Pierrot

by haksolffy

Summary

Since a child, she is nothing but a punching bag, whether at home or school. But then something unexpected happen to her, will she able to learn what is love too?

Notes

This is re-write story
The sound of flesh hitting flesh can be heard quite loudly and not only that, even the sounds of things been thrown against a wall can be heard as well.

"Come on! That's ALL you can do?" The girl spat blood to the floor. Her eyes twinkled with unkindly.

"You will regret this, bitch!" The man roared, as he tried to punch the girl square in her face. She caught the man's hand and twisted it until the man's screamed painfully. He screamed even louder when his bones started to crunch. You could clearly tell that the girl had twisted it enough to make the man's hand dislocate, from his shoulder.

"Let him go, you bitch!" Another man roared from behind the girl. Her composure was calm, however, it was enough to make goosebumps rise.

Fear gripped the man who was trying to bully the girls, without thinking anything, he lifted his hand to punch the girl from behind, but before he could raise his hand, the girl lifted her leg and kicked the man's head as hard as she could.

"You bitch! Let me go!" Screamed the man that she was still holding. He hollered to her but she only gave a bone-chilling chuckle.

"I'm a bitch? Or are you?" The girl twisted the man's arm even more, which only made the man scream even louder. "Only a bitch will scream like that you know" The girl gave another bone-chilling laugh and again started to crush the man's hand bones again without a care in the world.

As she saw the man's tears start to trail down his face, she let go of his hand and kicked him in the gut as hard as she could. "Who's the bitch now? Bitch! I've had enough of being your fucking punch bag!" The girl screamed and kicked him again hard in the gut.

Without wasting her time, she walked to the back alley, knowing that she will have to deal with more of those at home.

Right after she returns to her home, she is glad to see there is no one inside, but then that relief comes crashing down like a tidal wave, when suddenly she can feel a punch to the side of her face and she lands on the floor, with a loud crash.

"Where the fuck have you fucking been?!" Her so-called father grabbed her hair and sneers in her face. She feels like she wants to gag upon the smell that comes out from her father mouth, just seeing those rotten teeth is enough to make her stomach roll.

"Let her go, Felix!" a woman slowly came up to the man, with a sway in her hips. The girl felt a little bit of relief, but then again it turns sour when the woman accused her. "Maybe, she goes to have some fucking. Who knows? We do need some money in this house."

"I will never go and fuck like you, bitch!" The girl sneers, but then the woman slaps her face hard enough to make the girl's lip split. The woman holds the girl's face hard enough to make her nails embed in the girl's cheek. "Listen here, you little whore, this fucker's money is the one who raised you and this fucker's money is with what you have been eating, so you had better watch your fucking mouth."
The woman let go of the girl, but before the girl could go, the woman slaps her face which makes her long nail leave a scratch on her face, like cat's claw.

"Oh no, my nail is broke. What should I do Felix?" The woman whines to her so-called husband.

Meanwhile, the girl sneers and touches her cheek. She can feel that the nail of her so-called mother is stuck in her cheek, without wasting her time, she took out the nail from her cheek and before she could walk to her room, the woman starts to grab her hair.

"Go and fucking make food for us you bitch! You broke my nail! So you will not have any food, if I found that you ate our food, I will make sure you will pay for it! You hear me?" The woman screamed - in sing song on the last part- before she let go of the girl's hair, and without waiting for the girl walked into the kitchen.

The woman that calls herself mother starts to straddle the so-called father and starts to fuck without a care in the world, that their so-called daughter is there. The girl looks on with disgust and wishes so much that she could kill them with her own bare hands.

The girl woke up and looked around. Slowly she tried to stand up, but then a flashback comes crashing to her brain.

"You bitch! I asked you to cook us food, not dog shit!" The woman shrieked and started to take the plate and throw it at the girl's head.

"You damn ungrateful wench! We should have killed you from the very start!" The man yelled, and then-started to choke the girl as hard as he can. Right after he let go of her neck, he started to kick and stomp the girl.

The girl could hear a sound of her own broken bones countless times, yet not a single sound she let out except laughter. "Is that all you can do! You hit like a fucking sissy!" The laughter from the girl only came out a little bit, but then everything stopped when she felt something on her chest.

Slowly she looks down to her chest.

It was a knife. It was embedded into her chest by the woman that was her own mother. The woman looked at her own hand and trembled, but the girl's face broke into a wide grin, slowly she holds the woman face and murmured to her. "Look at my face, let this face hunt you until the day you die"

The girl looks over the ceiling right after she remembers everything. "So I die, well that sure is fucked up. Well, aren't I supposed to be in hell or something?"

Right after she finishes, she hears a knock at the front door.

"Ms Pierrot?" the girl looked at the woman with a frown and looked at the woman up and down.

"Yeah, and who the heck are you?"

"My name is Minerva McGonagall. May I see your parents?" The woman with pointy hat look at the girl with a blank face, but then started to frown, as she can see the house is quite in shambles with things everywhere. She started to wonder as to how did the girl able to live in this place, for so long?
"Sorry ma'am, I don't have parents. So, may I know why you come to my house?" Pierrot quirks her brow but at the same time, she is panic internally as she knows where the fuck she is. She's in the fucking Harry Potter story, but somehow it can't be true.

Her brain internally is in a jumbled mess and before she was able to hear the pointy hat woman answer her question, darkness starts to creep on and engulf her. Again, she internally curses herself for forgetting that she been bit senseless before she woke up here.

"Albus, I can't just leave her like this. She's all alone and thanks Merlin if Pomfrey hadn't come. We would lose her. Haven't you heard what Pomfrey said? She has broken ribs, a concussion, and a few cracked bones. Merlin, whoever would do such a thing to such a small child? " Minerva holds her hand to her chest upon seeing Pierrot, laid on the broken sofa in her house.

"I agree with you, my dear. But doesn't she have any relatives? You know we can't keep children that are not our relatives…"

Before Dumbledore can say anything, Pierrot groaned and started to reply. "I don't have any relatives, they all left me to drop dead in here and please don't you dare to hide my bruise. I don't care if you wish to heal my other injuries but let the bruise heal itself."

"Excuse me sir but can you tell me where platform 9 ¾ is?" Pierrot looks the raven-haired boy with a smirk, it seems that she has meet Harry Potter. Without wasting her time, she taps his shoulder.

"You want to go to that platform?" The raven-haired boy look over the girl with a nod, but then he saw the bruise that littered over her face and every part of her skin but Pierrot just ignored it.

"Yeah, can you show me?"

"Sure, come on. I know where it was, by the way, the name is Pierrot, only Pierrot. And how about you?" She held out her hand while waiting for Harry to shake her hand. Harry's eyes turned wide upon hearing what Pierrot exclaim. "Harry, Harry Potter. It is quite to know you too Pierrot"

Harry looked over Pierrot nervously, it is his first time seeing a girl with so many bruises. He uses to have it, curtsy by Dursley. "You know it's quite rude to be staring like that."

Harry jumped upon hearing what Pierrot had just said, but then again jumped when the compartment door opened.

There was a bushy haired girl and a plump boy, looking at them around. "Hello! -. Did any of you see a toad that belongs to my friend here?"

"No. " Harry replied while looking over at the bushy haired girl and the plump boy.

"Nope, but may I know what his name is?" Both bushy haired girl and the plump boy looked over at Pierrot, but then gasp upon seeing her. She knows that she has bruises littered all over her skin, but she ignores it.

"T.T... Tre…Trevor." The plump boy said which she knows his name is Neville Longbottom, while the bushy hair is Hermione Granger.

"Okay, how about the two of you have a seat. " Pierrot grins when both of them compiled and sat near Harry. "Well, here goes nothing. Accio Trevor," Right after she said those words, Trevor was
there in her own hands.

"Here you go," Pierrot gave the toad to Neville, but then looks at both of them. Just to show that she is just like them, a new student. "So, what's your name, if you don't mind?"

Both cuties eyes turned wide and started to blush upon seeing them that they forgot to tell their name.

"Merlin, I forgot. I'm Hermione Granger."

"Ne...Nevi...Neville Long...Longbottom."

Pierrot smile inwardly but then starts to introduce herself. "Pierrot, just Pierrot. I don't have last name."
Chapter 1

Pierrot was woken up by being shook by a hand on her shoulder. The shock was enough for her automatic reflex to snap her hand and grab the person's neck. It took her a moment to come too fully remember that she wasn't at home with those people anymore and when she did, she was fully awake and had opened her eyes properly, she noticed that her hand was wrapped around Hermione's neck. Pierrot quickly let go and brought her arm back to herself. She couldn't believe it; she, Pierrot, had choked Hermione Granger.

The fear on the trio's faces, made something inside her brake. Hermione saw the horrified look on Pierrots face and tried to reassure her, "It's okay, it's not your fault, Pierrot." Pierrot peered down and looked over the hand that had just been wrapped around her friends' neck with a shock like it had a mind of its own.

Hermione could tell her new friend was shocked, at what she had done and tried to help her snap out of it. Hermione slowly sat down next to her and put a hand on Pierrot's shoulder, "It's okay. It wasn't your fault. I shouldn't have shaken you like that, I'm sorry."

Pierrot shook her head vigorously and started to deny it. "No, Her-my-oh-nee. It's my fault, I should be able to control it." The words made the small compartment fill with an awkward silence. She couldn't take it, she stood abruptly and grabbed her bag, which had her robes in it, "I am going to go change into my robes," without waiting for a reply, Pierrot ran out of the compartment, not stopping till she reached a bathroom.

After Pierrot ran out from the compartment, Neville decided to ask what the trio had been thinking, "D… Do you think she will be o…okay?"

Harry looked over at where Pierrot had been sitting before she reacted to Hermione waking her up. He kept thinking about the bruises that covered her, although he couldn't see any more than her face and neck, it wasn't hard to guess that there was more. He knew what it was like to feel vulnerable and helpless or to be abused by parents, what it's like to be forced to show no emotion, and he could see that Pierrot is not over it. He can tell that she was ready to fight back.

"I think I'll go check on her," Hermione said, standing up, only to have Harry held up his hand to halt and shake his head.

"No, don't go," He said.

"W… what? Why?" Neville stared at Harry with wide eyes while Hermione looked at him incredulously.

"Are you crazy? She might do something to hurt herself. Couldn't you see how scared she was?" Hermione tried to reason with Harry, but the look on his face told her nearly everything she needed to know.

"Pierrot will not appreciate it if you bug her about it. She takes pride in what she went through and she managed to survive. There are bruises that litter her skin and she doesn't feel embarrassed about them. Do you know how much self confidence it takes to be able to do that? She might have been abused, but her eyes show that she will fight back, and she's not afraid to do so."
"H... how do... did you know?" Neville and Hermione looked over at Harry, with a questioning look.

"It's not only that, she is skinny, way too skinny," Hermione said.

"It's going to be okay. Hermione, Neville, please trust me."

Pierrot clenched her fists and looked in the mirror in front of her. NO. I will never become like that bitch and disgusting shit-eater. I will never become like my so-called parents. Pierrot said to herself, taking a deep breaths to steady herself.

She might be eleven years old, but because of her past life, she was able to stand and look after herself. She didn't need an adult to hover over her and she knows that she didn't need to depend on anyone, except for herself. She needed to learn how to take care of herself, to cook to earn money and learn how to do first aid.

She peeled off the last article of her clothing and she could see the scars that were littered across her body. Her body was nothing but a map. A map that showed how her home life really is and that she is the one who takes care of herself.

She even had to sew her skin together in some places, so that it wouldn't get infected. She also had to pour the alcohol over it as well.

While her previous life hadn't been eventful, at least it had made her stronger and not someone who cried at any and all hardships. She knew how to deal with messes that she made.

Without thinking about it, she started to put on her new school uniform, glad that she had talked Minerva into letting her wear the pants instead of the skirt. She looked ridiculous wearing a skirt.

She didn't care if people saw the bruises and scars, she just didn't want to deal with the stupid questions.

Holding up the last item of clothing, she looked at it with a raised eyebrow, "A tie? Really? How the heck am I supposed to wear this? Do I really need to?" Pierrot looked over the tie with confusion and annoyance. Suddenly realising that Hermione knew how to tie one, she placed the tie around her neck and let it hang there and she threw her other clothes into her bag. Making sure she had everything, she made her way back, to the compartment.

Pierrot stood at the door, watching the trio having a heated discussion. Pierrot didn't even want to know if it was about her. She opened the door a little bit harder than necessary making them all jump and look over at her.

"Is something the matter?" Pierrot asked, looking over at the trio, her head tilted to the side.

"No, nothing's wrong, you just startled us is all." Hermione answered, noticing the tie hanging loose around Pierrots neck, and then looked at the pants that Pierrot was wearing. "Why are you wearing a male uniform? Pants are for males, not females," Hermione frowned at her new friend.

"So? It never stated that females were only allowed to wear the female uniform. I just asked the lady who came to my house, with the Hogwarts letter, for permission to wear the pants. I don't like skirts, I'm not comfortable in them. And there is no rule saying that girls must wear skirts. It only says that girls must wear the school uniform," Pierrot replied.
Watching Hermione's eyes widening, and jaw drop was enough to make Pierrot smirk. She was sure that Hermione had never been spoken to like that in her life. Her life was already getting better and better.

She looked out the window and watched as the scenery by, as the train travelled forward, towards Hogwarts. She was wondering if her life was going to be like her previous one, or if this one was going to be better.

The trio looked at each other and then to Pierrot, "P… Pierrot, c… can I ask you some… something?" Hermione and Harry turned and looked at Neville with wide eyes. Pierrot didn't even turn or move. She knew that they wanted to ask something, not sure of the question, but she had a feeling it was to do with the bruises amongst her skin.

"You just asked a question, Neville," Pierrot chuckled, seeing Neville's eyes widen as she chuckled. "Don't worry Nev, I was just teasing you. Ask away, I don't bite."

Keeping her eyes closed, Pierrot turned her head towards the trio.

"W… why do you have bruises all over your sk… skin?"

Pierrot smirked upon hearing the knew that the question would be asked at some point. Maybe not this early though.

Then, she heard movement on the seats opposite her, she opened her eyes and looked over at the trio. They were nervous.

"My parents used me as a punching bag, almost to the point of death," Pierrot explained, making sure there was an emphasis on the word death. It was somewhat true, her so-called mother had stabbed her with a knife and almost gotten away with it.

A gasp came from the trio, Pierrot only laughed about it, "Your parents beat you?" Hermione asked. Pierrot just shook her head, "They aren't my real parents, because, if they were surely they would have given me a middle and last name?"

If there was one thing that Pierrot couldn't stand, it was the look in the trio's eyes; sympathy.

Pierrot couldn't stand the sympathetic looks people sent her way. She didn't need it, she could take care of herself, and she had done for as long as she could remember.

"I… I'm so sorry Pierrot," She looked over and leaned forward, gently touching Neville's hand.

"Nah, its okay. By the way, you don't have to be shy around me."

Neville flinched when he felt the condition of Pierrot's hands. They were calloused and rough as if she had been working the life of an older man. He had never seen so many scars and stithes covering a hand of a girl so young. He knew that Pierrot had felt him flinch, but she didn't acknowledge it, for which he was grateful.

She might be rough, but Neville could see that even after everything she had been through, Pierrot still had kindness in her.

"What house do guys think you'll be in?" Hermione asked the group, trying to change the subject and break the awkward silence. "I would love to be in Gryffindor, the same house as Dumbledore."
Pierrot raised her brow hearing the excitement in her voice, "You know Her-my-oh-nee, you should just be yourself. You are a unique girl, so don't enter a house based on someone else, enter a house because of you. I'm sure that you have qualities of every house and I'm sure you will be sorted where you fit best."

They all looked at Pierrot incredulously, suddenly Hermione seemed to have a realisation, "Blimey, you are right. I'm sorry. I shouldn't be worried about others. I still think that Gryffindor would be a good fit, but I think Ravenclaw would be good as well. How about you three?

Harry smiled at Pierrot and Hermione, "I think Gryffindor suits me." Neville nodded his head and agreed with Harry about Gryffindor, or perhaps Hufflepuff.

Then three pairs of eyes turned to look at Pierrot, "What about you?" Hermione asked, knowing that really, she didn't care what house she was in, as long as she was able to learn.

"Slytherin, maybe. Although, to be honest, I don't really care which house I am sorted into, I'll just go where they tell me too."

The trio looked at her as they started to go pale. "W… Why Slytherin? There are so many dark witch and wizards?"

Hearing what Harry had said, made her smirk like a Cheshire cat, "There are such bias and prejudice in that comment of yours, dear Harry," Pierrot said leaning forward, making all three of them shiver, the scars and stitches on her where not helping either. "Do you really think that the house you are sorted into will determine if you are evil or not? There are good and bad people in Slytherin, just like any other house. If a person knows both dark and light magic, it doesn't make them evil. It's how they use it that determines what they are. Don't let the colour of somebodies robes determine how you treat someone."

The trio could do nothing more than nod their heads, seeing the fear on their faces, Pierrot let out a bark of laughter, "I am sorry. I didn't mean to scare you guys so bad. Honestly, I apologise."

Hearing Pierrot apologise let the trio breathe a sigh of relief. Honestly, she could be scary if she wanted to be.

"We'd like to apologise as well, it's not fair to judge someone on hearsay. We haven't even met anyone in that house and we are already judging them. So, we're sorry."

Pierrot dismissed it with a flick of her hand, showing that she didn't care. "Meh, it doesn't matter. Although, it was quite funny seeing how quickly and pale your faces went."

Hearing that from Pierrot made Hermione huff and scoff, "You know, that's not a nice thing to do."

"Yes, yes. Sorry, mother."

Hermione's jaw dropped at hearing that, which only earned laughter from Harry and Neville. Then Hermione remembered something, "Pierrot, why do you say my name the way you do?"

Pierrot rubbed her nose and looked a little sheepish, making Hermione want to know the answer to her question even more, "Well, honestly. I don't know the proper pronunciation for your name, so I pronounce it one syllable at a time. It may take a bit for me to be able to pronounce it correctly. So, bear with me, please?"

Hermione broke into a massive grin and nodded her head, she was worried that Pierrot was making fun of her name, but hearing that explanation made her feel better about it. Pierrot wasn't making
fun of her, she just didn't want to pronounce her name wrong. "I think I can bear with it," Hermione replied.

"I don't like making fun someone's name. That name was given to you by your parents for a reason, and I should honour that by saying it correctly. You're my friend and I will never call you names, only your given name, in honour of you and your parents."

Hermione's eyes turn wide at what Pierrot said. Pierrot had called her a friend, and that she had liked her name. She didn't want to pronounce it wrong in honour of her parents. This is the first time anyone had ever said such nice things to her. Even Harry and Neville looked surprised at what Pierrot had said. Guess their new friend was full of unexpected things.
1x2 = Hogwarts

Chapter 2

Pierrot's eye twitched, her arms crossed over her chest, her leg bouncing erratically. Internally, she was screaming - wondering how much longer she would be stuck sitting on this damn, fucking train. It wasn't like she didn't have a good nap, in fact, this would be the first good nap she had had in a long time. She never got the luxury of having a good nap, or a good sleep.

As soon as the train stopped, Pierrot stood abruptly, and walked silently out of the compartment, trying to let the trio sleep for a few minutes longer. She knew that the half-giant would be calling for all first years soon. She half-jogged off the train, and found a place to sit.

She sat, looking at the vast lake in front of her, nearly lost in her thoughts when she heard Hagrid call out for the first years.

Then, a tall figure collided with hers - before she even had time to react. "Oh sorry, ain't see ya' there!" Hagrid said gruffly, but apologetically.

"Oroa dig inte for det." Pierrot said absently, as she stood up and dusted herself off, and turned to look at Hagrid. Seeing his confused face, she translated for him, "I said, don't worry about it."

Before Pierrot could say anything else, the trio's voice rang out across the platform, calling for her to share a boat with them.

Pierrot gave a low whistle upon seeing the castle, drawing the trio's amused eyes, especially Hermione, as the girl even cracked a grin.

"Holy shit, this is one hell of a castle."

Hermione's smile turned into a frown "Language, Pierrot."

Pierrot ignored Hermione, already turning her attention off the castle and onto the other students. She thought she could see a few students that she knew from the story. She may not have remembered much of the Harry Potter stories, but she knew that her being there would change something, and she was one-hundred-percent sure that she would change the something of Harry Potter's story.

She remembered that the first book she had ever been able to buy, was the first Harry Potter book. It was the first and only book she bought with her own money at a garage sale. Unfortunately, she was never able to finish it, her mother and father had beat her for wasting her time on 'such a stupid fucking pastime like reading...'

Her so called parents had tried to rip the book from her hands. Even though the book had been drenched in her blood, she still tried to keep it from them. She tried to protect it, but by the next day, the book that she wished to read, had been turned to dust. Nothing but dust.

"Pierrot?"

She blinked her eyes, willing away the traitorous tears that had built up in the corner of her eyes. The trio was looking worrily at her; although their new friend was unpredictable, seeing the faraway look in her eyes had worried them.
"Are you alright?" Harry looked over at his new friend with concern. There were only two things he knew for sure about the unstable girl - she hated prejudice and was prouder than anyone he'd met.

"I'm alright. By the way, Nev, is Trevor with you?" Pierrot looked over at Neville - looking for anything to change the subject.

"Y… yes, he's here." Neville stammered a little bit when Pierrot suddenly asked him about his toad, but he was glad when he saw the look of true concern on her face. At first when he saw her, Pierrot terrified him, especially with the bruises on her face, scars and criss-crossing stitch marks.

The new first years entered the Great Hall, all of them looking at the ceiling and the amazing wonders of the Great Hall - well - all but one.

The trio looked at their new friend, noticing instantly that she wasn't even paying attention to anything, just looking straight ahead. What they didn't know, was that her eyes had already scanned every inch of the Great Hall.

They still remembered what Pierrot had said when she had run her mouth at Malfoy just before Professor McGonagall came to collect them.

"You don't want to go making friends with the wrong sort…" Malfoy had said with a faint smirk.

Before Harry had been able to reply, Pierrot replied for him "So, you're saying you're the right sort? Because all I see, is a haughty, spoilt little brat, who knows nothing of hardship. Oh, and before you start going on and saying 'my father will hear about this,' or whatever, how about you look in a mirror, and ask yourself if you're even old enough to make threats."

The stool with the Sorting Hat was right in front of them - the professors assembled behind it. Harry, Neville and Hermione looked at Professor McGonagall nervously, Pierrot looked on with no expression at all, in fact she looked almost bored, making the trio worry about what she was thinking.

"I heard that the sorting will be painful. Fred and George told me that we will have to fight a troll."

The trio looked at each other worriedly. But as usual, Pierrot gave a cold laugh, "You must be fucking kidding me? Are you expecting me to believe that first years have to fight a fucking damn troll? Do tell me how you think we will be sorted, or what with? How exactly will it be determined which house we will be sorted into?" The red-headed boy's ears turn red, but before he could reply, Pierrot held up her hand. "Oh wait, maybe the fucking troll will be sorting us. Please, tell me how a dumb troll will sort us." The red-headed boy was unable to respond. "Oh, great, he doesn't know. Next time, please use your brain and be realistic. Oh, and next time I hear you bullshit around my friends, I won't hesitate to do something that you won't like." The boy shut his mouth immediately and ducked his head. The trio though looked at her like she had sprouted three heads. Hermione though, felt multiple emotions flowing through her.

She had never felt this happiness - before she had come to Hogwarts, nobody had ever wished to be friends with her. Hearing Pierrot say that she was her friend was enough to make her happy. But she was nervous that Pierrot had threatened him, she didn't want her new friend expelled before they even got sorted. Luckily no-one seemed to have heard.

"Please come forward after I call your name."

Hermione snapped her eyes to Professor McGonagall and waited for her name to be called.
One by one, names got called, and as she suspected, the trio all went to Gryffindor. The trio saw how she had been looking around after their names had been called. She still had her bored look on her face, even as she pulled a stitch from her hand, which made them all wince.

"Pierrot."

The trio's ears perked up, and even the red-head, Ron Weasley, lifted his head in surprise. The other students looked around upon hearing the unusual title, wondering why there was only one name. Slowly, a girl wearing a male uniform walked up to the Sorting Hat.

A gasp was heard throughout the room at the bruises that littered her skin. The student body couldn't believe the amount of scars or stitches that covered her body. Whispers started to fill the Hall as people saw more and more of her.

The trio looked around at the other students in the Hall, listening to the nasty rumors that were being started. The trio started to bristle, and began explaining the truth to people who could hear them. Those who heard, became silent upon hearing the truth. Ron couldn't understand how anyone could lay a finger on a child.

The trio and the red-head looked over at Pierrot. She sat on the stool, looking bored and inspecting her nails, as she waited for the hat to sort her.

"GRYFFINDOR!"

"What was taking you so long?" Hermione asked her friend.

"The Sorting Hat felt a little bit chatty, didn't you guys feel it as well?" Pierrot said, stretching her hands up and looking down the table. She could see a few more red-heads, that she knew were brothers to Ronald Weasley.

"Erm, Pierrot, right?" Ron looked over at her and started to squirm like a worm caught in the hot sun and no cover - as she met his gaze.

"Why are you squirming like worm caught in the sun?" she asked aloud - the other red-heads heard what she had said and burst out laughing, while Harry and Neville snickered. Hermione gave Pierrot an owlish look and dropped her jaw.

"Wh… what?" Ron asked.

"Stop squirming, I'm not going to bite you. And well, you're not an ice-cream, so I will not lick you. Although, I have never tasted ice-cream so I suppose I wouldn't know the different if I did."

"Wait, you've never tasted ice-cream?" the red-headed twins looked at her, horrified.

"Nope." Pierrot answered, popping the P.

"You have really never tasted ice-cream?" Harry looked at Pierrot with sadness in his eyes. Harry knew what Pierrot's life was like, but he just didn't know how much worse her life was then his.

"Nope, nej, née, nay." *Nope, nope, nope.* Pierrot didn't even need to look over at Harry to know that he must look a little bit sad upon hearing she had never tasted ice-cream.

Of course she had never had ice-cream, the money that she had worked hard for had gone towards
food for her so-called 'parents'. She had entered underground fights to earn more money. She may have been the tiniest person in there, but it helped her be able to sneak in and finish off her opponents and the fight as quickly as possible.

She was not a damsel in distress. She had been able to survive on her own for this long, she didn't need a hero. She was the hero.

Hermione, who was sitting next to Pierrot was also surprised that her friend hadn't had ice-cream. "You have truly never tasted ice-cream before?" Pierrot looked at Hermione through the corner of her eyes, and only raised her brow in answer.

Meanwhile, at the head table, the black clad professor looked over at Pierrot and Harry with an intense stare. "Pierrot," The professor murmured the name softly, and, as if he had yelled it, she looked over at the professor's table, with only her eyes moving to take them all in.

Her eyes stopped at the black clad professor and gave him her Cheshire cat smile, which was enough to make any who saw it pale and frighten. And the professors who saw it were no different.

That smile of hers was so scary that even the professor clad in black was squirming in his seat upon seeing it. 'That's my name, don't wear it out.' Pierrot mouthed to him, making Severus' eyes widen when he read the words from her lips.

He felt something clamp his heart when he understood Pierrot's message. He looked back over at her, but she was no longer looking at him. Slowly, he felt like something had been lifted from his shoulders.

"You haven't changed at all Pierrot. Still terrifying, dangerous, sharp tongued, prideful, and yet still kind and loyal. And you remain unpredictable as ever." Severus murmured, memories flashing before his eyes.

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Well I hope you enjoy it.
Chapter 3

Pierrot heard something about the Forbidden Forest and a third floor, but she couldn't be more concerned about that. Breaking rules was her second nature. She was more interested in satisfying her curiosity about her fellow students. What secrets do you hide? She wondered.

"Pierrot?" Pierrot snapped her head to the side as soon as her name left the mouth of her friend.

"Yes, Her-my-oh-nee?" Hermione squirmed under Pierrot's steely gaze. Remembering Pierrot's habit of making the other person uncomfortable when they squirmed, Hermione tried to stabilize herself.

Pierrot smirked.

Hermione became nervous. She looked down.

"I don't have snakes for hair, you know. I don't turn people to stone by looking at them."

Hermione turned red. Harry and Neville snickered at her, although they were surprised; Pierrot had a knack for making people uncomfortable without even trying.

"Are you calling me because the food has appeared?" Pierrot said, taking control of the situation

Hermione nodded her head and Pierrot gave her a smirk, thanking her friend. Pierrot looked over the food with a hollow look. Food was quite a precious thing in her life, she was barely able to acquire real proper food back at her home.

Hermione and Neville looked at Pierrot with a frown. Harry however, knew what it was like to go without food for years. He nodded his head at her and went back to his meal. Little did he know that Pierrot had it far worse than him.

Slowly, Pierrot let out a breath she didn't even know she was holding. She carefully scooped up one spoonful of mashed potatoes on her plate, with a pitiful amount of gravy. The trio and the red-heads looked at Pierrot worriedly. If they were worried about how little Harry put on his plate, Pierrot only made it worse.

Harry looked at his plate and back to Pierrot's with a frown. "Why don't you take a bit more?" he asked her, offering her the bowl of mashed potatoes.

Pierrot shook her head, "Sorry four-eyes, I can't eat too much, my wound and stitches are still healing."

All the students around Pierrot gasped at her words..

"What do you mean by your 'stitches and wound' are still healing?" Hermione asked, horrified.

Pierrot shrugged. "My stitches and wound are still healing. What can you infer from that?"
The red-headed twins looked at each other and started to question her. "What kind of wound would make you eat less?" They asked her.

"Stab wound."

Pierrot rested her head on her hand, waiting for everyone to finish dinner. Just as Ron reached out to get another chicken leg, a head popped up through the plate. Pierrot needed no introduction to the semi-corporeal person she saw. Nearly-headless Nick.

Pierrot didn't bother to participate in any of the conversations going around her, but when she heard the girly screaming she lifted her head, looking for the source. She looked over to see the youngest Weasley boy. When the trio saw Pierrot looking at Ron, they waited to see what would come out of their new friend's mouth. Even the Weasleys wanted to know.

"I didn't know that you screamed like a little sissy when someone shows you what they can do." Ron's face turned as red as his hair when he saw his twin brothers laughing at him. Pierrot just turned away and looked at Sir Nick. "Hello Sir Nicholas, it is quite nice to meet you. I really hope that we can all learn something useful here."

Sir Nicholas eyes widened upon seeing Pierrot and muttered to himself, the only thing that Pierrot could make out was 'Merlin's beard.'

"Of course, young one, you will learn something useful here and welcome to the Hogwarts, my dear. Not to be rude, but may I ask your name, my dear?" Slowly, Sir Nicholas leaned closer to Pierrot, making Ron squirm. Pierrot remained unaffected.

"No, I don't mind Sir, I am Pierrot."

"Only Pierrot? No last name?" Sir Nicholas looked at Pierrot questioningly. Her smirk made him feel something he hadn't feel in quite some time, he just wasn't sure what it was.

"Nope, no last name, unfortunately. Just Pierrot, Sir." Pierrot felt some satisfaction seeing the owlish look that Sir Nicholas directed at her. Oh, how she was enjoying seeing their expressions. It didn't matter if she was dead or alive, she took great joy in it.

Pierrot looked around as she, and the rest of the first years, followed the Weasley prefect to the Gryffindor common room. She could clearly hear the murmurs and the whisperings that were following her, they were coming from the paintings on the walls. Some were because of the bruises, cuts and stitches that littered her body. And some of them were whispering that she was back.

She wondered what they meant by 'she is back'. She might not have been able to read all the book or see all the movies, but she knew that she wasn't in the Harry Potter books of her previous life.

Pierrot walked behind her new friend and let them enjoy the castle as the wanted to. While she looked around the castle as if she had seen it her whole life.

She still remembered, in her previous life, when she got the book to read, it had been turned into nothing but ashes. She had lived a life of work, school, fighting and abuse. She was never was able to rest. Although, she had been able to graduate much earlier than any other student, which had made all her teachers proud.

Some of the teachers had been friends with her so-called parents. They kept trying to have their
way with her. But she had become so good at hiding that they never found her. She knew what they wanted whenever she was called to their offices, she wasn't a fool.

She was glad that at least some of the teachers were willing to help her, and some even understood the situation.

As soon as she graduated, she started working non-stop to get some money. She had even started to participate in the underground fights. Although the fighting brought in more money than anything else, it was still a huge risk to do. There was a higher risk of her dying, and most of her time was spent training so that she wouldn't.

With the extra money, she was able to put proper food on the table, of course, the rest of the money ended up going to her parents. No matter what she did, or how hard she tried, her parents always found a reason to hit her. But she was thankful for the money the underground fights brought in, it meant that she was able to save without them noticing.

When she had heard that the book had been made into a movie, she was so excited to go and see it. The day that she went and saw the movie, she arrived home late and, it nearly killed her. She hadn't been home to cook dinner for her parents and she had been beaten for it.

She had walked herself up to her room to stitch up her own wounds, glad that she had some alcohol to clean her wounds with. She had never feared her parents and never hid from them. She may have hidden when she was a small child, but as she grew up, she had to get stronger.

She was no damsel in distress that needed to be saved, in fact, she is the one who always does the saving of those who have fallen into the same life as hers.

Pierrot woke up from her previous life's memories when they stopped in front of the Gryffindor portrait, the Fat Lady. Everyone but her had piled into the common room, and the portrait started to close, about to leave her in the corridor. Pierrot grabbed the door frame and held it open. "Am I not allowed to enter? I didn't know that you could cast someone from Gryffindor out."

The fat lady looked over to see the voice but then gasped on seeing who it was. "Pierrot?" Pierrot quirked an eyebrow at seeing the look on the Fat Ladies face, her eyes were brimming with tears and she was holding a hand to her mouth, trying to stop the trembling of her mouth.

"That's my name, don't wear it out. Now, am I allowed to enter, or not?"

"Oh yes, please do." the frame opened widely, which was enough to show Pierrot that she was able to enter. She walked through, thinking that she really needed to know why all the portraits kept gasping upon seeing her or hearing her name.

Her mind started to whirl; was it because of the sorting, that the entire castle knew her name? That seemed impossible when there were no portraits in the Great Hall. Pierrot knew that she would have to check.

Pierrot leaned against the wall, watching the prefect, Weasley, explain the rules and where the girl and boy's dorm rooms were. And about the alarm that was on the girl's stairs, that would wake everyone if a boy tried entering the girl's dorms.

Pierrot looked closely at the boys, and saw Seamus try to make a comment about how the girls could just come to their dorms. Slowly, she moved behind him and replied to the comment. "No girl would want to enter the boys' dorms, because girls have no interest in seeing the guy-nado hit the dorms and ruin everything."
Pierrot's comment made the girls snicker, but all the boys were redder than Ron's freckles.

"True, we are not that eager to see what dorm looks like." One of the Gryffindor first year girls replied. Pierrot smirked.

Pierrot was the first girl in her dorm to wake up, the next morning. She looked at her watch and realized that no-one would be awake for some time. She looked around for a bit and still couldn't quite believe where she was. She couldn't believe that she was in a story, one that she had been trying to read for years.

As she got out of her bed, she gingerly closed the door to her shared dorm and walked to the common room. She was not exactly glad to know that she was sharing a dorm room with Lavender Brown and Parvati Patil.

With just a single look at them, she could tell that the two girls loved to gossip. She could tell, these girls would be talking about every single 'hot' thing that happened within the school; and she had no wish to be involved in or hear any of it.

Hermione had been looking at Pierrot when she saw that bored face her friend always wore whenever she introduced herself, and when others talked to her. She was thankful when the two gossip-girls stopped talking when they saw the look on Pierrot's face.

Pierrot walked down to the common room, glad that there was no one in there. She walked in and sat down on the sofa facing the fireplace and slowly leaned back. Taking a deep breath, she started to sing, a song she knew that would calm her and lift her spirits.

An Eluveitie band, she chose a rebirth song, even though this is a new and different story, she had still been reborn into it.

Oh bright sun of the night I lift my eyes up to thee
Oh ye amber golden light let the dark sweep over me
Mighty cauldron, oh nidus
I surrender all to thee
Panacean nothingness when nothing is left

These dreadful shades
Dancing in my dwindling sight
And crying out these hollow words
A straying soul in my scorching flesh
Dying down amid this fucking blaze

My swooning world
Infested by strident cries
In a worship of the void

All vanishing in a dull and distant noise

Oh bright sun of the night I lift my eyes up to thee
Oh ye amber golden light let the dark sweep over me
Mighty cauldron, oh nidus
I surrender all to thee
Panacean nothingness when nothing is left

This was my rebirth
As one with pain and with distress
Sweet surrender in serenity
Will I remember this womb at all?
Will I ever know?

Oh bright sun of the night I lift my eyes up to thee
Oh ye amber golden light let the dark sweep over me
Mighty cauldron, oh nidus
I surrender all to thee
Panacean nothingness when nothing is left

I am not here
I do not last
I am the grain in the earth
I am the wave in the deep
I am the softly whispered word
In the murmuring autumn breeze

In front of Antumnos' gate
I beheld the mirror in the lake
Recognize I did not
Nor did I comprehend

Oh bright sun of the night I lift my eyes up to thee
Oh ye amber golden light let the dark sweep over me
Mighty cauldron, oh nidus
I surrender all to thee
Panacean nothingness when nothing is left

This was my rebirth

The song might be a bit rough, but she needed to let out everything that was inside of her, she was also glad that's he didn't sing as loud as she wished she could.

She was glad that the library was not locked, she was also glad that she didn't get caught by Mr Filch and his cat. She brought a few books back to the common room, devouring everything that she could lay her hands on.

She didn't stop reading until she could feel the sun almost rise. She returned quickly to the library and put all the books back where they went. She didn't want to be hexed by Madam Prince. Hell, no, thank you very much.

Once the books were in place, she ran back and had a bath. She didn't want to be late for Transfiguration with Professor McGonagall. She looked at her appearance in the mirror and debated whether to tie her hair up or to leave it down.

She tied her hair into a high ponytail, looking at her reflection again, seeing the bruise had been reduced to an almost greenish and slightly blue. Slowly, she added some bruise paste to her face and jaw. The stitch in her neck still wasn't ready to be pulled out. They were still too new.

Without wasting her time, she walked to the great hall only to be greeted by a house elf. "Ms...Ms Pie...Pie...rrot. Is...Is th...that tr...truly y...ou?"
Pierrot frowned upon hearing what the house elf said. "Yes, it is me. But, do I know you?"

Seeing the house elf’s wide eyes, he started to scramble and bow his head as if he had done something wrong. "Dilly, sorry. Dilly should not speak to Ms Pierrot like that. Dilly should protect Ms Pierrot. Now Ms Pierrot hates Dilly. Dilly is a bad house elf, bad bad house elf."

"Wow, woah. Chill there, Dilly. What’s wrong? What do you mean to protect me? Why I should hate you? This is my first time seeing you Dilly. Did someone by the name Pierrot like me, study here before?"

Hearing those words from Pierrot was enough to make the little elf stop sobbing and look up at her with wide eyes again, "Ms...Ms Pie...Pier...rot never se...see Di...Dilly be...before?"

Slowly, Pierrot lowered herself to the same height of the tiny house elf, took out her bandana and wiped the eyes of the house elf. She saw the elves eyes go wide and, as if she knew exactly what the elf was thinking, She held the bandana over the elves head to stop him from punishing himself. "Don't you dare punish yourself for the things that I do." Pierrot said, scathingly. Making the house elves eyes go wide.

"But, Dilly do something wrong. Dilly dirty Ms Pierrot hanky."

"No, you did not make it dirty. Nothing about you is dirty Dilly. No more punishing yourself, okay?"

Pierrot didn't hear the answer that she wished for since the house elf kept looking at her with wide eyes. She knew that it would take time, but be damned if she was going to let the house elf hurt its self. "I didn't hear your answer, Dilly."

The tiny elf jumped before nodding quickly, Pierrot guessed that was the only answer she was going to get today. But she still needed some answers regarding herself, or who the portrait thought she was. There had clearly been another Pierrot here at some point, but she wondered why they all, including the house elf, though it was her. She will find the answer eventually, but right now, she needed breakfast, she was so damn hungry. She was hoping that there was more than Porridge and Oats for breakfast. Ever since being stabbed, all her stomach could handle was smooth food items. And god was she fucking over it.

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A/N: Hope you guys enjoy. The song is from Eluveitie band - Rebirth

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![](https://via.placeholder.com/350.png?text=PIERROT)
A/N: Happy New Year! and thank you to my beta iamawesomeanduknowit

Chapter 4

The transfiguration class is not bad, to be honest, not only that, she is also the first one that able to change a matchstick into a needle without any problem at all, as if she has been learning magic for quite sometimes. To receive ten points for able to do some transfiguration without any problem indeed lifted her sour spirit a little bit.

Her eyes keep twitching, but that's all because of the cause of the sour spirit she had was sitting right next to her, namely Draco fucking damn Malfoy.

She starts to wonder who the fuck put a curse on her for bratty little Draco sat right next to her. Not only that, the sour spirit also came from his mouth, because he never stops talking and insulting which obviously Pierrot ignored. Finally, the evil blonde idiot shuts up when he realizes Pierrot isn't reacting to him. She looks at him from the corner of her eye. "Done? I thought that your mouth won't stop clucking like a chicken about to lay eggs. Why don't you actually try to transfigure the goddamn matchstick into a needle instead?"

Draco's face turns red when Professor McGonagall walks over to them and sees that the matchstick on Draco's side was still not turned into a needle.

"Mr. Malfoy, I must agree to what Ms Pierrot said. Less talking and Start practicing." She sternly reprimanded Malfoy.

"My father will hear about this," Draco grumbles.

Pierrot rolls her eyes. This boy has been rotten to the core, she thought.

"Will you stop grumbling and just do what you have to do? You haven't transfigured anything. Your father is not about to come in and transfigure it for you in here." She scolds her annoying partner.

Draco looks over Pierrot heatedly and begins to transfigure the matchstick.

Just as he attempts to say the incantation, he loses focus as his ears catch the melody of a song he never had heard before.

I remember the rise  
We were running backyard to yard  
Wasn't scared of going too far, staying out til it's too dark

Now daylight don't make it right  
And you would really know this  
Closed hearts make closed minds  
I won't tell you it's all butterflies and roses  
When I back in time

When we were safe  
Back then when we were safe
There's not much comfort in this place
I'll keep you safe
When you can't fight the bitter taste
I'll keep you safe

Slowly, Draco looks over at Pierrot from the corner of his eyes. For some reason, he couldn't shake off the song that she sang from his mind. Her voice makes him feel as if she was a mermaid.

I don't remember it all
But I know that I was invincible
Like the heroes in the cartoons
Saving lives through my living room

Now daylight don't make it right
And you would really know this
Closed hearts make closed minds
I won't tell you it's all butterflies and roses
When I back in time

When we were safe
Back then when we were safe
There's not much comfort in this place
I'll keep you safe
When you can't fight the bitter taste
I'll keep you safe

The songs makes his chest swell. He didn't know what it was, only that it reassured him, made him feel safer. He concentrates back on the matchstick and says the incantation for the transfiguration, but Pierrot's song is still stuck in the back of his mind. He can feel the magic engulf him. Draco closes his eyes, and suddenly feels that he is floating, as if he were on a cloud.

I know that I'm a fighter
Yeah, always been a fighter
But I tried to play with fire and I got burned
Don't know how to help us
Yeah, I'm feeling kind of helpless
Yeah, maybe you so selfish if it don't wanna hurt
I know that I'm a fighter
Yeah, always been a fighter
But I tried to play with fire and I got burned
Don't know how to help us
Yeah, I'm feeling kind of helpless
Yeah, maybe you so selfish if it don't wanna hurt

There's not much comfort in this place
I'll keep you safe
When you can't fight the bitter taste
I'll keep you safe
Back then when we were safe
Back then when we were safe
Back then when we were safe
When he opens his eyes again, to his own surprise, he has successfully transfigured the matchstick

to a sharp, metal needle.

"You did great; all you had to do was relax and calm your shit down." Pierrot told him as she

examined his needle.

Draco almost jumps upon hearing her voice, but he is quite relieved to hear her compliment.

Although, he felt her last comment was scandalous and inappropriate for a young lady. She may be

smart, he thought; but she is crass and rude.

"I don't need your help," Draco sneered, but to be honest, he did indeed need her help to make him
calm.

"Whatever you say, pale face," Pierrot smirks.

Draco's face turns red again, but any come back he had was put to an end after Professor

McGonagall informs everyone about their homework.

The transfiguration class is not quite as bad as Pierrot thought, but since there was still some time
left before she had to go to her potions class, she thought she might as well read a bit from her text
book. She had read some of the books when she couldn't sleep, but it never hurt to read more.

She doesn't even call for Madam Pince as she enters. She looks behind her shoulder, and around
her to see if anyone is looking, and once the coast was clear she walked straight right into the

restricted section. She knew that she wasn't technically supposed to be there, but it then again, as
they say, curiosity killed the cat.

As she heads over to that section, she hears a weird slapping sound and someone moaning. Pierrot

panics and runs over to where the sound was coming- only to be scandalized by what was going on.

"You know if you done with your shagging session, perhaps you should move so I can take the
book that you lean." She dryly says to the couple shamelessly screwing each other. The couple
stop their, eh-hmm, 'activities' and look at her as if she had three heads, but do what she asked
nonetheless. Slowly, Pierrot leans to one of the bookshelves, waiting for them to finish their'
exercise', after all the book that she wishes is at the back of the girl. Lorde, to think that they were
shagging near those books. She cringes.

Pierrot looks over at the book that she took out from the bookshelf with relief ,when she saw there
was no weird fluid that she had to deal with.

The couple promptly resume their screwing.

The blond boy had a bulky body, like that of an athlete or professional body-builder. She even saw
some kind of Viking tattoo on his shoulder, and judging by the uniform and robe that he's wearing,
the boy was in Slytherin.

His partner, judging from the robes, was a brunette Hufflepuff. She was completely unfazed that a
little girl caught them red-handed; in fact, she screams the boy's name even louder.

That was a very bad move, because it attracted unwanted attention and another girl joined Pierrot
as to see what had happened.

"Ahhh!" the young girl screams.
The couple, now brought back from their land of ecstasy look over to see the girls, and completely shocked, they throw their clothes at each other and started screaming at each other. In their haste, they do not realize that they had accidently exchanged their ties.

"Pierrot! Why you didn't call Madam Pince when you saw them!" Pierrot looks over Hermione, slightly amused. But upon seeing Hermione's accusing look, she realizes that Hermione was serious.

"And do tell me why?" Pierrot asks her.

Hermione looks at Pierrot with horror "This is a library! They are-They are doing it!" Pierrot nods her head with amusement yet she manages to keep her expression stoic. "Yes true this is a library and they were fucking each other like damn fucking rabbits in heat, so your point is?"

Hermione looks over Pierrot with wide eyes and a horrified expression. You could define horror from Hermione's waiting for Hermione to snap her mouth, Pierrot look over at Thorfinn and the Hufflepuff. "How about the two of you dress up more properly, huh? No one wishes to see that disappointing elephant trunk and those cow milk tanks."

The Hufflepuff look at her skeptically, but she does dress up properly. Pierrot looks over Hermione and gives her a small nod. Hermione understands and leaves immediately.

Thorfinn looks at the small, blonde girl. If he hadn't noticed her closely, he would've definitely mistaken her for a Malfoy. However, this girl's hair was a white blonde, unlike the Malfoy's platinum blond hair. Not only that, he could clearly see a bruise that was fading on her delicate skin. There were multiple scars and stitches all over her, even on her neck. He now definitely knew that this girl was not a Malfoy; from what he knew about their son, they would definitely not treat their children the way the small girl in front of him had been. He tries to recall, where had he seen that face? when realization hits him. Ahhhh, yes.

"You're the girl that doesn't have a last name, are you not?" Thorfinn whispers, while Pierrot was reading the book silently, as if nothing happened a few minutes ago.

"Is there any problem with that?" the girl didn’t look at him or even flinch at all. He wondered as to why she acted like that. If he was her age he would've ran for the hills, trying to burn that image out of his brain. He would've been traumatized forever.

What he didn't know was that Pierrot had seen that scene before. Almost everyday. Concealing her emotions was now her second nature.

"Then that means you just a child that her parents didn't wish to have her. What a pity. You know, I can teach you something that no one ever teaches you." He raised his eyebrow and smirked at her, haughtily.

"Yes, I'm aware that my own parents didn't wish to have me at all. But I never cared nor do I need a shoulder to cry. As for your proposition; no. I don't want to. Perhaps you should comfort that Hufflepuff of yours. I know that she might be an easy shag but it never hurt to show some sympathy for her." Pierrot turns her face to look at Thorfinn.

Thorfinn observes her closely. Her eyes appeared to be Amethyst from a distance, but now he could see her right eye was ice blue and her left eye was jade green.

"Ms Pierrot, Mr Rowle and Ms Grace, please follow me to the headmaster office now!" Madam Pince's voice snaps him back to reality. So that was where the mousy girl went. Thorfinn internally
Madam Pince looks over the trio with disdain. Pierrot doesn't need to be told twice; she immediately gets up.

"But before that, can I borrow this book Ma'am, I haven't finished reading it yet" she asks Madam Pince.

The older woman looks over at Pierrot, perplexed but then she takes the book from Pierrot's hands and nods her head. She is confused; was this child afraid or did she simply not care?

"Ms Pierrot. Perhaps you can tell us what you have seen before Ms Granger came around?"
Professor Dumbledore looked at her with that twinkle eyes that made her wish to dig out his eyes with her bare finger.

Pierrot raised her single brow that still has a stitch and starts to look around. There was Professor Snape, Madam Pince and obviously Dumbledore and those two rabbits in heat.

Without batting her eyes all around again, she opens her mouth and talks about everything from the time she enters to the library until she meets the two idiots in the middle of their mating session and how Hermione met her and told Madam Pince. She doesn't miss a single detail.

Right after she finishes her talking, Professor Snape and Madam Pince turn red as tomatoes while Dumbledore coughs awkwardly. The blond boy looks at her with smug face, but his eyes clearly tell her that he will find and end her life as soon as they got out of there. The Hufflepuff on the other hand, was extremely embarrassed and wanted to get out of there as soon as she could.

Before Pierrot can say something that will make the girl mouth close, Dumbledore starts talking. "Ms Pierrot, indeed I asked for you to inform us, but perhaps you ought've considered the implications."

Pierrot looks over Dumbledore and raises her brow.

"My apologies but you asked me to inform you everything, without leaving anything at all. I told you everything without you using legillemency. I sort of saved your work." The sarcasm literally dripped from her mouth.

Dumbledore flinched. Before he could say anything, Pierrot bowed her head. "If that's all, perhaps I must leave, as I have another class to attend and I don't want to be late for my first class, Albus" Pierrot say Dumbledore's name very quietly, it was as if she wanted him to hear it, but not really.

She knew that she might be on the edge, but she never once called any Professor their first name in school without adding their designated title.

Again, in the potions class, which was taught by Professor Snape, Draco sat next to her. Good Lorde, why did this little brat have to sit next to her.

Pierrot waits patiently while Snape continues to belittle Harry, which makes her a little irritated. However, Draco's snickering about it was enough for her to almost bash his face in.

"Now Ms Pierrot, what is the difference between monkshood and wolfsbane?" Pierrot comes out of her stupor when Snape suddenly asked her a question. Moving on to a new victim, I see, she thought.
"They are the same plant, they also come with the name ofaconite, aconitum, Arnica Montana, leopard's bane, mousebane, women's bane, devil's helmet, queen of poisons and some even call it blue rocket." She replied confidently and with such accuracy, that even Snape himself was slightly surprised.

The whole class looked in Pierrot's direction with shock. They were not only surprised to hear those many names for the plant, but even the purebloods and half-bloods hadn't heard of a few of the names. Except for one muggleborn whose face was now sporting a grin.

"Ten points from Gryffindor" Both Hermione and Harry look at Snape with a frown and start to wonder why their house been deducted their point while Pierrot only raised her single brow. Draco looked at his godfather and Pierrot with wonder as to why his godfather deducted them. However, being the evil little git he is he was secretly happy.

"Okay, sure no problem with me." Again both Hermione and Harry look at her as if she suddenly had a another arm on the top of her head while Draco looks at her confounded.

Severus was filled with extreme hatred for his new student, upon seeing her arrogance and as it brought back a bitter-sweet memory. That answer was the same answer whenever he had a fight with Pierrot, and bring amusement to Lily.

"Excuse me?" he asked her, clearly repulsed.

"I said, it is no problem with me Professor Snape, after all you will take points from Gryfindor no matter what the answer. After all, surely you will protect your house, isn't it, Severus?"

Pierrot blinks her eyes vigorously, what is happening to her. Why is she calling everyone by name? And how is it audible only to the person it applied to?

She knew something was amiss. While she wore contact lenses to hide her heterochromia, she could see the reflection of herself in her cauldron. Dammit, she cursed. Her true colors were visible now.

Meanwhile Severus was scared shitless when he heard Pierrot call him by his name, and when he suddenly saw her eyes shift from amethyst to that jade green and ice blue. He still remembers those eyes; they not only calmed him but also terrified him to no end. Especially when he saw her dying with her intestines spilled outside her navel.

Merlin, that sight alone until now haunted him to no end. He knew very well that even Lupin, Black, Potter, and Lily wouldn't be able to fathom who did such things to her. The LeStrange brothers, Yaxley, Dolohov, Nott and Greyback don't know who was willing to do that to her.

Sweet Cercie, Lily even met him and confront with him as to who will do such things to their Pierrot. But this Pierrot, it's as if seeing their Pierrot, that white blond is also like her, except their Pierrot's hair had a blue and deep purple strike in her hair.

"Another ten points for disrespecting a teacher in class" Dear Merlin, the look and the manner of this Pierrot is the same with their Pierrot. He needs to be prepared for his mental and physical, but he needs to do some research, he needs to know whether this Pierrot is some sort of doppelganger or not.

July 19, 1930

"Who are you and what are you doing in my room?" the boy look at the white blonde hair girl with
a frown. As the girl turns around, the boy looks at the girl with wide eyes. The girl's face is bluish, greenish and slightly purple, from which he clearly deduced that the girl was abused.

Slowly the boy walked to the girl and wiped some blood off at the corner of the girl's mouth. The girl didn't even flinch. However, the boy was captivated by her eyes; they were so beautiful, the left eye was the color of his matron's jade necklace, but her right one, he only remembered seeing that color on the coldest of winter days.

The girl does not not respond. The boy asks her again as to what she doing in his room.

"To set your blanket and clothes," she replies. Her answer was simple, straightforward and a little sarcastic at the end.

The boy rolled his eyes upon hearing her answer, yet he tries again "What's your name? I never saw you before…"

The girl looks at the boy with hollow eyes. The boy sighs. He decided to initiate conversation. "My name Tom Riddle and you are?"

"Pierrot." the girl, Pierrot, replies.

Tom frowns upon hearing her name. "Only Pierrot?"

"Yes, may I go now? I've already set your blanket and your clothes. Please excuse me." The girl moved past him, and before he could call her, he saw blood seep from the girl's clothes.

He looks more carefully at the girl, Pierrot. He could clearly see scars, stitches and bruises all around her. That night he keeps on thinking, Who is that girl? Why did he never see her in the orphanage before? Why she don't have the last name? Why she have those things all around her skin?

He wonders who even thought that giving 'Pierrot' name to the girl is suited for the girl.

A/N: Hope you guys enjoy it, song by Daya - Safe
Chapter 5

Pierrot was glad she put a silencing charm around her the previous night. She hoped no one heard her scream that night. Slowly she woke up and wiped her face with her hand.

The girl's mind whirled around, and she wondered. Who was that boy? What was she doing in that orphanage? Why did she have the same pitiful life even there? Why were there two of her? Why the hell was she even in that dream?

The exact same face, white blonde hair, hell the girl even had her heterochromia, that too in the same colours. Pierrot wondered, whether the girl in that dream is her doppelganger.

Realisation slowly dawns upon her face. The girl in her dream called herself Pierrot, without a surname, just like her. Pierrot looked out the window with a frown.

Without wasting any more time, she walked out of the Gryffindor Common room but not before she put a disillusionment charm and a cushioning charm on herself. She didn't want to get caught by that kitty cat and Mr Half-Baldy aka Mr Filch.

Screw her insomnia, she needed to know about this girl and why on earth she had the same name as her. This was not simple coincidence. As she passed the library, she stopped in her tracks. She just wouldn't be able to focus when there are books to be read. She might be a good fighter, but that wasn't where her heart truly resided. All she wanted was to have a book in her hands. Pierrot entered the library. After all, she thought, there might be something related to her dream inside the wizarding world's largest library.

Pierrot sighed. There was literally nothing about dream-doppelgangers in the library. She kept getting distracted by everything else, after all, where would she find books about doppelgangers in the library? Focus Pierrot, she told herself. Doppelganger first. Human transfiguration, advanced potions, ancient runes can come later.

"Damn! If I keep getting distracted, I won't be able to find this other Pierrot girl." Pierrot leaned into the chair that she occupied. She suddenly remembered the next class she had. Reading for the next class won't hurt, she thought.

With a flick of her wand, the books that she took out to search for her dream doppelganger were returned back to their original shelves. About a dozen books related to her class floated down from a nearby shelf and plopped on the table in front of her. She looked closely at her wand, she still remembered the day she chose- the wand, 13 ¾ thestral tail hair core and black ash wand, chose her. It was very unique; the only one that Mr Ollivander made using thestral tail hair and black ash wood.

She took a deep breath and lifted the cover of the first book in front of her. She knew that any peace she had was short lived, so she had to make use of such moments to get a better grip on her studies.

Meanwhile, in the staff, Professor McGonagall was in deep thought about the white-blond haired girl in her house.
She was eerily similar to other girls Professor McGonagall faced in her past. Strangely, even those girls had the exact same name and face, just like the Gryffindor first year. The only difference was their hair and eyes.

If those girls didn't have different hair and eyes, they would be exact clones of the current girl, Minerva thought. The Pierrot in her had the exact same attitude as the other 'Pierrots' she had met.

The first Pierrot she met was when she was still young and a student at Hogwarts. The first Pierrot, was also a platinum blonde. She had scars that littered her entire skin; one on her face, which ran from her forehead, across her eyes and right down her cheek. But what stood out most were the first Pierrot's eyes. One jade green, and the other an icy blue.

She was also highly intelligent, Minerva remembered getting jealous; Pierrot didn't even have to work that hard to come in first place. What was more surprising was that she rejected the offer to be Prefect and Head girl.

The ‘first’ Pierrot was a Slytherin but this Pierrot and those previous Pierrots had the same attitude.

Professor McGonagall took a deep breath and looked over at the Forbidden Forrest with sorrow and heartache. Even though the two of them were never on good terms, Pierrot always had calmed her nerves with her singing.

Pierrot had even given her some pointers for better grades, even though Minerva always replied with disdain. However, she never forgot her advice. Her Pierrot might have been blunt and always blatantly blurted out whatever she thought; never caring about others, but she always cared for those she loved in her own way.

Another thing Professor McGonagall remembered was all the Pierrots wore the male uniform. They were never scared to show their scars and stitches, but what made Professor McGonagall smile was when she told her that she knew she would look ridiculous in the girls' uniform without even trying on a skirt.

Again Professor McGonagall looked over the Forbidden Forest with sadness. She still remembered Tom Riddle asking for their headmaster to search for his sister of heart, since she hasn't returned to Hogwarts for almost a week.

Professor McGonagall remembered whenever Pierrot returned back for new terms, there was always a new cut, or stitches and bruises. There was not a single day where Pierrot didn't have new scars, stitches and bruises on.

On the 5th of March, 1945, Tom Riddle burst into the Great Hall with an urgency which alarmed Minerva.

"Pierrot hasn't returned back, it has been a week now!" Riddle shouted; the arrogant boy she knew was replaced with a heartbroken, sad version of himself. Even Fenrir Greyback who sat near Lupin became rigid.

"We will search for her, don't you worry Mr. Riddle." Dumbledore tried to calm the boy but he was livid.

"That's what you have been saying since the past week! She's my sister!" They might not have been siblings by blood, but anyone with power to see could tell that the boy thought of her as family. Both of them were orphans, but the difference was while she was reckless and crass, Riddle was charming and manipulative. While Tom at least had a last name, she didn't.
It was not long before the Gryffindor and Slytherins had a combined class in the Forbidden Forest. It was as uneventful as it could be, when a girl rips out a blood-curling scream.

Most of the students rush to see what happened, only to see the girl's horrified face. Slowly, they turned their necks in the direction the Slytherin was pointing at, and what they saw made everyone clasp their hand to their mouth. A Gryffindor boy fainted. They would never be able to get that gruesome image of that poor girl out of their head.

There, on the tree, was the mutilated body of Pierrot with her chest ripped with a stick embedded inside. Her eyes were half open, head lolled to the side.

Riddle screams in despair for the girl he thought the world of. The courteous, charming, refined Tom Riddle was reduced to a wailing mess of a man, as he rocked the lifeless body of Pierrot back and forth, wishing for her to respond.

Just a look at the Forbidden Forest was enough to open that tragic memory. Seeing the limp body of her rival and friend on that tree, was enough to make her shatter her heart in a million pieces. On the fifth day of every March, she returned to that tree to lay yellow roses.

That girl had no bloody idea about flowers or feminine matters, sometimes Professor McGonagall wondered about how she dealt with her monthlies. However, she fancied black roses, and lavenders the most.

"I wish you could see this girl Pierrot, she has the same name as you and I must say it is quite eerie how both of you are similar, right from your face to your attitude. I have missed you, my good friend"

After shutting the cover of the last book, she sends all the other books back to their shelves with a swish of her wand. It is only when she looks at her watch does she realize how much time she spent in the library; it was 4:30. She realized she had only half an hour before the professors woke up. Without wasting a single moment, she put a charm on herself and raced back to the Gryffindor common room. She even finished the book she borrowed from the library yesterday.

Pierrot found a cold shower very relaxing; while some of her roommates preferred hot water. The plump girl and the walking-radio kept on arguing for the hot water, but Pierrot was extremely grateful that those arguments happened when she was not in the room. From what she heard from the others, if she was present then she would've locked the idiots in the bathroom.

She gently tilts her neck towards in front of the mirror to check her stitches. She sighed. They still needed more time.

"Ms Pierrot!" Madam Pince looks at Pierrot in shock, it was her first time seeing a student, nevertheless a first year up and in the library at the crack of dawn.

Madam Pince always winced when she saw the poor girl's scarred skin. What she found even odder was that the girl herself didn't even care what other people have thought of her. You could be telling her what a horrid girl she was to her face and she wouldn't flinch.

Madam Pince almost had a heart attack when she heard the way Pierrot explained what happened with Rowle. She didn't even flinch, not even a little, when she told them about it. Such a graphic description about the 'incident' coming from only a first year was indeed very shocking to all of them.
"Good morning to you too, Madam. I just came to return the book that I borrowed yesterday, while I had to wait for Rowle to finish." Pierrot set neatly in front of Madam Pince. Madam Pince looked at the small girl skeptically.

The book was so thick, even Pierrot joked that if she threw the book at a hippogriff, it would drop down dead. How was this girl able to finish such a large book in only a single day? Even that Granger girl who borrowed a different thick book, had not returned the book yet.

Dear Merlin, what kind of brain did this first-year girl have? "You finished reading it?"

"Well, I had a lot of free time on hand, so I used it to read the book."

"I see."

Pierrot nods her head and walked to a faraway corner of the library, one which was almost never touched. She sat down and promptly summoned books from the bookshelves which she thought might be interesting to read.

Pierrot read everything she could lay her hands on; including subjects for first-years till subjects for seventh-years and everything in between. Human transfiguration, however, was Pierrot's favourite subject. She even found reading about the dark arts quite interesting. She couldn't wait to try it out. For her, the world wasn't in black and white. She believed in knowing something about everything.

She had a wide smile on her face when all the books she called far dropped down on her table. For her, heaven would be a library. She did not have to hide any book from anyone here; she was free to read to her heart's contentment.

Previously, she was unable to even touch a book let alone read one. If her so-called parents found her reading, they would have abused her and ripped those books before burning it to ashes. You can see why Pierrot scanned through books like a malnourished child ate food.

Pierrot might not have any happy memories, but she could always create them.

"Or wait," she whispered to herself. "Occlomency!"

She did not know much about the art of blocking mind readers, but from what she did know, it would be very useful for her to hide her tragic past from other prying eyes- or in this case, minds.

"Ms. Pierrot!" Madam Pince called for Pierrot, but she didn't even look up. Madam Pince was astounded. Never in her entire career as librarian had she seen a person so engrossed in reading not only one, but multiple books at the same time.

"Ms. Pierrot!" She tried again, but was only met with silence.

"Ms Pierrot!" She tried one last time, gently placing her hand on Pierrot's shoulder. Pierrot was startled, and without even thinking she pointed her wand to the person who touched her.

Madam Pince's face slightly pales, but when Pierrot realizes her mistake, she apologizes profusely.

"It is alright my dear, you were too engrossed in reading those books. However, it's almost time for breakfast, you should go to the Great Hall." Madam Pince looked over at the books that Pierrot been reading. "Do you want me to put these books away?" she gestures at the pile of books on Pierrot's table.
"Yes, I think I should go to the Great Hall. Thank you, Madam Pince for informing me. I would like to finish reading those books, though."

"I could keep them aside for you. When you are free again, just let me know. But if you insist-" Madam Pince said. "You can take these five with you." She added with a smile.

Pierrot beamed. "Once again, I'm really very sorry for almost attacking you Madam Pince, but thank you. Thank you so very much!" Pierrot sincerely apologizes. She never wished to harm Madam Pince.

Madam Pince simply waves her wand and dismisses Pierrot.

Hermione woke up with a jolt. She looked over at Pierrot's bed, only to find it empty. When does this girl wake up? she wondered. For the past two days she woke up early, trying to beat Pierrot but failed. Hermione noticed something very strange though. Pierrot's bed looked barely slept in. In fact, it was just as it had been when they first visited the dorms. She couldn't worry about her friend though she had much more pressing matters at hand.

Without wasting any time, she ran to the bathroom. She didn't want to stay in the same room with Lavender and Parvati without Pierrot. The girls would immediately stop gossiping when Pierrot was in the same room. One glare from Pierrot was enough to shut them up.

Pierrot excels in verbal communication just as well as her non-verbal skills. Hermione still remembers what Pierrot said when the gossip girls talked about the hottest guy in Hogwarts.

"Are you bunnies in heat or what? We've only just begun our first year and you're only concerned about which boys are hot. Why should we care about which boys have the best muscles and who is the most 'delicious'? I don't even want to know what you mean by that.

"If both of you can't keep it in your pants, at least don't involve me and Her-my-oh-nee in your gossip. Both me and Her-my-oh-nee have better things to do than talk about which boy was cuter," Pierrot said the last part in a bad impression of Parvati's voice. "-or had the best smile." She finishes in Lavender's voice.

Hermione chuckled upon seeing the red faces of her dorm-mates. The two girls spoke about literally nothing other than pointless gossip, but if Pierrot did so much as glance in their direction, they would turn as silent as stone.

Hermione looked at Pierrot's bed one more time, and wondered where she might be. Eventually, she decided to go check the Great Hall.

Pierrot was at the Great Hall, just as Hermione predicted. Hermione approached Pierrot with a smile, but she suddenly stopped in her tracks. She saw that Pierrot was surrounded by books. Not the ones she borrowed yesterday, but actual, new books from the library.

"New books? But what about the ones that you borrowed yesterday? And when did you go to the library today?" Hermione asked Pierrot, surprised.

Hermione sat next to Pierrot and start to fire so many questions at once, to which Pierrot replied without looking at Hermione.

"Good morning to you too, sweetheart. Yes, these are new books. I already finished reading the other ones. I woke up pretty early and went to the library. Now take a deep breath, it is quite a
lovely day to learn new things and I don't want you to die choking on your saliva.” Pierrot replied to everything that Hermione asked her.

Right after Pierrot finished talking, she set a plate of toast for Hermione and some tea. Pierrot on the other hand, chose some black coffee, tea with no sugar and some water which was enough to make Hermione look at her weirdly.

Hermione had seen her friend eat breakfast like that, but she dismissed it as she thought maybe she had eaten a lot, but again she kept eating very light. A heavy breakfast, and three beverages later, she opened her mouth to ask Pierrot a question, but then decided against it. She decided to wait until tomorrow. If Pierrot still eats her breakfast like that, then she will ask.

"Have you finished the potions and transfiguration homework?" Hermione asked. She was concerned whether her friend was completing her work or only reading books.

"Already done that." Hermione turned over Pierrot so fast that she almost got whiplash.

"Wait, you've already done it? As in, already finished it?" Pierrot didn't reply to what Hermione asked, as she nodded her head continuing to read the book.

"Can I look at it?" Hermione wanted confirmation. Pierrot fished out 2 rolls of parchment out of a small satchel and gave it to Hermione. Pierrot smirks when she sees Hermione's expression of bewilderment.

"How...how did you finish it in one day? And wait- your essay has everything, even about the spells. And...and there's an example from the first year textbook." Hermione squints her eyes; she'd never seen this example in any of her textbooks. "What's this? This isn't from our text book!"

Pierrot peers into her scroll.

"Oh right, yeah, that's from the seventh year textbook."

"But why?" Hermione looks at Pierrot, her mouth agape.

"Why not?" Pierrot shrugged, and returned to her book.

Hermione begins to tell her that the professors only asked for a foot-long essay, but before she could say anything, Pierrot cut her off.

"Are you okay with flying?" Hermione's eyes snapped to meet Pierrot's.

"What do you mean?" She asked.

"Well, I hope you're not afraid of heights." Pierrot added with a smirk.

Bloody hell, Hermione mentally screamed when she saw her only friends fly around, without permission, just to take back Neville's Rememberall.

I will kill both of them if they don't come down this instant, Hermione muttered. She almost fainted when she saw Pierrot jump from her broom to catch Neville's rememberall but gave out a sigh of relief when the broom flew back to her and she mounted it. Yep, Pierrot's definitely dying after she comes down.

Hermione started marching angrily towards Harry and Pierrot when they dismounted their brooms but abruptly stopped. Professor McGonagall whisked away Harry, which made Hermione scared.
What if he got expelled?

"Harry will not be expelled." Hermione jumped as Pierrot read her thoughts.

"How did you-"

"Your face gives away everything. Relax, they won't expel someone for such a petty reason." Pierrot leaned onto her broom while looking over at Hermione in the corner of her eye. She smiles when she saw how cute Hermione looked when she frowned.

"Hey, can I sit next to you in next class? If I'm not mistaken it will be Charms." Pierrot asked her friend

"Of course, but may I ask why?"

Pierrot scratched her nose and started to rub her neck, and Hermione knew that Pierrot was nervous.

"Well, you know how bad my pronunciation is, right?" Hermione nodded her head, asking for her friend to continue.

"Well, I'm afraid I'll be having a problem. If I'm not mistaken the first class will be about lifting something."

Hermione looks over Pierrot with wide eyes and wondered how her friend knew about this.

Pierrot was true to her word, as Professor Flitwick attempted to teach his class the Levitation Charm.

She was again right when she began to say the incantation. Pierrot had an obvious difficulty in pronouncing the words.

"No, no, it's not levIosA, it's leviOsa. Try again". Hermione patiently taught Pierrot how to pronounce the words, even though what Ron said to her hurt her.

She wished to believe that Pierrot was her friend, but somehow her insecurity ate her from the inside.

What Hermione didn't know is that Pierrot's nose flared up and she saw red when she heard what Ron said.

Pierrot shoves Ron to a wall, her forearm at his throat while Harry, Dean and Seamus try to break Pierrot away from Ron. The twins look at them with interest and wonder what their brother did to make Pierrot so mad.

"Listen here you filthy pig! If something happens to her, I will make sure you will regret every day you are alive. Who do you think you are to say that she's a nightmare? Listen to me you insolent little squid, you are your worst nightmare itself. Your disgusting mouth will be the cause of your death and I swear I will dance on your corpse in your funeral. One wrong move, and I will personally make you wish you were never born, you calamari."

Without waiting for his reply, Pierrot stepped back and walked away from the boys. The twins were finding it extremely difficult to keep in their grins.
What Pierrot didn't know was that the blond boy who sat next to her in Transfiguration, and the other blond boy that she found having a quite interesting 'exercise' were looking at her with interest.

Pierrot ignored all the calls from the boys and ran as fast as her legs could carry her to the girl's bathroom. A person like Hermione will never show their tears to anyone, but Pierrot is determined to find her. Deep inside of her, Pierrot felt that something bad would happen if she didn't find her as soon as possible.

True to her intuition, she heard a scream. Pierrot instantly pulled out her wand and ran where she heard the scream. There, stood in front of her a fucking damn troll, but not just any troll, it had to be a mountain troll.

Pierrot's mind runs ten times faster as she tried to comprehend how such a creature could enter Hogwarts. After all, it was warded against such creatures.

"Hey, jackass! Look over here!" Pierrot shouted. The source of the scream now turned to her and Pierrot got momentarily distracted. Hermione. She mouths for her to get out, but then the troll lets out a loud cry.

Pierrot instinctively reacts and casts a slicing hex which made the troll fall down.

Then she ran over to Hermione to check for injuries and thankfully, there are none. "How did you do that Pierrot? That is not in the first year syllabus." Hermione choked on a sob and hugged Pierrot with all her strength.

Pierrot slightly flinched but then slumped down while she slowly ran her hand through Hermione's hair.

"What is the meaning of this?" Hermione flinched upon hearing the booming voice of Professor McGonagall. She caught the eye of Harry and Ron but then turned back to Professor McGonagall "Merlin's Beard, why are you here?"

The girls slowly stood up and looked at Professor McGonagall. Hermione started to panic and before she can open her mouth, Pierrot pointed her wand at Hermione with a lazy gesture of her and silenced her.

"Sorry professor, I was just looking for Her-my-oh-nee, right after Charms because someone teased her." Pierrot took a deep breath "But then I heard a scream and I ran to where the scream came from. I found poor Hermione here, sobbing in a corner of this bathroom while that idiot almost hit her. Without thinking, I casted a slicing hex, just in time to save her, but my apologies if my doing is making all of you worried" Pierrot explained.

Professor McGonagall sighs in worry but she still remembered the day her young self had been saved by her Pierrot, just not from a troll but a werewolf.

"Thank you, Ms. Pierrot, and perhaps you should lift the silencing charm on Ms. Granger. May I know as to why you silenced Ms. Granger in the first place?" She asked the first year

Pierrot didn't need to be told twice, she immediately lifted her spell. However, before Hermione opened her mouth Pierrot glared at her from the corner of her eyes, which immediately shut her up.

"Because, she will take the blame onto herself, even though it is not her fault that the troll was in the bathroom" Pierrot responds.
Professor McGonagall nods her head with approval. "Thirty points to each of you. Ms. Pierrot for your fast thinking and braveness, and for you too Ms. Granger for your willingness to protect your housemate, even though it is not your fault. However, I would advise both of you to be more careful after this."

Severus looked over to Pierrot and nodded in acknowledgement, this is what Pierrot will always do. She would help her friend no matter what house you are. The Pierrot of his time was a Ravenclaw, she was indeed the smartest and bravest person he had ever known. She would always help you, no matter what house you were.

She had even helped him, just like how this bloody Gryffindor Pierrot had helped to save Ms. Granger.

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A/N: I would like to say my thanks to my beta Srish for willing to help me out, with the biggest and tallest patience of Mount Everest too. Please do reviews and hope all of you enjoy it too.

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