another interesting thing. The white shirt he wore was wet and his skin glistened with the water reflecting off it. The front had a faint handprint of blue on the shirt… her handprint. Her eyes ran down his body, her brain unintentionally taking very unhelpful notice of how attractive a specimen her nemesis actually was.

She looked up and met his brown eyes looking into her own purple ones in confusion and he laughed.

‘What’s so funny?’ she wondered.

‘Tomato face,’ he continued chuckling.

‘Excuse me! You are the coconut head!’ she fought back.

His hands came up to cup her face, rough but gentle and squeezed her cheeks together, heat from his hands warming the cold in her skin. Her eyes wide at the invasion of personal space, Laura pulled his hand off and smacked his chest sharply before walking off.

Jungkook lay down on the floor his face red, embarrassment flooding his brain. His legs kicked out as he let out a frustrated shout and laid down on his back, his forearm trying to cover his heated
cheeks. His eyes closed he tried not to think of her soft skin or the way her purple eyes had been clear and looking at him without a death threat hanging in the air.

There was a sudden scream and they saw Jimin run towards Hoseok with a pillow in hand which he whipped at the Hufflepuff’s back. There was feathers and fluff everywhere and now everyone was triggered.

There was no mercy. There were no survivors. It was a fight to the death.

Ash smacked Jin on his head as he absentmindedly looked at Namjoon being pounded in by Jungkook and Taehyung. Jin’s counterattack was weak in comparison because apparently, a gentleman never smacks a lady’s face with a pillow, especially ones as beautiful as Ash Vorhart. Ash rolled her eyes and smacked his face as he was blowing her a flying kiss.

‘This is getting out of hand…’ Namjoon said to himself, senses slowly returning to him. He created a memo out of whatever paper was available and sent it out of the window.

Emina was in her room, having returned from her rounds, her mind on several things at once and also hoping to hear an explanation for the boys’ absence at dinner that night when she noticed an envelope on her desk, the contents of which made her eyes wide and she immediately left for the Shrieking Shack.

Gasping after the intense fight. Hoseok and Jimin fell back on the mess of feathers they had created.

Namjoon sat by himself near the door, his hair a mess of feathers whilst Jin picked them out one by one. Emina walked in, her wand tip aglow over a note clutched in her grip. Jin threw the feathers on her face, ‘Woosh!’ he giggled.

Emina stood there eyes wide at the welcome treatment she received. The screams from Hoseok being tickled by Yoongi reached her first. The visual was the most bizzare. She saw feathers everywhere. She saw flushed faces everywhere. She saw unfocused eyes everywhere. Her own eyes narrowed. This is a worse mess than the fake human sacrifice ritual they pulled on me in year four. Jungkook and Taehyung seemed to be in the process of stuffing back a torn pillow their heads bent together in concentration. Ash was giving Laura a backhug and rocking side to side. Mother of Merlin. Was that Park Jimin shirtless? Her eyes stilled when she saw Jin right in front of her holding what appeared to be an overstuffed pillow.

No longer had her eyes settled on him, Jin smushed a pillow on her face. ‘Quick everyone hide! Em is going to kill us otherwise!’ he staged whispers. Namjoon looked up from his spot on the floor and reacted immediately. Pulling a confused Taehyung and Hoseok with him behind the chaise lounge and shushing them loudly. ‘SHHHHHHH!’

‘WH-’

‘Shhh!!’

Emina smacked the pillow out of his hand with a vicious snap. Jin began whining.

Noting his new silver hair (result of Taehyung’s magic running wild), Emina smirked pointing to it, ‘Looks like age has caught up on you Seokjin,’ She tsked. ‘Hang in there, old man, we’ll find a solution to your grey hair,’ Everyone stared with eyes wide. An audible gasp went around echoing.

Taehyung stood up from his place behind the couch and screamed ‘BURN!’ which set a shirtless Jimin off, ‘Burrmmmnnnn!’
Ash was suffering from spontaneous combustion at the sight of Jimin, her legs folding up and she discreetly sank down. Jungkook was openly admiring Jimin’s abs and Taehyung had an awed smile on his face. Jin snorted, seeing the appreciations Jimin was getting from everyone and his hands went up to the collar of his shirt when Em pushed her wand to his throat and quietly said, ‘Don’t you dare.’

Laura suddenly got into her caretaker mode again and pointed at Jimin who was about to run towards Emina.

‘STOP RIGHT THERE! Where is your shirt, young man?’

She shot after him again, trying to find his shirt. Jungkook watched her chase Jimin, a pout forming on his lips as he sat cross legged with his shoulders slumped.

*She is taking care of Tae... She is taking care of Jimin... why isn’t she paying me any attention?*

He picked at the threads of the old rug, feeling a dark cloud forming around him. He realized now, that no matter how much he had tried to deny it, but his attention always remained on each Laura. The moment Laura would enter the class Jungkook was in, he was aware of her presence, trying to act cool without making it too obvious. He used to pretend like he didn’t care about her existence but in reality he cared about every movement that he made in front of her. He had expected her to feel the same way but now he wasn’t sure of it.

Emina was stomping towards them. ‘ENOUGH! NAMJOON! SEOKJIN! YOONGI! WITH ME RIGHT NOW!’ She pointed the three to follow her to the side room. The boys sheepishly walked with her, their heads hanging low. Once they were out of the room, the younger boys immediately started to scream again.

‘Drink up!’ Emina handed them a large bottle with a thick green liquid

‘I don’t want to!’ Yoongi cried. ‘Why are you forcing me-’

‘Drink up now or hand over your wands!’

The three ‘adults’ took the cups with pouted faces and drank up the bitter liquid, squirming and retching at the taste.

‘Now make the others drink it,’ Emina handed each of them one cup and sent them to the main room.

Outside, Jungkook was still pouting on the floor, when he suddenly sneezed. Laura looked at him and noticed his nose going pink.

‘I told you all that you will catch a cold if you don’t dry yourselves,’ she said. ‘Your hair is still damp. And now we are out of towels,’

‘Well you could've dried me with the evaporation charm!’ Jungkook pouted. Laura was suddenly hit by how adorable he looked when he pouted.

*He does look like a bunny...*

He stomped away to another corner of the room and stood there with his arms crossed.

Laura sighed and rolled her eyes. Drunk Jungkook was even more difficult to handle than the usual smug boy but surprisingly he wasn’t as annoying.
Jungkook chewed on his lower lip, angry at the fact at his effort at getting her attention was such a big fail. He felt quite embarrassed at himself. Just then he saw a cup with a green liquid pushed under his nose. He looked to his side and Laura stood there, not really looking at him in the eye with her arm outstretched.

‘You didn’t have your draught yet. Have it, or you will wake up with a bad hangover,’ her words were shy and awkward, showing that it took all of her efforts to do this.

Jungkook smiled to himself. Her eyes were caste down, her long lashes lining them beautifully. He took the draught from her hand and did a one shot, retching at the horrible taste. Laura let a small smile appear on her face still relishing the pain of her nemesis.

‘Sit down so I can dry you,’ she said, taking out her wand. Jungkook obliged silently, and Laura ran the hot hair along his hair.

Is it as silky as it looks? She wondered but resisted touching it. Hoseok paused from discussing the benefits of mandrakes with Yoongi and had his mouth hanging open at what he was seeing. Is Laura really doing something nice for Jungkook? Yoongi turned to look as well and soon all eyes were on the miraculous scene in front of them. Laura slowly looked up at the sudden silence around her and found everyone gaping that them. Her face turned completely red.

‘Haha! Tomato face,’ Jungkook chuckled dreamily, uncaring of the gazes on them.

‘HORSE FACE!’ She yelled at him and stomped away to the opposite corner of the room.

Yoongi pushed the draught nearer to Hoseok’s mouth as the boy excitedly shared all his Herbology interests with him.

‘Ok, take a sip and then tell me more,’ he coaxed him to drink. Hoseok took a gulp, scrunching his face that made Yoongi giggle again. Somehow, Yoongi made him finish the contents and then adjusted the pillow beneath Hoseok. ‘Now lie down and sleep. We’ll head back tomorrow morning.’

‘Where will you sleep?’ Hoseok muttered.

‘I’ll find some place,’ Yoongi said but Hoseok’s hand unintentionally catch the hem of Yoongi’s shirt. He saw the boy’s other hand come up to rub at his arms.

‘Are you cold Hobi?’ he asked softly, using his nickname for the first time.

‘No… my mom used to put me to sleep like this. So… when she’s not there and I miss her, I put myself to sleep this way too…’

Yoongi looked at Hoseok for a moment and then lay down next to him, head on the edge of the pillow. He brought his hand to stroke the other’s hair. ‘Like this?’

Hoseok nodded with a sleepy smile, ‘You really are like a dumpling,’ he poked Yoongi’s pale cheeks softly, seeing the smile spread on his face. Yoongi pulled the blanket over them, continuing to stroke Hoseok’s hair till the boy was snoring lightly.

‘Jimin!’ Ash made him sit down by force. From Emina’s miraculous efforts, Jimin had a shirt on now. The boy grinned at her fondly. She put the cup of anti-hangover draught in his hand. ‘Drink it up now,’

‘What will I get in return?’ Jimin asked, mischief clear in his twinkling grey eyes, ‘I’m being so
good, I want a reward,"

Ash sighed in defeat, ‘Alright, you’ll get a reward. What do you want?’

Jimin put his cheek forward, tapping on it with his finger. Ash blinked, wondering if she was understanding this right.

‘One to get me to drink, the other for rewarding me for it,’ Jimin said. It was clear that he knew his charms. Ash felt flutters all through her body as she lifted his chin up and quickly pecked his right cheek with a moment’s courage. Jimin grinned widely, cheeks turning pinker and then drank the draught, turning his face to the other side as soon as he swallowed. Ash bent down slowly and pecked his cheek, lingering a few moments longer.

‘Good,’ Ash spoke softly close to his ear. ‘Now, you must go to sleep if you want any more rewards,’

‘But-‘ Jimin’s protests were silenced when Ash pushed a finger on his soft lips.

‘No,’ She said, tone soft. ‘You’ve had a lot to drink, so you need to sleep now,’ she took his hand and put him on the bed. ‘I’ll be here when you wake up,’

Jin and Namjoon were by the sofa. Namjoon had spread a rug for himself below but Jin was not letting go of his hand as both sat cross legged on the sofa, facing each other.

‘We should do this more often,’ Jin swayed front and back, smiling fondly at Namjoon. ‘Even though our fake date got ruined,’

‘Fake date,’ Namjoon chuckled and felt Jin poking softly at his dimples.

‘You’re dimples are adorable you know that?’

Namjoon shyly rubbed the back of his head, ‘You have mentioned that. Should we go to sleep now?’ When Jin didn’t answer, Namjoon looked to see him frowning with a pout.

‘You work too hard Joonie,’ he said. ‘For yourself and others. You need to take care of yourself first,’

Where’s this coming from? Namjoon wondered.

‘You’re too nice,’ Jin took his hands in his and Namjoon felt thankful for the warmth of it. ‘I don’t like it when people take advantage of that,’

Namjoon extended his hand to softly grab Jin’s chin between his thumb and forefinger, ‘Ok, I’ll take care that doesn’t happen again. I don’t want anything upsetting you,’

‘No, you need to do it for yourself! Not for me… I know you say yes to a lot of things to see me happy. But I want your yes to come from you, from your heart,’ Jin poked his chest softly, palm opening and fingers lingering at the spot.

‘If it makes you happy, it is from my heart,’ Namjoon said and for a moment both looked at each other until Namjoon looked away shyly again and Jin giggled.

‘Maybe start writing poetry again Joonie,’

‘Stop laughing!’ Namjoon swatted his arm, ‘And go to bed,’
'Ok,’ Jin said but instead of letting Namjoon climb down to his rug, Jin pushed him down and put himself on Namjoon’s side. He pulled the blanket up and adjusted himself until both were fitting snugly on the sofa, ‘Am I too heavy?’ Jin asked, putting his head on Namjoon’s arm.

‘No, you’re just right,’ Namjoon smiled, cradling his head.

Jungkook wandered around like a lost puppy. He saw Jin and Namjoon curled up on the sofa. Both were in deep sleep. Below them, on the floor was the most unusual sight. Hoseok and Yoongi were snuggled below a blanket. Jungkook chuckled wondering what will happen when they wake up next to each other like this.

Exhausted from trying to keep the entire castle and this bunch of hyperactive beans safe and sound, Emina was asleep on the bed, her hair all over her face. Jungkook took the entangled blanket near her foot and put it over her. Next to her, Ash and Jimin slept, Jimin holding on to Ash’s hand. Jungkook cocked his head curiously as he wondered what had developed between the two. Both were breathing deep, in peaceful sleep.

Jungkook pouted. Where was he supposed to sleep? All blankets and pillows and nice spots were taken. He searched for his best friend, and found him sleeping next to his nemesis, who had a protective arm over him, pinning him with the blanket.

But he is MY best friend! Why is she taking him? He stomped towards them, pulling a bit of Taehyung’s pillow out. He lay down next to him and pulled some of the blanket over himself. Putting an arm and leg around Tae, he hugged him tight, feeling possessive about his friend. His hands touched something soft and he peered up to see what it was. His fingers were on Laura’s cheek. He blinked, seeing her soft face in deep sleep and brushed his fingers along her jaw, something knotting up inside him again. Here she was in that state again, without any hatred or anger on her face. His eyes felt heavy and he blinked, slowly putting his head back down on the pillow.

Chapter End Notes

So, I've been giving this a lot of thought for the past couple of days, as to how to address the 'underage' tag in the archive warnings. This story, as I mentioned runs on the suspense/mystery plot. The plot makes the romantic relationships move forward, so even though there's nothing happening right now (while the relationships are still brewing) but, in the future, there will be certain amount of sexual content.

The characters in romantic relationships in this story range from the age of 16-18, and after going through Ao3's guidelines, they deem below 18 as underage, even though broadly, 16+ is a common rating for sexual content.

So, please be warned that in the future, there will be sexual content with characters of the above age group.

Another issue I wanted to address is regarding the ship tags. Over the time of writing this story, I realised not all the ships are going to progress at the same rate or happen at the same time. I don't know if I should be putting one ship as main and others as sides because that's not how I see it. Some ship might be having more content now and less later and vice versa. Since it depends on what's happening with them during that arch of the story.
Thank you for reading through this! And I hope you understand what I tried to convey!
^___^
Hoseok was the first to rise, eyes opening at the sound of birds chirping in the Forbidden Forest. And the first thing he saw in the morning stretched his lips into a smile.

Yoongi was fast asleep right next to him, their faces mere inches away. His blonde hair shined like gold in the sunlight. He looked nothing short of an angel right now, smooth pale skin and a head of gold. His features looked delicate and Hoseok hadn’t realized how long Yoongi’s lashes were and how cute the faint freckles on his cheek looked. He had never noticed these details about him, because they had never been this close, physically or emotionally. All these years, their relationship had been a push and pull, with Hoseok trying to initiate a simple friendship but being pushed back by Yoongi… until Yoongi would latently do something to make Hoseok forget whatever mean things the other had spoken. But this year… Hoseok felt like Yoongi had been initiating the friendship from his own side.

It had happened a few times now, that urge of protection Hoseok felt towards Yoongi, to protect him from his hurt and his fears. Seeing that flickering anxiousness in those lilac eyes always made Hoseok feel unsettled.

I guess it’s fair to say I care about this moron, Hoseok chuckled. And for some reason I also want to kiss that little nose. And thinking about that, his eyes travelled down, tracing the shape of Yoongi’s pink lips, a pout apparent on it. Hoseok didn’t know what this was. Maybe he was just fond of the Slytherin.

Like a memory hitting him with full force, he remembered that one time he had walked in on Yoongi kissing Vanessa. The way Yoongi’s body has moved, his strong grip, his seeking mouth and the heated urgency in his actions that just spelled how passionately he felt. Hoseok felt the heat rise inside him and he shut his eyes tight, turning away so he could breathe. He still yearned to feel that, from and for someone. He yearned it so very much.

Taehyung’s eyelids twitch as he felt the sunlight on his face. He moved slightly, feeling weight on both sides. Slowly he turned to see a girl sleeping next to him, and that confused him to a big extent.

It took him a while to realize it was Laura. Her head slowly moved she breathed deep. Taehyung smiled seeing his friend as he remembered all the fun they all had yesterday.

But why does she have such a big manly hand? He wondered seeing the fingers on her cheek. His vision following the arm, he saw Jungkook sleeping on his other side, his bunny teeth peeking from beneath his upper lip. He then realized the weight on his abdomen was Jungkook’s heavy leg, locking him down like the other was afraid Tae might escape.

‘Pig,’ he muttered, still smiling. He was grateful for this rare moment with his two good friends. Taehyung closed his eyes and tried to sleep a little more with the biggest smile on his face.

‘What are you grinning about!?’ He heard Jin’s voice and his eyes snapped opened again. The Gryffindor stood over the trio, arms crossed. ‘C’mon wake up! We have class today!’

‘Can't we bunk!’ Tae groaned, frowning.

The voices woke both Laura and Jungkook. Laura opened her eyes and smiled at seeing Tae. She felt a hand on her cheek and held it, thinking it is Tae Tae’s.
‘Maybe you could stay in and rest,’ she squeezed the hand but the smile left her face when she saw a coconut head rising from the other side of Tae. He looked at Laura with those doe eyes and she realized the hand on her cheek belonged to him.

Both let out a scream, pushing away from Taehyung. The poor boy scrunched his face, feeling pressure from both sides.

‘What is your hand doing on my face!?’ She yelled.

‘What is your face doing on my hand!’ Jungkook yelled too. Taehyung sighed heavily, ‘Here they go again!’

Laura and Jungkook awkwardly blinked and then stomped in opposite directions.

Everyone slowly woke up and tried to make sense of the situation. Their hangovers weren’t too bad, thanks to Emina’s draught and they were all much thankful to her for her sensible actions. They all left in batches for the main castle.

Hoseok walked slowly, his eyes still not used to the brightness outside. He squinted, stretching his limbs and his eyes found Namjoon and Jin who were walking next to each other and Hoseok’s heart twinged a little at the sight. His eyes snapped away from them that time as if he had been intruding into something private.

Hand in hand, leaning on each other for support post-exhaustion from their binge last night, the Jin and Namjoon looked so comfortable. Hoseok wondered often if they were still only friends because he could see they were more than that if the lingering glances were any indication. Yet there was a comfort in their relationship. Unforced they fit together so well that even their names were hardly separated in conversation. NamJin had always been and would forever be NamJin.

Emina was walking behind them with Jungkook herding them back to the Castle lest they lose themselves or get distracted again. She was probably still mad at them getting drunk and staying the night out. Jungkook thought it best to let her descend into silence seething than provoking her to speak when she would rather not. So their ascent to the tower was silent save for the occasional peering around corners to avoid unwanted attention from Filch and Mrs. Norris or the House ghosts, or god forbid Peeves the poltergeist.

But the worst was waiting for him when he entered the common room.

‘Where have you been, Jeon Jungkook!?’ came a panicked voice as the green eyes of his prefect took stock of him.

Dark hair sticking up in a thousand directions, eyes with bags under them, he looked like he had slept out in the Forbidden Forest. Emina didn’t look any better as she made her way up the stairs her messy hair messier, which earned a scrutinising look from Sierra. But even she knew not to anger the Head Girl when she already looked exhausted so she zeroed on Jungkook.

‘You’ve been gone all night. There was no one to patrol the Castle. Half the prefects missing! Where have you been?’ she repeated firmer this time, her blonde hair falling to the side as she cocked her head in inquiry.

Jungkook lifted an eyebrow in her direction. But it was not in his nature to scrutinize too deeply upon Sierra’s moods so he let it slide and replied, ‘Uh. I was outside.’

Sierra nodded, still listening her eyes wide, taking in his appearance. Scuffed timberlands covered in mud splatters, and a wrinkled white shirt.
'I was out drinking with the guys,' he said after a sigh.

‘Jungkook.’ Her eyebrows now incredulously high on her forehead. ‘You just came back with Emina and however sloppy she might be, she can hardly be considered a guy.’ She pointed a carefully filed blunt nail towards the direction of the dorms.

He frowned his arms folding over his shirt and failed to notice the way her eyes followed his movements transfixed. Sierra had regarded the brunet’s ink stained shirt carefully and she remembered now. The blue hand stain.

Sensing slight animosity that emanated from the fellow prefect, she straightened and flashed him an open smile, all perfect white teeth. ‘Of course, I am joking.’ She laughed, her head tilting to look up at him with a glint in her eye. ‘But do you really think it wise to do this? Drinking all night? I heard Min Yoongi was with you all too,’ she said with a sneer, carefully looking at the other’s face. Jungkook’s lip twitched, a sign of annoyance and that made Sierra change her stand. Her hand came to rest on his arm without pressure. Her eyes flashed as she noted the stain again. The stir of envy in her mind was evident on her face, if only Jungkook noticed.

‘Jungkook I am sure you can see how they are affecting our House! You have never had to serve detention before or even lost the snitch to another House all these years. And if you keep getting into trouble, I am really worried you might just lose your prefect’s badge. We make such a good team, Kookie,’ She appealed.

Jungkook took a deep breath. Exhaling slowly, he tried not to dwell deeply on the fact that there might be some truth to her words. Jungkook could see the annoyance in him growing as she continued speaking. He didn’t want to make a stranger out of her but she was making it incredibly difficult with the way their conversation was heading now.

‘Sierra, please stop. What are you even trying to get at with all this?’ He asked his hands on his hips expression cold.

Her face exasperated, she bit out her next words, ‘You’re changing! Jungkook I don’t even know what you are thinking sometimes. And I want to know!’

His weight shifted to one leg as he looked past her towards the wide expansive view through the windows of the tower. His thoughts dwelled on her words as she listed out the ways in which he had changed. He wasn’t averse to change. After all change was a crucial part of learning. His brief observations and interactions had yielded results. He returned to the conversation his mind more open and clearer than it had been in weeks.

‘What’s so wrong about changing? Isn’t that a part of learning?’

Sierra stopped mid-rant processing the words that Jungkook had so calmly let loose.

‘Learning??’ Her voice shot up a pitch. ‘What are you learning Jungkook?’ she almost screamed. A vein on her forehead twitched in her fury. ‘Why is that soiled shirt still in your possession? Were you perhaps fraternizing with the Slytherins? Is that where you were yesterday? You’re being really stupid if you think they are your friends,’

She was breathing heavily now, her face livid and her teeth clenched like her worst suspicions had come to life. He was changing and soon he would go away from her. Her center of power shook.

‘You are crossing several lines here Sierra. I think you need to stop to think before speaking,’ Jungkook’s words bristled with barely concealed anger. The insinuation that he was being stupid
did not sit well with him. Sierra had no right to constrict his choices in life, they were his own and she had to learn to live with them or step down.

Sierra sensed it as well. Her demeanor changed as soon as she saw his anger. She pursed her lips, face apologetic, hands held out in defense as if to soothe. ‘You are right. I- I am sorry, Jungkook.’ A sigh passed her lips. ‘I just worry so much, you know.’ A shaky laugh rose from her, as her eyes lifted to gaze at him through her lashes, calculating her next move. ‘It’s been such a rough week for all of us and I am only looking out for you.’

He shrugged, not entirely persuaded but less angry than before. She continued speaking, ‘I want to make sure that you don’t get into any trouble again. It’s hard to help if you aren’t telling me the whole story though.’ Jungkook raised an eyebrow and Sierra relented, forcing out a fake short laugh. ‘Not that you have to tell me but I am always here to listen.’ Her hand reached to pat his arm, settling there. ‘I would love to hear the truth from you, Kookie. You know you can depend on me! Let’s make a great team.’

Jungkook frowned, but he nodded nonetheless because he wasn’t listening to her really. In trying to control his anger he had tuned her out. He was gazing out the window which had a clear view of the Whomping Willow.

As the day passed Jungkook realized that both Laura and Taehyung had decided to bunk most of the day. Jungkook saw Laura for just one moment as she made her way to Transfiguration. And he has to stop himself from constantly trying to look for her. When will his self control stop betraying him when he needed it the most? Most importantly, why was Laura getting him so flustered? Yes, her presence always put him on alert but this was different now. Whenever she was around, more than wanting her to notice him, he wanted to look at her.

He ruffled his hair aggressively, annoyed at his own change of behaviour. This was all Taehyung’s fault. He should’ve never told him the truth about her and made him curious like this. Yes… that is what it was… curiosity. And Jungkook had always been a curious person, wanting to know the answers to his questions. That explains it.

Pursing his lips and feeling a superficial satisfaction at figuring out the ‘reason’ for his change in behavior, he walked off to his Advanced Arithmancy class.

* * *

Mood Music (Don’t forget to open in a new tab/window) *Ramin Djawadi - A Clean Start*

When Yoongi arrived to his common room, he found the package he had been anticipating since a few days. He turned the wrapped box, tearing open the magic seal of his family. Inside were three leather bound books. He took one of them, the one he most expected to hold the answer to his question. It looked the oldest among the three and Yoongi handled it with care, like it would fall apart any moment. The book was bound in a reddish leather cover, inscriptions running along the four edges of the cover and the spine. There was a magical seal on the book and Yoongi once again removed the Hawk’s eye stone from his ring to reveal the gilded seal engraved within. Pressing the sigil into the lock, he heard a click and opened the book to it’s first spread. The spread had four symbols on the tips of an equilateral cross and his finger traced the ink drawn lines. The top most one was the sigil of a *haetae* - a one horned lion with golden scales and golden wings. The haetae was a righteous beast, which rams corruption, upholding great honour and pride in justice. Yoongi’s finger traced the name below the symbol.

‘Kim,’ he whispered.
This finger went to the sigil to the right, tracing the familiar crescent moon and the long eastern moon dragon wound around the celestial body in a single loop. ‘Min,’ he whispered again. Going south, his finger found the third symbol - a dragon head, with it’s bat like wings spread out. He chuckled at the difference between the two dragons, the Moon dragon looking calm and wise, while this one looking domineering and formidable. These were the two qualities he was supposed to uphold within him. How was he to hold wisdom in this ferociousness? He traced the name below, ‘Dracwyn,’ His eye fell on the last symbol, a spiral forming a tear shape that had an inverted triangle inside - the alchemic symbol for water. Below the symbol, the name read-

‘Aquiri,’ Yoongi breathed. His suspicion had been right.

Yoongi beckoned Laura who had slumped onto one of the couches in exhaustion.

‘Here is where we remember Aquirys from,’ Yoongi said to her in a hushed voice, showing her the old book.

‘But Yoongi, I can’t read-‘ she stopped midway, eyes finding the symbols.

‘You won’t have to read,’ Yoongi pointed at the spiral sigil and Laura understood what would be written under each of these symbols. She knew what these symbols pertained too. There was only one time in history when these four dynasties had come together. She looked to Yoongi with worry, ‘The Red War?’

Yoongi nodded, ‘Here is what we have on The Kim and Aquiri Lineage,’ He took one of the other books, which looked comparatively newer. Looking through the pages, he found what he was looking for, the family trees of the four clans in the previous book. Eyebrows furrowed in concentration, he read through the names on the Aquiri and Kim bloodline. Not once did the lines join. ‘See if you can find any record of Luna Aquiri. Direct in line of descendants, born 1804, if our luck is good, they were settled in Britain and studied in Hogwarts,’

‘I'll work through it. Time to put the library’s word-search charm to test,’ Laura nodded, writing the name on a piece of parchment and heading towards the student record section of the library.

The Next Day

The Great Hall was busy during lunch as always. One of the two meals that had people bustling about unlike dinner where it was more formal, a proper sit down meal with all the teachers present. Lunch and breakfast were more grab and go, less formal with hardly any or no supervision. Wednesdays meant chocolate gateau for pudding, so it was understandable how it was a little noisier than usual with students pausing to savor the dessert instead of rushing to appointments.

It was not too rare though an exchange of seats between the students of the houses. The Great Hall was one of the places for the meeting and greeting of inter-house friends, and also the best for club recruitment purposes. Hufflepuff prefect Leslie Marquez was currently going around the tables recruiting for a new club, handing badges and generally being friendly. Over at the Slytherin table a short applause ensued one of the fourth years successfully executing the ‘water to wine’ charm. Taehyung was sitting on the Ravenclaw table, a splash of yellow amongst the blues, animatedly watching the latest of Jungkook’s transfiguration ventures. The ghosts were stooping to offer random wisdom to the students as well, listening sometimes but mostly making the already cold air colder.

It was also the juiciest spot to exchange rumours. The darkest, silliest stories from every House was exchanged here. Some were partially true: Yoongi and Jimin did share a peck on the cheek out of Yoongi’s happiness on winning the Quidditch match. McGonagall had indeed passed her
animagus exam at a very young age, and Filch was a squib. Some others were twisted, for instance: Jung Hoseok, Charlie Weasley and Mark Abott had been beaten to a pulp by Montague and Co. Dracwyn could summon the Death Eaters on whim; Professor Roland, their Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher had been fired because he turned into a werewolf; Vorhart had used a love potion on Namjoon to lure him to the dark side.

Jin was seated across from Namjoon at the Gryffindor table, spooning food onto his golden plate enthusiastically while his sullen friend picked at his.

‘Namjoon let it go, it’s only a silly rumour. I can vouch for you, you are not under a love potion or the Imperius curse, I swear,’ Jin said.

One of their year mates, Case turned around, ‘Imperius curse?’ he enquired, eyeing them curiously as his friend Mark Abott looked on from beside him.

‘So, is it true? Did the Slytherins really use unforgivable curses that night?’ Abott asked, pushing his blonde hair out of the way of his ears.

Namjoon frowned, his Housemates had been constantly hounding him about the events of the night of the attack, but by Ministry order they were not to divulge information. The rumour mill had been getting incredibly active in the meantime.

Jin answered their intrusive stares, his mouth nearly full, ‘Yes. And I am secretly married to Professor McGonangall as the rumours say. Grow up, will you,’

The boys laughed, the conversation drifted to lighter things and Namjoon was grateful for Jin’s intervention, he wouldn’t have come this far without him. ‘The Prince’ winked at him, and Namjoon thought that the title really suited him the best, his knight in shining armour. The reckless knight who would jump into the line of fire for him. Without a care in the world, he had thrown himself in front of the Cruciatus curse aimed at Namjoon while also under a body-bind. Hell, Jin had no control over his own body while he suffered that excruciating pain that was meant for Namjoon.

If he had never met Jin, he would have been a lost man, a reclusive nerd for all the world and Namjoon suspected the pure-blood wizard would have remained a self-absorbed snob. In a way, they had helped each other grow, seen their worst and their best. To call him his best friend was somehow not enough, Seokjin was more than that to Namjoon and in moments of deep reflection, sitting at the edge of the lake where the sky was mirrored on the glass-like surface, he wondered if Jin knew how important a person he was in his life. In darker moments Namjoon wondered if he ever deserved such a person by his side.

His hand went to pat Jin’s palm that lay next to his golden plate, equally golden in hue, long crooked fingers immediately intertwining in his own straighter fingers for a whisper of a moment before swiftly moving to lift the goblet of water to his plump lips. Namjoon hated moments like these, of fleeting sparks that would take flight between them and die in a hurry. The embers never came to a fire. Will they be able to put a name to their relationship one day?

Namjoon was confident of them that whatever they were, it went beyond their own volitions sometimes as if the stars themselves had determined that they would be two parts of a whole; dorks forever. He smiled at the thought, his dark mood lightening and his dimple appeared to seal the deal. Maybe he shouldn’t hate these lingering moments as much as he did, when else would he ever live them out?

A loud commotion distracted the attentions of all the diners. A howler had arrived in the most
unusual time of the day and zoomed right to the Slytherin table where Ash Vorhart sat with her friends, finishing her lunch. It burst open in front of her and she stopped her spoon mid-air. The scream was the most intense wailing they had ever heard, and the garbled insults were almost indistinguishable from one another and in a matter of a few seconds the whole thing was on fire and all that was left of it were ashes. A prolonged silence followed, no one knew the exact contents of the howler but it’s intention was clear - it was a hate howler towards Vorhart. Ash herself was pretty shaken after it.

Namjoon frowned at the intense buzz that had enveloped the hall. There was hardly any staff at the faculty table to shush them down. He felt sorry for Ash, she was now the subject of some people who had a vested interest in killing people with words. He only hoped she had a good support system as he did. Ash Vorhart was one of the few Slytherins he actually admired.

He watched Jimin rush out of his seat towards Vorhart, trying to comfort her. A small crowd had formed where the Howler had scorched itself. For a few moments there was only curious necks craning to see or hear what was happening amidst the green clad crowd. Jin had almost relaxed back into his own seat when another flash of bright light filled the hall accompanied with a loud crack and the people around it were hastily moving away from a blazing blue-grey fire on the floor, right next to Taehyung.

It was all in a matter of seconds. Namjoon recognized the flames, they were from an Ashwinder egg and if uncontrolled the fire would burn half the castle down in minutes, already it had spread across the table and had reached a hanging banister that was aflame now.

Taehyung fell off his seat as soon as the egg had exploded at his feet. He crawled away from the rapidly spreading fire but it had caught on to the end of his robe. Panic rose in him and he grabbed his wand, pointing at the ignited ends of his uniform but no spell came to his mind. He was blank in his dread, not knowing how to save himself. The fire was spreading further, close to completely enveloping him and the burning heat reminded him of the time Bellatrix used the Cruciatius on him.

‘Augementi!’ Jin’s wand pointed at him. He had rushed to Taehyung as soon as he saw the fire. Once the flames were doused out, Jin pulled Taehyung up, enveloping him into his own cloak to shield him from the flames and ran out of the Great Hall with the other panicked students.

Namjoon ran towards the Ravenclaw table shouting for the other students to stay away from the intense fire. He vaulted and climbed the atop the Hufflepuff table his face covered by a part of his cloak against the intense heat radiating from the fire.

He spoke the charm and a jet of water descended. He saw that a couple of quick-thinking students had also tried the same spell, a few of them had been in the direct heat of the fire and were being pulled out to get to the hospital wing. A few teachers came rushing in, and saw the commotion. Flitwick squeaked in alarm and used the same charm to bring it to a standstill while Sinistra ushered the injured out of the hall and hurried them to Madam Pomfrey.

Emina had been summoned by Flitwick to find the Ashwinder before it laid any more eggs. Her eyes watered in the heat even as a bubble head charm tried to keep it out. Mcgonagall came rushing in a few curious students from outside in tow who had been attracted by all the noise. There was chaos, circulation jammed as the students tried to clear out the Hall and the prefects were yelling to regain order.

Namjoon found the magical serpent first coiled beneath the foot of Snape’s usual chair, its red eyes gleaming as he neared it. Emina was close on his heels, her wand pointed towards it.

‘Wait, we can save-’
‘Incendio,’ came a spell of fire and before Namjoon could finish his sentence. Emina had burned it.

The Hufflepuffs had a horrified expression on their face, watching the Ashwinder burn to ashes. One of the boys with a shiny badge glittering on his shirt and his face crumpled in anger, turned to Emina and lashed out, ‘You had NO right to kill that poor creature!’

Emina took a deep breathe in, not being used to questions about his actions. ‘Its an Ashwinder, it would’ve burned itself within an hour anyways. That’s what they do after igniting. Or would you rather have the castle burn down?’

Taehyung was breathing hard when Jin dragged him out of the hall. The older took him to a corner while the rest of the students ran past them in panic and made him lean on the wall for support.

‘Tae are you alright?’ Jin bent his knees to be in level with him. The boy was still drawing hard breaths, eyes completely unsettled and hands gone cold with fear. ‘Are you hurt anywhere?’

‘What-What was that?’ Taehyung’s voice was barely audible. He couldn’t believe how dry his throat felt. ‘I thought… the fire was on me,’

‘It was but we put it all out. Let’s go to the infirmary, I need to check if you have any burns,’

‘It would’ve completely burned me if you weren’t there,’ Taehyung clenched his fists. If Jin wasn’t there… Taehyung would’ve been injured again. He had failed to help himself, yet again.

‘Tae, you need to be very careful now,’ Jin said. ‘We don’t know if this was an accident or-’

‘Or Gwen?’ Taehyung almost had tears in his eyes, feeling extremely weak inside. Someone was after him and he still couldn’t defend himself?

‘We don’t know, but I need you to stay on alert, and always have someone with you,’

A tear rolled down Taehyung’s cheek, his knees gave away and he slumped on the floor, ‘What does she want from me? What do they want? I… I have nothing!’

Jin kneeled in front of him, ‘I’m going to get to the bottom of this ok? I promise you, no one will hurt you,’ he hugged the boy who’s tears were silently rolling down. Taehyung did not feel too reassured by Jin’s promise. It wasn’t Jin’s fault… it was because Tae wondered, how many times would it be possible for his friends to jump in and help him? What if one day, the enemy wins?

He let Jin take him to the infirmary, where the Gryffindor himself requested for a sleeping draught for Taehyung, pleading the matron that he should rest for the day. Pomfrey gave in to Jin’s earnest requests but not without suspicious glares.

Jungkook was with the Slytherins as they traversed the changing staircases to get to the hospital wing. None of them were seriously injured, only a few small burns and singed clothes. Ash was holding her singed forearm saying through clenched teeth, ‘What just happened in there? A Howler and an Ashwinder running lose?’

Yugyeom piped up from next to them, ‘The Howler, it was from that stupid Gryffindor Club wasn’t it?’

‘What club is that?’ Jungkook asked, nervously noting the murderous glint in Jimin’s usually smiling eyes. Jimin was slowly and meticulously severing the threads hanging from his singed sleeves, his movement fluid, precise, and sharp.
Ash shrugged, her eyes red. ‘I don’t know their names,’ she rasped.

‘It’s those fifth years from Gryffindoor.’ Laura said. ‘They dare to attack our House this way?! Cowards, the lot of them,’

A couple of third years standing close to them were eavesdropping and one of them gasped. Laura’s sharp eyes caught his and the boy unraveled, ‘I- I know whose club it is,’ he stuttered. He continued without encouragement, pushed by fear alone, ‘It’s for those who fancy the Prince and Knight of Hogwarts,’

The stairs were slowly fitting into the groove of the next floor as Jimin lifted his eyes to the trembling third year whose hand immediately clutched his friend's out of fear. Jimin’s stare was intense, cold as if he were performing legilimens without a wand.

The child was sweating slightly now, ‘Kim Seokjin and Kim Namjoon!’ he blurted his voice small.

‘What! Why would they send Vorhart a Howler!’ Jungkook asked his eyebrows crinkling and then slowly it sunk in. He had an uneasy look on his face, it was clear to him that the ‘crush’ joke that they had been keeping alive between Ash and Namjoon had somehow resulted in this mess.

‘Anyone seen Hoseok?’ A panicked Yoongi came to them and everyone shook their heads. Yoongi cursed under his breath and ran out of the staircase as soon as it reached a corridor.

*Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Suga - First Love MDP Cover*

Hoseok was walking at the other end of the corridor, moving away while other students ran towards the Great Hall. The noise around him was too much and he pressed the balls of his palm into his ears. There were too many voices, too much of panic and it made his heart beat faster, it beat so fast that Hoseok wasn’t able to breathe properly. He kept hearing his name among the voices, jeering and calling him out. He opened his eyes, and saw glimpses of familiar faces among the students, fearsome faces that were coming to get him, to capture him. He glimpsed Jenkins’ murderous glare, Bellatrix’ grin, and a woman with purple eyes looking fearful.

He could feel his legs lose strength and he staggered, leaning on the statue of a griffin.

‘Hoseok!’

The voices kept calling him.

‘Hobi wait!’

But he couldn’t. He needed to be alone. He staggered his way into a classroom and shut the door but there was someone knocking and calling him again.

‘Hobi please open the door! Are you alright?’

The voice sounded different, it sounded worried.

‘Hobi open the door please!’

But he was in no state to do that as he slumped on the floor, body curling in. He heard an ‘Alohomora’ and then felt the door pushing on his back. Somehow, the person managed to squeeze in and Hoseok felt a cool hand on his face.

‘Hobi, you need to go to Pomfrey, come on,’
He saw Yoongi’s blurred and worried face. Slowly, the quietness seeped in. There was no crowd, no students running and screaming and Hoseok’s vision started to clear, Yoongi came into focus.

‘Are you alright?’

Hoseok slowly sat up, with Yoongi’s help.

‘Medicine… robe pocket,’ Hoseok tried to take the bottle out but Yoongi did it for him, administering the pills to the boy. Hoseok breathed deep, swallowing and just sat quietly till his heart settled down a bit. He could feel the sweat cooling on his forehead. When he opened his eyes and looked at Yoongi, he remembered something that he hadn’t spoken out loud to anyone.

‘It was your aunt,’ he said to the Slytherin. Yoongi’s eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

‘It was your aunt… who captured my mother 9 years ago. I saw her shoot a spell to make her unconscious,’ Hoseok couldn’t believe he spoke it all without a quiver to his voice.

Yoongi instantly drew himself back, a kind of guilt coming over him. Their pasts were entwined in a weird way.

‘I- She…’ But what could Yoongi possibly say.

‘My father told me last year… that it was an act of mercy,’ Hoseok said. ‘So that they could take her quickly, without harm and so that I got to get away.’

‘Our parents… had to make some choices where both the options were bad,’ Yoongi said. ‘I’m sorry that this-’

‘You don’t have to be sorry,’ Hoseok said. ‘I’ve never… held this against you,’

Yoongi looked at him, ‘Do you mean it?’

‘When… When I saw your face just now… those lilac eyes, they reminded me of the woman from the day of my mom’s capture. And the more I think back on it, even before knowing you like I know now, I felt, she was the only one among them who didn’t stand there with an intention to harm me,’

When Yoongi still looked guilty, distancing himself from touching Hoseok, the Hufflepuff himself put his hand forward and took Yoongi’s. ‘I mean it Yoongi,’ He liked the touch of his hands. One couldn’t imagine the fire-spitting Min Yoongi would have such soft skin.

The Slytherin finally let out the breath he had been holding in. ‘I… I knew about this. About the incident of your parents and my aunt and uncle. But I… never knew what you felt about it… I’m, relieved to know now…’ he sat down on the floor. ‘But just now what happened… was this like a vision you had in the third year?’ Yoongi asked.

‘Not as intense as that. But it exhausts me alot,’

‘Is it happening often?’

‘Ever since the death eater’s attack, yes,’ Hoseok nodded solemnly and Yoongi looked alarmed. He should’ve realised, that fight against Jenkins was traumatic, it was obvious that Hoseok would have attacks again.

‘But don’t worry about it, I know I’ll get better. Thank you for coming after me,’ Hoseok smiled
gratefully, knowing that everyone else was busy in either putting out the fire or witnessing the commotion. But Yoongi came for him.

‘Let’s get you to Pomfrey,’ Yoongi smiled shyly, ‘You look dehydrated,’

The immediate class after lunch was canceled for all. Hagrid and Kettleburn were sent to make sure there were no more lingering Ashwinders or its eggs and once the Great Hall was declared clear, the classes resumed.

At the end of his last class, Jungkook received a note from a 2nd year Slytherin boy. Surprised as he was, he realized there was only one person who would send her juniors off to deliver messages like they were her own bell boys.

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Hans Zimmer - Davy Jones Music Box

Laura was seated, reading a book in the empty History of Magic classroom, her books, parchment and quill all laid out. Jungkook popped his head in and entered once he saw that she is there. He approached the table and sat on the chair opposite hers, slinging his bag on the floor. The message he had received was regarding the joint Transfiguration assignment which Mcgonagall had given them.

‘I'm surprised you want to work together,’ he said, trying to start on a light note.

‘I want no such thing,’ she droned in monotone, not looking up from her parchment. Laura seemed to have regained her usual snobby demeanor. Jungkook peered over the books open in front of her and grabbed one of them, opening it to the page she had marked.

‘Why are you including alchemic history in our assignment? Our topic is human transfiguration,’

‘I know what our topic is!’ she snapped, pulling the book from him. ‘This is for personal reading,’

‘I didn’t know you were such a nerd! Reading history for leisure,’

Laura rolled her eyes.

‘Why are you tracing Aquirys’ bloodline?’ he asked, eyes following a chart she had made. ‘That name seems familiar. Where have I heard that name before?’

Laura contemplated whether to remind him that Bellatrix was the one who had mentioned Aquirys and his descendents. Finally she decided against it and continued the topic at hand. ‘I want a final check of our presentation so that we aren't overlapping any topics. Show me your index,’

Jungkook pursed his lips, eyebrows raised and flopped his assignment notes open, pushing the index page in her face. She looked at it, startled at the sudden object thrust in her vision but then held the book, scanning through the topics and then shutting it.

‘You are done with assembling your presentation?’ He asked her.

‘Almost,’ she murmured to herself, returning to her notes.

‘Do a good job though. We will be graded together. I don't want to lose grade coz of you,’

‘This assignment is not the reason I called you here,’ she said finally looking up to see him. Her expression was serious and intense. Jungkook was curious now. What on earth could Dracwyn probably want to discuss with him? Was she going to bring up the dreadful sleeping incident?
'I know what Taehyung has told you,' she said, putting her quill aside and folding her hands over each other. Her whole attention was on him now. 'He told me about your moonlit lakeside conversation,'

This was worse than he thought.

'Ok,' Jungkook shrugged wondering what she want from him.

'Is that why you have been treating me differently?' she asked in a calm voice.

Jungkook was silent for a while. He looked away and sighed. 'Yes and no,'

'Care to elaborate?'

Silence fell upon him again. He was taking a moment to decide whether he wanted to open up to her as Laura continued to bore her purple eyes into his dark brown orbs.

'I had the wrong idea about you, for a very long time. Your behaviour didn't help sway me away from that image either so I assumed I was right,'

Laura's jaws moved slightly but she didn't say anything.

'When Tae told me about your friendship with him, trust me it was the hardest thing for me to believe. I still don't fully trust it. He is an innocent child,' he crossed his arms and sat back in his seat, eyes on her.

'But I had to know,' he continued. 'I realized I had created a wall between us, which would block me from seeing any other side of yours than the arrogant, selfish person I used to see. I guess even if you did something nice I would've disregarded it. In a way, I was acting blind,'

'I don't care what side of me you see or don't see. I am not friends with you. I'm friends with Taehyung and you don't matter to me,'

'I don't care what matters to you. I'm doing this for myself. I can't have myself be kept under the false impression of someone,'

'So when you helped me last Friday after potions, it was because of the guilt?'

'Not exactly,' he said looking away. He was unable to meet her eyes while she asked such personal, self searching questions to him. He bit his lips, unsure of what to say because he himself didn't know why he did that.

'You are confusing me,' she said raising an eyebrow.

'I was just being myself. And I would have done that for anyone else,'

Laura had a strong urge to ask him if she was like everyone else for him now. Someone mediocre and common. But she held her ridiculous question back.

'I… felt like I should help you,' he said.

'This help has been absent since the past 5 years. Not that I need it,'

'Well I hardly knew you before. The first time we ever spent a while together without snapping comments was our detention last week. And I realized… I don't hate you,'
He finally looked at her. Her eyes widened. His last words shook her a little. She gulped and looked down at her notes.

There was silence for a while again. Jungkook regarded her with curious eyes. ‘Why do you remain this way? Everyone calls you a black blood behind your back and at times to your face. Doesn’t it bother you?’ He asked, placing his hands in the table and straightening up his back.

‘Do you think I care what these people think about me? People whisper, they make their stories, let them. They are all so small that I can't even see them,’ she said looking away, tightening her arms around herself.

‘You act so well,’ Jungkook said, making Laura’s face freeze. ‘You manage to fool everyone… including yourself,’

Laura’s eyes shot up at him and he realized why she some people found her scary. The look she gave was piercing ice cold but it could melt even metal at the same time. Anyone would shrivel up under that stare but he was Jeon Jungkook. He would stand his ground.

‘Don’t pretend like you know me,’ she emphasised each word.

‘You are right. I don't know everything about you,’ Jungkook said, unfazed. ‘But from what I know of you, I am going to trust my instincts,’

She cocked her head to the side, an icy sweet smile on her lips ‘And what do your instincts tell you?’

Jungkook smiled and stood up, collecting his books. Laura’s brows furrowed as she realized he was not going to answer her. As he turned to leave her hand jolted to the front and she caught his wrist firmly. Jungkook felt the burning sensation again as his stomach twisted, spreading from her touch on his wrist. He turned to look at her, smile vanished from his face.

‘Tell me,’ she asked again but there was a hint of need in her voice. Her hand still rested on his wrist and he felt like twisting it around and grabbing her wrist instead.

‘You are not selfish. And I'm sorry I made judgements about you,’

His words were rolling out on its own. *Again* failing at self control! Laura stared at him with big eyes, all pride vanquished from it. She was befuddled. She moved her lips but there was no sound, no words formed in her mind. The way Jungkook stared down at her made her brain stop working. His eyes were warm and searching. After a stretched silence, Jungkook spoke.

‘But that doesn't change the fact that you are a spoilt, stuck up, obnoxious, royal pain in the ass,’ his expression suddenly turned cocky to mask his confusion.

It was as if with each insult of his, Laura's mind was relaxing. This was what she was used to. This was normal. The hatred and anger was normal. Her grip on his wrist relaxed and she took her hand back.

‘Well atleast we are clear on those things,’ she said, her posture going back to normal. She grabbed her quill, continuing to write.

‘Unlike you I finished my work well in time and didn't leave it for the last minute,’ Jungkook said, ‘so I don't think I need to be here any longer. If you need my notes then come fetch them yourself,’

‘I won't need your notes,’ Laura scoffed.
‘Well then your royal highness, whether it please you or not, I take my leave,’ he bowed with a smirk. Laura just shook her head, ignoring the antics he had started again but once he left her eyes lingered on the door.

An apology was the last thing she ever expected from Jeon Jungkook. It suddenly felt wrong to be rude to him. Her fists clenched in frustration. She wasn't as thick skinned as she thought she is. Was he right? That she pretended so much with the world that she was at conflict with her own self?

Jungkook had decided to review his notes on transfiguration one last time, before the presentation on Thursday. Even though he had just bluff ed his confidence to Laura a few moments before, he wasn’t about to take a chance. His study table had a distinct meticulousness as expected of his golden status. He spread his books out on the free expanse trying very hard to ignore the whirlwind on Yugyeom’s table next to his. It was a mess.

His brand new glasses slid down his long nose as he rummaged his book bag pulling out his study materials. Settling down, he noticed a small black bound notebook he had never seen before among his possessions. It was small, nearly pocket-sized, probably something carried around. It had a dark velvet cover and a silver band ran the length of it containing the bulging contents of the pocket book. Surprised he examined both sides of the book for any discerning marks. Was it perhaps Yugyeom’s? Had he been too lazy to get to his desk and placed it there? Kookie frowned. Whatever it was, he had never seen it in his lifetime before and he was curious, as usual.

So without much thought, he pulled the silver band around the fat book and its contents came spilling out because he wasn’t very careful with it. Several folded dragons fell out. Tiny but immaculate in craftsmanship- several were green but one was a deep purple and seemed almost life-like. One of the paper dragons touched his wand’s tip and it really flapped its wings setting itself upright. Jungkook was fascinated with it. He spent a long time reviving each of the dragons and teasing them with his wand as they used their thin wings to flap themselves a few inches off the leveled table. After several minutes, most were tired and rested against the open pages of the book or on his palm. The purple one had curled itself on his thumb and settled there. Jungkook giggled as its snout let out a faint trail of smoke, its head drooping. Its paper thin wings resting against its back as it snored.

Momentarily free of the distraction of the paper-dragons, Jungkook brought the book itself closer to his eyes trying very hard not to disturb the snoozing fire breathers made of colour parchment. His fingers hovered over the pages, trying to find the name of the owner and he found the name at the corner of the last page. ‘Laura Dracwyn’ the name read. The book was her possession and he had it with him now. A fear washed over him, but at the same time the illicit action made him more curious, maybe even a little powerful. He wanted to know more.

So he focused on the bound parchment on the desk. He contemplated giving it back to her without invading any further but he knew he was going to be accused of it. She would know he had opened it anyway because of the scattered dragons and she would never believe him if he said he hadn’t read it. So he opened it, scanning through the random notes and scribbles, chuckling at the little doodles Laura had made.

He had tried to reinstate the dragons back into their home but the purple paper dragon seemed to have gotten attached to him. Well, that will make for a surprise when Dracwyn sees that. Reluctantly, he replaced the band around the book again and got up from his study.

Jungkook went to the library after being informed that Laura had been holed up in there trying to finish her work. He silently walked up to her and placed the book under her vision. A few seconds
passed before her audible gasp echoed the nearly empty library.

She shot out of her chair, the chair scraping loud in the silence, ‘Why do you have this!? Your inappropriateness knows no boundaries! How could you!?’

A couple of students shushed them for being too loud and Jungkook pulled on her wrist to make her settle again.

‘Stop yelling and sit down already.’

Laura sat her eyes not unforgiving.

‘Let me explain. It was an accident. I must have grabbed it along with my notes when I left after we met this afternoon,’

Her eyes were examining the book. ‘You even opened it!’ she hissed under her breath, her eyes narrowed as she leaned forward in her chair. He was still holding her wrist and the burn from her eyes and skin left him momentarily tongue-tied.

‘Uh- Uhm.. I had to open it to see who it belonged to,’ He whispered the words slipping and bumping into each other in his hurry to forgo his hold over her hand.

‘What? What do you mean? This is a breach of privacy.’ Her hands curled into fists and she banged the table and Jungkook winced, restraining her hand again. The burn now slow, her skin was warm in his hold as he tried to placate her and her eyes found the little paper dragon in his shirt pocket.

His strong hands wrapped around both of her wrists to prevent her from reaching for her wand. He didn’t want to die yet. Holding them to his, he looked into her eyes, earnestly trying to make her understand and at the same time immensely amused at her reaction. ‘Let me explain. I didn’t mean to-’

‘What are you even going to say to justify this? You dumb coconut head!’ Laura spit out, her eyes burning him a thousand times over, pulling her arms back to herself. She wasn’t even bothering to lower her voice anymore and Jungkook was nearly at his wits’ end with her calling him a coconut head again.

His eyes narrowed, ‘Don’t call me that.’

Laura in absolute annoyance, grabbed the notebook off the table and threw it at him. It hit his chest with a thud and fell to the floor. They both looked down at it and Jeon Jungkook snatched it up off the floor before she could, holding out of her reach as she stood on her tippy toes, pulling at his sleeve, her jaw clenched.

With an exasperated noise, she reached for her wand and was just about to curse the cocky smug smirk on Jeo-

Madam Pince never announces her arrival, except by the loud screams she emits when the rules are broken in the library. Her wand was pointing at the two now frozen, and they looked at each other for a beat before hightailing it out of there before Madam Pince made the books chase and hit them out of the library. Nevertheless, her paper thin voice screeched after them, “What ruckus is this!? OUT! OUT OF MY LIBRARY NOW!”

Each grabbing anything at reach from the table, they made their way with minimal damage from the heavy tomes that Pince had set on them. Jungkook and Laura ran down the stairs and only
stopped at the corridor a whole floor below the library.

‘My books are in there! Madam Pince is never going to let me back in tonight.’ Her eyes flashed.

‘I can help you get some tonight if you want.’ He said as if they had been study buddies all their lives and this was a perfectly normal thing for them. Laura’s eyelash fluttered as her eyes widened trying to read the expression behind his round glasses before grabbing the bag he held out to her.

She needed to get into the library anyhow. She had made good progress in her research and the chase was too engrossing to just give up. ‘Alright, help me sneak in then,’ she asked him. ‘I really need to finish what I have started,’

Jungkook thought for a few moments, ‘Alright. Madam Pince will leave for dinner in 5 minutes. You’ll have 20 minutes to do what you can for tonight. I’ll try to stall her when she gets back but that can’t be for long,’

They waited till they saw Madam Pince leave for dinner to the Great Hall and then snuck in.

To her immense fortune, Laura had managed to find Luna Aquiri as the mother of a student who was in House Ravenclaw. The family members were scarce from then on. The amount of records and books she had to read through was no joke. That bloodline finally ended with her only great grandson - Martaeus Aquiri who went by the name Martaeus Wright, a common English surname and Laura wondered why would someone readily abandon such a prestigious family name.

_Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window)_ **Hans Zimmer - Headlines**

The one common thing she found was the Aquiri line produced a few extraordinary wizards and Martaeus was one of them. His record was newer, having passed from Hogwarts 12 years ago, the same time that her own parents studied here. He was a gifted student, excelling at everything, making his house proud - House Slytherin. He was a loner, often going on adventures and expeditions on his own. The most remarkable thing about Martaeus was that there was a solid rumour about him being an Air Elkyre, like his Elkyric forefather - The Great Aquirys who controlled water. Martaeus had been working on the concepts of elemental alchemy but he died young, in his 30s. No one knew the cause of death in detail but it seemed to be a deadly accident because not much of his remains were found. They say his research experiments are what led to his own death. He had no proper family to mourn for him as he had cut himself off from them. (Which may have had something to do with him taking another family name)

There was a section in the library that kept yearly photos of the passing students. She pulled out the one for House Slytherin, turning the pages to the year Martaeus graduated. To further surprise, he was in the same year as her mother and so she recognised all the faces. House Slytherin didn't have the largest number since being pure or at least half blood was a necessity. Most of the people in this photograph were parents of her friends. Some were Death Eaters on the run, some were dead, killed in the wizarding war by either Voldemort or the Ministry. There weren't many who were alive from the photograph she was holding. Everyone there looked young and carefree. She traced her finger along the familiar faces, trying to find the 17 year old Martaeus in the order of the names written. And then her eyes found something extremely familiar.

‘Dracwyn are you done?’ Jungkook popped his head into the aisle. ‘Pince is busy with some student asking for the Restricted Section pass so you better wind up,’

His words seem to be falling on deaf ears because Laura’s eyes were transfixed on the photograph. She seemed to have forgotten to breathe as well.
‘What’s wrong?’ Jungkook moved closer to see what had her so astonished but his eyes couldn’t really find anything in the photo until he found the familiar thing too, a wide, geometrical, box-like smile on of the boys in the photograph, a smile that Jungkook knew too well because he had only seen it on one more person in the entire world.

‘I need to speak to Yoongi,’ she said moving.

‘Dracwyn, what’s this about?’ Jungkook asked her, all playfulness gone from his voice.

‘Where would Kim Seokjin be right now?’ Laura asked.

‘The clubroom,’

‘Be there with him. Only the two of you. Then you’ll know,’ and she left to find Yoongi.

When Yoongi and Laura came to the clubroom after a few minutes, they found Jin, Namjoon and Jungkook waiting for them with anxious faces. Yoongi observed there was something more in Jin’s worried eyes. Was it guilt? Regret? Yoongi hoped they’ll know soon.

He carried the ancient Min books in his hand and Jin’s eyes zeroed on them, narrowing. The Slytherin kept the book on one of the tables and opened it to the first page with the symbols while all eyes in the room looked at it curiously.

‘The Red War,’ Yoongi said flatly. ‘Aquirys was one of the four kings who fought in the Red War, along with our ancestors. Do you still want to stick to the story that you’re his descendant?’

Jin’s jaw worked. Had they figured it out? Namjoon’s anxious eyes looked from the book to Jin’s hardened face.

Yoongi opened the book with the family tree, tracing along the lines, ‘Your families don’t flow into each other,’

Laura stepped closer. ‘The line in our books ends with Luna Aquiri, great-grandmother of,’ Laura placed the photograph she found in the library, ‘Of Martaeus Wright,’

‘What is going on?’ Namjoon asked them, seeing the photograph Laura showed.

‘What’s your point?’ Jin asked, hard eyes piercing into the Min-Dracwyns but it was Jungkook who spoke, turning to face Jin with an uneasiness rising within his chest.

‘Jin, is Martaeus Aquiri related to Taehyung?’
The Aquiri

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Mood Music. Play Till next soundtrack (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Sucession Studios - Darkness of Light*

The question hung heavy in the room. There was no denying the similarity that everyone found between the 17 year old Martaeus Aquiri and their friend Kim Taehyung.

All eyes were on Jin, anticipating the answer and the boy finally moved his lips.

‘Yes,’ his voice was grim and heavy. He took a deep, shuddering breath, ‘Martaeus is Taehyung’s father,’

A stunned silence followed his words, where no one even dared to breathe.

‘You knew…’ Laura’s anger broke the quietness. ‘You lied to us? After all that’s happened?’

Namjoon moved closer to Jin, wrapping his palm around the other’s forearm and looked at the Min-Dracwyns, ‘Don’t accuse him without knowing the whole truth. You are forgetting how much Jin cares for Tae,’

‘I never intended for this to get out,’ Jin looked at the floor, blinking hard. ‘Until it came from Bellatrix herself. I never wanted anyone to know. The lesser people knew, the better. Even you would agree to that,’ he looked up at them, begging them to understand. ‘Even Tae doesn't know it himself,’

‘You think self ignorance is going to keep him safe?’ Yoongi spoke up. ‘He needs to know why he’s being hunted. Why do the Death Eaters need Aquirys’ descendant?’

Jin did not answer. How was he supposed to explain anything to them? Who were they to ask him questions like these? Did they really think they cared for Taehyung more than he did?

‘You will tell us now, and tell us the truth,’ Laura said. ‘What happened in the dungeons with Gwen last year? What kind of power was that? I came to find the entire room frosted up, icicles jutting out of the floor and both of you were knocked out cold like your bodies had been frozen. Which one of you did that?’

‘It was Taehyung,’ Jin said, sounding defeated. ‘He… he has some power sealed within him. And considering his bloodline has had Elkyres, including his biological father… I’d say, he has also inherited it,’

‘And you still choose to keep him in the dark?’ Laura exclaimed. ‘Being an Elkyre is not a sin,’ she said exasperatedly. ‘He needs to know!’

‘I agree,’ Jungkook stepped forward too. ‘Jin, you can’t seriously think this is the right way to deal with this!’

Jin looked like the last bit resolution was giving away. Face contorted like he would burst out crying, the boy slumped down on one of the chairs, ‘Sit. All of you,’
‘Fine,’ Yoongi said and took a seat across him. ‘Explain everything to us then.’

‘Jin,’ Jungkook leaned forward in his chair. ‘Tae will not forgive anyone of us if we keep him in the dark. He trusts us,’

‘This is why I didn’t want anyone to know,’ Jin said. ‘It’s a burden. Which now I beg of you to bear with me. If this leads to Taehyung hating me, I’ll take it. But I know its at the cost of protecting him,’

‘What can possibly go wrong if we tell him?’ Namjoon gently asked him.

‘Taehyung’s powers are sealed. He is an Elkyre but he lives like a regular mortal wizard. All his memories from when he had his powers have been obliviated,’

‘And how do you know all this?’ Yoongi asked.

‘I know things… without people revealing it to me,’

‘Are you a legilimens?’ he asked, suddenly feeling cautious.

‘I am not… I, see things…’

‘He’s not making this up,’ Namjoon said and Jungkook nodded. ‘Since I’ve known him, Jin has had the ability to see glimpses of the past or future. He cannot fully control it,’

Yoongi and Laura exchanged a glance. Were they really going to believe them? Some Seers were true, most were bluffs, trying to make a living as fortune tellers. But Laura realised Jin did tend to give off the feeling that he knew the hidden things. He was the one to find Taehyung when he was attached by Gwen. He knew about the friendship between her mother and Tae's. He was either a Seer or a very good detective.

‘You have your doubts,’ Jin said, looking into their eyes. ‘I don’t blame you,’

‘Good,’ Laura said, crossing her arms. ‘Then you’ll know we’ll need further proof,’

Jin looked her in the eye for a few moments and then spoke up, ‘Your family still keep the secret dragon sanctuary in Transylvania,’

Both Yoongi and Laura instantly straightened up, eyes wide.

‘Who told you about that?’ Laura bit through her teeth. ‘It’s not true!’

‘Don’t worry Dracwyn, I’m not about to tell the Ministry. All our families felt the pinch when democracy came in and took much of our wealth. The Kim family has its own secrets. But I wasn’t trying to prove my seeing powers with this factual information,’

‘Then what is it?’

‘When you and Yoongi were 8, your family went for the traditional ceremony, in which you bond with dragons, isn’t it?’

The silence from the Min-Dracwyns said that he was right, so he continued.

‘How do you think you did during the ceremony Dracwyn?’ Jin asked. ‘Where you happy?’

Laura shifted a little in her seat and Yoongi caught that from the corner of his eye.
'Laura did well that day,’ Yoongi said. ‘What are you possibly talking about?’

‘She doesn’t think so,’ Jin said, leaning back in his chair. He had made his point. Yoongi looked at Laura who wore an expression of disappointment, in herself. And that’s when he realised, Laura still hadn’t let go of the minor setback in the ceremony where Yoongi had easily bonded with some dragons while Laura had some trouble with it. And since then Laura had felt a greater need to prove herself as a true Dracwyn.

‘Alright,’ Laura shook the feeling away. There were more urgent matters at hand, ‘I believe you. What trauma did Tae go through?’

‘Tae...’ Jin paused because taking this further was forming a lump in his throat. The words were nearly impossible to speak out.

Jin’s palms were on his face. He realized now there was no other way. They were right. Ignorance is not bliss and they better hear the rest from him than try to uncover it on their own and get into trouble.

‘He... he killed his father.’

The entire room froze. No... they definitely heard it wrong.

‘Wh-what?’ Yoongi stammered in a whisper.

‘I cannot make you believe it,’ Jin spread out his palms. ‘But I am telling the truth,’

Jungkook had been completely shaken. All that he had heard until now were beyond incredulous to him. This had to be a waking nightmare.

‘Taehyung, is not capable-’

‘You have not felt even a fraction of his powers. He almost killed me, the day you found us in the dungeons. It’s a miracle I managed to wake up,’

‘When did this incident with his father happen?’

‘When he was 6 years old,’ Jin said. ‘I don’t know the details of it. I can’t always explain these things I see. Imagine if Taehyung’s memories of that night return. Will he ever be able to forgive himself for that mistake? His powers went out of control, he didn’t intend to do what he did. But you know him. The guilt is going to drive him insane,’

They all understood what Jin was saying, even though all of them felt like the weight of it would bury them. They could never tell Taehyung the truth... Or the smiling Taehyung they all know and love will cease to exist.

‘But what if he discovers his powers?’ Namjoon said. ‘Gwen Osburne is certainly waiting for that,’

‘I know...’ Jin exhaled. ‘I’m... I’m trying to find a way out of this. To keep Tae safe, to keep his innocence safe. You have to promise me,’ he said to everyone in the room. ‘You cannot tell another soul in this whole world. The Ministry and the Death Eaters will hunt him if they find out what powers he has. Please, promise me this will be a secret till I figure out what to do,’

‘You don’t have to be alone in this,’ Yoongi said. ‘We all will try to figure out the best way to keep Tae safe,’
In the infirmary, Jimin extended his hand and stroked his fingers through Taehyung’s brown hair. The boy was asleep in the infirmary, taking deep breaths and looking at peace. Jimin’s brows were furrowed in concern for his friend.

A finger came into his vision and gently pressed in the middle of his brows.

‘Don’t be so worried,’ Ash spoke from next to him. ‘Remember what Pomfrey said? He’s just asleep,’

‘She also said his burns won’t heal. Why is that?’ Jimin asked. Taehyung had small burns on his ankle, pinkish white lines like he had been whipped twice. Pomfrey had a salve to make burns disappear. But they hadn’t worked on Taehyung.

‘But he’s not in any danger. He’s perfectly healthy,’ Ash squeezes Jimin’s arm. ‘Though you look tired,’

‘Yeah. I don’t know why. I’ve not been my most energetic since two days,’

‘Must be a flu in the air,’ Ash waved it off. ‘Should we head back? It’s time to sleep isn’t it?’

Jimin nodded and they walked out of the infirmary, into the corridor near the courtyard. It was brighter than usual and Jimin realised it was a full moon. He hadn’t really been out at night in a while. Surely his health was not affected by the phase of the moon? He was being ridiculous.

They walked through the corridor, through shadows thrown by the arches framing the courtyard wall. And then they came to the first window.

A hiss escaped Jimin’s lips the moment moonlight hit the exposed skin on his face and forearms. Ash turned in alarm, green eyes wide in worry.

Jimin could feel his throat closing and his hands went up to claw at his own skin. His veins were popping, turning a dangerous dark shade under his pale skin.

‘Jimin,’ Ash held him by the arm. Whimpers of pain escaped his lips even if he tried his best to endure it.

‘You should get away,’ he bit through his teeth.

‘We need to get you to Snape,’ Ash said, knowing that this situation was not to be trusted with anyone else but one of their own.

Jimin grabbed her arms. ‘I don’t know… what is happening… get away,’

‘I am not going anywhere,’ Ash said with resolute eyes. ‘And I am not scared. Come with me now,’ she said and pulled him forward, coming over to the other side so her body shielded him from the moonlight. His nails digging into her arms. Ash did not wince. It was a small pain to get him to safety.

Both made their way to Snape’s chambers, the muffliato charm around them to silence Jimin's painful outbursts. Ash prayed no one would see them. But not many lingered in the Slytherin part of the castle.

On hearing the urgent knocks, Snape opened the door grumpily, wearing a black night robe not much different from his usual robes. But his annoyed expression changed the moment he saw Jimin, his skin pale and clammy, eyes bloodshot, veins throbbing all over his body.
He ushered them in and ran to get wolfsbane. He needed no explanation for what had happened.

‘This will hurt you. Wolfsbane is a deadly poison to full grown werewolves and the symptoms have progressed in you,’

Jimin was lying on the chaise. Snape moved his wand wordlessly, binding his limbs.

‘Why are you-’ Ash started, shocked, but Snape just held a hand up, silencing her.

Snape had a syringe in hand, taking a dark brown liquid into it. Turning Jimin’s forearm to the front, he pushed in the needle. Jimin screamed as the venom burned through his bloodstream. Ash was clutching her own hands so tightly that it went numb. She wanted to cry seeing Jimin in so much pain but she wouldn't show him that she's weak. She had to be strong for both of them.

Snape went on to give the second shot on his other hand and the screams got louder. Jimin felt like fire was burning through him, destroying his insides. He was convulsing so much that he almost broke the binding spell, clawing at his own face, leaving a gash on his left cheek. Ash rushed to restrain him as Snape bound him again.

‘This is why,’ Snape said, explaining the need for binding him.

‘Is there nothing for his relief?’ Ash begged.

‘There is but I don't know how useful it will be. I gave him concentrated wolfsbane,’

‘Anything, please!’ Ash cried. Snape went to retrieve some strong milk of poppy. Jimin had stopped screaming by now but he was breathing heavily, still in intense pain. Tears lined his temples and eyelids. Snape opened his mouth and poured some of the potion. Jimin gulped it earnestly, praying it eased his suffering. Ash then dabbed dittany on the scratches on his face. The pain lessened but didn't go away. He was shivering now, his body gone completely cold.

‘Why is he freezing?’ Ash asked.

‘The venom inside him is dying from the wolfsbane. He will first become weaker. Then hopefully will recover and gain his usual strength,’

‘Hopefully?’ That wasn’t enough. She wanted full assurance that Jimin was going to be perfectly fine.

‘Skoll was not a regular werewolf, you know that. He was a metamorphmagus infected with Lycanthropy. For nearly half a century he was the leader of the Lycans for a reason. His venom is potent beyond what we expected. Or it wouldn't have spread in him,’

‘Do you mean he's transforming?’

‘One can't say for sure. We took all measures to suppress the effects of it but it was clearly not enough,’ he strode towards his shelf of potions as Jimin calmed down, his breaths settling and body slowly loosening.

‘Let him be here for tonight. I will have to keep in close observation if I have to know what’s happened to him,’ Snape said, putting back the used potion vials in their assigned places.

‘I’ll stay with him,’ Ash said. Snape looked up at her with a disinterested face. He knew she wouldn’t take no for an answer and he was not in a mood to argue.
‘Then you will only leave in the morning with my permission. I don’t want people seeing students coming and going from my chambers like it’s a public library, and I don’t have any place for you to sleep here so make do,’

‘I don’t need any space to sleep,’ Ash said, dragging a chair near Jimin and sitting on it, determination clear in her actions.

Snape sighed internally and left them both in his study.

Mood Music. Can play till end of scene (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Alexandre Desplat - Full Moon

Jimin woke up, startled from the same repeated nightmare, a maniacal laughter filling his head and a hand choking his throat. He snapped his eyes open and found a dark grey ceiling above him.

That’s right… I was in Snape’s chambers…

He looked to his side, feeling an ache as he moved his body and Ash was sleeping, sitting on the floor, torso supported by the foot of the chaise. Her head rested near his chest. How could he put her through so much trouble? No matter what, she had not left his side. There were tiny red marks on her arms like crescents. He realized that he had done that when she was trying to get him to his feet. Those marks were his nails piercing into her skin. He looked away, tears pooling in his eyes. What was he doing? If he cared for her, he will go away from her, not keep her close so that he could harm her again. His condition could get much worse and what if he fully transformed? The world will shun him, he will have to live as an outcast. That thought itself was tearing his soul apart, without the addition of him being a risk to someone he cares for. He will have to say goodbye to everyone he knew, including his family. He hated himself for what he had become, hated his very being. A feeling of disgust and condemnation filled him.

He heard footsteps coming into the room. ‘C’mon, wake up,’ it was Snape’s voice. ‘Up, both of you. I have to leave for class,’

Ash stirred, opening her eyes and blinking till they adjusted to the light around her. They landed on Jimin and she smiled softly. ‘How are you feeling?’

He really did not deserve her. She was being so strong for both of them. ‘I’m much better. What happened exactly?’ he asked and realized his voice had gone rough from all the screaming.

Ash looked at Snape for answers.

‘The venom was not fully destroyed the first time and when you stopped the medication, the remaining venom multiplied, eventually showing a reaction in you, with the full moon acting as a catalyst,’ Snape said, gathering his books for the day. ‘I have given you enough wolfsbane for the week. You need to take it regularly. You will feel weak but it will keep the venom in control,’

‘In control?’ Jimin asked. ‘It won’t destroy it? This will happen again?’

‘Let’s pray it destroys it. If you start feeling stronger, it’s either because the venom has been destroyed or it has become immune to Wolfsbane. In any case, I’m trying to find out how exactly to cure your condition. You will see me every night before 11pm and if you feel like you are having an attack again then come to me immediately. Keep Wolfsbane with you at all times,’ Snape rattled. His lack of emotion or concern was usual. At least he was making real efforts to help him, that is what really mattered. ‘I believe you have class Vorhart. Park, I suggest you rest today,‘

‘I’ll stay with you,’ Ash said to Jimin.
'No, you are not missing class because of me. I’ve put you through enough already,’ Jimin said, not meeting her in the eye.

‘But—’

‘No, you are going to class you got that?’

‘Hurry up,’ Snape said impatiently. ‘Head to the common room before students start filling the passages,’

Both the students got up, feeling an ache run down their back, till their calves. They gathered their cloaks and headed to the door.

‘And remember,’ Snape said, casting a warning look. ‘Tell no one,’

The castle was awake soon. Students headed to the Great Hall for breakfast. Taehyung sat across from Jungkook on the Ravenclaw table, having finished his own breakfast before with the other Hufflepuffs. He frowned, seeing that Jimin was not here yet. Pomfrey had mentioned that he had dropped by with Ash to check on him. So now, Tae was talking a mile to the minute to a distracted audience of Sierra and Jungkook. He sounded worried, but the prefects were focused on their own activities, more like Jungkook was inwardly praying he kept his mouth shut about what he knew from the night before. The truth was, he wanted to tell Taehyung everything, everything that he knew about his past. It was killing him to keep it away from his best friend. But he made a promise to Jin as well. Jin wanted to tell him when the time was right and he trusted Jin, he was more sensible than the rest of them.

Taehyung was growing frustrated by the minute and bopped Jungkook on the head. ‘Ow!’ he exclaimed to his friend as he looked up. Sierra frowned, her annoyed gaze passing over the fourth-year Hufflepuff. She had never understood half the things that spilled from his mouth, half-wit, she thought as her face projected a smile toward the boy. He was now pouting at Kookie who had his head down, and hands on his neck.

‘Taehyung, maybe Jungkook is just really thinking about his presentation. So, maybe you shouldn’t trouble him so much,’ she said the smile still in place, but her voice and tone had slowed as if she were speaking to a young child.

The said male frowned but didn’t say anything. He only kicked his friend under the table growling, ‘Presentation? He didn’t tell me anything,’ He said directing the last part to the prefect who by now was fixing her prefect badge on her chest to sit perfectly.

‘Hmm,’ She cooed. ‘I think it must have skipped his mind,’ She said. ‘We prefects are so busy these days, thanks to the Slytherins and their brawls,’ She added with a nasty sneer.

‘You don’t need to add fuel to the fire Sierra,’ Jungkook mumbled from his spot. He looked up at Tae, head still resting on the old wood, ‘I’m sorry Tae. I am not busy or anything, just tired. I was preparing all night.’ He smiled, hoping to sound convincing.

The yellow robed boy nodded detecting the exhaustion in his friend’s voice. It must have been really hard for the prefects after yesterday. But Tae had so much to talk about. He was worried about a lot of things and he wanted to share them all soon but his friends were all upperclassmen who had busier schedules than him. For a split second, a wave of pain passed through his face, he felt like he was not being heard and was left alone. It passed through but sometimes Tae felt he was speaking something and his friends were speaking something entirely different, words that didn’t make sense to him, he was alone in his thoughts. Alone when he stood up for his own beliefs and
to bring everyone to see their pettiness thrust upon his growing shoulders was confusing him. Sometimes, he spent long hours wondering about his very different ideals, nights that he spent thinking he was an alien in this world of people hating other people on the basis of colours they wore. But other times, in the strength of the sunshine beating on his face reminding him of his mother, father, and friends, Taehyung realized that there was nothing that was making them different but their own harsh words, masks they wore on the outside. He had learnt from a young age to look through that mask, even his bullies who taunted and physically hurt him had their reasons and he understood them enough to forgive them. But sometimes, like today sitting with a distracted Jungkook and a mean Sierra, Taehyung felt alone. He felt like he didn’t want to be understanding, but only understood.

Taehyung picked up his discarded messenger bag and slung it across his back, the bag clinking as all the badges on it supporting his various club adventure activities clinked together. He bid the two goodbye wishing them luck on their assignment and went outside to the ground. He checked his father’s old watch on his wrist. He still had a solid ten minutes before class. Taehyung found himself on his way to the lip of the Forbidden Forest.

It was his place, where he often slept as he gazed upon the looming canopy of trees. In the silence, sometimes he liked to identify all the different bird sounds. He had a record of having found twelve different varieties of the jabber jays, and once Taehyung swears on his pride as a man, he even spotted Fawkes, Dumbledore’s magnificent phoenix on a hunt. But the others hadn’t thought that was news, they had seen the phoenix several times before in Dumbledore’s study. They shut him off after patting his head a few times. He loved his friends to death, but sometimes he wished he could do really great things to impress them too. They were always ahead of him, and here he was, not even very good at his magic yet. Taehyung’s face crumpled, he knew he was being mean to himself, but he couldn’t stop it. He lay his head on the cool bark of the ancient lookout post he had discovered, his huge eyes blinked once and a tear escaped from the side.

He hated it, being weak. But his magic was always escaping him. He couldn’t control it, and his mind sometimes blacked out and coming to his senses, a huge wave of shame would always consume him. Shame that he had blacked out and still didn’t have a handle over his magic. He didn’t like looking stupid, or being teased. He slung a hand over his eyes, deciding he would stop worrying and suffering. He knew he could get better, and he believed he would, and that was the most important thing.

A wild puffsklein appears. It had managed to slide between his arm and face, making a cozy nest for itself. Taehyung giggled at the contact, feeling his heart lighten. He greeted the little fellow who had fallen asleep on his shoulder, and decided to take it back with him to class as a token of comfort. Taehyung looked over the features of the tiny puffed up custard yellow as it hummed in content in his hand.

‘Tae Tae!’ He heard Hoseok call him. The prefect waved and strode towards him hurriedly. ‘Tae, you’re not supposed to be alone!’

Taehyung pouted slightly, feeling like he was being micromanaged, ‘I’m not alone… there are students in the castle grounds,’

‘Ok but after yesterday-’

‘They’re saying the two explosions were by the same people,’ Taehyung said. ‘It was that admirers club, not Gwen Osborne,’

‘Well we hope it wasn’t Osburne,’ Hoseok but through his teeth. ‘But Jin told us all to be careful. So let’s do that,’ Hoseok beckoned him towards him. ‘C’mon,’
Taehyung reluctantly walked forward, taking the puffskein with him.

* * *

The bulletin board in the Gryffindor common room was always teeming with posters, lost and found notices, call-for-auditions, club invitations and seventh year career/apprenticeship guidance pamphlets. Jin was bathed in the orange sunset flashing through a lone window as he examined the posters. His eyes were serious, his usually fluid posture was stiff, his hands clasped behind his back. If Namjoon didn’t know any better he would have thought he was fine. But he knew better, he knew Jin hadn’t stopped thinking about what he had revealed to everyone last night… well it would be a miracle if anyone did.

Namjoon saw Jessica and another girl giggle as they walked past Jin. He frowned as he thought about the unofficial club the girls belonged to. If rumours were true, then they were the ones responsible for the Howler sent to Vorhart. And Namjoon’s gut told him that this time around, the rumours were indeed true… He knew Jessica did not like Slytherins and after knowing they had insulted Vorhart right to her face (Jungkook had been extremely worried that the situation be addressed) he felt they were probably the ones who sent that horrendous howler.

Katie, a fellow seventh year Gryffindor had really torn into the fifth years for being reckless, ‘Your actions could’ve cost us a lot of points. How are you going to apologise to Namjoon?’

Despite being the Head Boy, somehow Namjoon wasn’t very forceful with his words, being the one to believe that gentle handling yielded better long-term results. Mostly Jin took over for him with that but with him missing, Katie had intervened as she sat doing her Transfiguration essay for McGonagall.

Annie, the fifth year stuttered, ‘B-But ! We didn’t know that the howler exploding would cause a fire,’ Her hands were wringing each other in nervousness. She turned to Namjoon, her eyes fearful. ‘I swear we didn’t. It was just a joke.’

Namjoon frowned his hands finding his pockets and resting there, ‘You must apologise to Ash Vorhart. Not me.’

Jessica heard this and turned her head sharply to study the slouch of Namjoon’s back, ‘What!?’ she asked incredulously. ‘Why would they ever apologise to her?’

The fifth years exchanged a meaningful glance. Perhaps the rumours were true then, that Vorhart had succeeded in giving him a love potion. Jessica wasted no time in putting their thought into words, ‘Are you suggesting that the Slytherins weren’t wrong to propagate such a rumour in the first place? We all know how she teased you and was after you,’

Namjoon wanted to ram his head into a wall, ‘This is about sending a howler to someone you shouldn’t have.’ He admonished. Once again Namjoon wished Jin was with him to help him out of the mess he had undoubtedly made. Sometimes, he really envied Jin’s method of seamlessly ploughing forward to get to his goal in a conversation. He was nothing like the Prince of Hogwarts, even before Jin was the Prince he had the impressive ability to get his point across no matter what. But he seemed too distant to bother himself with teenage rumours today.

Namjoon buried the heel of his hands in his eyes and pressed in frustration. The Gryffindor girls would never ever agree to apologize to a Slytherin, but he had to be the better person here and make things right for the sake of his house. He set out to find Ash and found her in the Great Hall munching on some cookies.
‘Hey Vorhart,’ he approached her, cautious of all the eyes on them. ‘Can I talk to you for a minute?’

Ash turned to him, mouth full of cookies. She looked surprised at his request but nodded, following him to the outer hallway of the Great Hall.

‘What’s up?’ she asked, wiping the cookie crumbles off her mouth.

‘I am really sorry for what happened yesterday… the howler incident,’ he looked so guilty that Ash wanted to pat his shoulder in assurance.

‘Don’t worry about it,’ she shrugged. ‘You didn’t do that so why are you apologizing,’

‘I found out who did it and I will make sure they stop this nonsense. So I hope you aren’t caused more trouble because of this issue,’

Ash smiled. *If only every Gryffindor was like Namjoon.*

‘Say I haven’t seen Jimin all day. Where is he?’ Namjoon asked.

‘Oh, Jimin… yeah he is not feeling too good. So he’s resting,’ she replied, trying her very best to look normal.

‘What happened?’ Namjoon’s eyebrows contracted.

‘A slight fever. Nothing to worry,’ Ash waved it off.

‘Ok, hope he feels better soon. Let me know if you need anything, or if anyone caused you any further trouble,’ he said.

‘Alright, sure’ Ash nodded. Namjoon gave a small smile and turned to leave, only to find Jimin at the turn of the corridor. Namjoon’s smile widened seeing him but Jimin didn't return the feeling.

‘Jimin! How are you feeling now?’ He asked.

‘A little better,’ Jimin replied curtly. His eyes were dark, a kind of remorse and pain in them. He turned and walked away without another word which left both Ash and Namjoon confused.

‘I’ll see what’s up,’ Ash said following Jimin into the Slytherin common room. She found him in the balcony, hands resting on the carved white stone parapet and eyes gazing to the distant mountains, without any emotion on his face apart from the slight frown on his eyebrows.

‘Jimin are you ok?’

‘I told you I’m fine,’

She had never heard him be this curt.

Ever since last night, Jimin hadn’t been able to keep his mind at peace, no matter how much Ash or Yoongi tried to reassure him. He should feel himself fortunate for having friends that were to stay by him in his dreadful situation. But he felt himself being surrounded by a dark cloud, that stopped him from looking at the light. He was good for nothing but causing pain to these people who cared for him.

And Ash… when he saw her with Namjoon, a string of pain quivered in his chest. She deserved to be with someone like the Head Boy, who was intelligent and thoughtful. His hopes and dreams of
wanting to be by her side was far from ideal.

‘You should… not be around me,’ he said softly, each word carrying the pain in his heart.

‘What do you mean?’

‘I am more of a danger to you than anything else. I cannot protect you if need be. You shouldn’t be with someone like me. Look at what I did to you,’ Jimin pointed at the red crescent marks on her arms and then turned away again. ‘Don’t waste your time and efforts on me,’

‘Do YOU want me to go away?’ Her voice was a little shaky, but she took a deep breath and composed herself again.

‘I want you to be safe, however cliched it sounds. But I want that,’

‘Pushing me away is not the solution. If I thought that both of us will be better off without each other I would’ve done something for it long back,’ she walked towards him, turning him by the arm so that she could see him. ‘Look at me,’ Jimin lifted his eyes to her slowly, they were full of guilt. She looked a angry, her green eyes burning. ‘I never intended on going away. You’re in this situation because you saved me, from that dreadful werewolf,’

‘I don’t want you to feel obliged to take care of me Ash. That’s the very last thing I want. It will literally be a burden to me if you are doing this out of obligation. I’d rather-’

‘It’s not an obligation Jimin!’ she snapped.

‘Then what is it? Guilt? Pity?’

‘Pity? Do you really think I’m forcing myself to stay by your side? Sorry to disappoint you but I’m not capable of that! To do something without my full heart agreeing to it,’

‘Then why? Why are you going out of your way to take care of me? It looks a lot like obligation,’

‘If it’s so hard to read, then let me tell you that I care about you Jimin!’

Jimin turned away, going to the table where he had dumped his bag. Roughly, he pulled the flap open, digging for the potion Snape had given him. He looked at the bottle of dark brown liquid and involuntarily his face squirmed, remembering this was the most bitter medicine he had ever had. He was about to stuff it back in, this was a challenge for a later time but Ash stopped him.

‘You have to have your potion in time. Don’t skip it,’ she pushed the bottle at him. Jimin almost rolled his eyes and sat down on the green velvet armchair, taking the cork off the bottle and staring at the bitter contents.

‘You care for me,’ he repeated her words. ‘Like you care for Laura and Yoongi, right?’ He took a swing of the potion, whatever Ash’s response would be, it couldn’t be more bitter than this god awful concentrated wolfsbane.

‘I care for them too,’ Ash said. ‘But maybe in a different way,’ her words rolled out quick and Jimin looked up, for the first time in a while, with a flicker of hope.

She took the bottle from him, putting the cork back in. Ash seemed to be non-chalant, not caring to elaborate on what she just said and slowly the hope in Jimin started to die, his shoulders and chin slumping down again.
‘You took your medicine,’ she said satisfactorily, ‘Good,’

A hand gently tucked Jimin’s chin up and he glimpsed Ash’s face before his eyes closed. A touch of soft lips on his own followed, a gentle press, the contact lingering for a breath before Ash pulled away.

‘You liked rewards for being good don’t you,’ her words were clear but her eyes were too abashed to look up at him. Ash turned away with a smile and walked with quick paces to her dorm.

All Jimin could do was speechlessly stare at her back with puppy like wide eyes, the sensation of her lips still fresh on his own.

Chapter End Notes

*shoots hearts in the air*

SO MUCH SUFFERING!!! but... I AM HAPPY FOR JIMIN! THAT GIRL IS A KEEPER ISN’T SHE?

*Sope needs to pick up speed!* 

Our little Tae Tae, everyone is protecting him, yet he feels alone ;( He’s shrouded in darkness but I wonder for how much longer...
The town was hues of yellows and beige, rows of empty houses scattered over the area. One could hear seagulls and the rush of the ocean waves as they walked over cobblestoned pathways that ran between these buildings. The sky was a brilliant cerulean, soft white clouds dotting its vast surface. At one end of this town rose a high hill, its base in earthy tones like the rest of the town and vegetation sprouting as the slope ascended. An ancient limestone palace sat on top of this hill, with intricately carved arches and a red dome in the center. Palace towers rose on all sides of this abandoned palace.

In the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, a dinghy came floating in, bearing a bearded man with a lean, sunken face. He rowed till the shore, tying the boat on the unused port and headed into the town, walking all the way up to the base of the hill, where he was led up to the castle from the stairs cut into the hill’s rock.

When he reached the great main door, he pushed them open and headed in. The few men and women clad in simple robes who passed him gave him a suspicious eye but did not ask any questions until he asked them himself.

‘Where is Serafin?’ the man asked in a rough voice to one of the boys who passed him. The boy looked no more than 20, a young face with brown eyes that still looked innocent to the world. He pointed to the courtyard.

‘Take the stairs on the left to the top most floor. She sits in the northern tower,’

The man nodded and went his way up to the northern tower till he found a large domed room.

Bright afternoon sun bathed the entire room in a warm light from the glassless windows. The netted curtains swayed gently in the breeze. In the center of the room, a woman sat on top of several cushions, feeding a black bird from her palm. Her long red hair flowed below her knees. She wore a black cloak, the hem of it golden with various symbols embroidered into them. The sound of the man’s footsteps turned her reddish golden eyes to the door and her eyebrows lifted the slightest at the sight of the man.

‘What a surprise Anesbek!’ her voice was deep but gentle. ‘You have been gone for months,’

‘I was with the Death Eaters’ The bearded man replied hoarsely, ‘They believe they have found… an Elkyre,’

The woman froze for a moment, but her almond shaped eyes were ablaze like live fire. The surprise on her face eased up and she chuckled lightly. ‘So now there’s two of us. And what do they plan to do with this supposed Elkyre?’

‘Capture him, and make a deal with us,’ Anesbek said. ‘Their leader knows what we are planning to create,’

‘The leader should also know that the creation is not something one can share. Either they hold it,
or we do. Or worse, the Ministry,’ She stroked the bird and stood up, coming closer to Anesbek.

‘And where is this Elkyre?’

‘He’s a boy. At Hogwarts,’

Serafin laughed lightly, the sound was like a pleasant chime to the ears, ‘Hogwarts? That school in Britain with dear Dumbledore guarding it? The Death Eater’s foolish bravery is almost admirable,’

‘They have a plan to get the boy out of the school and it’s Headmaster’s safety. If they succeed what should we do?’

The woman shrugged, her wavy red hair slid off her shoulders in light sways, ‘We don’t capture an Elkyre by force. If the boy wants to come to us, he’s welcome,’

‘So we do nothing?’ Anesbek looked to her for confirmation, because he certainly felt some action was needed.

‘We do nothing,’ Serafin affirmed it for him, her lips setting in a stoic line.

*

The butterflies rose in Jimin’s stomach, making it all the way to the base of his neck and he didn’t know whether he was breathing too fast or not breathing at all. His lips tingled with the memory of Ash’s touch and he still sat there, wide eyed, staring at the pathway through which Ash had disappeared into the girl’s dorm.

Why did she go away right now? He had so many questions! He had so much to say to her! He-

All thoughts froze when he saw her come out and she looked adorably disarrayed. Few locks of her hair stood up and some stuck to her face like she had screamed into a pillow. Her cheeks were flushed deeply. For the first time Jimin saw her walk with uncertainty, eyes unsure of where to look.

‘Ash!’ He strode towards her and she stopped.

‘I was…’ she trailed off for a bit. ‘I was coming to you,’

‘I need to know,’ Jimin said, trying to keep his excitement and nervousness away from his voice but he was sure Ash would’ve noticed it from how he was springing on the balls of his feet. ‘We… we just…’

‘We just…’ Ash nodded.

‘So… does that mean,’ Jimin smiled. Pick up the courage dammit, she is the one who kissed you. He watched her tuck a lock of hair behind her ear and realised she was as flustered as he was. Her eyes looked up.

‘Park Jimin I did most of the work here, so the next step is yours,’ she arched her brows.

Jimin chuckled, the apples of his cheeks glowing and ran a hand through his dark hair, ‘Can I… can I take you out next weekend? Hogsmeade is our only option but we could do whatever you like there,’

‘I’d like that,’ Ash nodded.
‘And, can we do this again?’

‘Do what-’

But Jimin wasn’t really waiting for an answer. He moved closer, holding her chin gently and kissed her. Ash caressed her palms over his arms to gently hold his face as their lips slowly opened and closed around each other’s.

A gasp awoke Yoongi from his slumber and he was met with the scene was his two friends in a rather intimate exchange in the corner of the common room. Yoongi slowly raised his head up and looked at the junior who had gasped at the scene in front of her eyes and his own mouth hung open realising that it was indeed Jimin and Ash, kissing and giggling and kissing again.

Laura was returning from the Greenhouse where she had to show her Wiggin sapling for review to Madam Sprout and now the plant, grown a foot since she had acquired it, was asleep in her arms as she walked back to the castle. But when she observed the people around her she realised there was a gossip buzz going around, especially among her housemates.

*God… now what?*

‘No no! Amanda saw them!’ a hushed voice reached her from a group of Slytherins. ‘They kissed for real!’

‘We should’ve known he’ll be taken soon. Did you see how flawless he was in the match? Man, I went weak for Park Jimin from that moment on!’ another junior cried.

*Wait what?*

Laura did a double take, taking back steps to the group of juniors.

‘Park Jimin? What are you guys talking about him?’

‘Oh, I thought you would know! Vorhart is your roommate isn’t she?’

‘She is,’ Laura said. ‘But what exactly happened?’

‘Well… Amanda saw Vorhart and Park kiss in the common room. Wait, don’t tell Vorhart what I said about Park. We don’t have a crush on him, she doesn’t have to worry about-’

But Laura was already gone. She was rushing through the scattered students to find her roommate. The sapling in her hand woke up from the sudden movements and started to whimper.

‘Move!’ Laura shouted at whoever was blocking her way. ‘Out of my way!’

She turned towards the North side of the castle and saw the new couple. So it was true! Ash and Jimin were walking side by side and it was quite evident from their pink faces that something had happened between them. Ash said something which made Jimin smile and turn to give her a quick peck on the cheek. Jimin was blushing so much that he was literally glowing.

Laura had the sudden urge to squish them both, they looked so precious. She stormed towards them.

‘Sorry Jimin but can I borrow your ‘girlfriend’ for a while, thanks,’ she thrust the sapling in his hands and pulled Ash away into the next classroom.

‘You did not even tell me!’ Laura started to bellow. ‘I am your roommate and I have to find out
‘It happened just 10 minutes ago! How does everyone already know!’

‘I want to hear it from you!’ She held her by the arms, looking at her intensely.

‘So… we kissed,’ Ash said and then looked away with a shy chuckle.

‘And?’

‘And that’s it! That’s all what happened,’

‘Did you grab the Jibooty yet?’

‘This was our first kiss! There was no time to grab anything!’

‘But what led to it!! How did it happen?’

‘Since morning both of us were actually having the worst time. And oh god, everything is such a blur. We were having an argument and I thought I should kiss him to make my point clear. Oh god I can’t even breathe properly right now,’ Ash put her hands on her waist and exhaled. ‘And then he asked me out on a Hogsmeade date and then he kissed me,’

They heard Jimin call them, ‘If the questioning is done can you both come out? I’m hungry! Its dinner time!’

Laura grinned and took Ash’s hand. Both headed towards the door.

‘I’m so happy for you two,’ Laura grabbed both their arms and put herself between them, ‘I know you two are happier but I feel this happiness was much needed in all our lives,’

‘Well, if by some chance you get a date,’ Jimin said to Laura, ‘Then we could go on double dates!’

Laura rolled her eyes. ‘Who will I date? There’s not one worthy guy in this entire school!’

‘Aw is no one royal enough for you?’ they heard a playfully sarcastic voice behind them. Both turned to find Jungkook, his hair a wind swept mess, his broom on his shoulder. He was in a sleeveless blue jersey, his lean and muscular arms flexing as he pushed his hair out of his eyes.

‘Don’t worry, I will pray that you don’t die alone,’

Laura gave him the stink eye. ‘You really need to learn how to NOT invade privacy,’

‘You were speaking in a clearly audible voice in a public space. How I am invading anything?’

‘Why are you here?,’ Laura sighed.

‘I came to meet my friend,’ Jungkook emphasised on the last word, keeping a hand on Jimin’s shoulder, but his eyes didn’t leave her. A smirk played on his lips as he pressed his tongue on his cheek. She looked at him with pouty lips and angry eyes. He seemed to be in a mood to get a shoe thrown at him again.

How cute… Jungkook thought, the smirk becoming a grin seeing her flustered up close.

‘I’m not gonna get my good mood ruined by you,’ she stomped away.

‘Her sapling…?’ Jimin wondered, still holding the plant which now had its leaves wrapped around
Jimin’s forearm.

‘I told you she’s named you the Godfather!’ Ash laughed, poking Jimin’s cheek lightly.

‘So it’s true?’ Jungkook was looking at them with wide eyes. ‘Whatever I heard?’

‘Weren’t you at Quidditch practice? How the hell did this news reach there?’ Jimin wondered.

‘Well you two broke some hearts, so the gossip is spreading like wildfire,’ Jungkook said and the three made their way to dinner. ‘Doesn’t your roommate doesn’t want to eat?’ he asked Ash, his eyes looking back to the direction in which Laura had walked away.

‘Well, you pissed her off,’ Ash stated.

‘Hey I’m a nice guy, showing concern,’

‘Yeah right,’ Ash scoffed. ‘We all saw that smirk Jungkook,’

‘How dare you!’ Jungkook mocked, gasping with his hand on his heart.

‘You are such a moron!’ Jimin punched him, grinning and eyeing his taller friend sideways. ‘You know exactly what you did!’

Jungkook grinned, staggering back a few steps from Jimin’s light punch and then waved them goodbye as they went to the Slytherin table.

‘Say… have you noticed something different about Jungkook?’ Jimin asked Ash.

‘Um, different how?’

‘Did you see the way he smiled at Laura?’

‘I was wondering the same,’ Ash put a finger to her chin, ‘I thought it was only in my head, coz I mean… they literally bite each other’s head off whenever they are in the same room,’

The next day, the 6th years had an hour off between classes and Laura thought of visiting her beloved spot below the willow tree. She was nearing it when she heard someone’s footsteps padding on the grass and then she heard a whistle.

‘Who in the world?’ She wondered, peering behind the huge trunk to see the Ravenclaw prefect squatted on the ground in front of a shrub, separating the thin branches and peering in.

‘What are you doing here?’ She asked looking at him with a pitiful frown, her eyebrows high.

Jungkook looked over his shoulder, ‘Trying to catch a kitten,’

Laura crossed her arms, ‘How long have you been at this?’

‘Well, they are tiny and hard to catch. They jump around like lightning! This one is so scared,’ he said, shifting his weight from one leg to another. ‘Maybe I should try calling her. Meowwww! MOEEOOWW!’

Laura rolled her eyes and sighed, ‘That’s the worst impression of a cat I’ve ever heard. For someone who looks feline, I had expected more,’
Jungkook looked at her in surprise, turning to face her fully. She looked open with her eyes not holding their usual resentment towards him. He liked the way her eyes looked right at him. ‘I look feline? Then why do people say I look like a bunny,’

Laura cocked her head to one side, scrutinizing the crouched Jungkook carefully before answering. ‘Yeah that too. But bunnies are innocent. You are far from that,’

His heart twinged at her intense stare, but his brain only registered her snarky comment. ‘What do you mean? I am an innocent, kind hearted-’

‘Yeah yeah. Now move if you want to rescue the kitten,’ she waved her hands, shooing him aside and Jungkook got to his feet. ‘You've scared her enough,’

‘What makes you think you can catch it?’ he asked wanting to prolong their conversation.

‘I and my cousin, and Jimin and Vanessa we all own cats. I’m pretty sure half of Ravenclaw chose owls as the pet animal,’ she looked at Jungkook who’s silence told him it was true. ‘So I have a better chance at this than you. Now please go far away, behind the tree trunk. And make no noise,’

Jungkook pursed his lips and walked to where Laura was pointing. He stood watching her, with crossed arms and pouted lips.

Laura pulled out a hanging creeper from the rocks nearby. Then she silently crept around the shrubs till she spotted the scared little black kitten, hidden behind the roots, hackles raised and big blue eyes looking at everything around it. She sat in front of it, keeping some distance and then, slowly moved the creeper towards it, like a long wiggling worm. For a long time nothing happened.

Jungkook watched her, focused too firmly on Laura Dracwyn for his gaze to be casual. His eyes dark, his arms folded into his chest as if trying to hold himself back. He tried clearing his head, to speak up before his body betrayed him and he really reached out to touch her hand-

‘Give up,’ Jungkook said from behind her. She turned, pressing a finger to her lips. Noise was the last thing she needed right now.

A few more minutes passed, Jungkook held himself still watching her, the beginning of her slight neck, the movement of her slender fingers with the creeper wrapped around it as she tried to lure the cat observing his now rival, in this completely new light.

Laura’s shoulders slumped. Maybe the kitten was too scared to come out. That's when she saw a tiny black paw trying to pick at the creeper. She didn't move, didn't even breathe. Once the little feline was almost out of the bush, she slowly pulled the creeper towards her. The kitten hopped forward, jumping on the creeper, trying to bite and tear it. Laura smiled at the little being’s ferociousness, attacking the creeper with all its might. Once she had pulled the kitten till her arm’s length, she quickly grabbed it with her hand, enclosing her palm around it’s tiny body. The kitten mewed at her touch, struggling a little. Laura held it to her chest, cradling it with both hands, trying to make it feel warm and then turned to Jungkook smiling.

‘She’s so tiny!’ She exclaimed, clearly in total awe of the little creature. Jungkook looked at her, his mind blank. That smile on her, was so pure…

‘She must be hungry,’ Laura said, going to sit by the rocks. ‘We should get her something to eat,’

Jungkook didn’t move until Laura looked up curiously to wonder why the loud-mouth Jungkook hadn’t made a comment yet. ‘It's a she?’ Jungkook asked, finally able to snap out of his blankness
and coming to sit next to her. His head turned to watch her play with the tiny kitty in her arms, a warmth spreading through his chest.

‘I don't know. I'm assuming,’ Laura replied. ‘Do you want to hold her?’

Jungkook extended his hands to take the kitten but the animal snuggled closer to Laura, to a point that it was trying to get into the opening of the neck in her shirt. Jungkook looked away, covering his mouth as he laughed at her reaction.

‘Hold on you little thing!’ Laura gently pried it away from her.

‘You cruel person, you robbed him of his new home,’ Jungkook teased watching her handle the small kitten that seemed very reluctant to leave its newfound warm home. The warmth in him had now become an insistent burn wherever his skin brushed against her's as she tried to get a firm grip on the wriggling animal that protested at its forceful deportment. She finally succeeded and stilled.

‘This kitten is already getting a handful,’ Laura said, positioning its head on her shoulder and holding its body against her chest. ‘Go on, pat it,’

Jungkook extended his arm, stroking the kitten’s head. It drooped its head, yawning and stretching its paws.

‘It’s purring,’ Laura said, snuggling her face closer to the kitten, accidentally brushing her cheek against Jungkook’s fingers. ‘It’s definitely hungry,’

Jungkook was gazing at her. This side of hers made him feel like he wanted to be cared for too. The kitten mewed again and tried to shift its position, Laura looked at it and it started to nibble on her chin with its tiny muzzle.

‘Ok, we’ll get you something to eat,’ Laura and Jungkook watched her plump, pink lips curve into an adoring smile.

*I want to kiss her.*

It was all Jungkook could think about. He gulped. He wanted to kiss her, hold her body against his and feel his entire being burn at her touch. And that’s when he realized... he had unquestionably fallen for Laura Dracwyn. He had been pushing away the thought for too long, too scared to say those definite words aloud in his mind. All the excuses he had made to convince himself of his new found fascination with her just crumbled away. It was far beyond fascination at this point anyways.

‘I wish I could keep her,’ Laura said, getting up to head to the castle kitchens. Jungkook’s breaths were getting shorter. He looked away, trying to get his thoughts back to reality. ‘But my cat is such a possessive drama queen, I'm scared he will attack this poor little thing,’

‘Your cat sounds exactly like you,’ he was back to his usual self. Laura gave him a straight faced look. ‘I'll ask one of the elves to take care of her,’

‘I could keep her,’ Jungkook said.

‘You sure you up for the responsibility?’ She asked him. ‘They aren't like owls,’

‘Don't worry so much. I know how to take care of a pet,’
‘Alright, as long as she has a home,’

‘I still think it's a he,’

‘What are you naming HER,’

‘How's Nochu?’

‘Nochu!? What kind of a name is that. What if she grows up to be a magnificent black cat with a name like Nochu,’

‘Then you name it,’

Laura looked at the kitten, its blue eyes were widely looking at Jungkook.

‘Blueberry. Her eyes are the same color as that candy of yours you love so much,’

‘You love it too,’

Laura went pink again.

‘I do not,’

Jungkook just grinned. ‘Ok let's go get Blueberry some food before it starts eating you again,’

They walked in silence, while Jungkook felt like his insides were doing backflips. His eyes just wouldn't leave Laura and he almost tripped twice.

‘Miss Dracwyn!’ One of the elves greeted them a deep bow when they entered the kitchen. Jungkook raised an eyebrow. Did she get royal treatment wherever she went?

‘It's a pleasure to see you here,’ the male elf said. ‘How is my cousin?’

‘Welma is doing fine,’ Laura said giving a small smile to the elf.

‘Cousin Welma?’ Jungkook wondered out loud.

‘His cousin is a house elf of mine,’ Laura explained. Many times Jungkook would forget how different the life of a pure blood is from a muggle born or a new family of wizards.

‘Filbert, we need some food for this kitten. Please bring some thinned milk,’

‘Let me hold it. Maybe I should feed it so that it gets used to me,’ Jungkook said.

‘Alright,’ and she pulled the kitten away from her, handing it to Jungkook.

‘Are you both adopting this kitten together?’ The elf asked. Filbert wasn't the smartest or fastest thinking elf. He often said things without realising the whole meaning of his words. Laura looked at him sternly meanwhile Jungkook chuckled. A passing elf hit Filbert on the head with a spoon, shaking his head at his cluelessness.

‘No,’ Laura said, keeping her head high. ‘This is Jeon’s kitten. I am merely teaching him how to take care of one since he seems to know nothing,’

‘Hey!’ Jungkook exclaimed but she ignored him and walked out.

‘Wait! What else do I feed the kitten?’ Jungkook called out, making her halt. She sighed and rolled
her eyes, turning back to him.

Jungkook made a bunny face with his pout that Laura had found adorable back in the Shack. He just wanted her to stay a bit longer and he was ready to make excuses for it. They headed back towards their dorms, with Laura giving him a list of how to care for a pet. The kitten was in Laura’s arms again. It didn't seem to want to leave her and used to get restless when Jungkook would hold it.

‘Maybe you are holding it too lightly. She feels she will slip away,’ Laura said.

‘Well I am scared of breaking its limbs if I hold too tight,’

‘That won't happen,’ Laura stated. Both looked up to see Taehyung walk towards them. He had furrowed eyebrows but they eased out seeing both of them. A big smile came on his face. But both Laura and Jungkook tensed up seeing him.

‘Jeon,’ she said a low voice. ‘Just tell him, 11pm,’ and she handed him the kitten and swiftly left, not looking at Taehyung. Both had their smiles faltered as they watched her go. But Taehyung was used to this, she always ignored him in public spaces. He turned back to Jungkook, the smile coming back as he saw the kitten.

‘Aww! You both are adopting a kitten?’ He stroked the little creature with long elegant fingers.

‘Why is everyone thinking that?’ Jungkook murmured to himself wishing it was true. His head was suddenly filled with a reel of images of him and Laura snuggling Blueberry. Of him feeding the kitten while Laura held it, giving that adorable smile. And then he could just bend down and kiss her-

‘JUNGKOOK!’ Taehyung called him loudly. ‘Why are so lost these days? What do you keep thinking?’

‘Nothing. Nothing at all. Listen Laura has a message for you,’ he dropped his voice low. ‘She said 11pm,’

*

‘Hummmffff,’ Yoongi sighed for the third time, distracting a very ‘in-love’ Jimin and Ash who were talking and laughing about what they could do for their first date. They were seated on the Slytherin table for tea. Another sigh escaped the prefect’s lips and Jimin turned to him.

‘Hey Yoongi, what’s up? Why do you sound like a snoring erumphant?’

‘So…’ Yoongi fiddled with his fingers and both Ash and Jimin looked at him with questioning eyes.

‘So…’ Yoongi sighed again. ‘Do you… do you think,’ he cleared his throat, ‘Do you think Hoseok is into anyone?’

‘I knew it,’ Jimin rolled his eyes, ‘I knew you have a thing for him,’

Yoongi shrugged, ‘I never said that,’

‘Yeah, sure,’ Jimin nodded sarcastically, ‘Cut the crap. What’s on your mind?’

Yoongi pouted and his eyes looked like deep pools of purple, ‘I feel like… he only sees me as a
friend. And I don’t know what more I can do,

‘Have you thought of telling him how you feel?’ Ash asked.

‘No. Too much of a risk. I NEED to know he feels the same for me, only then will be able to say anything to him,

‘I bet you still won’t say anything to him,’ Jimin sniggered. ‘Laura tells me you never express your love to your family,’

Yoongi gave him a straight face and Ash tapped him lightly on the forehead, ‘Help him out! Hoseok is your friend, you should know how to make him notice Yoongi!’

‘Hmmm,’ Jimin pursed his lips. ‘Hoseok has… only temporarily liked a few guys,’

‘Who?’ Yoongi’s eyes instantly turned sharp, like a predator zeroing on it’s prey. ‘Who are they?’

‘Relax you dragon,’ Jimin waved his hand, ‘That was so long ago. Two were seniors who’ve already left,’

‘So what are the signs? That he likes someone?’

‘Hoseok is not that obvious in showing signs Yoon,’ Jimin frowned. ‘He’s just normal. He behaves like a good friend,’

‘Well,’ Yoongi sighed, ‘That narrows it down totally,’ he put the balls of his palm on his eyes and slumped his shoulders.

‘What if…’ Ash leaned in. ‘What if we make him show some signs, if there are any,’

Yoongi looked up hopelessly, ‘How?’

‘Sometimes, when something is gone away from me, I realise it’s absence and miss it. Let’s wait and see if Hoseok misses you’

Jimin pointed at Yoongi, ‘I don’t think this guy has enough resolve in him to stay away from Hoseok!’ Jimin rubbed his arm where Yoongi had hit him.

‘Of course I can do it. I can live without him you know?’

The couple started to laugh and Yoongi rolled his eyes and walked away from the table, ignoring their calls to get him back.

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Jo Blankenburg - Cronos

Hoseok was headed to the Divination tower, a box of cookies in hand. He had Professor Trelawney had gotten somewhat well acquainted since the incident from the third year. Their first meeting was in the wards of St. Mungo’s when Hoseok was very young and his mother was a patient there. Trelawney’s aunt was in the adjacent room and those few weeks, the Divination teacher had become friends with Hoseok’s mother. Many students found her ditzy and loony. But Hoseok always felt she was just a little spaced out. She was always nice to all her students even though some Gryffindors had many times insulted her right to her face. She never said anything in return. To be honest he felt a bit sorry for her and wished the students would just let her be.

When he knocked at the tall wooden door, no one answered. But this wasn't uncommon. Sometimes Trelawney was so into gazing at the tea leaves in her evening tea cup, she would go
deaf to the world. He let himself in, looking around to make sure he wasn't actually disturbing anything.

‘Hoseok, come in,’ he heard her. He slowly stepped in and walked to the curtained nook, lined with shimmering pink beads. The moment he drew it open, his face was met with strong incense fumes of rose and Amber. His eyes watered a little and he blinked them to adjust to the new atmosphere.

‘Come sit down,’ Trelawney said. Hoseok realised Vanessa Turner, his Slytherin friend and frequent Herbology partner was there too, sitting right across Trelawney. The girl smiled brightly and waved at him.

‘Hello Hoseok,’ Vanessa slid on the round sofa to give Hoseok some space. Trelawney sat across them, a round rosewood table in between, with an orb on it, a set of Tarots to its side. ‘I’ve been learning Tarot reading,’

‘Ah yes, you have a gift, you have a gift,’ Trewalney sing-songed, laying the cards in front of them.

‘Pick a card Hobi,’ Vanessa said, ‘And I’ll try to read it for you,’

‘Umm, ok,’

He studied the turned cards in front of him. Gulping, he chose one to his right and turned it. He felt a shiver go down his spine at what he saw.

‘The Tower…’ Vanessa gasped next to him. She looked at Trelawney in alarm.

‘Disaster… Shaken Foundations… Revelations,’ Trelawney’s voice boomed.

‘Well, which one?’ He asked.

‘Maybe one… maybe all…’ Trelawney said, eyes gazing at something in the distance.

'Pick the next one Hobi,' Vanessa urged him.

Hoseok took a deep breath and picked another card, the one that lay right below him. He turned it and saw a crowned figure in flowing robes sitting on a throne, a pair of golden weighing scales on one hand, and a long sword in the other- The card of Justice.

‘There is going to be a great turn of events… and your role has already been carved in it,’

‘My role? As what? The bringer of Justice?’ Hoseok questioned. Trelawney was not truly a fortune teller. Most of what she said used to be either very obvious things or at few had come true out of coincidences.

picked his last card from the left this time, the first card.

The Hanged Man.

Hoseok stared at the man with golden hair hanging upside down from a tree branch by one leg. It meant that he was going to be in a difficult situation with no escape. The Hanged Man symbolised suspension with no escape often leading to a grieve sacrifice.

Yet the man had a halo around his head.

‘What does this halo mean?’
‘It means all hope is not lost,’ Trelawney stated. She took his 3 cards and arranged them in an order - The Tower, The Hanged Man, Justice.

‘Maybe the hope of the situation is that you will be the one who is wise enough to bring justice and saves everyone from peril,’ Vanessa said with a shaking voice. ‘Or…’ she reversed the last two cards. ‘Your sense of justice, will bring your death,‘

‘Winter…’ Trelawney whispered. 'Unnatural and piercing. Enough to shrivel up all kinds of living form. Freeze the very breath inside of you, choking you…'

Both Hoseok and Vanessa stared at Trelawney with fearsome eyes. They had never heard her say such extremely grave things.

‘Professor it's getting late, I think we both should head back to our dorms,’ Vanessa said, looking at Trelawney uneasily.

‘Huh? Oh Vanessa!’ Trelawney’s whole persona changed. ‘You are leaving already? Are you feeling better?’ Her voice was lighter and eyes wide. Both the students looked at her confused.

‘Hoseok good to see you.’ She asked, utterly surprised to find him sitting in front of her, ‘Would you like me to do a reading for you? Perhaps from the tarot?‘

‘Professor, you just did a tarot reading for me. Are you alright?’ Hoseok was getting more confused by the minute.

‘Was I? Oh… forgive me, I tend to space out at times,’ she smiled like she hadn't been talking about frozen death just a minute ago. ‘So what were we talking about?’

‘I think we should get going Professor, thank you for your time,’ Vanessa said, nudging Hoseok to leave with her as well. Hoseok kept the box of cookies on the table and got up, giving a confused smile to Trelawney.

‘Yeah it's getting late. Nice seeing you Professor,’ he said and both left her room, Trelawney smiling at them blankly.

‘What the hell was that?’ Hoseok said once they were out of the staircase that led to the Divination tower.

‘I have no idea. She does this at times. I wonder if she has short term memory loss.’ Vanessa said.

‘Or a personality disorder,’ Hoseok explained.

‘What's that?’ Vanessa asked.

‘It's when one person behaves like two different people. And then often has no memory of it,’ Hoseok explained.

‘Oh… is that what muggles call it? We almost always assume that the person has been infected by a host mind,’

‘I don't know why anyone would want to infect Trelawney’s mind… she isn't exactly holding National Secrets,’

‘That is true… so… we just put this behind us?’ Vanessa asked.

‘Yeah… please let's do that. So I am hoping you won't tell anyone what you heard and saw here?’
Hoseok wondered how much Vanessa knew of the secrets they held. Did she know her housemate Gwen was out to harm Taehyung? Or that the Min-Dracwyns were Tae’s friends? And all this talk about danger and death, Hoseok could only think of Gwen Osburne and Bellatrix Lestrange.

‘Yes of course,’ Vanessa nodded. ‘You know I don’t believe it spreading half information. But, I just want to let you know, Trelawney seems loony but her advice has always worked for me,’ Vanessa said.

Hoseok nodded. There was a moment’s silence between them where both felt they wanted the situation to turn lighter.

‘So, I heard you and Yoongi are close friends now,’ she smiled.

‘Oh… hah!’ Hoseok could feel his cheeks heat up, he just couldn’t pin-point why. ‘Well, I don’t know if I you can use the word close yet,’

‘Why’d you say that? Yoongi is so fond of you!’

‘Is he?’ Hoseok’s eyes brightened and he looked at her with a smile.

‘Trust me, he’s quite fond of you. And I don’t think he’ll shrink into his shell again,’ Vanessa said. ‘But let me just tell you one thing. Yoongi has a hard shell, for the entire world. He’s like an impenetrable wall. But, he’s the most sensitive person to the people he cares about. Nothing can hurt him the way a friend can. So… be careful ok? Be genuine with him,’

Hoseok looked at her in thought for a few moments then nodded, ‘I will,’

‘Good,’ Vanessa nodded too.

‘Is… that why you guys broke up?’ Hoseok asked. ‘Did you… accidentally hurt him?’

Vanessa chuckled slightly and shook her head, ‘No… that was not the case,’ she looked at him and squeezed his arm, ‘One day… one day far into the future, I will tell you why we broke up. And why it was the right decision,’

*One day far into the future?* Hoseok looked at her with furrowed brows but Vanessa just smiled and waved him goodbye.

Chapter End Notes

Oh... I posted a short chapter :P

So we are 2 chapters more to go for part 1 to complete. I will hopefully update by Tuesday. And I am excited! Tweet at me or comment what you all feel about part 1 coming to a close!
Sometimes Taehyung wondered, what it would be like, to have magic as skilled and powerful as Namjoon’s or Yoongi’s. To have everyone respect you or even fear you. Yoongi could send Jeffrey and Derreck scrambling away by just a glare. He wondered what that power felt like. He wished he had at least some of those abilities. Taehyung just wanted to be able to protect himself and those he cared for.

The pygmy puff Taehyung found in the castle grounds was now added to his collection of roaming pets. He named it something that reminded him of the bright yellow sun on cloudy days he called it, ‘Hapi’ so he could feel the warmth of the sun in the palm of his hands. Walking through the earth toned warm Hufflepuff common room, he found Hoseok on the couch with his course work spread in front of him. He waved to Taehyung as he called his name, the pygmy puff humming slightly on Tae’s shoulder at being displaced suddenly.

‘Tae, NamJin asked us to meet in the old clubroom after class today. We should continue your duel practice shouldn’t we?’ Hoseok told the younger while scribbling in notes for his classes.

Taehyung nodded before asking, ‘But don’t we have quidditch practice today, Hobi?’ Hoseok smiled, ‘We can have it after that if it isn’t raining too heavily by then. I have informed the team as well,’

Taehyung nodded and as soon as the other finished his homework, they headed down to the Great Hall, Hapi swaying as he clutched the strands of Taehyung’s dark hair.

On the way to the Great Hall from their dorms’ corridor the Hufflepuffs could directly smell the amazing food whenever they passed the hallway of artwork.

The corridor as usual for the time of the day, was packed with several students moving in and out of the huge reinforced wooden doors of the enchanted Hall. Although not unusual, Tae saw a small group of his House making way for a large group of Slytherins. Taehyung wasn’t a snob but he wasn’t a pushover either, and he couldn’t stand the way they cut through in between as if they owned the school.

Taehyung walked into the hall and found a seat at the Hufflepuff table, looking forward to eating with Hoseok after some time. He settled into his seat, a box grin in place as he reached his shoulder to place the little pygmy beside him.

‘Hapi?’ he called, looking through his pockets but he couldn’t find the yellow pygmy puff anywhere. He looked under the table, over the seams and crevices of his book bag, but he was unsuccessful.
He got up from the table and walked back the way he had come, looking down, trying to find the small squishy creature before it got accidentally stepped on. The quest led him back to the lip of the Great Hall, where he saw Derreck and Jeffery looking at him too intensely to be accidental. Taehyung suspected they were waiting to corner him and ask him stupid questions again. He tried to ignore them but the way they stood somehow made Taehyung’s instincts tingle.

‘What’s the mouse looking for? Did you lose something?’ Derreck mocked.

‘Are you looking for this?’ Jeffrey asked, bringing his hand forward. In his fist, he held something yellow and squeezed. Taehyung could hear Hapi’s whining and his chest felt constricted.

‘Stop that.’ He tried to sound firm. What did Hapi ever do to deserve this? It was him they wanted to torment.

The Slytherin pair looked at each other and smirked, ‘Why? What is a puffskein gonna do? It’s a lame animal, just like you and the rest of your house,’

‘Look at that glare!’ Jeffrey teased, seeing Taehyung’s eyes turn hooded. ‘It’s going to kill us!”

They folded over themselves laughing still with the small pygmy puff in their grip. Taehyung bit his lip. He wished they would back off, but they were always after him. He tried to grab the poor suffocating creature but before he could, he saw Hapi wriggle out and open its small mouth, its small row of sharp teeth clearly visible. He would have smiled, but he was still rigid with worry.

“OOOWWWW!!!!” Jeffery yelled. His hand falling open and Hapi escaped. Taehyung bent down, holding out his hand to scoop the small creature up and console it.

He didn’t see it coming, but he felt the hard shove in his direction, pushing him back a few steps. Taehyung stumbled, protesting, but it was drowned out by Derreck, asking Jeffery if he was alright.

Jeffery had his other hand wrapped around the wounded hand, tears almost threatening to leak. His voice was angry, but the tremor in it was clear. ‘You freak. That thing is dangerous, what are you trying to do with it?’

‘What?’ Taehyung asked surprised.

Derreck made a grab for the small yellow fluffball perched on Tae’s palm. ‘Give it here,’

With an alarmed look, Taehyung pulled it back onto his chest. ‘No. Are you crazy? Hapi is harmless!’

But they would not relent, Derreck was pulling on Taehyung’s arm so he could get his hands on it, while Jeffery looked at his palm, now slightly bleeding at the bitten area.

The others in the vicinity were beginning to notice as Jeffery spoke, ‘You got away from us many times, but now I’ll make sure to show you what happens when freaks like you try to call yourself wizards,’

He lunged and shoved him. Taehyung tripped and fell down, eyes wide. Words ringing in his ears making their stealthy way up to make room in his insecurities.

Hoseok ran to them before the situation got worse. ‘Stop right there!’

‘Look someone else is here to save you again, little mouse,’ Derreck shot back in a low voice so
only a handful of people around them could hear. His hand closed upon Jeffery’s shoulder and the
two of them backed away a little at the sight of someone behind Hoseok and Taehyung. Yoongi
stood behind them, giving a cold stare to all four and the two junior Slytherins retreated back into
the crowd.

‘Stop fooling around,’ Yoongi said dispassionately to Taehyung and the boy had to hold back
whatever he wanted to say. He wanted to yell at Yoongi to stop pretending like he didn’t know
him. To stop acting like he didn’t care. But Taehyung bit his lower lip and looked away solemnly.
Hoseok on the other hand was looking at Yoongi with contracted eyebrows, a pout on his lips.

‘Hoseok, tell your junior to stay away from the Slytherin table. I don’t want to break up any more
fights early in the morning,’ Yoongi stifled a yawn and walked away murmuring - ‘I’m not even
awake yet, why the fuck they gotta start this drama…’

Hoseok reached down to help Taehyung, before finding out where the bullies had retreated to. He
saw the dark haired boy sitting up, clenched fists reaching down to push up to stand. ‘Hey, Tae,
what happened?’ Hobi asked as the latter stood with his back to him.

Neck rigid, jaw clenched in anger Taehyung was having a difficult time returning back to the
present. The words sticking in his throat, he couldn’t say he was alright. All his fears and
insecurities were rising to the fore, he felt like a pitiful latch on who took advantage of his more
powerful friends. He wanted to rage and cry, but there were so many people watching him.

‘I just tripped,’ He lied.

The older Hufflepuff knew his friend was lying through clenched teeth. He was worried but
decided not to press too much, walking with him to the breakfast table. Hoseok saw the sad set of
Taehyung’s eyes and mouth. The prefect looked over to the Slytherin table and found Yoongi
glancing at them. He did care after all.

Later that afternoon, Taehyung assembled with his friends in the castle grounds to continue his
defensive training. Maybe it was the events of the morning, but he looked more determined, all
jests and smiles wiped away from his face. He did not even get distracted when Jungkook’s new
kitten tried to befriend him, which was a shock to everyone because Tae loved creatures of all
kinds. He focused on whatever Namjoon was demonstrating and tried his best to follow. He had to
grow stronger and stand up for himself.

Sometimes he wondered, what it would be like, to have magic as skilled and powerful as
Namjoon’s or Yoongi’s. To have everyone respect you or even fear you. Yoongi could send Jeffrey
and Derreck scrambling away by just a glare. He wondered what that power felt like. He wished he
had at least some of those abilities. Taehyung just wanted to be able to protect himself and those he
cared for.

‘Taehyung is getting better at his magic now, isn’t he?’ Hoseok asked Emina, coming to sit next to
her. They were watching Namjoon correcting the other’s stance.

She turned to look at the two again. Emina felt a little strange to see the usually bright ray of
sunshine looking so stoic. She commented on the same to Hoseok, ‘He looks so focused. It’s
strange, ’

Hoseok nodded, ‘He is still being bullied, you know. Maybe that’s why he is so focused,’

‘Who was it?’ Emina asked sitting straighter.
Hoseok turned to her, ‘The Slytherins. You know those bullies in his year,’

‘Those kids are nasty. We have to catch them in the act next time. They keep getting away!’

‘I… get the feeling Tae doesn’t like us protecting him all the time,’ Hoseok said chuckling nervously. ‘He probably might end up resenting us all,’

Taehyung had his eyes narrowed in concentration, trying to limit his magic flow to a certain object placed away, his shoulders strained with the way he gripped his wand tightly. His entire mind focused on bringing the object to him. A bead of sweat rolled down his nose. He spoke the words, to let the magic flow after collecting it. ‘Accio’

The summoning charm had been one of the recent spells Taehyung had been having trouble with. He had been at it for the better part of an hour with Namjoon helping him, while Jin lounged on the couch pretending to be studying but Taehyung could feel his eyes on him. Jungkook and Hoseok had been taking turns trying out some dueling spells that they felt needed polishing.

Taehyung’s wand arm trembled slightly because he was holding it so tight. As he watched the rectangular box of sweets jiggle slightly on the ground, lifting off the ground a couple of inches.

‘That’s good, Tae,’ Namjoon encouraged, watching the box slowly heading in his direction, soaring up in the air. Taehyung was biting his lip in concentration, but the moment he pushed a little more magic into the spell, the box of sweets fell spilling everywhere.

Taehyung hung his head down, feeling the sore muscles on his tense shoulders shake. He was exhausted from practicing the stunning spells all morning in class and then with his friends. The others had also taken turns being his target. He felt drained now. A gentle hand came to rest on his shoulder and he saw Jin patting him and giving him some water. Namjoon was kneeling on the ground below picking up the fallen sweets before Jungkook’s curious kitten ‘Blueberry’ started playing with them.

Namjoon watched the big blue eyes of the feline resting on his in curiosity, tail swishing from side to side in slow circles, anticipating something. He briefly chuckled as he got up, the kitten’s eyes following his movement. He directed a question at Jungkook who was now sprawled on the floor, his forearm resting on his eyes.

‘Kook, where did you manage to catch this cute creature? It’s too smart to get caught by your rough handling.’

Jungkook mumbled something under his breath and Hoseok sitting near him, legs sprawled kicked him lightly on the side and told him to speak up.

‘Dracwyn helped me catch Blue,’

‘Blue!?’ Jin exclaimed, as Namjoon said, ‘Dracwyn?’ at the same time. Hoseok whose head had been lolling to the side in exhaustion, slowly straightened, an expression of disbelief etched on his face.

Taehyung piped up from where he was now lying down on, ‘Yep, they adopted a cat together,’ His statement was followed by a self-absorbed giggle that none of the others shared, all in different modes of contemplation.

Namjoon had his eyes wide and looked at Jin’s secret smile, and the seventh years both turned to look at Jungkook’s sprawled form still hiding his eyes but the red on his skin had nothing to do with physical exertion. Hoseok kicked the Ravenclaw prefect harder, to make him look at them.
‘Dracwyn as in Laura Dracwyn? Your nemesis? Vampire Min Yoongi’s cousin Laura Dracwyn?’ he asked, his face pulled into a frown.

Taehyung bounced into a sitting position frowning, toppling Hapi who had just poked out of Taehyung’s pocket after taking a nap. The little pygmy puff angrily stalked off after tumbling to the ground with a small bounce. The tiny thing had had a rough day and did not appreciate the extra jostling.

Jin spoke up, ‘Well, I think it’s only natural that they are getting along. They are in the same year.’

Namjoon placed the box of sweets back in his bag and agreed with Jin, ‘Plus, we all got shitfaced together and came back in one piece.’

‘I remember someone being tangled up in Vampire Min Yoongi’s arms,’ Jin teased the Hufflepuff sixth year.

Taehyung laughed, ‘Oh! Is that why he was so grumpy that day?’

Hoseok rolled his eyes quietly mumbling, ‘When has he not been,’

‘Ok guys,’ Taehyung collected his bag and his little yellow pet. ‘I have astronomy later so I should finish my assignment for the class. I’ll see you later,’ he nodded at them and left. The others too slowly dispersed to their common rooms.

It was nearly midnight when Emina headed back to the Ravenclaw tower after a long study session in the library, and found the Gryffindor prefect Charlie Weasley waiting for them.

‘Emina, I spoke to those girls, Jessica and Annie,’ he said urgently. ‘They completely denied any connection to the second fire,’

Emina’s jaw set hard. They hadn’t gotten anywhere with the howler and fire incident. ‘Maybe we need to question them harder then,’ Emina said. ‘Where can an Ashwinder suddenly appear from?’

‘Do you want to discuss this with the prefects and start an official investigation?’ Charlie suggested and Emina nodded, setting off to send memos to every house prefect.

Just when Yoongi put his head down on the pillow, mind starting to drift to peace in the warmth of his bed, the memo knocked on his room door. Jimin retrieved it and pushed it in Yoongi’s face.

‘You and Laura have been summoned,’ he said.

‘I am not going-’

‘It’s an all prefects meet,’ the grin on Jimin’s lips was evil and Yoongi rolled his eyes.

‘Well, it’s not like I have a choice then,’ and the prefect got off his bed.

‘Remember what we discussed? You have to make him miss you! Make him yearn! Don’t get weak even though I bet Ash 20 Sickles that you would,’

‘Yeah yeah,’ Yoongi waved him off and pulled on his prefect cloak.

He headed to the student council room on the fifth floor, eyes eager to find Hoseok but when he spotted him walking ahead with his prefect Leslie, he had to hold himself back. He had to remember the strategy Jimin and Ash told him about. So he walked at his own pace, entering the room and filling in the attendance registry.
‘Where’s Dracwyn?’ Emina asked, seeing the empty slot next to Yoongi’s signature.

‘Not coming,’ Yoongi shrugged.

‘I told ALL prefects to be here. She’s part of the council, she can’t skip her responsibilities!’

‘Maybe she’ll reach in a bit. Can we start already? I’m sleepy,’ Yoongi said. ‘It’s beyond past midnight. We all have to get back to our rooms soon so let’s start,’

Emina heaved a sigh but didn’t argue. Namjoon was there too, and Jin had just decided to grace them all with his presence. Hobi saw Yoongi come in and smiled, which Yoongi returned nonchalantly. But he did not take the empty seat next to the Hufflepuff. Instead he chose to sit across him around the circular table, eyes fleeting towards the Hufflepuff just once. Hoseok felt his heart fall just a little, seeing Yoongi seated far away but his smile remained.

Emina stood up, ‘From the Gryffindor prefects’ enquiries, it seems that the group that sent Ash Vorhart the blazing howler was not responsible for the Ashwinder fire,’

‘Was there really an Ashwinder?’ Sierra interrupted. ‘I’m almost certain it was the flames from the howler that spread over the tapestry,’

‘I saw it with my own eyes Sierra,’ Emina glared at her. ‘I was the one who… well, who put its existence to an end. Anyway, coming to the point, we need to file an official investigation as soon as possible on how an Ashwinder could suddenly appear in the Great Hall,’

‘I’ll do the paperwork and submit it to McGonagall,’ Leslie offered.

‘Why don’t give the work to someone who decided to skip this meeting because their time was too precious to be wasted here,’ Sierra folded her arms and sat back smugly on her chair. ‘Why should we do all the work?’

Jungkook realised his prefect spoke of Laura and then he remembered Laura was in the Shrieking Shack, probably with Taehyung. She may not even gotten the message about this sudden meeting.

‘Fine,’ Emina rolled her eyes. ‘I’ll give that responsibility to the Slytherin prefects,’ she looked at Yoongi. ‘Please submit the request for investigation by 8 AM tomorrow,’

‘8 AM!’ Yoongi exclaimed. He didn’t even know what the world looked like at that time in the morning. He would have to collect the form from Flich, fill it and submit by 8 fucking AM??

‘Next time don’t skip meetings,’ Emina said sternly. ‘It really is not fair Min. This isn’t the first meeting one of you has skipped,’

‘The year has barely started,’ Yoongi looked away and kicked the center table lightly.

‘If you need any help with the forms, you can approach me anytime,’ Emina said.

‘Fine,’ Yoongi bit through his teeth.

‘And if anyone else has any information, let us know,’ Emina said. ‘That’s all. Dismissed,’

Everyone stood up and left one by one. Jungkook lingered behind to talk to NamJin and Emina. Hoseok wanted to stay behind too but his eyes looked at the Slytherin who had walked out without much goodbyes and after a few seconds of restless standing around with his friends, he escaped out to find Yoongi.
‘Hey!’ The Hufflepuff fell in step with the blonde.

‘Hey Hoseok,’ Yoongi was just a little smug at his first victory. Hoseok had come to him.

‘Do you need help with the forms?’ Hoseok asked. ‘I could help you if you like. I know you’re not a morning person,’

Both strolled around the corridors slowly, making their way down to the ground floor.

‘That’s sweet of you,’ Yoongi smiled, ‘But I don’t want to bother you early in the morning,’

‘It’s no bother. I am a morning person-’ Hoseok stopped mid-sentence and Yoongi sensed the change in the air too. Something rattled the paintings on the wall next to them and ominous shivers went down their spines, spreading goosebumps all over their bodies.

‘What’s that?’ Hoseok asked in a whisper and the walls around them rattled again.

* 

Namjoon and Jin were in the east wing by now walking to the Gryffindor tower slowly, taking their own time. They walked through the deserted corridors, fingers on their sides brushing against each other.

Would it be too much if I held his hand right now? Namjoon thought and decided against his instincts. A few of the paintings that were awake, bowed to them and bid them a good night. NamJin was liked by the whole castle.

‘Oh did you hear?’ Jin said, ‘Apparently our Jimin is dating none other than your long time crush,’

The Head Boy let out the most exasperated sigh, ‘I never had- you know what, never mind. Say whatever you want to. I’m happy to see Jimin and Ash. They make a cute pair,’

Jin laughed, leaning on the taller. ‘Yeah… I feel happy… for them too. For all of them. Jungkook seems to be in a different mood nowadays too, a good different. It’s like a contentment is filling me up. Feel like protecting this happiness so that they all stay together,’ Jin said as the back of their hands aligned together.

‘Yeah… I want to see them all always happy like this,’ Namjoon agreed. ‘And I know we’ll have to work for it because all of them are such trouble makers,’

‘Why does it feel like we’ve become two parents, needing to take care of all these kids?’ Jin said to him, looking at him with thoughtful brown eyes.

‘I guess we have…,’ Namjoon held his gaze, the prospect of it making him feel closer to Jin, who intertwined his fingers with Namjoon’s, the same way he had done the day before and squeezed his palm in his but this time, he held on and didn’t let go. ‘Let’s do a good job at it then,’ Jin’s smile was full of affection. Namjoon nodded, his dimples appearing again. Jin’s grip loosened and Namjoon knew this moment was going to be short lived as well, like all the previous ones… but to his surprise, it wasn’t. Their hands remained together, fingers loosely clasped around it.

‘Jin?’ Namjoon called him in almost a whisper. ‘How were you so sure that I won’t go after Vorhart?’

Jin gave him a knowing look and smiled, ‘I just knew it in my mind I guess,’
‘What would you have done if I indeed liked her alot?’ Namjoon asked. Jin looked down at his feet as they continued to walk.

‘I don’t know… Would’ve just wanted you to be happy I guess,’ his voice carried a heaviness which he didn’t try to hide. He felt Namjoon’s intense gaze at him and he wanted to look up into those eyes and answer any questions they held. But before he could, a blast of heat hit him. He staggered back, holding onto the railing of the corridor.

‘Jin!’ Namjoon held him instantly, trying to break his fall. Sweat beads formed all over Jin’s forehead as he blinked, his eyes tearing up as they burned terribly.

Namjoon couldn’t understand what had happened to Jin out of the blue. He suspected Jin was having one of his visions again. But never before had his visions affected his physical body like this. There were red marks appearing on Jin’s skin - his neck, cheek, hands. The temperature of his body rose to alarming degrees and he was sweating and wheezing as if there was no air to breathe. Jin clutched to his chest with one hand, the other grabbing on to Namjoon’s arm as the younger kneeled on the floor, holding him.

‘Let’s go to the infirmary, hang on,’ Namjoon said, trying to lift him up. Jin was in no state to understand his words. He looked like he was being suffocated in a furnace, trying his best not to cry out.

‘Dumbledore…’ he breathed. ‘Take… to Dumbledore…’

Namjoon nodded and hoisted him up with all his strength. He put him on his back and ran to Dumbledore’s office. The familiar Gargoyle statue stood in front of him and Namjoon was glad he knew the password. Head Boy and Girl often visited the Headmaster.

‘Cherry Schnaps,’ he said and the Gargoyle stepped aside, giving Namjoon way into the spiral staircase that moved up as soon as he stepped on it. The moment they reached the double oak doors Namjoon knocked on it loudly.

‘Headmaster!!’

In a few moments, the doors opened and he saw Dumbledore in a prussian blue night robe, descending down the stairs from behind his study desk.

‘Namjoon my boy,’ he ushered him in. His eyes immediately noticed Jin. ‘Seokjin doesn’t seem to be conscious. Lay him on the sofa there,’

Namjoon moved aside as soon as he put Jin down. Dumbledore put a hand on Jin’s forehead.

‘Tell me what happened,’

Namjoon realized that if Jin wanted to be taken to Dumbledore then he trusts him with the truth.

‘Jin is a Seer,’ he stated. Dumbledore’s eyebrows raised a bit but he didn’t look utterly shocked. ‘I think he had a vision but it has never affected his body this way,’

Dumbledore snapped his head back to Jin, both hands on either side of Jin’s head.

‘What he is seeing is crossing the barrier of his mind and showing effects on his body. We need to break his vision right now,’ he said.

‘But how?’
'If he opens his eyes, I can enter his mind... but... I’ve never seen a mental shield of this degree. It’s like there is a wall. His subconscious does not want me to see what he’s seeing,' Dumbledore inferred, his blue eyes narrowed. He closed his eyes, brows furrowed in concentration.

‘Legilemens,’

* * *

11 30 PM

Taehyung was in his Astronomy class, looking at the meteor shower through the special telescope, his mouth hanging open as he tried to adjust his lens.

‘There are bugs flying around at this time of the night,’ his fellow Ravenclaw classmate Merlyn said to him. Taehyung abruptly closed his mouth, taking his head away from the telescope. He looked with big eyes at her, blinking them repeatedly to adjust to the light in the tower.

‘Are you done yet?’ Merlyn stifled a yawn. ‘It’s so late. Hurry up, I need to make the observations too! We are the only ones left,’

‘Yeah yeah, give me two minutes,’ Taehyung said, returning to the telescope. He made rough diagrams, his eyes still looking at the moon and then gave the telescope to her. Professor Sinistra walked past them, carrying the scrolls of the rest of the students. Her silver white hair swayed in the breeze.

‘Don’t take too long now,’ the professor said. ‘The others are already done,’

‘The student strength has increased Professor, we should get more telescopes,’ Taehyung said as he faired out his diagram.

‘A couple of fourth years broke 3 of these last week,’ Sinistra placed a hand on the telescope being used by Merlyn. Her hand was pale and wrinkled with a variety of rings with bright colored stones. ‘I’ve told the Headmaster to send for new ones,’

‘Alright, I’m done,’ Merlyn smiled, finishing her diagram as well. Both handed over their scrolls to Sinistra and left the tower.

‘You have to head all the way down don’t you?’ the Ravenclaw girl asked as the descended from the tower. ‘Lucky for us, our dorms are on the fifth floor,’

‘Yup, mine’s down below,’ Tae said, giving a flat smile. He had to get to the Shrieking Shack soon. Laura had asked him to meet her at 11 and it was nearly midnight. The stairs they were on started to turn as he was midway and joined another longer staircase, leading to the 4th floor.

‘Oh great. I’m gonna be late now,’ sighing he climbed out to whichever corridor opened to him. He stopped at one of the paintings.

‘Late for what?’ Merlyn asked.

‘We have a lot of club activities in the common room,’ Taehyung managed to spin a half lie.

They entered a corridor and Taehyung identified one of his friends on the wall.

‘Lady Tanda!’ He called one of the white haired aristocrats in the paintings. The powdered woman turned from her seat, fanning herself. ‘What is it child?’
‘What’s the shortest way to get eastern wing downstairs from here?’ He bounced on the balls of his feet.

‘I’m not quite sure but maybe go that way?’ She pointed to the left of the corridor, which led into a narrow room. ‘Hopefully you’ll find another staircase there,’

‘Ah yes I think I know the way from there,’ Merlyn said. ‘Come on, I’ll show you, there are a few turns but after that its more or less a straight descent,’

Both of them walked through the creaky, dusty corridor, trying not to make too much noise or Mrs Norris would put them in trouble for no reason. The corridor opened to what looked like a hallway past a set of open doors.

‘I seriously wonder how many unexplored places this castle has,’ Taehyung said, head craned up to the tall archways. Both were in a huge hall with grey stone floors. There were several pillars arching into the roof and a few windows draining in the moonlight. Taehyung made note that this would be a good place to practice his duels with his friends. It was certainly big enough for it.

‘What’s that on the floor though?’ he pointed to the stone like oval shaped objects lying scattered around the floor.

‘Alright then, guess I leave you here,’ Merlyn turned, walking out briskly.

‘Wait! What do you mean?’ He called her as she walked out without a response.

Mood Music (Don’t forget to open in a new tab/window) Secession Studios - The Untold Album

‘Expelliarmus,’ he heard a girl’s voice and within a fraction of a second his wand was snatched out of his hand. Taehyung turned back in alarm.

‘Tch tch,’ Gwen emerged out of the wall, her transfiguration had been nearly flawless. ‘You are too trusting to survive this world, do you know that?’

She whipped her own wand wordlessly and the doors behind Taehyung shut. Taehyung took a few steps back, trying to be close to the only route of escape he saw.

Taehyung gulped in fear. But this time, he wasn’t going to show he’s afraid. He has to stand up for himself. ‘What you want from me Gwen? You should learn when to give up,’

‘I don’t give up that easily,’ Gwen said. ‘And what I want from you, is the power that’s sealed inside. You are the payment we make to the alchemists’ The smile on her face was maniacal, reminding Taehyung of Bellatrix.

‘I don’t have anything to give you or your crazy army. You will get caught if you keep at this Gwen. Do you want to get expelled?’

‘I know I will get caught. And so will you,’ she laughed, her head thrown back. ‘When the Ministry sees what you are, you think you will still be living under the protection of Hogwarts? Let them expel both of us. I don’t need a mudblood loving, mental old man to give a stamp of approval. I will have my reward,’ she paced around the room slowly, making him anticipate her attack.

Taehyung’s eyes watched every movement of her’s carefully. She cocked her head to one side and positioned herself in front of the door, ‘Aren’t you curious? Why are you always targeted?’ He watched her twirl her wand in her hand like a plaything and it filled him with anger. But he mustn’t do anything rash. He couldn’t afford to make mistakes.

‘I am smart enough not to come to you for the answers. Open the doors and let me go,’ his sweaty
palms opened and closed. He needed his wand, he felt so helpless without it.

‘And you think you are smart enough to trust your friends? They know everything but they hide it from you because they think you are weak. That you won't be able to handle the truth,’

‘What makes you think I'll believe you?’

‘If and when you walk out of those doors, ask your dear friend Seokjin, and those beloved Min-Dracwyns. Ask them what you did to your father. Their faces will tell you I was right. Or save all their drama and I can show you right now,’

‘My father is safe at home,’

‘You know which father I'm talking about,’ Gwen smiled. ‘Remember what you always say to people? You're afraid to lose control of your magic. You know why you say that. Then don't act so aloof in front of me,’

‘And what do you know of it?’

‘Your memories are suppressed. You only see glimpses of the night… you killed your father. And I, want to unlock all of it,’

Her words pierced him like daggers. It was a suppressed memory, but Taehyung always knew it was there. Those screams came back to him, tearing his insides. He chose to ignore it, forget it, pretend they were glimpses of a very bad nightmare, told himself it was all in his head and it had never really happened.

‘It's time to see the extent of your power,’ Gwen pointed at one of the eggs near Taehyung. ‘Feindfyre,’ Gwen whispered maliciously and orange flames shot out of her wand, right on the frozen eggs which burned red again. Taehyung fell back, tripping on another egg. The red hot eggs burst from Gwen’s flames, Ashwinders jumping from within them. Gwen pointed her wand at the enormous serpent, transforming it into a flaming snake. Taehyung was now trapped in a hall of fire with newborn Ashwinders coiling at his ankles, some laying new eggs in the heat of the flames which instantly burst like bombs with loud popping cracks, searing his skin.

He didn't know where to step to get away. Fire was all around him, torturing him with burns wherever he turned. His robe had caught fire and he threw them off. The bursts of the eggs stung him like fire bullets. Without his wand he didn't know how to defend himself. He screamed for help but felt hope fading away when he realized he was in an abandoned section of the castle.

The bright orange flames were filling his vision. There was nothing else around him. He felt an invisible pressure pushing on his eyes and the sides of his head. He doubled up, pressing the crown of his head with the balls of his palms, teeth clenched in pain and eyes shut tight. His breathing was soon constricted and he wheezed. The tongues of flames danced around his limbs, setting fire to his clothes and Taehyung felt like dying. The burn was unbearable. He screamed his lungs out but there was no release to the piercing pain in his body. Death was surely better than this.

‘Remember what he told you?’ He heard Gwen shouting from the other side of the wall of fire. ‘Your father had never seen powers like yours, not even in himself! Are you gonna let yourself be consumed by these mere flames? You weakling!’

Her words were cutting him. He heard a familiar voice of a man, which turned into a scream and Taehyung felt his chest grow cold. And suddenly… there was nothingness. For a while, he felt numb to the world. He couldn’t hear, couldn’t speak, couldn’t see. Everything was dark, like he
was in a vacuum. And then it began… a biting chillness spread from his chest to his palms, like electric currents cutting through his bloodstream. Steam was rising of him as his skin turned smooth and pale. Within that red burning fire he was turning cold and blue. All the pain he was feeling started transforming into power surging through him. He screamed out and there was a burst of silver light from within him sending a wave of piercing chillness, as the whole floor was covered in frost. The fire dissipated in the ice frost and the Ashwinders fell to ash around him. The pent up power within him couldn't be held back anymore. He looked up at Gwen, his breath misty, hair turned silver and eyes a cold crystal blue. Gwen was looking back at him astounded, but a small smile crept on her lips in amazement. For a moment there was absolute silence as they stood on a floor covered with ice, frozen particles floating around them in mist.

‘Inferio!’ She shot a fireball right at his chest. It hit him hard and he fell back, unmoving.

‘Don't tell me you are that weak!’ She taunted, taking a few urgent steps towards him. Taehyung stood up, traces of fear vanishing from his face. He was panting cold breaths and whipped his hand forward. A wave of icicles formed on the whole wall opposite to him and Gwen’s excitement only rose. She shot him again, tongues of flame swirling round and round. He wasn't really trying to dodge.

‘STOP IT!’ He yelled, whipping his hands again and there was a burst of ice, freezing the whole room, turning it into an iced dome.

Gwen finally calmed down, seeing the full impact of his powers. She smiled, putting her wand down.

‘Do you remember now what you did to your father?’

‘You are annoying,’ Taehyung spoke coldly. His whole demeanour had completely changed. He was no longer the timid 14 year old, and his chilling gaze could rip anyone apart. ‘I told you to leave me alone,’

He held out his palm, facing the floor. Frozen dust swirled like a small whirlwind, forming a long sharp icicle. Noises at the door distracted Gwen for a moment. The door was shaking like someone was trying to break it. They had been found. She looked at Taehyung in alarm but he didn’t seem to have heard it. He whipped his hand at her, the icicle coming at her like a spear. Gwen managed to form a shield charm just in time. She fell on the floor from the impact, her knees doubling up and the ice spear shattered on her shield. They heard the door bang open and Yoongi and Hoseok stood there with their wands pointed. The blast startled Taehyung and he whipped his hand sharply, sending another blast of ice in the direction of the newcomers.

‘Protego!’ both cast a shield. The icicles crashed upon it, bursting into shards. As they lowered their wands, both looked around the frozen room, unable to make any sense of it. Hoseok’s eyes were wide in shock and awe. He looked at the silver haired boy standing in front of him.

‘You…’ he breathed. ‘Taehyung is that you?’ he eyed him.

‘Get away,’ Taehyung said, not looking at him. ‘All of you get away!’ He held out his hand in an attempt to shield himself. His palm had patterns of frost that swirled over the surface of his skin, extending over his forearm.

Hoseok looked scared of what had happened. It was unlike anything he had ever even heard of. ‘Wait here… Don’t worry, I’ll get Dumbledore!’ Was Hoseok’s first thought and he turned to leave. ‘We need to get someone…’ he muttered as he exited the door.
‘NO!’ Gwen yelled, pointing her wand at Hoseok and shot a spell.

‘You bitch!’ Yoongi spat out seeing her. Gwen was about to attack Yoongi but he was faster.

‘Stupefy!’ Yoongi shot at her. Her body fell limp. He looked around in astonishment. Everything was covered in ice, every inch of the room, from the floor to the walls and the ceiling. It was like they were in a shimmering, frozen cave with only the moonlight shining in from the frosted windows. So this was the power of an Elkyre that Jin told them about. It was magnificent and horrifying at the same time… the descendent of the Great Aquirys.

Chapter End Notes

OK! SO THAT HAPPENED!

This was one of the MAJOR chapters of this story. WHATS GONNA HAPPEN NEXT?? I'm super eager to hear your thoughts!! We are only 1 chapter away from part 1 ending. Hope to see you all on the other side!
The door creaked open and Dumbledore entered alone, giving all of them a knowing look.

‘Now which one of you will tell me who froze the whole chamber?’

There was silence among them all, everyone’s heavy breaths clearly audible as they all glanced at each other, but avoided Dumbledore’s intense blue eyes, as if he was looking into their souls.

‘I guess individual discussions are in order,’ Dumbledore said, folding his hands over each other.

Chapter Notes

We've come to the last chapter of Part 1. Thank you all for making this possible!! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mood Music. Play on loop till next track. (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Rupert Gregson-William - In This Together

Hoseok’s eyes slowly opened to the misty atmosphere and he wondered if Trelawney’s words were true. He felt a cold draft on the side of his face and turned, seeing a room covered every inch in ice. Another girl in a black robe lay unmoving on the floor.
Unnatural winter…

Emina reached them by now, McGonagall and Flitwick by her side.

They both stepped into the frozen room, eyes wide in amazement. McGonagall immediately ran to Gwen unconscious on the floor. The professor pulled back her robe sleeve, touching on the 2 beads on her bracelet, to call both Pomfrey and Dumbledore.

Yoogi’s attention was on the broken window in the frozen room. Taehyung was nowhere to be seen, the only probable conclusion being he might have jumped down to the castle grounds.

McGonagall rose up, giving questioning glares to Yoongi and Hoseok. ‘What in the world is this?’ she asked of them but neither had any answer.

Back in Dumbledore’s office, Namjoon chewed his lower lip in worry. Jin’s body had finally started to lose heat, only to turn into a frozen statue. The whole room had turned cold, a mist forming on the glass windows in the Headmaster’s office. He had goosebumps rising on his arms from the sudden temperature change. Jin had stopped responding to everything. He was icy to touch, lips turned blue and skin pale. His breaths were shallow. Dumbledore was still trying to get into his mind and bring him back, trigger a call in his subconscious but it was of no use. Finally Dumbledore pulled back, a trace of tiredness coming over him.

The headmaster sighed in exhaustion. ‘Our subconscious is more powerful than any of us could ever imagine… yet we take it for granted,’ he said.

‘So what now?’ Namjoon asked. ‘Is Jin doing this?’ He looked around the room. ‘It's suddenly chilly!’

Dumbledore didn't seem to have heard him. His eyes were looking at something in the distance and then he snapped his attention back to Namjoon.

‘Something’s happened in the castle. That's probably what Jin is seeing right now. There is a rise in magical power,’ Dumbledore said and felt his bracelet pulse. He pulled his sleeve back to see the white bead on the golden string pulse its light.

‘I was right. Stay with Jin. Try and talk to him and get him out of his state but do not try and dive into his mind yourself. Do you understand?’ He looked at Namjoon through his half moon spectacles. The boy nodded and Dumbledore strode towards the door.

Soon all professors were gathered on the 8th floor, accessing the frozen room while Emina watched over the involved students in McGonagall’s office. There was an uncomfortable silence hanging between them all.

‘Yoongi, why did you tell them YOU froze the room?’ Hoseok asked, ‘Will Dumbledor buy that?’

The door creaked open and the said great wizard entered alone, giving all of them a knowing look. ‘Now which one of you will tell me who froze the whole chamber?’

There was silence among them all, everyone’s heavy breaths clearly audible as they all glanced at each other, but avoided Dumbledore’s intense blue eyes, as if he was looking into their souls.

‘I guess individual discussions are in order,’ Dumbledore said, folding his hands over each other.

Jungkook came running towards the frozen 4th floor corner along with Sierra but Madam Sprout
stopped them at the barricade they had created at the beginning of the corridor.

‘But Professor!’ Sierra argued. ‘Let us help you! We are prefects!’

‘I know who you are Sierra,’ Madam Sprout raised her eyebrows. ‘But this is on Dumbledore’s orders. Now go back to your dorms,’ she said and saw more students take the stairs to the corridor. Everyone was curious to see what had happened. Keeping her wand on her neck she bellowed. ‘All of you! Back to your dorms right now!’

Her eyes settled on the Ravenclaw prefects again who were peering over her shoulders to get a look. ‘If you want to help, take all the students back to their dorms,’

Both the prefects looked at her with a fallen face and Sierra opened her mouth to argue again but just then they were distracted by someone cutting through the curious crowd behind them.

‘I said out of my fucking way!’

It was Laura’s loud voice and Sierra rolled her eyes. ‘What is she showing off for?’ the Ravenclaw muttered.

‘Miss Dracwyn!’ Sprout was aghast. ‘That is unforgivable language to be using in front of a Professor, that too from a prefect! 20 points from Slytherin!’

Laura didn't care even if they took a hundred points right now. She finally reached the corridor, pushing through all the students roughly who gave her angry glares and came to stand in line with Jungkook and Sierra. ‘Where is Yoongi?’

Mrs. Sprout drew herself to her full height. ‘All of you go back to your dormitories!’

‘Tell me what happened! Where is Yoongi?!’ Laura seemed to have not heard her instructions and was boring her eyes into Sprout.

‘Miss Dracwyn, your cousin was found here by Professor McGonagall and now he's currently with the Headmaster. Now if you don't comply with what I am saying, I will see you in detention this week. Go back to your dorm!’

Laura turned away, cursing under her breath. Taehyung didn't come to see her at the Shrieking Shack and now Yoongi was missing. She couldn't locate Gwen either and now she sees this? The whole 4th floor closed off, ice bursting out of a room and this sudden chill in in the weather. Nothing was making sense to her. She cast a look at Jungkook wondering if he knew anything and he gave her the same confused look back. But their gaze was soon interrupted by Sierra.

‘Didn't you hear Dracwyn? Crawl back to your snake hole-,’

‘Fuck off Gibson. I don't need to hear anything from you,’ she waved her off and walked away. Sierra gaped at her with angry eyes.

‘How dare she! Seriously these Slytherins think they can-’ But Jungkook was not listening to her. He ran off into the Eastern direction of the castle.

I need to find Jin… maybe he knows what has happened… he thought, making his way to the Gryffindor towers.

Namjoon was beside Jin in the Headmaster’s office, rubbing his hand, trying to give him some of his warmth.
‘Jin… please you have to wake up… please come back,’ he kept repeating over and over again but it was of no use. He held Jin’s hand close to his lips, praying in his heart that nothing happens to him. He put his other hand on Jin’s forehead. He was still ice cold. Namjoon cupped his face, running his thumb on the older’s cheek.

‘Jin please…,’ he begged in a whisper, eyes almost tearing up. He heard the Oak doors open and thought Dumbledore was back but when he turned, he saw the black haired face of Severus Snape.

‘Where is Professor Dumbledore?’ Namjoon asked as he stood up.

‘The Headmaster is taking care of another urgent matter. He has sent me to look over Mr. Kim,’ Snape said, moving to sit next to Seokjin. Namjoon felt a little hesitant in leaving Seokjin in Snape’s care, he wanted Dumbledore back as soon as possible.

Snape kept his wand at Jin’s temple and closed his eyes, wordlessly casting the incantation for occlumency.

Namjoon watched them as he grew restless. Both had become statues apart from the occasional twitching of Snape’s eyebrows. The few minutes that passed seemed like hours to him. Finally Snape stirred, breathing in with the same exhaustion that Dumbledore had when he pulled his mind away from Jin’s.

‘It seems…’ Snape said. ‘Mr. Kim’s conscious is trapped in the vision he is seeing...and he doesn’t want to pull away from it.’

Snape stood up, keeping his wand back in.

‘But what do we do now? He has to come back!’

‘I’m guessing you don’t know what has happened in the castle,’ he cast Namjoon an eerie look. ‘That’s where his mind is right now, if his cold body is any hint. Both I and Dumbledore were unable to break through the barrier of his subconscious. He has to come out of it on his own. Take him to the infirmary. There is nothing we can do except wait,’

Saying that, Snape left hurriedly, his black cloak swishing behind him.

Jimin ran through the north wing corridors, down to the courtyard. He was still not able to comprehend what he saw. He was standing in the common room balcony, wondering why the weather had gone so cold when he saw a figure jump down and land on the grassy grounds. It looked like a ghost of Taehyung. Jimin could recognise the face of his friend anywhere. Jimin followed him instantly, too afraid to call out his name. What could be the reason for his appearance to change like this? It was quite evident that he did not want anyone to know about it, the way he just fled from the scene. Was he responsible for this drop in temperature? Or was that something Gwen did? Whatever it was, it was some very strong magic.

Jimin tried to follow Taehyung’s trail but he couldn’t locate his friend. He creeped out to the Whomping Willow and took the secret passage to the Shrieking Shack.

‘Taehyung?’ he called out as he climbed out the stairs. ‘Tae! It’s me Jimin,’

He ran to each room, but there was not a soul in this house. Jimin stood at the frosted windows, running a hand across the glass to see what was the moving ball of light outside. He saw Hagrid standing outside his hut, lantern in hand, looking around as to what was this change in the weather like the rest of the castle. Behind the hut, the Forbidden Forest loomed, dark and dense. Jimin gulped nervously. Taehyung surely couldn’t have gone there! But there was no where else left to
look for him. If Taehyung wanted to be alone, it’s possible he would’ve escaped to the forest. Jimin took a deep breath and walked out of the broken door of the Shack, making his way to the fringe of the forest.

Once he entered the forest, it was pitch black. The dense trees with their rough trunks created such a thick canopy that hardly any moonlight entered through them. Jimin took his wand out, lighting it wordlessly. With careful steps, as to not trip over any of the creepers running all around the ground, he penetrated deeper into the forest. He could hear a few night insects creaking around him and prayed that nothing big decided to make a meal out of him. The trees began to thin out in certain areas and Jimin chose to take those paths. He hoped Taehyung had felt the same and had taken the path he was taking.

In another corner of the forest, Taehyung lay curled up on the mossy ground, beneath a massive weirwood tree, it’s trunk expanding nearly 10 feet. His fists clenched at the moss, legs folding in. He could see his skin had turned pale and the hair he saw falling on his eyes had turned silver. He didn’t know what else had changed in him on the outside. The adrenaline had passed the moment he saw Hoseok in the castle, and now all he felt was fear and confusion, nothing made sense to him. It was like his worst nightmares had been made into reality by some cruel twist of fate. No matter how much he had tried to suppress it, ignore it, here it was, as if someone had dug in their sharp claws into him and pulled out his bloody entrails for the whole world to see. He felt like he had been ripped apart, his mind and body torn to pieces and strewn all over the place… and he was unable to collect them all back together.

Because he was a killer.

These powers he possessed, had made him take the life of his own father.

He remembered it vividly now. As if a curtain had been raised in his mind and now he could see everything. His father was dark haired, like Taehyung, eyes a wild blue.

The day it had happened, six year old Taehyung was at home with his mother. She was taking basic lessons for him like she did everyday. Back then, they used to live in Norwich, in a small wizarding town with many other half blood families. His muggle step father had kept his muggle business going and was frequently away.

That was the life he knew, with his witch mother and muggle father in that small remote town. He would frequently ask his mother about the school where she learnt magic, wondering if he will go there too. Among his older friends, not everyone used to receive that letter. Sometimes one of the siblings was left out, but this village accepted that. This village was a special place his mum had said, where both worlds could exist in peace. He was a six year old boy of average skills. He wasn’t the quickest in class but he was loved by everyone.

And then one day, his real father had come, unannounced. When he knocked at the door and his mother opened the door, Taehyung had no idea who this man was. Mother didn’t want to let him in, but he begged that he needed to see his son at least once. No matter how much mother told him his suspicions were wrong, the man hadn’t listened. She told him that he was mistaken about Taehyung being his son. But the man said he would see Taehyung one way or the other and his mother knew his words weren’t empty. Little Taehyung had crept behind the living room wall and watched the man as he argued with his mother on the front door. His mother was trying to keep her voice low but the man wasn’t listening. He pushed himself in and Taehyung ran back to the kitchen, sitting on the table with his books, pretending like he was here all along. The moment his father’s blue eyes met Taehyung’s, the man knew. There was no mistake that they were the same blood.
'Martaeus!' his mother had her wand out, pointing at the man with threatening eyes. ‘Move one step closer and you’ll regret it,’

‘You’ll harm me? In front of our son?’ Martaeus held her gaze. ‘Don’t lie anymore Jiyeon… you can’t fake it now,’

‘I don’t want you here… you need to leave, now,’ Jiyeon didn’t lower her wand.

‘Jiyeon… I don’t want to harm you and you know you won’t stand a chance against me—’

A red hex from Jiyeon’s wand hit his chest and he staggered back.

‘Tae! Get out of here. Go to the neighbours,’ his mother said, trying to talk to him calmly but Taehyung was scared now. He was really scared. Who was this strange man calling Tae his son and why did his mother look so frightened? Taehyung slid out of his stool but was hesitant to leave his mother alone with this man.

‘Leave Tae! Now!’ this time his mother’s voice was not calm. The man stood back up, and his hands moved with grace, long fingers pointing towards Jiyeon. The fear heightened in her eyes and suddenly, it was like she was suffocating. She felt her throat, choking, gasping. Her neck tightened and Taehyung could see the imprint of every bone, tendon and vein over her throat.

‘What are you doing!!’ Taehyung yelled, running towards the man and pounding the man’s thighs with his small fists as hard as he could. ‘LET HER GO!’ But the man paid no heed.

‘Jiyeon I told you not to stand in my way. I only wanted to meet my son,’

Jiyeon was on the floor, bent low, still struggling to breathe. The wheezes from her windpipe were alarming Tae. The boy felt tears stream down his face but he wouldn’t stop punching that man. Martaeus slowly took his hands back and Jiyeon could finally breathe again. She coughed, taking in deep breaths as her eyes watered. Now Martaeus turned his attention to Taehyung.

‘It’s time we leave this stupid house. Come with me,’ he said, holding Taehyung by the arm but the child pulled it away. ‘I won’t hurt you son. But you have to listen to me,’

‘He is not an Elkyre like you!’ Jiyeon screamed in a hoarse voice. ‘You will not take him anywhere! He is not like you!’

‘How do I believe you? You lied about him not being my son. You might be lying about this as well. This all could have been done peacefully but you decided to hide things from me. Why? I am his father! I had the right to know that I have a son!’ Martaeus’s anger had been provoked now. ‘How could you hide my own son from me?’

‘Because by then, I knew who you were. And I promised I won’t even let your shadow come near my child,’

She swiftly pointed her wand at him again, but Martaeus was prepared for that. He moved his hands again and the window behind him shattered, a strong wind gushing through, sending the shards of glass flying at Jiyeon. She managed to conjure a blocking charm, but some shards cut through, leaving crimson gashes on her body.

‘I will destroy this whole village if you try and stop me Jiyeon,’ he said and grabbed Taehyung’s arm. ‘Let’s go,’

‘LEAVE ME! LET ME GO!’ Taehyung cried, pushing him away but he couldn’t even budge a
finger of his father from his arm. ‘LEAVE ME!!!’ He yelled and pushed again with all the might he could muster and he felt something release from within him. The next thing Taehyung knew, there was a wave of ice in front of him, small icicles lining the top of it like spikes. At the end of this wave, on the last big icicle, was Martaeus, his body pierced through his chest, blood trickling down the frozen spear.

‘Taehyung!’ his mother ran to him, grabbing him in her arms. ‘We have to go,’ she pulled him away but Taehyung’s eyes were transfixed on the bleeding man in front of him, his mouth hanging open, the blood drooling out of it, and those stormy blue eyes staring at him like hard stones.

‘Tae! Come with me, now!’ she pulled him. He felt her palm cover his eyes and then there was darkness.

Taehyung snapped his eyes open to the Forbidden Forest. The memory made him feel constricted in the chest, his mouth felt dry as sand. He stood up, looking around at the dark forest. He heard leaves rustle and decided to move away from that place.

Walking where the moonlight led him, he came to a clearance, a pond was in front of him, the moon shining on it. He walked to its bank, kneeling to drink some water before his throat chafed away. As he bent down to the surface of the pond, what he saw astounded him.

His eyes were the same color as his father’s. His hair glistened under the moonlight. Was this truly him? Was this his true self? He didn’t know anything anymore.

An anger started creeping within him, unbidden. This was a secret his mother kept from him. To protect him? But it didn’t help, did it? He remembered her taking him to an old, greying wizard, a man with white, glassy eyes. That wizard… Lord Mulciber his mother had called him. He was exceptionally skilled in arts related to mind control and memories. He was the one to dwell into Taehyung’s mind and lock away his memories, as well as his abilities. That’s what his mother had wanted, that his destructible powers be locked away forever. But here he was, he had become what his mother feared the most.

His life after that had been different. His mother went on to become a celebrated Auror. When he had received his Hogwarts letter, his mother was happy but he hadn’t missed the fear in her eyes. When he asked her what she was worried about, she waved it off, saying mothers always worry about their kids being away. And she gave him that locket then, the same one that Laura wore. She said it was a charm to protect him. Now he knew why his mother was always careful regarding his magic, telling him never to push it to the limit.

And so he had always held himself back. Tried to take everything easily. People made fun of him for that. The son of one of the best Aurors wasn’t as bright as they all had expected. He was often remarked as being aloof and weird. He was liked by most but that didn’t change the fact about what they thought of his average magic. People often didn’t understand his curiosity, thinking he was dim-witted.

One part of him told him to go and show who he really was to all those people who thought he was weak. All those bullies who laughed at his lack of defense. Who mocked him, said he was a mouse who needed the protection of his stronger friends.

His friends...

His close circle of friends were the reason for his happiness. They encouraged him to be stronger…but right now, he felt all alone. Would they shun him now too? He was not one of them anymore. He was not normal. He was dangerous, not knowing the limit of his own powers. He was indeed
all alone. Gwen’s words came back to him… his friends knew what he was? He didn’t know if he should believe that. If his friends kept this from him, he didn’t know who to trust anymore.

Taehyung looked back at his reflection, seeing the tear that made its way down his cheek, had become a frozen droplet. He was still weak he thought. Weak, lost and confused. Empty blue eyes were staring back at him. His hand stretched to the surface of the water and he touched it with the tip of his index finger. The water started to freeze from the point of his finger, spreading to the whole expanse of the pond, the frost forming swirl patterns within it.

It was beautiful… cold but beautiful nonetheless.

‘Taehyung?’ He heard a familiar voice and looked up to the opposite bank of the pond. Jimin stood there with his wand lit, relief washing over his face.

‘Tae are you ok?’ his voice carried no judgement or fear, only worry. But Taehyung felt like shutting himself away. He was not ready, not yet. He couldn’t meet Jimin’s eyes and he looked away, taking steps back towards the trees he came from.

‘Tae! Don’t run again! Please let’s go back!’ Jimin begged him.

‘I can’t…’ Taehyung stuttered.

‘Tae, it’s dangerous here in the forest. Let’s go back to the castle. Let’s go to Jin and Namjoon. Don’t worry about-’

‘I said no,’

Jimin had never felt Taehyung speak so coldly. It completely shocked him and he didn’t know what to say after that.

‘I don’t want to go back to that castle. I don’t want to see anyone. Leave me alone,’

‘Jin will help-’

‘No one can help me right now. Please, just let me be. I don’t want to be around anyone,’ were his parting words and Taehyung turned around, running into the thick forest again.

Jimin stood there, staring at the path where Taehyung had disappeared. And Jimin could feel how sad Taehyung was. What could he do to bring him back? He didn’t want to force his friend. Jimin remembered when the Lycan venom affected him and he could suddenly relate to the way Taehyung was behaving. Because Taehyung felt he was different now. Jimin never wanted to be around anyone during that time. He wanted to be alone, bear it alone. If people surrounded him at a time like that, he felt suffocated. The only small consolation Jimin felt right now was that Taehyung didn’t seem to be in any kind of physical pain. Maybe… maybe he needed some time alone to himself. But would he be safe in this dangerous forest?

Jimin didn’t know what to do. His mind was torn. He looked around the forest and realized he didn’t even know where he had come from. How was he going to find Taehyung or his own way out of here?

He walked along the moonlit paths, hoping to find something and he heard hooves on the soil and the voices of men. Jimin instantly hid himself behind a tree trunk.

‘We see you boy, come out,’ the deep voice called. Jimin gulped, slowly turning to face whoever it was and saw two Centaurs, one a a white blonde male who looked a pale blue in the moonlight and
the other, a dark brown.

‘What is a student doing here in the middle of the night?’ the blonde one asked.

‘I… I lost my way,’ Jimin said.

‘Not too good with lies, are you?’ the same centaur spoke. ‘But you don’t seem to have come here to stir trouble either,’

‘I’m sorry… I didn’t mean to intrude your territory. I’m only trying to find a way out,’ Jimin said, remembering that centaurs were proud creatures and very territorial.

‘I know why you are here,’ the centaur said and looked around himself. ‘We can all feel it in the atmosphere. And your friend is right. You should let him be alone,’

Jimin looked at them in surprise.

‘He is not weak. He can protect himself. Let him find his own way. If you take him right now, he’ll never forgive you. You all did betray him by hiding the truth from him,’ the centaur said as both the creatures walked towards Jimin.

‘You should get back to your castle now boy,’ the brown one said. ‘Not everyone will find a human a welcoming sight. Come, we’ll show you the way,’

Jimin followed the centaurs silently. Centaurs were known to be righteous creatures and he hoped it was true.

‘What is your name?’ the blonde centaur asked him.

‘Jimin… Park Jimin,’

‘I am Firenze. And this is Ronan,’ the blonde gestured to the brown one. ‘This whole area belongs to our colony. From here till the pond,’

‘Thank you… for helping me,’ Jimin said.

‘It is the right thing to do,’ Ronan said. ‘Hopefully your friend will find his way too,’

They reached the edge of the trees and Jimin could see the open grassy grounds.

‘Run along now Park Jimin, before the weather turns colder,’ Firenze said.

Jimin nodded at them and ran back towards the burrow on the eastern side of the castle.

* * *

Dumbledore was in his office, elbows rested on his desk and fingertips touching. His blue eyes stared at the dying fire in his fireplace as his mind replayed all that he had heard.

‘I did it,’ Yoongi had claimed. ‘Gwen was burning the place with her Ashwinder eggs and serpents,’ he continued. ‘I did it to extinguish the fire,’

‘You froze up the entire room like that? Min Yoongi, you are stating yourself capable of some powerful and sustaining magic,’ Dumbledore said to him.

‘It was all in the moment. There was so much fire that water couldn't quench it. I thought I would
burn and I just cast the freezing charm,

‘What is the freezing charm?’

There was silence from Min Yoongi and he made up his reply saying it was a moment where his magic was more instinctual than planned.

‘Are you sure that is your reason?’ Dumbledore’s stare was intense. Yoongi gulped and nodded. ‘I am telling the truth of what I did. I had no time to think about my actions,’

‘Yoongi, you also harmed Miss Osbourne quiet severely,’ Dumbledore added. ‘She’s been sent to St. Mungos… again. So please come clear about what is happening between you two,’

‘Gwen’s family is known to harbour Death Eaters,’ Yoongi crossed his arms. ‘She wants to harm me,’

Slytherins were always good liars… Dumbledore had known that since a very long time. Good liars with a good mind block. His occlumency wasn’t working too well on Min Yoongi. Hoseok had been sticking to Yoongi’s story with immense loyalty. Dumbledore wasn’t able to find a loophole.

And then there was the whole situation with Seokjin. Dumbledore had never seen powers of such a degree in such a young wizard. The fact that he and Snape both couldn’t pull him back was still a shock to him. Snape was right. All they could do right now was wait for him to wake up on his own.

Dumbledore sighed, and then called in all the house professors to brief them on the situation. It was going to be a sleepless night.

Namjoon refused to leave Jin’s side at the infirmary and Madam Pomfrey allowed him to stay for the night. He hadn’t let go of Jin’s hand either, his fingers clasped around his palm and wrist, feeling his constant, steady pulse. It was the only thing keeping Namjoon together.

Jungkook ran across the doors of the infirmary and did a double take on seeing Namjoon there. He ran to the Head boy, worry creasing his forehead.

‘I have looked all over for—’ his eyes fell on Jin. ‘What happened to him??’

‘He—’ Namjoon leaned in to Jungkook’s ears so that only he could hear him. ‘He is trapped in his vision. He is not waking up,’

Jungkook’s eyes became wide saucers and his mouth hung open.

‘How do we know if he’s okay? Has this ever happened?’ he asked in whispers.

‘We don’t know… and it’s never happened before so none of us know what to do, not even Dumbledore,’

Jungkook put his hands to his face, wiping away the exhaustion.

‘Hoseok and Yoongi are being investigated by Dumbledore right now,’ Jungkook said. ‘Only they know what’s really happened. We’ll have to wait for them to get back,’

‘What’s happened in the castle?’ Namjoon asked, his breath foggy with the sudden cold weather.

‘Hoseok tells me—’ The younger gulped nervously, ‘Gwen Osbourne attacked Taehyung… He
froze an entire chamber on the fourth floor and now he’s missing. We can’t find him,’

Laura and Ash were the first ones Jimin met when he got back from the forest. They was waiting near McGonagall’s office for Yoongi. Once they were all out, they went to their common room where Yoongi told them everything. The moment Laura heard what Taehyung had done she shot to her feet.

‘We have to find him!’ she said.

‘But Laura, he -’ Yoongi started but was cut off by her.

‘He is all alone! He needs someone!’

‘He doesn’t want our help,’ Jimin interjected and everyone looked at him. ‘I saw him in the Forbidden Forest. I spoke to him. Trust me, he should be alone right now. If I know him, I know he’ll come back to us,’

‘What if he doesn’t?’ Laura’s worry had not decreased. ‘What if he gets in trouble? Hurts himself?’

‘He will take care of himself. And if he hurts himself, he will learn from it,’ Jimin said, trying to keep a strong heart. ‘You need to place your trust in his abilities Laura. We can’t always control the situation. If he is willingly refusing help, there’s nothing we can do about it right now,’

‘There’s another unexplained situation that’s happened,’ Ash said. ‘Jungkook told me that Jin is unconscious since midnight. Nobody knows why or how. Dumbledore, Snape, Pomfrey, everyone tried their best to wake him up but failed,’

Nobody slept much after that. Laura spent all night sitting on her bed, knees folded and palms clutching the golden leaf locket, hoping Taehyung could feel her calling for him. Ash spent a few hours with Jimin, silently sitting by the fireplace. No one had anything to say to anyone, yet everyone’s mind was internally on overdrive after all that had happened. They all wanted to do something, yet no one could do anything. It was the hardest thing to do… to do nothing.

Mood Music (Don’t forget to open in a new tab/window) Rupert Gregson-William - A New Chapter

In the morning, everyone was utterly exhausted but made their way to the classes. They had to let everything seem normal to the world. One thing was clear that there shouldn’t be even an inkling of Taehyung’s involvement in what had happened. Meanwhile Jin showed absolutely no signs of waking up. He wasn’t responding to anything. He had gone into a state of deep comatose with no telling when he would come back from it.

Sitting idle was driving them mad. Every time a Hufflepuff passed them, they looked up to see hoping Taehyung had come back. Meanwhile the school was bustling with rumours again about the events of last night but the group was too exhausted to even hear how bizarre the stories had gotten.

During their charms classes for the 6th years, the Head Girl came in.

‘Professor Flitwick,’ Emina called. ‘Mr. Min and Miss Dracwyn are called to the Headmaster’s office,’

Everyone exchanged grim looks. Jungkook looked worried, his eyes on the back on Laura. The cousins could smell trouble brewing but kept their faces expressionless.

‘Oh… alright then. The class is almost over anyways,’ Flitwick said. ‘Go see the Headmaster you
Hoseok watched them go, his eyes fixed on Yoongi. As soon as the class got over, Ash, Jimin, Hoseok and Jungkook ran to Dumbledore’s office. They could hear curious excitement among the students over some Auror visit.

‘The ministry got involved again?’ Jungkook was shocked. ‘But this is a school matter!’

They reached the corridor of Dumbledore’s office and saw two Aurors standing there. One of them looked quite young and had a familiar face- sharp jawline, plump pink lips. His pale skin contrasted beautifully with his silky black hair with grey eyes. Clad in a midnight blue Auror’s cloak and black boots, he looked regal.

‘Jimin?’ Jungkook called his friend when he saw the young Auror. ‘Isn’t that your brother?’

Jimin was looking at the man with surprise, his own dark grey eyes sparkling wide. ‘It is. What is Taemin doing here!’

‘Ministry involvement can’t be a good thing,’ Ash said.

The Gargoyle stepped away and seven people came out of the spiral staircase -Dumbledore, McGonagall, Snape, Yoongi, Laura and 2 aurors. They recognized the well known face of Kingsley Shacklebolt.

One of the Aurors tried to hold Yoongi’s arm but he pulled it away.

‘You are making a mistake,’ the three heard Yoongi say. ‘A really big one,’

‘If that is a threat Mr. Min then you are not helping your case,’ the Auror said. ‘And if you think I am scared of your grandfather then you are wrong.’

Jungkook saw a worried Laura look at Jimin’s brother and the man gave her a reassuring smile, keeping a hand on her back.

The group of teachers, the two students and the four Aurors were coming towards the 4 students and Ash made no efforts to hide. The Aurors seemed to line up on both sides of Laura and Yoongi as if caging them.

‘Hold on!’ Ash called. ‘Where are you taking them?’

‘This is a Ministry matter,’ one Auror said. ‘Please, you don’t have business here!’

‘You can’t just do that! They are students!’ But Snape took them all aside. Laura gave her a fleetingly worried look before she turned away to go with them. Taemin nodded at Jimin in acknowledgement but couldn’t say anything further.

‘Stop creating a ruckus Vorhart!’ Snape hissed at her. ‘There’s nothing you can do,’

‘Please, you have to tell us what happened!’? Jimin begged.

Snape’s face was expressionless. ‘They are suspects in conspiring with the Death Eaters during the attack on Hogwarts. And Gwen Osburne has registered a complaint of physical and mental abuse against both Min and Dracwyn. The Ministry will keep them till the investigation is over,’
And with this... we end Part 1 of House of Cards.

Don't hesitate to let me know your thoughts so far, whatever they may be, if you're anticipating what happens next or have any unresolved questions!

Now on to my rant...

THANK YOU SO MUCH to all you lovely people who's lovely comments motivated me to come this far! This fic is really close to my heart and I tried my best to make a good plot (There may be some inconsistencies that I missed) But seriously, thank you for bringing this story so far, I love all of you! When I put this out, I had 2 dear friends who read (and inspired me with ideas and helped with writing. Without them, this wouldn't be possible) and I didn't really know if this story would be something people will dig, seeing the trends among readers. So I'm seriously so happy and appreciative of ALL OF YOU <33333.

I've been updating nearly 2-3 times a week since 3 weeks I think? (That's coz I currently had some time off). For part 2 I'll be updating twice a week - Tuesdays and Saturdays.

And now if I may spazz about the story...

Gwen has so far executed Bellatrix's plans perfectly with the help of the corrupted members of the Ministry. Jin is in comatose. Yoongi and Laura are arrested and face trial. And Taehyung's seal on his powers have broken, and along with that his trust on many people that he loved. He is afraid, alone and lost.

Meanwhile some unknown figures wait for him in the castle in that beautiful, abandoned town...

So you know part 2 is going to be intense. Read it here >  
House of Cards Part 2
I realised, with the amount of characters in this story, maybe adding like a glossary or list would ease things up? If you all require to look through at any moment. You can maybe do a word search from the edit tab if you're looking for a particular name.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Kim Seokjin**

Year 7, Age 17, Gryffindor, Pure blood, Ex- Quidditch Captain

**Kim Hyunseok** - Father

Kim Nayoung - Mother

Kim Seokjin is a single child and sole heir to the Kim family. His family has branched from the royal Kim dynasty of the east. They made their settlement in the United Kingdom during the end of 16th century when monarchy was replaced by democracy and a worldwide Ministry of Magic was instated. Seokjin’s forefather was brother to the king of the Kim dynasty and invited to britain as part of the international small council of ministers which included dignitaries from the largest wizarding communities. Since then, the Kims have been an important and powerful pure blood family residing in both Asia and Europe. They have immense wealth and are greatly respected among the people.

**Kim Namjoon**

Year 7, Age 17, Gryffindor, Head Boy, Muggle Born

Kim Joonho - Father

Kim Haeun - Mother

Kim Eunjun - 14 year old sister. Muggle

**Min Yoongi**

Year 6, Age 17, Slytherin, Prefect, Keeper, Pure Blood

Min Yeonjae - Father

Averil Min-Dracwyn - Mother

**Charles Dracwyn** - Grandfather
Min Junki - 5 year old brother

Min Yoongi is the heir to the Min family and spent his early childhood in east Asia with his parents, at his father’s house. The Mins are of royal blood, but losing their grasp of power as their population has been reduced to just a singular family. His parents met shortly after Averil finished her advanced studies post Hogwarts. The Mins and Dracwyns have been on good terms since centuries and the match was approved by both family heads, especially since it would allow Averil to escape Europe and stay in Asia and stay away from the horrors of Voldemort’s reign. But due to an attack on Yoongi’s life, Averil insisted to move to Europe, where at that time Voldemort had died as well. Once she saw her orphaned niece - Laura, she decided she had enough reasons to stay in Europe and tried to convince Dumbledore to enroll Yoongi in Hogwarts and strike out his name from the eastern wizarding school - Mahoutokoro.

Laura Dracwyn

Year 6, Age 16, Slytherin, Prefect, Pure Blood

Amelia Dracwyn - Mother and previous family heir. Averil’s older sister

Dylan Rosier - Father

Charles Dracwyn - Grandfather

Laura Dracwyn is heir to the Dracwyn Family. She was orphaned at the age of 8 when her parents died during an attack of Aurors on the Death Eaters. The Dracwyns are one of the oldest royal magic bloodlines. They are respected and feared by all, though during Voldemort’s reign, they were labelled as black bloods, being Death Eaters. The Dracwyn’s support was demanded by Voldemort, being a old pure blood family of Slytherins. After being orphaned, her Grandfather was her guardian, though to her Aunt Averil and her family moved to Europe at the same time and had a hand in her upbringing as well.

Park Jimin

Year 6, Age 16, Slytherin, Chaser

Park Taemin - Older Brother, Slytherin

Jimin is from a wealthy wizarding family. They managed to keep away from being recruited into the Death Eaters with a lot of difficulty. His family, though had been investigated by the Ministry after Voldemort’s fall was found guiltless. But that opened the eyes of his older brother Taemin that the current politics had started viewing anyone from Slytherin as suspicious. He decided to become an Auror, hoping he could contribute to the cause of equality among wizardkind of all houses and origins. Jimin believes in those ideals as well, not boxing himself into the groupism of Slytherins.

Ash Vorhart

Year 6, Age 16, Slytherin, Quidditch Captain- Chaser
Ash is from a regular magic family which does not put binds on associating with magic folk of all origins. Her mother runs the most famous bakery in Diagon Alley and father works in the Ministry. Though Ash likes the exclusivity of House Slytherin, she doesn’t consort to demeaning others. She gained immense popularity due to her Quidditch skills and overall personality. Due to this same reason, many are jealous of her as well, and some past experiences have made her close herself off a bit and be on her guard.

**Vanessa Turner**

Year 6, Age 16, Slytherin, Pure Blood

Vanessa is from a noble pure blood family and a childhood friend of the Min-Dracwyns. She is also Hoseok’s good friend and Yoongi’s ex-girlfriend but they are on good terms. She is the only one blessed with sensibility in that school.

**Jung Hoseok**

Year 6, Age 16, Hufflepuff, Prefect, Quidditch Captain- Chaser, Half-blood

Jung Minhyuk - Father, Wizard

**Jung Sumi** - Mother, Muggle

Jung Jiwoo - 20 year old sister, witch

Jung Hoseok’s father works in the Department of Mysteries. During Voldemort’s reign, his mother was tortured and used as ransom to give any information his father had regarding an object in the Department of Mysteries. This incident left his mother with permanent brain damage and causes traumatic episodes in Hoseok. His mother discharged from St. Mungos in Hoseok’s 3rd year and now lives with them.

**Kim Taehyung**

Year 4, Age 14, Hufflepuff, Seeker, Half-blood

**Kim Jiyeon** - Mother, Muggle born, Auror

Kim Junsu - Father, Muggle

Kim Taehyung lives with his family in a town especially for half-blood families. His mother is an exceptionally skilled auror, leading most of the ambushes on Death Eaters and capturing several. Due to this, his mother has a high reputation and is also close to Kim Seokjin’s family. Many expected Taehyung to be as bright as her, but his intelligence wasn’t easily understood by most.

**Jeon Jungkook**

Year 6, Age 16, Ravenclaw, Prefect, Quidditch Captain- Seeker, Half-blood
Jungkook’s mother is a witch and father is a muggle. He has an older brother who is a muggle. Jungkook’s family has been so far least affected from the wizarding war. This led to him having a very biased outlook on the Slytherins as he only had one side of the story fed to him.

**Emina Carter**
Year 7, Age 17, Ravenclaw, Head Girl

Emina has been best friends with Namjoon and Jin, often trying to knock some sense into them. She is extremely smart and knowledgeable. She is the first person that comes to the boys’ mind when they need help in figuring their shit out.

**Gwen Osburne**
Year 6, Age 16, Slytherin, Pure Blood

Gwen had been good friends with Yoongi and Laura for many years, till she started feeling neglected by them. She has a strong desire to associate herself with power and could not stand being pushed aside. Her parents are death eaters and her father served years in Azkaban, finally being released with Lucius Malfoy’s help.

**Secondary Characters**

**Jeffery Thomas** - Slytherin. Year 4. Bullies Taehyung

**Derreck Rosier** - Slytherin. Year 4. Bullies Taehyung. Is Laura’s cousin so always counts on her to save him from trouble by playing the family card.

**Leslie Marquez** - Hufflepuff. Year 6. Prefect. She is a lovely, down to earth human being who would go out of her way to help you

**Park Bogum** - Hufflepuff. Year 4. Taehyung’s roommate. He is a kind boy.

**Sierra Gibson** - Ravenclaw. Year 6. Prefect. She’s a stickler for rules, is prejudiced against Slytherins. She is also a perfectionist and a bit of a show off when it comes to her knowledge. She tries her best to maintain top scores.

**Merlyn Jones** - Ravenclaw. Year 4. A pawn of Gwen Osburne’s. Forced to help carry out Gwen’s
Jessica Simpson - Gryffindor. Year 7. She is extremely fascinated with Seokjin, to a level that causes inconvenience. She’s also jealous of anyone who gets Seokjin’s attention and despises Slytherins.

Annie Wilson - Gryffindor. Year 7. Has a similar fascination with Namjoon. She and Jessica often hang out together and have other friends who similarly fancy the Head Boy and his best friend.


Terrance Higgs - Slytherin. Year 4. A nice boy, seeker for the quidditch team.

The Great Aquirys - A wizard who was alive centuries ago. Wielded strong water powers.

Martaeus Aquiri - A man that wielded strong wind powers.


Howard Jenkins - Death Eater who attacked Hoseok in Hogwarts. His brother previously tortured Hoseok’s mother but was killed by an auror. Currently in hiding.


Twycross - The ministry official appointed for teaching 6th years apparition. Aided the death eaters in invading Hogwarts but claims to be under the imperius curse.
**Skoll** - A werewolf who was also a metamorphmagus. He could change into a werewolf at will and had a loyal pack. Killed by Professor Roland during the Hogwarts attack.

**Roland** - Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. Currently in St. Mungos recovering from the werewolf fight.

**Hohen** - The alchemy teacher. Believes in freedom of knowledge but is stuck teaching the most formidable subject.

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Chapter End Notes

(I know there’s a TON of characters to keep up with. I’m keeping it as minimum as I can but the plot requires this. I hope this list helps if next time you are confused. I will update if new characters come in. If you have any doubts or think I missed someone, let me know! ^___^)

End Notes

Incase you are confused with the character names, here is a GLOSSARY chapter that I added in part 1.

Let me know what you think! ^__^

You can find me on twitter > jackfruitnim I'm always up for interactions and love discussing my fanfic, hearing your fic recs, music recs! (don't be shy, I love it when my readers talk to me!)

I have also written the backstory of Sope of this AU in Hogwarts. It is a short series, describing their relationship from when they met aboard the Hogwarts Express to where they stand at the end of the fifth year. Its a comparatively lighter read, so if you'd like to, you can check it out here>

Sunshine In Your Lilac Eyes

If you guys like the music I've included and want more of what sets the tone for this story (both instrumental and lyrical) here is the link for it > House of Cards Music It will be
updated as the chapters update.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!