House of Cards 3 - A BTS x Hogwarts AU

by jackfruitnim

Summary

The final chapters of the House of Cards series.

Bellatrix has retreated to the shadows but a mad mind does not sit still.
And the one who started it all 800 years ago, has finally shown himself to Taehyung. It is
upto our little Hufflepuff to choose the right path for him while his world and his
friendships swirl around him like a hurricane.

Notes

WARNING! THIS IS PART OF A SERIES. Please read part 1 if you stumbled upon
this first and it interests you. House of Cards Part 1

I'm back with part 3 :) There is a trailer! -
House of Cards Part 3 Trailer - The Last Stand And there were the last two moodboards!
Taehyung

The Guild of Alchemists

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

See the end of the work for more notes.
The Bird Fights Its Way Out of the Egg
The Egg is the World...

Who'll be Born Must First Destroy a World...

The Bird Flies to God
That God's name is... Abraxas

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Alexandre Desplat - Snape’s Demise

Taehyung sat shell shocked, blue eyes wide. How was this possible?

He gulped nervously, lips quivering.

‘Abraxas?’ He called in a soft voice.

‘Yes Taehyung?’ The silvery voice spoke again.

Was this real? Was it really Abraxas?
‘How... how are you speaking to me?’

‘Because I’m just a fleeting soul. I can converse to people through their minds. The mind is attached to your soul after all,’

‘I don’t get it. You are a soul? Are you dead?’

‘No... I never died. Because my soul never left the realm of the living,’

Taehyung’s eyebrows knitted. What did that mean? ‘All this is very confusing. I don’t understand anything,’ Tae whispered.

‘It’s alright, this isn’t something one can grasp easily, it will take time to understand. But slowly, with careful thought, you will be able to,’

‘Can you talk with anyone in their mind?’

‘Not just anyone... I need that person to pull me towards them. And I need the support of a few alchemic spells. Only then am I able to communicate,’

‘What alchemic spells?’

‘Your father, he’s helping me reach you. Your blood flows through him after all. And since your mind is searching for me as well, I could finally form a strong connection and speak to you,’

Taehyung gulped, wondering, if Abraxas was in his mind, was he able to know his thoughts? After all, he knew Taehyung was thinking about him...

‘What’s wrong Taehyung?’

‘I... I don’t know if I can trust you,’

‘Have I given you any reason to distrust me?’

‘I can’t see you. How do I even know this is real... or you are who you say you are,’

‘I’m in no hurry Taehyung. You can ask me whatever you want, and I will answer you,’

‘My father, what’s he doing with you? I didn’t know he had joined the guild,’

‘He’s seen us for who we are. He and his close friends, people he trusts, we are all part of the guild now. He misses you, your father,’

Taehyung didn’t answer to that.

‘You must forgive him Taehyung. He loves you as a father does. He was just...misguided,’

‘I don’t believe that,’ Taehyung replied.

‘I hope one day you do. He misses you dearly. But, I think our time is over for today, I will leave you now. You need time to think on your own,’

There was a long moment of silence before Taehyung called for him again, ‘Abraxas?’

There was no answer. He didn’t know what to do. His heartbeat thudded fast inside him. Had he really spoken to someone who was 800 years old? He wanted to talk to him more, even if he was
nervous. Taehyung did not know if he should tell anyone about this. The thought of telling others made him feel claustrophobic, of how everyone will make a mountain out of this situation and probably even involve Dumbledore and his mother. He finally decided not to tell anyone, at least till he learns more. He was going to be careful.

He went down to the clubroom where Jimin was on the sofa. The boy was removing his small earrings and putting them in a box.

‘What’s up?’ Taehyung sat next to him and looked into the box where Jimin’s beloved rings were. ‘Why are you removing your favourite accessories?’

‘They’re silver,’ Jimin said in a heavy voice.

‘So?’

Jimin stretched his fingers out and Taehyung saw how his skin looked red and slightly blistered where his rings had been. He slowly brushed Jimin’s dark hair away from his ears and saw the same redness there.

‘Silver is deadly to werewolves,’ Jimin said in that same grave tone. ‘The full moon is approaching again,’

Taehyung took his hand, slightly running his fingers over the marks and Jimin smiled.

‘The cold feels nice against the itch,’ the older said.

‘I can do this all day if you need, whatever it takes to make you feel better,’

‘I can’t believe it’s actually happening. There’s no cure… As more months pass, I will eventually transform into a full werewolf. It could even happen his month,’

Taehyung sat back on the sofa. They needed a miracle, because Jimin did not deserve any of this. And Taehyung was ready to search the ends of the earth for that miracle. In all the magical spells and potions in the world, there could definitely be something that cures everything. Heck they even had something that made people immortal-

‘Wait,’ Taehyung sat up and Jimin looked at him. ‘The Philosopher’s Stone,’

A stillness settled between them, like a confirmation that their thoughts match. Their eyes showed that one sliver of hope. Jimin couldn’t believe Taehyung thought of the same as him, but still, he shook his head, knowing that Taehyung would have to be involved in it’s creation.

‘It’s far fetched.’ Jimin said. ‘We don’t know if it cures Lycanthropy,’

‘The Philosopher’s Stone brought dead people back to life in the Red War. I think it can cure a venom running through someone’s veins,’

‘And how are we going to find it? We don’t even know if the Philosopher’s Stone can be created,’

‘I think it can be,’ Taehyung was smiling now. He could help Jimin. He could finally help his friends instead of putting them in trouble. That night Jimin was attacked because the Death Eaters came for Taehyung… and how he finally had the power to reverse all the damage.

‘But what’s the cost of creating it?’ Jimin asked him gravely. For whatever hope and relief Jimin had felt at the possibility of a cure, he was not about to let Taehyung fall into the hands of evil
magicians for his sake.

*

At the abandoned yellow city on the shores of Southern Europe

‘Thank you Martaeus, that will be all,’ Abraxas’ thin voice echoed in the ancient circular chamber of limestone. The beautiful arches had golden writings of a forgotten language marking the rims of it. Martaeus stood up from his kneeling position on the floor, holding his bleeding hand where a gash ran across his left palm. He looked slightly exhausted, lines under his eyes, a growing grey stubble, a tired posture. The blood from his hand was used to mark a symbol around the black raven, perched in the middle of the room. This very symbol is what connected Abraxas’ mind to Taehyung, with the help of his father’s blood. The raven blinked it’s red eyes, cocking it’s head from one side to the other, watching Martaeus expression. The man’s blue eyes seemed turbulent.

‘You’ve joined us but you don’t seem convinced,’ Abraxas spoke.

‘I want to see my son again,’ Martaeus spoke to the bird.

‘You will, I promise you. Have patience Martaeus,’ the bird’s beak didn’t move but the voice was certainly originating from it. ‘I know he will join us. We must work together, this vessel will not last much longer.’

‘And once you have your own body, we can go our own ways?’ Martaeus asked.

‘I haven’t kept you a prisoner here Martaeus,’ Abraxas said. ‘You’re here because you need me and I need you. I’m not your enemy,’

‘He’s right Martaeus,’ Serafin spoke from the side, her orange eyes earnestly looking at her old friend. ‘Be with us, you’ll not regret it,’

*

The next day, Taehyung went back to the window of the Astronomy tower, eager to speak to Abraxas again. He sat the same way he had and closed his eyes, calling out to him in his mind. It felt slightly stupid but this was all he could do.

Hello again, Taehyung.

Taehyung opened his eyes for a moment, feeling exhilarated. He smiled slightly and shut his eyes again.

‘You knew I’d call again?’

I was hoping so. What can I do for you today?

‘Where are you? What have you been doing for the past 800 years?’

Trying to survive… The Red War took a toll on me Taehyung. Your ancestor, along with his allies, they destroyed my body. They thought they killed me but my soul remained alive, thanks to the Philosopher’s Stone.

‘So it’s real!? The stone is real, it’s possible to make it?’

It is real. And I’m the only person alive who knows how to make it.
‘Can it… can it really do anything? It’s known as the elixir of life, can it make you immortal? Can it heal any disease?’

*It can. When they came for me at the end of the war, I had almost depleted the powers of the stone in trying to save myself and keep my army going. With whatever was left of it, I saved my soul so that I could live on and one day get my old body back. The truth is Taehyung, I’m not going to survive much longer. With each passing year, I consume more of the stone’s powers in me. I’m down to the last drop. That’s why I want to create the stone again, so that I can have my human body back, so that alchemists can practice their skills freely and help people. Do you know how useful alchemy is to sure diseases?*

‘I hardly know anything about alchemy…’

*This wizarding world is governed by the wrong hands... by wizards who are scared of anything unknown. They are cowards, hiding in ignorance. It makes me feel sorry for the people under them. When my body was living, it was different. There was freedom.*

‘And you believe you can change the world if you have the stone?’

*I’ve seen this world try to rebuild itself over and over again with every dynasty that rose and fell. I’ve seen the impact of Grindelwald. I’ve seen this country try and recover from Voldemort’s terror and even after 9 years of his absence, I feel they still live in fear. I’ve seen more than any other living being. I’ve learned from my mistakes and the mistakes of many others.*

Abraxas saw the incapability of the Ministry, the ‘seat of power’ for the entire wizarding world. Every ministry in the world failed to put an end to Voldemort. That’s when Abraxas decided, it was time to overpower the Ministry.

He told him more about the guild, their functions and purpose. He told that all the designs for the philosopher’s stone were in his’ mind. He does not trust anyone to whom he could reveal that knowledge. Fear of what happened last time was still in him. He wanted to create this stone earlier, but the moment never came that 4 Elkyres were alive together. The world saw wars, bloodshed and Abraxas felt a disturbance within him that he could’ve put at end to it all if he still had the stone.

Taehyung couldn’t help but feel himself slightly agree with him. Abraxas wanted a better world. And Abraxas was offering him a place along with the others who would mould this new world with freedom being their essence.

It was so overwhelming, sometimes he wondered what was Abraxas even talking about… how was a boy supposed to help in shaping a new world? Taehyung barely even knew half of the spells in his current portion.

*You’re quiet Taehyung. Is something the matter?*

‘I don’t think I’m as powerful as you say I am Abraxas. I’m just a student-

*Yet you can duel Dumbledore if you wish to, and it would probably be an even match. That’s your true potential, like your ancestor who controlled 3 elements.*

Taehyung looked at his hands, lines of silver swirled on his fingertips. To match a wizard like Dumbledore? That’s impossible…

‘Tae?’ He heard Jimin call for him and turned back. The dark haired boy came in, bearing what looked like the Daily Prophet in hand.
‘Tae, you won’t believe what they’ve printed,’ He pushed the paper into Taehyung’s hands.

* 

‘Elkyres?!’ Hoseok said out loud, making his father look up from sipping his morning tea. Hoseok was holding the Daily Prophet, eyes reading the article in bewilderment.

What the fuck...

The article accompanied a picture of a beautiful woman, in red hair and cinnamon skin who seemed to be the main subject of the interview - WHO ARE ELKYRES AND WHY IS THE MINISTRY OPPRESSING THEM?

‘What is it Hoseok?’ His father asked. ‘Why do you look so shocked?’

‘Nothing dad,’ Hoseok pretended.

‘ Doesn’t seem like nothing,’

Hoseok gave in and sat across his father on the dining table in their cozy and quaint kitchen in warm hues of yellows against wood. His father had bewitched some of the equipments to work on it’s own and currently the kettle was near to a whistle with their morning tea.

‘Dad,’ He asked, looking at his father, who’s face structure Hoseok had inherited. ‘Can you tell me anything about Elkyres?’

‘Why the sudden interest?’

‘I read about them in my Alchemy class,’

‘Did you?’

‘Is there a reason I shouldn't?’

‘Elkyres come under an advanced branch of Alchemy. They don’t teach you alchemy beyond the primary level,’

‘And you would know that because you work in the Department of Mysteries. Why is Alchemy such a mystery? Is it really true that the Ministry is scared of this branch of magic?’ Hoseok showed the paper to his father.

‘Alchemy is a complex magic,’ his father started to say, ‘Some of its methods are ethically questionable so its practice is watched over,’

‘And elkyres were prosecuted?’

‘That was nearly 2 centuries ago,’

‘Well, there hasn’t been another elkyre since 200 years,’

‘You seem to know a lot about this,’ his father regarded him with suspicion. Hoseok dropped his gaze, pretending to read something else in the paper.

‘Who told you all this? About the Elkyres?’

‘Emina and Namjoon read a lot,’ Hoseok said.
His father didn’t reply to that. But continued looking at him curiously. So Hoseok decided to ask the questions now.

‘So, do you know her? This woman?’ He shows him the paper. His father looked at the picture through his square spectacles while his mind worked on how much he should tell his son.

‘Yes,’ he finally said. ‘I know of her. The article lists her as Serafin. Her real name is Saira. And she was born in 1912 in Egypt. She was involved in some serious arsonist acts and she had been fleeing from one country to another,’

‘1912???’ Hoseok was shocked. ‘She’s nearly old as Dumbledore! She doesn’t look it at all!’

‘Her elkyric blood keeps her young. If you see her, you’ll know that Elkyres over time develop a different… look. Their features reflect their element like her flaming red hair and red eyes. I’ve heard her hair moves like tongues of flame in real life… and if you touch her, you’ll burn. But I think that’s all fable,’

‘Do you have records about all Elkyres in the ministry?’

‘Yes,’

‘Is she the last one?’

‘No. There was one recorded after her. An Amazonian man, probably younger than her. We never found him to have an actual interrogation but plenty of people have reported him. And…’

‘And?’

‘We were told to open another file… the investigation is still going on for it so we don’t have much to fill in. But they said it’s for… an ice Elkyre,’

Hoseok’s eyes widened just a bit. He couldn’t show the instant fear he felt, not yet.

‘An ice Elkyre? When… when did the investigation start?’

‘Somewhere in October… ah yes it was around that time of that case… the Min-Dracwyns against Osburne? The one you had given testimony for,’

‘Oh… is that so,’ Hoseok nodded. ‘But how has the investigation not progressed?’

‘Well, no one is coming with any solid proof. I mean, elements can be created with magic too. It requires strong magic, but it’s not impossible,’

‘Who do they suspect?’

‘Now you’re asking too many questions,’

‘Dad, if you trust me as your son, and someone who cares for his friends and will do the right thing… the right thing. Please tell me,’

His father studied him carefully and sighed, ‘they have their suspicions on two people… and I hear both are your friends,’

‘Who?’

‘Min Yoongi and Kim Taehyung,’ his father said, sending a cold chill over Hoseok’s chest. ‘Min
Yoongi claims to have frozen that entire section of your castle. It seems quite a feat for a 17 year old who has a record for playing with small fires. They told me to look into the Aquirys lineage and the Mins never branch into the Aquirys, as far as official records go,'

‘And what about Taehyung?’

‘I have no idea why he’s a suspect. It was probably Gwen Osborne’s strong claims which she still hasn’t let go off. And the Head of Magical Law Enforcement got an anonymous tip about this but I feel this is all being done to distract us from the truth. There’s no way Taehyung might be an Elkyre. I’ve seen that boy so many times. He doesn’t have magic ancestors. And from my studies, I expected an ice Elkyre… to not look so earthy, if I am to relate Serafin and the Earth Elkyre to their appearances. They really do match what their powers are,’

‘I’m home!’ they heard an excited women’s voice and Hoseok’s sister came into the kitchen. ‘Oh thank heavens I’m home before the snow storm,’ she put her pretty yellow hand bag on the sofa and removed her scarf. ‘When was the last time we had such a terrible winter?’

‘I think… it was about 14 years ago,’ Mr. Jung said and Hoseok’s mind made the relation quick enough. The winter 14 years ago was the winter when Taehyung was born.

Another older woman walked into the kitchen, looking spaced out. Her hair was tied loosely behind her neck, her eyes had slight bags under them. She gasped, looking at Hoseok’s older sister.

‘Mum,’ his sister smiled a little cautiously. ‘Mum its me, Jiwoo,’

‘Honey, you remember our daughter,’ Mr. Jung walked to the wall of framed photos. ‘There she is look,’ he pointed to a photo of them both. ‘See, you both were having such a good time,’

‘Oh yes,’ Mrs. Jung said in a small voice. She walked up to the photoframe and looked at it a while. ‘Yes… that is me… and you,’

Hoseok glanced at Jiwoo nervously. It was hard doing this every holiday. If you weren’t around for a few days, their mother forgot about your existence. Their father had filled the entire house with photos so it would keep reminding Mrs. Jung who her family was.

‘What should we make for Christmas this year mum?’ Jiwoo went to her and put her arm through hers.

‘We… we went to the carnival here didn’t we?’ the mother pointed at one picture were Jiwoo was eating cotton candy. ‘It was summer right?’

‘You’re right, it was summer,’

‘How… how many years has it been?’

‘It was this summer,’ Jiwoo said. ‘Come, let’s see what to make for dinner,’

They all masked the struggle of having a mother who didn’t always remember them. But they knew she loved them. Because when she did remember, she made sure to show it to the fullest. She would cook all the things they liked, she would tuck them to bed even now, when her kids were all grown up. But the next morning, it would again take a while for Mr. Jung to remind her that they had two children who were home for the holidays. They knew she loved them, or she wouldn’t be in this state right now. She was braver than anyone Hoseok knew. Some acts of love did not die, even if the reality looked different.
‘What hogwash is the Daily Prophet printing nowadays?’ Kim Hyunseok dropped the paper on the table while the three were having breakfast. Their grand dining room had a long table of white marble. Their mansion was in hues of creams with high domed roofs and carved pillars and arches in gold.

‘This is why I tell you not to read the paper when eating,’ Mrs. Kim said and glanced at their house elf to take the paper from the table.

‘Well, if it’s Rita Skeeter who’s writing articles,’ Jin shook his head while cutting his omelette with a fork.

‘It’s not Skeeter,’ his father said, making Jin actually take interest and glance at the paper. What he saw made him choke on the bite he was about to swallow.

‘Elkyres,’ Hyunseok looked at the ceiling disbelievingly. ‘They don’t exist anymore. What is this woman claiming to be, this is what people do to mislead the crowd for a minute of fame,’

‘Elkyres are a real thing,’ Jin said carefully.

‘They were. The last one died during the Red War. Unless you have some new found insight on the matter,’ his father said.

‘Well,’ Jin put the napkin on the table, signalling he was done eating. ‘Alchemy is shrouded in secrets and rumours. I don’t know what’s true or false,’ he stood up and left.

‘Jin! You’ve hardly eaten!’ his mother called behind him.

‘I’ll eat later if I’m hungry,’ and Jin went to his room.

He immediately grabbed some parchment and quill. Should he write to Taehyung? It was risky. After this news, Jin had a strong feeling that The Ministry would be keeping a close eye on Taehyung and any communication towards him. He needed to see… but shutting his eyes tight wasn’t really working.

Suddenly he missed Namjoon. He missed him so very much, his comforting presence, his encouraging words. Jin’s mind was messing up like it used to in times of crisis and Namjoon wasn’t here to calm him down. He realised how dependent he had become of the other’s constant presence.

There were sharp knocks on the door, ‘Jin? Could you open up please,’

Jin sighed at his father’s voice and waved his wand for the door to open.

‘Yes father,’

‘As always,’ his father took some steps into the room. ‘We are having a christmas ball. I’ve invited some of my acquaintances from overseas this time. So we have that to look forward to,’

‘I thought we were having a family christmas this time,’ Jin said. ‘Don’t you think people are bored of our Christmas balls?’

‘Nonsense,’ Hyunseok chuckled. ‘They all look forward to our parties, to lift them from their boring lives,’
‘When you invite someone, they will not say no out of respect and formality,’ Jin said. ‘Have you thought maybe sometimes they want to spend Christmas with their families?’

‘You’re just trying too hard to make me cancel it,’ Hyunseok shook his head. ‘I can’t cancel the ball, the invites have already gone out. Hope you carefully pick your outfit that day, it’s important,’

‘Why is it that important?’ Jin eyed him suspiciously.

‘Because you’ll be meeting new people. Hopefully you’ll make more friends, someone closer to our social circle unlike the ones from your school. School’s going to be over in a few months Jin. Those friendships are not going to follow through to your adult life. It’s best you start behaving like an adult as well now that you’re of age. You need people who are like you as your friends,’

Each word from his father was filling Jin with rage and disgust. ‘Just leave father,’ Jin sighed.

Hyunseok eyed his son but chose not to push this towards an argument, ‘I’m not talking rubbish Jin. Anyway, prepare for the ball tomorrow;’

*

*She revealed herself? Taehyung asked Abraxas. Why would she do that? Did you tell her to?*

‘No,’ Abraxas replied. ‘It was her idea to do this. She said we shouldn’t live in shadows. Imagine Taehyung, a time where we don’t have to hide. The reason you are holed up in this school all alone, away from your family is because you have to hide. Your mother wants you to hide.

‘Tae?’ Jimin shook him. ‘What are you thinking about?’

‘Huh,’ Taehyung looked at him. ‘Nothing…’

‘This is the woman right? The one you met?’ Jimin asked.

Taehyung nodded.

‘Oh my god,’ Jimin shook his head. ‘What will the Ministry do now? I’m sure they won’t like this… I hope this doesn’t drive them to take some extreme measures,’

‘You have to be careful now,’ Taehyung said to Abraxas. ‘They will come after her with more force,’

There was no reply.

‘Abraxas? Where did you go? Abraxas? Are you there? Can you hear me?’

But Abraxas’ presence was gone.

‘Taehyung?’ a familiar voice made Taehyung turn towards the door. His mother and step father stood there, wearing the biggest smiles, probably oblivious to what news today’s paper carried. It looked like his father had brought him a present, wrapped in red christmas wrapping sheets. The man opened his arms and Taehyung smiled wide, going in for a hug. Between all this turmoil, somehow his muggle father, who felt more real to him than his biological one, was the only source of unbridled happiness for him.

‘Oh my, you’ve grown so much,’ his father patted the back of his head, just a few inches below his own. ‘Jiyeon wasn’t exaggerating about your height. And I have to say,’ his father smiled, eyes crinkling. ‘Never in my dreams could I imagine your school to be this fantastic,’
'Can I show you around the castle?' Taehyung asked with sparkling eyes. He looked at his mother, 'Can I? Will Dumbledore allow that?'

'Ask him,' Jiyeon smiled. 'He’s waiting for us at the Great Hall for lunch. C’mon Jimin,' she beckoned Jimin as well.

*

Namjoon’s mother took out the turkey from the oven. It was Christmas Eve and currently it was snowing outside, turning their lawns white. Smell of cinnamon wafted around his white walled kitchen from the eggnog his mother had just prepared. Golden string lights hung in every house in the neighbourhood. Namjoon’s Christmas tree was lit in multicoloured lights, courtesy of his parents. They were all wearing their holiday sweaters. Holly streamers hung all around the living room. His father was setting the cutlery while his sister sat on the sofa with her legs up on the arm rest and headphones in her ear. Namjoon came and tugged on her ponytail. She turned to look at him with a frown, her brown eyes showing annoyance.

'Come help out would you,' he raised his eyebrows. 'What have you been listening to anyways? It’s like you aren’t present here,'

'Real music,' she set the Walkman on the coffee table. 'Unlike your rappers who just rant fast,'

'Hey, there’s more to rap than that,' Namjoon said and she simply rolled her eyes.

'Stop it you two, I’ve heard enough of you two fighting over this,' his mom said, ‘Eunjun your brother comes home only for a few days in a year so stop acting like a brat and spend some time with him,'

'I’m not acting like a brat!' Eunjun’s big eyes looked at their mother in shock.

'She has your temper,' the father whispered to the mother who chuckled.

'Anyway, I won’t be home for dinner tomorrow,’ Eunjun said. ‘I’m… going to have dinner with Robert,'

'Robert?’ Namjoon looked at her in shock. ‘Who’s Robert??’ He demanded.

'Please stop with your poking questions, you’re not gonna get anything out of me,’ his sister held her palm up.

Namjoon now turned to his parents, ‘Mum who’s Robert?’

‘Well her boyfriend of course,’ the mother said.

‘A boy- a boyfriend!’ Namjoon exclaimed. ‘You’re 14!!’

‘Don’t get salty just coz you don’t have one,’ his sister mumbled but he heard it. He was in a mind to tell her she’s wrong. Namjoon had a boyfriend, the best one in the world, but there were more pressing matters right now than giving it to his cheeky sister.

‘Mum she’s too young to be dating!’ Namjoon said. ‘Dad are you in agreement with this?’

‘I’ve been overruled,’ the father said.

‘Don’t be like that,’ Eunjun said to her father. ‘You like Robert a lot,’
‘You know you can call someone over for Christmas too if you wish Namjoon,’ the mother said.

‘Huh? Who?’ Namjoon looked at her curiously.

‘I don’t know,’ the mother shrugged. ‘A close friend, or a girlfriend,’

‘Or a boyfriend,’ his sister said.

‘A boyfriend?’ Their mother looked at both of them.

‘C’mon mom, I’ve been telling this to you for a while,’ Eunjun said. ‘Whenever you talk about Namjoon bringing a girlfriend. Don’t I tell you he might bring a boyfriend instead?’

‘Is this true?’ The mother looked at Namjoon, so did the father.

‘Well,’ Namjoon felt nervous. He clasped his hands together on the kitchen counter.

‘Is that a problem?’ Eunjun asked them. ‘It shouldn’t be a problem you know,’

‘No no,’ the mother said. ‘I mean, I’m just a little… surprised? Only because this is the first time we’re talking about it seriously. Eunjun has been saying a few things here and there but it’s difficult to know when she’s serious,’

Eunjun frowned at her mother.

‘We don’t have any problems Joonie,’ his father added, ignoring Eunjun, ‘We want you to be with whoever makes you happy and brings the best in you,’

‘If you say so,’ Namjoon said.

Knock knock knock!

The 3 sharp knocks on their main door made them all turn their heads to the sound.

‘Who could it be at this time?’ The father got up from the table. The knocking didn’t stop.

‘Namjoon? Are you there? Kim Namjoon?’ They heard a male voice from the other side and Namjoon’s heart skipped a beat. What is he doing here right now? He mentally facepalmed himself.

‘Is this Kim Namjoon’s house?’

‘Namjoon someone’s calling for you,’ the mother pointed to the door and Namjoon went to open it with a shaking head. As soon as the door swung open, Jin stood there in a heavy black coat and the blue scarf Joon had gifted him. Namjoon could see snow dusted over his shoulders. Jin’s hand was still raised to knock again. His unsure face lit up in a big warm smile as soon as he saw Namjoon. ‘There you are!’

‘Jinnie!’ Namjoon had a surprised smile. ‘How come- come in come in, I think you woke up half the neighbourhood,’

‘Oh did I?’ Jin stepped into his house and the 3 members of Namjoon’s family were looking at him curiously.

‘Oh is that Jin?’ The mother stepped forward to see him. ‘Oh yes it is! How are you dear!’ She hugged the boy.
'I’m well, how are you all,’ Jin hugged her and then shook Namjoon’s father’s hand. ‘Good to see you again sir, merry Christmas,’

‘Merry Christmas! What a surprise!’ The father shook his hand firmly. ‘How come you’re here?’

‘I just…’ Jin looked around. ‘Well, I was travelling. And I was passing by this area when I remembered that Namjoon lives here. So I thought to drop by,’

‘Oh I’m glad you’re here, come on in, have dinner with us,’

‘Oh let me help you prepare it!’ Jin and Namjoon’s mother went into the kitchen.

‘What did I tell you,’ Eunjun said in a singsong voice to her father. The father looked at Namjoon and then towards the kitchen where Jin was already at work with his mom and then back and Namjoon who gave a smile.

_Ok so this is my son’s boyfriend?_ His father blinked, trying to not act awkwardly. Mr. Kim was not the best at socialising or speaking his emotions. He had felt this way when Eunjun told them about Robert too. So maybe… they were slipping into normalcy? The father feeling awkward around his 2 children’s boyfriends?

Jin was helping his mother dress the salad. He waved his wand and all the ingredients jumped into the air and back into the bowl.

‘Oh wow, Namjoon why don’t you help me in the kitchen with magic like this!’ Mrs. Kim said. ‘I have a wizard son, I should be on the sofa resting while you bewitch the kitchen to run by itself!’

‘Kitchen tricks aren’t really his thing,’ Jin gave Namjoon a teasing smile.

‘Oh remember the time you tried to cut an onion?’ Eunjun teased Namjoon further. Jin threw his head back laughing and high-fived her.

‘Yeah yeah, team up against me, the two of you,’ Namjoon shook his head. ‘I swear I’m always surrounded by children,’ he mumbled under his breath.

‘What was that?!’ Jin asked him while his mother took the turkey to the table.

‘You think we are children? Mr. IQ 148 who doesn’t know the right side of a knife,’ his sister said.

‘That’s it, your birthday gift is cancelled,’ Namjoon said to her.

‘Hey! I saved you trouble you know!’ Eunjun crossed her arms.

‘What trouble?’

‘I told mom and dad about your boyfriend so that you could escape a sit-down awkward talk. And I don’t even know when you were gonna do that. You’re 18 for god’s sake! Are parents gonna find out when you send them a wedding card of you and Jin?’

Namjoon looked at Jin guiltily who raised his eyebrows. He was on Eunjun’s side.

‘Ok I’m sorry, thank you,’ Namjoon said, playing the end of the kitchen’s hand towel.

They all sat for dinner. Jin was being his charismatic self, charming everyone’s socks off and they all seemed to find his jokes hilarious (all except Eunjun who just chuckled and shook her head) Jin would occasionally place his hand on Namjoon’s shoulder or his arms, making Namjoon yearn for
a proper touch, a hug, a kiss. Will he be able to get that before Jin left? He had missed him so very much, even if it had been just 4 days.

‘Thank you for dropping by Jin, it’s really been a fun night,’ Mrs. Kim said. ‘But how will you go back so late in the night? Where is your house exactly?’

‘It’s quite far actually,’ Jin said.

‘Oh! And how do you travel? On a broomstick?’ Mr. Kim asked.

‘Can’t fly in this cold weather and the distance isn’t short enough for a broomstick. I will have to wait for the knight bus to arrive,’

Namjoon looked at him questioningly. When did royalty start using the most economic and uncomfortable mode of travel? And surely Jin could apparate home? That’s how he got here didn’t he? Seeing that he isn’t mentioning that he’s moving around town in a car.

‘Oh! Will that take long?’ Mrs. Kim asked.

‘Can’t say, sometimes it arrives early and sometimes takes a few hours, but don’t worry Mrs. Kim, I don’t mind waiting for it at the stop,’

‘Oh no no, why don’t you stay the night? It’s already past 11 PM!’ She said. ‘It’s so cold out there! I can’t let you stay out!’

‘That’s kind of you Mrs. Kim but I don’t want to bother you all, I came unannounced as is, on Christmas eve of all days, and you all were so kind to invite me to your table,’

‘Nonsense, it’s no bother at all! You are Namjoon’s best friend and you are like a part of the family,’

Eunjun cleared her throat a little too loudly and everyone’s attention turned to her.

‘Mom, seriously? After the entire talk we had just before Jin arrived? Jin is not Namjoon’s best friend, he’s Namjoon’s boyfriend!’

‘Oh,’ Mrs. Kim blinked. ‘Oh! Oh then you definitely cannot leave, I have the right to keep you here and feed you for as long as I want!’

‘But-’

‘It’s decided,’ Mrs. Kim said. ‘Have a good night’s sleep, have a good breakfast and then if you wish, you can leave tomorrow,’

‘Thank you so much Mrs. Kim,’ Jin said. Namjoon noticed that something was different in his expression. He seemed extremely grateful, extremely relieved, to a point that Namjoon thought he saw Jin’s eyes glisten with a tear.

They all winded up and Jin did everyone’s dishes (he was a pro at the washing spell) and they all were playing a round of cards with wine and brandy in their hands. Namjoon was feeling so grateful that his parents were getting along perfectly with Jin.

‘Electric fire?’ Jin said, watching Eunjun turn on the fireplace. ‘What? That’s like magic!’

‘It’s our magic,’ Eunjun said.
‘And what’s that cold box in the kitchen?’

‘You mean the fridge? It keeps food fresh with the cold temperature,’

‘Wow you have an entire box to do that?’ Jin’s eyes were wide in wonder.

‘Yeah, what do you do to store food?’ She asked.

‘We usually don’t. And if we really have to, we put it under a charm. Hey that box, the TV box! Isn’t that what Jungkook used to play games?’

‘Yes it is,’ Namjoon said. ‘Except on this one you can watch the cable,’

‘What’s a kayble?’

Namjoon took the remote and turned the tv on. Jin was exclaiming one word after the other, seeing the channels change.

‘Why don’t we have this in our houses!’ Jin said. ‘All we have is the radio! And projector films. This is so cool! All you need is this!’ He pointed at the remote. ‘Namjoon invent one!’

Namjoon chuckled, ‘How could I-’

‘Well you are the smartest student in Hogwarts and she just said you have IQ,’ he pointed to Eunjun. ‘I’m guessing that has something to do with your brain,’

Mrs. Kim yawned and shook an already asleep Mr. Kim from his arm chair and told him to head to the bedroom to sleep.

‘Ok kids, I and dad are heading to bed. Jin sweetie will you be ok sleeping in Namjoon’s room? He has a double bed,’

Eunjun almost choked on her water hearing that. An oblivious Mrs. Kim kissed them all goodnight and left.

‘What was that?’ Namjoon eyed his sister.

‘Well, I’m glad I have these huge headphones,’ she lifted it up in her hands, ‘but I hope you don’t wake mom and dad up,’

‘Why would we wake them up? We’ll be asleep,’

Eunjun laughed, ‘Yeah right,’ and walked up the stairs into her room.

‘Your sister is witty,’ Jin said as both slowly headed up too. His hand came to rest on Namjoon’s waist while they walked up. Namjoon leaned into the touch.

‘She’s too smart,’ Namjoon said. ‘Always ahead of everyone else,’

‘What were you guys talking about before I arrived?’

‘We were talking that my parents should be prepared I may bring a boy home,’

Jin laughed, ‘Wow my timing was impeccable,’

‘You always know how to make an entrance,’ Namjoon chuckled looking at Jin and leaned in,
They entered Namjoon’s bedroom and Jin was more than curious, like a little excited child, to see what his Namjoon’s room looked like. Namjoon had the solar planet charted on the roof. There were tons of books (big heavy ones) along with storybooks in the bookshelf. There were posters of some men in attires that Jin had never seen before - ripped off jeans, baggy pants, hair in dreads, beanies.

‘Who are they?’ Jin asked him.

‘They’re American musicians,’

‘Public Enemy,’ Jin read the writing on the poster and looked at Namjoon curiously.

‘They’re rappers,’

‘Wrappers? What’s a wrap? They wrap things?’

Namjoon’s eyebrows knitted in confusion, ‘I had told you about this in the fourth year. Wait I’ll make you listen to their music,’

Namjoon brought in his CD player and Jin got excited again, seeing the buttons and headphones. They listened to some of the tracks and Jin just looked at him with an adorable downturned smile.

‘It’s ok, you don’t have to like everything that I like,’ Namjoon said, awkwardly taking the CD player back. ‘I know your taste in music is very different than mine,’ Namjoon waved his hand. ‘Aww,’ Jin smiled, throwing himself over Namjoon and the younger fell back on the bed with the weight. Jin peppered his entire face with light kisses before closing on his lips and now he was kissing him like he didn’t want to lose even one moment and both were a tangle of limbs, trying to find a comfortable spot.

‘So,’ Namjoon spoke once there was some air between them. ‘How come you decided to see me?’

Jin peeled himself off him and sat over his hips, straddling him. Namjoon ran his hands up and down the other’s thighs. ‘Well,’ he pouted, ‘Home was getting really annoying. Some stupid ball is going on. I needed some space. So I told my father that I’m going over to Hoseok’s house. And before he could raise suspicion, I left,’ Jin snuggled closer.

Namjoon smiled. ‘I’m super happy you showed up. Super is an understatement. I literally couldn’t be happier,’

‘I wondered if your parents would find it bothering that I showed up at dinner time unannounced. But I just had to come before I lost my mind. I was missing you to death, and father was just driving me completely insane,’

‘My parents have loved you since we became friends 7 years ago,’ Namjoon said. ‘They were so grateful to you for guiding me through a new world when I was just 11,’

‘They are very nice, your parents,’ Jin said, smiling down at him and then bent lower to kiss him again. This time the kiss didn’t break, instead, travelled downwards, hands pushing Namjoon’s shirt up and taking it off him.

‘Ah…’ Namjoon gave a slight moan when Jin’s tongue licked over his nipple and Jin quickly covered the younger’s mouth with his palm.
'Sssh, this was exactly what Eunjun was afraid of,' Jin giggled, lips near Joon’s ears.

‘Well then we’re in for a struggle,’ Namjoon said. ‘How do I keep quiet? I can’t keep my hands off you,’

‘We could… caste the Muffliato charm and the Confundus charm,’ Jin suggested but Namjoon was silent.

‘What’s wrong?’ Jin pulled away a little.

‘I…’ Namjoon propped himself on his elbows. ‘I hope I say this right,’ he took a moment before continuing. ‘I don’t like using magic in the house, or on… muggles in general,’

Jin’s eyebrows knitted, ‘What do you mean?’

‘I use magic to help out my parents sometimes… but never to have the upper hand over them. It somehow doesn’t feel right,’

Jin laid on his side, looking at Namjoon intently.

‘They’re muggle,’ Namjoon continued. ‘I don’t want to use something on them that they don’t know about. Seems unfair doesn’t it? This is my personal opinion, I don’t expect anyone to understand or agree with me,’

Jin smiled, fingers caressing the side of Namjoon’s face. ‘You’re right. It is a little unfair. I understand where you’re coming from. Often… magic folk don’t realise the real implications of their magic. That’s why I think it’s so important to have muggle borns and half bloods. You all have your head straight, unlike us lunatic pure bloods,’

‘You’re far from lunatic,’ Namjoon wrapped his arm around Jin’s waist.

‘I’m glad we are roommates,’ Jin said. ‘At least that worked out perfectly,’

‘We’re roommates for another 3 months Jin,’ Namjoon said. ‘What do you plan to do after that?’

Jin sighed, his face falling, ‘I don’t know… I don’t want to stay home. But I am to head the family after my father,’

‘You’ll have to make a decision. There’s no wrong one,’

‘There is a wrong, the one which won’t allow me to be with you,’ Jin said.

‘But Jin… think this through. Like, really think this through. I know you said I’m your family but your real family has depended on you since you were born to carry their legacy forward. It’s an important thing. Your forefathers have worked hard for it, everything that has been made is for you and your chil-’

Namjoon paused.

‘And my children?’ Jin finished it for him. ‘Children with whom? Some aristocratic witch I’ll marry because my parents tell me to? Is that what you want?’

‘Never,’ Joon’s arm’s around him tightened. ‘I mean… not unless you want that,’

Jin sighed, ‘Namjoon if it wasn’t clear already, the only person I have ever loved or will love, is you. How do I know that? How am I so sure? Maybe because I can see. Remember what I told
you? I’d trade the world for you, including whatever expectations my family is forcing on me. I’m my own person, not a human body that was fed and clothed for the purpose of something else,’

Jin put his head down on Namjoon’s shoulder, ‘Lets… let’s live together once we get a job. I’m going to refuse father’s plans of me working in the Ministry. I want to be as far away from that hell of an office as possible. I’ll find another job, any other job. I’ll start a small business, I know I can do it,’

‘You can baby, I know you have potential,’ Namjoon stroked his head. ‘You are amazing with people. You know how to make them smile. We could go to Godric’s Hollow, I’ve heard it’s a nice village to stay in,’

Jin looked up at Namjoon’s face, ‘Thanks Joonie,’

Namjoon heard the clock tower in his locality chime. He held Jin’s chin, ‘Merry Christmas Jinnie,’

‘Merry Christmas,’ the older smiled and kissed him lovingly. The kiss grew heated, tongues pushing in, laving one over the other.

The moonlight drain in from the window behind the bed. Namjoon rolled over Jin, watching his face glow in the white light. He traced the back of his fingers along Jin’s cheek, drinking in his features. His thumb rubbed over the other’s plump and bitten bottom lip.

‘I hope you don’t mind, that I want to gaze at you from time to time… you’re just so… beautiful,’ Namjoon’s eyes were ravishing him.

‘Gaze for as long as you want, it’ll only turn me on more,’ Jin returned his heated gaze, one hand grabbing Namjoon’s hair from the back. Namjoon bit his lips when Jin tugged at it hard. Jin pulled on his own shirt, taking it off, letting Namjoon look at those beautiful collar bones that the younger loved so much.

Jin pulled Namjoon lower towards him and stuck his tongue out, taking it from Namjoon’s Adam Apple, to his jawline and ending it with a bite on his earlobe. He sucked on the skin below it, uncaring if it left a mark tomorrow. Namjoon was his, and his alone.

Namjoon was breathing hard, afraid to make too much of a noise but Jin’s tongue was threatening to make him whimper. They rolled to the side and Namjoon pulled one of Jin’s leg draping it over his own thigh. Both were locked now, arms and legs around each other.

They spent the night in each other’s embrace, lighting slow burning touches to every part of each other’s. Namjoon slept curled onto Jin’s broad shoulders, enveloped inside his arms with Jin’s lips resting on the top of Namjoon’s head. The snow turned the entire suburb white and cold, but they felt as warm as the summer sun with each other.

* Yoongi was bouncing on the balls of his feet, standing by the window of his mansion, looking at the snow capped estate since an hour. The frozen lake looked perfect for ice skating and Yoongi wondered if Hoseok knew how to. He would be an incredible figure skater with that flexible body of his.

‘Yoon are you ready to leave?’ His mother called. ‘What have you been waiting for so eagerly?’

‘Just… expecting a package,’
‘We have to leave now,’ his mother took his little brother’s hand.

‘Can we please wait a little longer? I don’t want to miss this,’

‘Fine,’ his mother gave in, setting her bag on the coffee table. Yoongi saw an owl flying in from the distant afternoon sky. He opened the window, the cold air made him scrunch his nose and the owl flew in, dropping the package on the table and then flying out.

Yoongi ran for it, looking at the recipient and sender. It was for him, from Hoseok and his gummy smile lighted his face. He carefully opened the package to find a letter from Hoseok, along with a photo album. Going through the letter he realised the album was a gift from Jin, which the Gryffindor thought would be better if Hoseok sent. He didn’t know if a Kim’s gift would be accepted at the Min’s.

‘What is that?’ Yoongi’s mother peered in from the side, looking at all the photographs her son was gazing at happily. There were various snaps, mostly candid, of them in the clubroom, after quidditch matches, Hogsmeade trips, them lazing below the Aspen tree, the Yule Ball. There were group photos, some trio and couple shots, some solo. Yoongi was smiling wider than he realised, all the memories making him warm and fuzzy.

‘Isn’t that the boy who testified in the case?’ Averil pointed to a photo from the Yule Ball where Hoseok and Yoongi stood with their arms around each other’s back.

‘He is,’ Yoongi nodded, finger resting on Hoseok.

‘You two are close? I presumed so after seeing your interaction with him in court,’

‘We are,’ Yoongi nodded.

‘What’s his name again?’

‘Jung... Hoseok,’

‘Jung?’ Averil blinked. ‘Is he... is he in any way related to Jung Yoonho?’

‘That’s his father,’ Yoongi said.

‘That means…’

‘That means aunt Amelia was involved in his mother’s abduction and all that followed,’

‘I’m surprised you two are close despite that,’ his mother said.

‘We’ve learned to see past it,’ Yoongi said. ‘He’s important to me,’

‘I could see that,’ his mother smiled.

‘Yoongi looked up with pink cheeks, ‘What do you mean?’

‘He hugged you in the courtroom didn’t he? I could tell from that moment, you two are important to each other,’

‘Oh,’ Yoongi blushed, rubbing the back of his head with his palm.

‘I’ll be honest, when you and Van broke up, it broke my heart a little. She’s wonderful, she’s like family to us. But, I’m glad you found this boy. I can see that impartial kindness in him…’
‘He is… kind,’ Yoongi muttered and his mother chuckled.

‘C’mon now. We’re getting late for your Grandpa’s place,‘

_Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Rupert Gregson Williams - Christmas Message_

‘And this is the Great Hall,’ Laura said, bringing Ash and her family to huge room and proudly beaming. The entire mansion was cool grey stone and marble with silver gildings, dragonhead carvings and purple curtains. Ancient paintings and artefacts hung on the walls, some bought from famous painters over the centuries, some depicting the victories of the Dracwyn lineage when they ruled mid-Europe. The Vorhart family was clearly in awe.

The Vorharts and Mins had come to the Dracwyns to spend Christmas. The mansion was beautifully decorated with tinsel, floating candles and a big christmas tree. Charles had brought gifts for all the guests that rested below the tree.

Next Laura took the guests to the meeting chamber, a room used specifically by the head of the family to conduct important discussions and carry out formal decisions. It was smaller than the hall, with a long table and a high chair at one end of it, looking like a modern throne. She had always seen her grandfather seated there, and one day, she would sit there too, carrying out decisions with freedom of her own. The walls were lined with portraits of the Dracwyn family members. The one right behind the high chair was of Crina the first queen, who changed the right of succession, making the oldest child heir, irrespective of gender. This portrait was painted nearly 700 years ago. They didn’t know how accurate it was, but they had no way of finding out. Crina sat on the throne with her 4 year old son in her lap, who would be the next king. The Dracwyn crown, a silver band with shards of amethysts fused into it rested on her dark hair. The crown was probably lost now, stolen, melted for the gemstones or lying somewhere hidden in the rubble of the Dracwyn castle.

On either side were other heads of the family. One had been made of her grandfather as well, but he refused to put it up, stating it wasn’t time yet. Laura brought Ash to the portrait of her mother, painted with her posing behind the high chair, a hand rested on the frame of the back of the chair and Laura’s father standing next to her.

Whenever Laura entered this room and looked at this specific painting, it filled her with sadness, determination and a bit of anger. Her mother was meant to sit as the head of the family. If she had, maybe things would’ve been different for Laura. But now it was all passed down to her, and she would never want to let her mother down.

‘So this is the room,’ William Vorhart said, looking around. ‘I never thought I would be here. Only the top partners of the Dracwyn business empire have come here,’

‘But trust me, the conversations aren’t all that exciting,’ Min Youngjae whispered to the man and both laughed.

The Christmas dinner followed, everyone was in cordial christmas spirits. Charles Dracwyn was the impeccable formal host, meanwhile the Vorhart and Min parents seemed to be getting along well. After dinner, the Mins and Vorhart’s left, while Ash stayed, planning to leave only after New Years.

The New Years was at the usual Annual gala, where most of the pure blood families would gather to celebrate. This was the once in a year event where Kim Hyunseok and Charles Dracwyn would bear each other’s presence in the same room. The two girls, along with Yoongi saw Jin among the
crowd, socialising like a charming prince. Their interaction was formal, with only Ash staying behind to talk more while the sharp gazes of Charles and Hyunseok followed their children.

Finally the day came for Ash to leave. Laura was trying to prolong her stay but she knew Ash’s family would be missing her too. They lay on Laura’s fluffy bed, with Ash’s belongings half packed across the room.

‘I’m glad you spent Christmas here,’ Laura said, twirling the four petalled locket in her hand. ‘Holidays get a bit lonely,’

‘I can come over for a few days in the summer too,’ Ash said. ‘Or you could come over,’

‘That would be nice, if I can stay at your place,’

Ash looked out of the window, the sun was setting and it was time for the moon to rise.

‘It’s a full moon tonight,’ she said. ‘I wonder… I wonder how Jimin is doing,’

‘Did you write to him?’

‘Yeah, we wrote back and forth until yesterday. He as usual tells me not to worry. Did you speak to anyone?’

‘No…’ Laura slightly shook her head. ‘I couldn’t. The maximum I can do is hold this locket and let Taehyung know I miss them all,’

Ash propped herself on her elbow, ‘How does that work?’

‘Well… I don’t exactly know what kind of magic is in the twin lockets. But whenever Taehyung has been in trouble, my locket alerts me, it burns hot. And there have been times when it feels like a pulse beating inside it, as if the other holder of the pair is sending a message,’

‘So it’s always connected to the wearer,’ Ash said and Laura nodded. ‘It was Taehyung’s mother who gave this to your mother isn’t it? Maybe she knows what all it can do,’

‘I’m glad my mother gave this to me,’ Laura said. ‘I still remember her letter,’

Ash lay back on the bed, ‘What did it say?’

‘She knew her life was in danger always… she knew she had to leave a few last words for me, just in case. After their funeral, I was given a box, that was marked for me. Inside were a few of her belongings that she wanted me to have, including the Dracwyn ring,’ Laura held her hand up to show her the dragon ring wound around her middle finger. ‘And a letter, with this locket. She wrote that… that she was sorry she had to go away. She wrote she will think of me everyday and that she hopes one day I’ll understand why she did the things she had to,’

‘She would be happy to know that you do understand,’ Ash said.

‘I do, but it’s never easy to fully accept it… I lost a lot, for keeping the Dark Lord away from more power, to keep Taehyung safe,’

‘I know she’ll be proud to see you’ve fought hard to continue her efforts,’ Ash squeezed her hand. The house elf came in at that time, knocking on the door.

‘Miss Laura, the floo network is ready for your friend,’
‘Oh yes, I should finish packing,’ Ash got up from the bed. Laura helped her pack and they descended to the main hall.

‘Oh! Almost forgot to give you this!’ Ash halted at the fireplace and pulled her bag from her shoulder. Unzipping it, she put her hand in and retrieved a square album.

‘What’s this?’ Laura asked her as Ash handed it over to her.

‘Jin’s christmas present,’ Ash whispered. ‘He’s made one for each one of us but wasn’t sure about mailing to your house coz… you know,’

Laura nodded, understanding what Ash meant. She waved her goodbye and watched her disappear into the green flames.

Laura smiled, holding the album to her chest. She turned back and ran up to her room, excited to see the photographs.

She shut her door softly and flopped on the bed, opening the album. They were all random snaps, clicked candidly. She chuckled at a photograph where Hoseok smashed a cupcake on Yoongi’s mouth but her brother just pouted and licked it off. There was another of her sitting with Emina and Ash, all their 3 heads buried in a muggle magazine that Emina had brought. At that moment she heard her door creak open slightly. She looked back to find her grandfather at the doorway.

Shutting the album hurriedly and lightly pushing it below her blanket, she went to the door.

‘Yes grandfather?’ she asked him, hoping he didn’t see the album.

‘Your friend has left?’ he asked, stepping into the room.

‘Yes, she just left,’ she replied, giving him way, trying to maneuver him away from the bed. Nevertheless, his eyes fell on it, making Laura’s breath stop but Charles didn’t seem to think much of it and nonchalantly looked back at Laura. A wave of relief washed over her.

‘You were right, I quite like Vorhart. Their family will be a good addition to the inner circle,’

‘Yes that’s true,’ Laura nodded.

‘What’s the matter?’ Charles asked her. ‘You seem… restless,’

‘No…’ Laura tried to look unbothered. ‘Maybe I’m just sleepy. Didn’t sleep much since Ash was here,’

‘Oh,’ Charles said. ‘I thought… you were fretting about the missing photograph,’

Laura looked at him with dread and confusion, ‘What missing photograph…’

*Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window)* Ramin Djawadi - *No One Walks Away From Me*

Her heart fell out of her chest as Charles pulled out a photograph from his cloak. It was of all of them, sitting in a line, arms over each other’s shoulder. She felt every inch of her body turn cold like she had been dipped in ice, mouth going dry and teeth clenching hard.

‘Must’ve fallen out of this album she gave you…’ Charles continued, flicking the photograph in his hand. ‘You’ve made many new friends this year haven’t you?” he turned the photograph towards himself. ‘I don’t recognise most of them. Except of course… Kim Hyunseok’s son is there… and
Kim Jiyeon’s as well. I specifically told you not be friends with them anymore,’

‘They are just in the photograph. They aren’t really my friends,’

‘I see,’ Charles said, still appearing blase. ‘And the rest of them? They aren’t your friends as well?’

‘We just… we spend time together because we all are on the student council. Prefects, Quidditch Captains,’

‘So they are from other houses… what are their names?’

Laura could feel his hard eyes pricking her, could feel his cold anger surfacing. ‘You wouldn’t… know them,’ her eyes were darting from one corner of the floor to the other.

‘I wouldn’t know them… because they are muggle born,’

Laura did not answer.

‘You used to be with people of our kind and stature before. What’s happened this year?’

‘I told you they are not really my friends-’

‘Even him?’ Charles turned the photograph towards her. His finger rested on Jungkook, who had his arm around Laura’s neck and was pulling her closer. Something changed in Laura as she saw the way Jungkook looked at her in the photograph. He looked at her with pure adoration. Jungkook’s eyes and smile said it all.

‘If you are telling me he is not really your friend, then you are lying. Which means you’ve been lying all along to me,’

‘You’re right,’ Laura said, her eyes still on Jungkook, both in the photograph and out of it. ‘I lied,’

‘Excuse me?’

‘I lied to you. They are my friends. All of them,’

‘Laura this is not a joking matter-’

‘And I am not joking,’

‘You are telling me you have been spending all your time with these... Do you know how this is going to look in the future? Our worth is not the same as these… these half bloods and muggles,’ Charles was now breathing heavy in anger.

‘And what is our worth? We are not better than anyone Grandfather,’

Her grandfather crushed the photograph within his palm in his fury. Laura looked at his fist and was filled with rage herself.

‘Do not crush it. It belongs to me,’ She stretched out her hand and opened her palm for him to hand it over. Instead her grandfather pushed her hand away.

‘I knew it… I knew that Hyunseok’s son would do this to you. He’s turned you away from your family, from what’s important,’

‘Seokjin did nothing. Stop blaming him,’
'Then who is it? These mud blooded friends of yours? They’ve blinded you. You think you know everything now. They’ve made you think you are doing the right thing by defying your family,'

'Defying my family? What is so wrong with me making friends with them?'

'You are a Dracwyn! Not common sheep! You have the Dragon’s legacy to carry on your shoulders, I forbid you to see them ever again,'

'What?!' Laura sighed exasperatedly.

'You are never to talk to them, or even look at them. Especially this Hyunseok’s son, that auror’s son and that… that boy. Laura know your place. You will not be with that boy,'

Laura looked away, crossing her arms and Charles knew she was defying him.

'If you don’t listen to me, you will not attend Hogwarts anymore. I will transfer you to another school,'

'In my sixth year? Sure,'

'You will listen to me,'

'I will not,'

'If you cannot, then you are not fit to carry on the Dracwyn legacy,'

His words make Laura glance at him and Charles caught on that. ‘Yes, I mean what I’m saying. If you don’t set your priorities straight… then I cannot trust you with my inheritance. You will bring shame to this ancient family by mingling it with mudblooded-

‘They are not mudbloods!’ Laura yelled at her Grandfather and he looked at her with burning eyes.

‘Know,’ Charles said, his voice dropping dangerously low. ‘Know that I mean it. You are not fit to be called a Dracwyn if you don’t behave like one,'

He threw the crumpled photograph on the floor and walked out of the room.

That night Laura slept without dinner, not because Charles forbade it (he would think that punishment is not severe enough) but because Laura waited to see if her Grandfather cared enough to call her. But he didn't. And that was the real punishment he gave her. He acted like he did not care for her stubborn tantrums. Laura was too stubborn, just like him, to go and reconcile and after midnight her house elf brought her some food, sneaking it away from Charles' gaze. Laura still refused to eat it but the elf pleaded with her so much that she had a slice of bread and cheese.

After that incident Laura avoided her Grandfather, only replied if he asked her a question, turning her grandfather’s anger to a kind of remorse. Remorse not because of how he treated her, but because he felt he failed in bringing her up the right way.

*

_Mood Music (Don’t forget to open in a new tab/window) Ramin Djawadi - Be With Me_

‘You’re good?’ Taehyung asked, hands resting on the chains cuffed around Jimin’s wrists. The boy smiled, with whatever strength he could. He had requested this and Dumbledore and Snape didn’t seem to argue too much about it.
'Go along now,' Jimin said to Taehyung who looked like he would cry now. ‘You promised me you won’t stay in this chamber,’

Taehyung looked at Jimin, sitting on the stone floor of the underground chamber, chains at his ankles, his wrists and his neck. He could move around, but he wouldn’t reach the door if he transformed and leapt. ‘I’m going to wait outside with Dumbledore and Snape,’

‘You can go get some sleep, I’m going to be fine,’

‘I won’t,’ Taehyung bit his lip. He put his palm on the floor and mist formed below it. When he lifted his hand, there was a small wolf made of ice. ‘I’ll wait for sunrise and come get you,’

Taehyung took his lit wand and walked out of the chamber, shutting the entrance. Jimin sat back against the wall, a glowing doe walked around the room to give him some light and to watch over him. Jimin smiled to himself, his scary potions Professor had a gentle doe for a patronus?

Maybe he would scream tonight, or a part of him will transform. But at least in chains he will not harm anyone like last time. He wouldn’t have it any other way. He looked at the wolf sculpture and smiled, taking it in his hands and closed his eyes to the pain surging through his body.

Chapter End Notes

Ending Theme > Ellie Goulding - Hollow Crown

Writer's Notes (You can skip this if you want) -

Hi! I'm back from the long break. I think this is the longest break I taken from the series? At first it felt weird coz I always want to post as soon as I'm done with the chapter.

So far I've been updating at a speed of 1-2 chapters per week. That's because I had a lot of pre-written material which I moved around, edited and polished to fit the timeline. Now, the updates are going to be at the most 2 chapters a month or 1 per month. From part 3 onwards, I have no pre-written content and I of course want to give you a well finished chapter in the end. So I hope it's all worth the wait to you guys!

During this break, I kind of went through a lot of emotions? At first I was nervous (for the lack of written content. I will be writing 100% whole chapters after many months) And then the writers I've looked up to, totally let me down. It's like when your heroes fall... (I'm talking about GoT's D&D who turned the most brilliantly written story for TV into utter trash) That really hit me hard and put me in a place of self doubt. If the people you believed in let you down, would you do the same too? If they weren't able to do a good job, would I be able to?

But one cannot stop the work even if something hit your inspiration. You all really helped me put this out of my mind and go on. Even if it doesn't turn out to be as amazing as we all want it, it's ok. I want to finish what I started.

And then I got back to writing and found that place of self-excitement that I hadn't felt in a long time. I think for a creator to go on, that space is important. Where I'm excited about my work, on my own, regardless of anyone else being excited with me or not. It
reminds you that you started this first for yourself before others. It's your creation and it should bring you happiness first. We can get caught up in the joy people make you feel, and that's important too, to keep going. But there are days when that joy will be absent. On those days it's your own joy and reasons that will keep you standing.

I remembered why I started this. I like this story, I'm excited to put it in words and pair it with music. If there's even just one other person out there who enjoys it too, the joy is doubled.

Thank you for all your support, I love you all and sorry if the note got too long :P
The Reunion pt.2

Chapter Summary

All are on their way back to Hogwarts. The end of term is near and exams aren't the only things that make the boys feel unsettled.

Chapter Notes

House of Cards chapters to recap (if you'd like to while you wait) to understand part 3 better

Part 1 - 1. Prologue, 2. The Reunion, 7. Connection
Part 2 - 7. A Mother's Heart, 10. The Red War, 11. A Familiar Stranger

****

This chapter contains sexually explicit content. You can skip it if you're not comfortable with sexual content.

(I had mentioned that the sexual content in this story will progress at a pace in line with the relationships. I know House of Cards isn't a story with nsfw stuff every 2 chapters so if you're not comfortable reading it, I've marked the section between a line of asterisks '* * * *'

Also, this story is fiction, people are not gonna get caught/get in trouble while getting up to sexy and daring activities since the storyline is controlled by words of a writer. So please don't get inspired by any future events of mischievousness between the couples. Be sensible coz in real life the situation is not in our hands)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) James Newton Howard - Thestral Chase

It was cold.

Seokjin opened his eyes, vision blurry in the dark surroundings. The lamps on the walls dimly lit the swaying room. Was this a ship? Jin looked to the front, towards the voices of two figures. He recognised them both, the dark haired woman hovering over the blonde girl. The sight was painfully familiar.

The walls of the brigs were damp and cold, offering no warmth to the shivering girl on the floor. Her faint whimpers echoed in the vast empty space.
'Madam Lestrange please,' Gwen bit out.

Bellatrix stroked her hair.

'You failed us didn’t you?' she asked in a soft tone. 'Not once, but twice. Do you wish to suffer more?'

Gwen violently shook her head.

'Do you realise why you needed to be punished?' Bellatrix asked in the same eerily soft tone.

'I only... wanted to...' Gwen wheezed, 'I... I’m sorry! I won’t let you down again! I’ll do whatever you ask of me!'

‘You don’t need to be afraid of me right now,’ Bellatrix said. She pulled the nearby upturned wooden crate on which rested a plate of food. She took the plate and sat on the box. ‘Are you hungry? Since when have you not eaten?’

‘I don’t remember,’

‘You got what you deserved, do you understand that?’

‘I do,’ Gwen nodded.

‘You let us down. You let the Dark Lord down. You made so many mistakes,’ Bellatrix said. ‘And mistakes will not go unpunished, do you understand that too?’

‘I do,’ Gwen answered again.

‘I’m ready to give you another chance Gwen. A chance to be of some help to me. Will you fail me again?’

Gwen looked up, a sort of relief in her eyes. They were not going to kill her, yet. If she proved herself useful, she would live.

‘I won’t fail you, I’ll do whatever you say,’

‘Good,’ Bellatrix smiled, teeth showing. ‘You’ll have to be patient, you’ll have to train carefully. Remember, greater the risk, greater the reward. Drink up now,’ she handed her the tray of food and the goblet.

‘Madam Lestrange,’ a man called her and Jin turned to look behind him. ‘We’re ready with the boat,’

Jin followed Bellatrix out of the brig and up on to the deck. A cold wind blew across the sea. Bellatrix got into the boat and Jin with her. They were brought down and rowed to the shore. Jin looked up at the open sky, the clouds drifting over the sun, a lone raven circling them. When he looked back to the nearing shore, his eyes widened. A horde of people stood there, all slightly unkempt with beards, torn clothes, beastly, scarred faces.

‘How many?’ Bellatrix asked the man with her.

‘At least a hundred, with 3 of Skoll’s sired ones including Dromon. One of them, the alpha, Roderic is eager to discuss the details of the deal with you,’

’Is it true what they say from Roderic?’
'His strength is unmatched, it's true. Be careful when you talk to him, he is... quite proud and aggressive,'

*These were all werewolves.* A fear crept into Jin. These were the ones that wanted Jimin... and there were so many of them...

The raven cawed above them and Jin looked up again, only to be blinded by the sun, feeling extremely dizzy and his eyes opened.

Jin sat up on the bed, lightheaded like he had literally been staring at the sun. He touched his eyes, pressing them in slightly to feel some relief when he felt something on one of his cheekbones, like a crack.

He hurriedly got up and rushed to his mirror, peering into his reflection, checking his face. There was a disappearing wound, like the nerves beneath his eyes had swollen and were slowly retracting back to it’s original state.

Jin rubbed his fingers over it, wondering what that was about.

‘Jin!’ He heard his mother walking towards the door. ‘Time for lunch!’ his mother entered, smiling warmly, a smile Jin had inherited. ‘You haven’t exactly been keeping up to your usual appetite. So I made you all your favourites,’

Jin smiled genuinely after a long time in his house, ‘Great! My hunger is back already!’

‘Don’t you have to pack as well? You leave tomorrow morning,’

‘I’ve already packed,’ Jin replied.

‘Oh...’ his mother’s face fell. ‘Eager to leave I see...’

‘No I... I just had time on my hands so...’

His mother looked at her folded hands. ‘Your father is being too... strongly motivated about his agendas and honestly this family doesn’t feel like a family sometimes. I’m sorry...’

‘You don’t have to be sorry for that. You didn’t do anything mom,’

‘But you do know your father loves you? I’ve seen it. I’ve seen it over these eighteen years. I’ve seen it in the moments you two fight. I am not saying he’s... that he’s perfect, but I know he loves his son,’

Jin silently nodded. ‘I’ll come down for lunch,’

‘Alright,’ his mother didn’t press further and left him.

Jin ran his hands over his face, getting off the bed to wash up and feel awake. His mother’s pleas of reconciliation aside, his vision was running over and over in his mind. He wanted to know more, stay there a bit longer so he figures out Bellatrix’s plans, see what they were up against.

Would they attack Hogwarts again? No, it’s implausible that Bellatrix would repeat the mistake a third time. There wasn’t much Jin or anyone could do now. If only they could go to the Aurors for help, get an actual manhunt for the Death Eaters, what were they supposed to do otherwise? They were students, hiding secrets from every authoritative figure they knew.
The white winter landscapes of London passed by them and now they were going deeper into the countryside on the Hogwarts Express. The closer the seven of them drew to Hogwarts, the happier they felt about seeing Jimin and Taehyung again. Laura took a seat next to the window, squeezed at the end, right next to Jungkook. The moment she had seen him when she entered the compartment, she hadn’t wanted to move away from him. The fight with her grandfather from 2 days ago was still fresh in her mind, making her chest go cold whenever she thought of it.

She watched her friends chat and laugh aloud. She was silent, smiling at them and occasionally looking out the window.

‘You’re quiet,’ Jungkook softly, so that only she could hear him. ‘Are you missing home?’

‘God no,’ Laura slightly rolled her eyes and chuckled.

‘Then what’s up?’

Laura shifted slightly, taking his hand in hers. She wanted to share everything with him, but she couldn’t find the right words at the moment.

*Grandfather found out and got ballistic. He thinks I’m insulting my family. He thinks I’m not fit to be of noble blood.*

She wanted to say that but couldn’t bring herself to. Her reasons were complicated, she didn’t understand them herself. She was angrier than she had ever been with her grandfather, but still, she couldn’t hate him. He had brought her up after all. She didn’t want Jungkook to hate him either.

‘I don’t want anything to take you away…’ she said quietly and closed her eyes. Jungkook didn’t press further, knowing from her words that she was troubled enough. He leaned down and gently kissed her before wrapping his arm around her and resting his cheek on top of her head and closing his eyes. They stayed the rest of the journey that way, safe behind the shields on their friends. This was the safest place for them.

*Mood Music (Don’t forget to open in a new tab/window) John Williams - Reunion of Friends*

Ash Vorhart walked into her room with Laura, taking in the familiar scent of cedar and the lake nearby. Sixth year was coming to an end soon and 5 months back, Ash would’ve never expected her life to turn in so many ways.

‘Remember when you wanted to change rooms because I was your assigned roommate?’ she heard Laura and turned to find her smiling with her soft purple eyes.

Ash chuckled, remembering how she had never really liked Laura Dracwyn, but now they were the closest of friends, loyal to their last blood.

‘Snape threatened to put me in detention for a month when I told him I want to change rooms,’ Ash chuckled and went on to imitate their potions professor’s nasal tone, pulling her short hair to the sides of her face and turning her face gaunt. ‘You have come here to disturb me from my life changing class preparation so that you could exchange roommates? Preposterous! Out of my sight!’

The girls laughed heartily, a fuzzy warmth spreading in their chests.

‘Where is Jimin though? I thought he’ll be bouncing to greet us!’ Laura said, setting her bag down.
‘I’m wondering the same,’ Ash looked through the window beside her bed. The entire castle grounds, to Hogsmeade and beyond was capped in white snow. And Ash spotted the raven haired boy near the lake.

‘There he is!’ Ash smiled widely, watching the familiar grin that turned Jimin’s cheeks into soft marshmallows. He was greeting Jungkook, both enveloped in some sort of hug that seemed difficult to de-tangle from. Jimin spotted Ash at the window and waved at her excitedly. He ran towards the window, tugging Jungkook behind him and climbed in.

‘You’re here!’ Jimin almost bulldozed her but Ash balanced both of them. Jimin lifted her and twirled her around, both of their giggles filling the room. Jimin was glowing brightly, seeing all his friends again, his smile made his eyes nearly closed.

‘You look well,’ she said, giving him a kiss, not bothering about the public display of affection this one time.

‘I’m ok now. Turns out, the full moon is not as hard to bear without the… presence of other werewolves,’

Behind him, Jungkook seemed to be climbing in nervously.

‘Why do you look so scared?’ Jimin asked him, ‘C’mon in!’

‘I’ve never been into the Ravenclaw girl’s dorm and you’re asking why I’m scared crawling into the Slytherin girl’s dorm?’ Jungkook said to him.

Ash chuckled and pulled him in by the wrist. ‘Don’t worry, as long as it’s just our room, no one’s gonna catch you,’

Jungkook looked around at the green room. It was indeed very different from their airy Ravenclaw tower where the ceilings were high, with curtains swaying continuously, sun filtering in during sunset. One could see and hear eagles and ravens cawing in their blue tinted rooms but here, one could hear the lake’s waters gushing and the distant sirens calling underwater. Leaves and creepers framed the windowsill. Jungkook’s eyes fell on Laura’s side of the room. This was the first time he was in one of her personal spaces and of course he was quite intrigued. Ash and Jimin seemed to be conversing in their own world so Jungkook walked further into the room, watching Laura set up her table.

‘That’s your family?’ Jungkook asked, picking up a silver photo frame with two purple eyed women - one a blonde and the other dark haired.

‘That’s Yoongi’s mother, my aunt,’ Laura pointed to the blonde woman, ‘And that’s my mother,’

‘The three of you have the same eyes,’ Jungkook smiled.

‘Might be the dominant gene in Dracwyns,’

Jungkook’s eyes wandered over the other things on the table. Laura had a collection of silver accessories, two rows of various books and rare quills above the table and his eyes found a quaint little crystal bottle, a liquid tinted blue inside it. He picked it up, taking the cap off and smelling the nozzle. Lilies and Frankincense. He closed his eyes, a smile spreading on his lips. Countless memories came rushing back into his mind, stomach fluttering with the renewed excitement from a few months ago.

‘What?’ Laura chuckled at his expression.
'Do you know how I realised I liked you?' Jungkook opened his eyes and looked at her, just in time to see her cheeks turning pink.

‘H-how?’

‘The prefect’s bathroom, when I would go in for my late night shower, I would smell this wafting around on some nights. I didn’t know who’s it was… but I loved it so much…’

‘Oh… But how did you know it was me?’

‘Remember our detention?’ He leaned closer to her face. ‘For the first time we were spending time together, sitting close, and the scent hit me again, like a crazy wave,’ he grinned. ‘I should’ve accepted it then and there instead of fighting it for months,’ He kissed her neck, just below her ear and his nose nuzzled further in taking the beloved scent laced with her own, lips giving a few more kisses to her sensitive skin and she breathed in heavily. Even though the contact was brief, she could feel his soft lips leave a sultry burn behind. When he pulled back to look at her, he was grinning ear to ear at successfully flustering her and Laura looked away, trying and failing at hiding her shy smile.

‘Park Jimin!’ They heard Yoongi. ‘Park Jimin have you forgotten all about the roommate rules!’ he was stomping his feet as he walked in.

‘Calm down Yoongi!’ Jimin said. ‘Do you want to alert all the girls that we’re here?’

‘How messy have you left the room! Christmas does not mean tidying up goes on vacation too! Keep this up and I’m changing roommates,’

Jimin laughed confidently, ‘As if you’ll do that. We all know you absolutely love me Min Yoongi, stop trying to prove otherwise,’

‘This brat!’ Yoongi grabbed him by the waist and pulled him away from Ash. ‘Go clean up the room or I won’t let you spend any time with Ash! I told you at the very beginning, I have rules, and if you break those rules… And what did you say to me back then? ‘I’m organised’ you said,’ he imitated Jimin’s tone that he used when being a cute good boy.

After Yoongi was satisfied with Jimin’s tidying skills, all of them headed for dinner, their stomachs rumbling with hunger.

‘Jimin, where is Taehyung? I hoped to see him when we come in,’ Laura asked and they saw the Hufflepuff boy walk towards them, smiling widely.

‘There you are!’ Laura went to hug him and Yoongi beat her to it.

‘You’re hair is brown again?’ Jungkook patted his head. ‘We missed this color!’

‘Well,’ Taehyung shrugged, ‘Dumbledore made me change back. Silver attracts too much attention he said,’

‘How were the holidays?’

‘Quite interesting,’ Taehyung said with a smile that made everyone suspicious.

‘Interesting? How exactly?’

‘Kim Taehyung where have you been?’ Hoseok entered the corridor, hands on his waist and a pout
on his lips. ‘I thought you would be in the dorms! I searched half the castle for you!’

‘I was at the great lake! Why were you looking for me though?’

‘Well,’ Hoseok looked taken aback, pout intensifying. ‘We all missed you that’s why! Looks like you didn’t miss us! Did you make new friends while we were gone!’

Taehyung laughed dryly. He couldn’t tell them anything about Abraxas yet, at least not today. ‘I’m here now! I just lost track of time and as soon as I saw students come in I rushed back! Let’s go eat, I’m starving!’

They all walked in pairs, prefects wearing their respective robes, sigils of the serpent, the eagle and the badger embroidered beautifully in each of them. They saw Charlie Weasley looking slightly nervous and jumpy and remembered the fifth and seventh years would be getting their OWLs and NEWTs schedule from McGonagall and Flitwick at the end of the comeback feast. Glad not to worry about either of those things this year, the seven walked into the Great Hall.

The four colours of the Houses filled the Great Hall beneath golden candles. It was already full of students laughing and chatting. The teachers were filing into their seats. Argus Filch, as usual stood at the main door, carrying his sneaky cat Mrs. Norris in his arms. His eyes observed the students with unnecessary suspicion. The roof of the Great Hall showed a snowing sky with a waxing gibbous moon. The group dispersed to their respective tables, Laura and Jungkook took their usual spot, where they would have their age old game of missing heated glances but this time Jungkook held her gaze, giving her a wink and Laura froze for a few moments before hiding her face on the table.

‘The castle’s atmosphere is so much better now,’ Vanessa said to all of them. ‘It was risky, the whole job of catching Jessica Simpson but it was totally worth it. All of us can walk and breathe without her minions scrunching their faces at us,’

‘By the way,’ they heard Charlie ask from the Gryffindor table in front of them. ‘Where are Namjoon and Jin? I thought Namjoon would be here when I get the OWLs schedule! I need him or I’m going to have a nervous breakdown!’

* * * *

‘Ah, good to be back,’ Jin stretched his arms out after placing his backpack down on the floor. The content, closed eye smile on his face made Namjoon smile as well.

‘I never thought Hogwarts would start feeling like home to this extent,’ Namjoon said, pecking Jin’s cheek and going into the room.

‘We have time before dinner don’t we?’ Jin asked, ‘I’m going in for a quick shower,’ he lit the fireplace with his wand and went to take a hot bath.

Namjoon got to unpacking, setting back the assignments he had completed during the vacation, checking his schedule for tomorrow and if he had any memos from McGonagall about the student council.

The room was getting warmer with the lit fireplace. He heard Jin come out of the bathroom.

‘Ready to go for dinner?’ Namjoon asked, keeping his arithmancy and potions textbooks on the bookshelf.

‘Depends. We could eat here you know?’ Jin said.
‘What do you mean?’ Namjoon’s eyebrows furrowed and he looked back in confusion only to be completely taken aback.

Jin was on the bed, naked by the looks of it, the white bed cover loosely and carelessly draped over him, covering what Jin didn’t want Namjoon to see just yet, the tease apparent in Jin’s smile and burning Namjoon’s insides. If there was anyone who could look so effortlessly sexy, just climbed into bed with some crushed fabric thrown over them, it was Jin.

‘I was thinking we could start where we left off at your house,’ Jin propped himself up on his elbow, the cloth sliding down to reveal his bare chest. The contrast of his dark nipples to his pale smooth skin was alluring beyond anything Namjoon had seen. ‘Do you remember what you said to me that night?’

Namjoon just stared at him awestruck. His throat was dry but his mouth was watering and his stomach tumbled at the sight of Jin, beautiful and bare, just for his eyes when the entire world sought for the prince’s attention. Jin could see Namjoon’s breaths were getting heavier, chest rising and falling and he chuckled.

‘Do you remember or not?’ he asked again.

‘I do,’ Namjoon nodded. Of course he remembered the words they whispered to each other on christmas night, their fantasies and desires that they won’t be able to accomplish that night but promised that they would have it all somewhere in the future.

‘Then…’ Jin’s eyes turned sultry, going over Namjoon’s body and the next words came deep and commanding, ‘Take off your clothes,’

He made it clear that he wanted to see Namjoon strip.

Hooded eyes trailing over the taller’s broad, muscular body with each strip of skin being revealed one by one, Jin gulped, a hand running slowly over his own hardening length. He will never get over this, every time he saw Namjoon naked, it was like a new thrill. Those proportions were just godly- Long legs, muscular arms, those strong pecks. When Namjoon was just in his underwear, already hard from seeing Jin devour him with his gaze, Jin propped himself up on his knees, moving forward and beckoning Namjoon towards him.

Jin’s hands gripped the sides of Namjoon’s thighs, squeezing and his teeth grazed over the supple flesh. Tongue laving over it, he went from one side to another, hoping to leave a mark somewhere. This had to be Jin’s favourite feature on his boyfriend and he’d be more than satisfied to see some mark of his own on it. Namjoon watched all of it with heat building inside him, wanting to take control from Jin, to let him know with his own mouth how good the older made him feel.

His nose glided over Joon’s inner thigh, tongue leaving a wet strip till he came to the clothed bulge. His plump lips ghosted over the generous, thick length of Namjoon’s cock.

He pushed the underwear’s waistband down, biting the side of Namjoon’s hip, moving to the front with wet kisses, taking his length and sucking down on it in one go. Namjoon threw his head back, lips parted in a low moan. His own tongue licked his lips, not having anything of Jin’s to latch on to yet. He looked down, eyebrows constricted, rubbing his thumb over Jin’s cheekbones like he loved doing whenever Jin would suck on him.

‘You’re the prettiest when you’re like this,’ he said, watching hungrily how Jin’s plump lips wrapped tight around his cock, taking him in and out. Jin’s eyes were shut, beautiful lashes downturned.
'Mmhmm,' Jin’s acknowledgement was mingled with a moan. He sat up a little straighter, wrapped his hands around Namjoon’s waist, going deep, nose touching Namjoon’s base, cheeks hollowing and sucking. The string of curses in that moment from Namjoon’s mouth was probably the best thing Jin had heard, his fingers twisting in Jin’s hair, hips jerking further in.

Jin pulled away after a few seconds, letting out his breath, a string of saliva momentarily stretching between his mouth of the tip of Namjoon’s cock. Jin breathed out, face flushed and getting sweaty, eyes now turned up to the other. Namjoon pushed him down hurriedly on the bed, climbed over him and closed his mouth over Jin’s. The kiss was messy, earnest, tongues pushing in to feel as much of each other as possible.

‘I wanna hear again what you said to me that night,’ Jin said, voice raspy between the breaths and kisses.

Namjoon paused the kiss, pushing himself up on his elbows as he hovered over Jin.

Jin caught his jaw in his hands, thumb rubbing over Namjoon’s wet lips. ‘Say it,’

‘A-Are you sure? You wanna do it?’

‘That’s not what you said that night but yeah I wanna do it if you want it to. I came prepared you know,’

‘You did?’ Namjoon’s eyebrows arched in surprise. He was feeling a mixture of awe, shock and arousal and he ducked his head down in a moment of shyness.

‘I did,’ Jin looked at the other’s ducked down head and ran his fingers through those blonde locks reassuringly. ‘Are you nervous?’

‘Aren’t you?’ Namjoon looked up and Jin smiled to give him some relief.

‘I know you, I completely know you and I love you. I am a little nervous but not in a fearful way. I’m… excited,’

‘I mean,’ Namjoon sat on his heels over Jin’s thighs. ‘We both haven’t done this before. We know what to do in theory but-,’

‘That’s true, and it’s ok, we’ll learn,’ Jin cupped Namjoon’s face. ‘Let’s not expect too much from it. You know I’m only going to love you more no matter what. After all, practice makes perfect, doesn't it?’ Jin wiggled his eyebrows to make Namjoon laugh and it worked, dimples coming back on his cheeks.

Namjoon took Jin’s hand and kissed his palm. ‘Ok,’ he smiled. ‘We won’t keep high expectations,’

‘So,’ Jin leaned forward. ‘Say want you wanted that night. Let me hear it again,’

Namjoon bit his lip, the confidence and trust being reassured within him. His eyes looked into Jin’s before answering him, ‘I want to see you riding me,’

Jin smiled satisfactorily, ‘Good. I’ve been waiting to do that too,’ He pushed Namjoon down on the bed, hand taking a tube of lubricant from their side table.

‘Wait,’ Namjoon said. ‘I want to... help you with that,’

‘Okay,’ Jin chuckled. ‘And how-’
But Namjoon was quick, he pushed Jin down on the bed again, straddling him. His fingers stroked through Jin’s dark locks, pushing them over his head and he pecked Jin’s forehead. Namjoon’s hands slithered over Jin’s skin, from the side of his face, to his neck, to his chest, fingers brushing over his nipples. Down below, between their crotches, Namjoon felt him get restless at the touch of his fingers on his hardening buds. He slowly grinded down on him, a thumb circling one of his nipples and felt how hard Jin was.

‘Joon…’ he sighed with eyes closing. ‘I thought you were helping me,’

‘I am,’ he chuckled.

‘But you’re… messing me up,’

‘I like to see you messed up, your flushed neck…’ Namjoon licked a stripe from Jin’s collar bone to his chin, momentarily latching on to the curve of his neck, tongue laving until Jin writhed with heavier moans below him. ‘Your red ears,’ he licked the pinna of Jin’s ear, teeth nibbling on his earlobe. ‘Didn’t you say I could gaze at you for as long as I want?’

‘You jerk,’ Jin chuckled, a fist punching Namjoon’s chest playfully. Namjoon kissed his forehead again and sat up, knees moving backwards.

‘Turn around,’ Namjoon said, his voice deeper than usual. Jin complied, a rush of excitement coursing through his entire body, like a current lighting him up. Namjoon moved away lightly, coming on to Jin’s side. His hands caressed Jin’s back, over his shoulder blades, fingers tracing the dip in his spine. Namjoon took his time appreciating the beautiful curve of Jin’s lower back and the accent to his ass with both his hands and gentle kisses of his lips. He positioned himself back over Jin and pressed his lips to Jin’s spine, mouth opening and tongue swirling, marking a wet trail all the way down.

Slowly, coming further down, he gently pulled Jin’s waist up, getting him on his knees, while his face pressed on the pillow. Jin was oddly speechless, currently lost in the anticipation of what’s to come.

‘You ok baby?’ Namjoon asked, giving soft kisses to his butt cheeks.

‘Yes Joonie,’ Jin replied, with a hint of gratitude in his tone. Jin was overwhelmed by just how gentle and caring Namjoon was, and at the same time, this very quality of Namjoon made Jin want to lose all his senses and go rogue, made him want to jump over Namjoon and devour him just to let him know how intensely he felt right now, how much he appreciated his care.

Namjoon continued his trail of kisses, now gently spreading Jin’s ass cheeks, mouth moving between him, and Jin felt Namjoon’s tongue softly lick his entrance.

Jin shivered at first with a gasp, hands fisted on the bed covers. Namjoon slowly picked up the pace, wet mouth kissing the rim, tip of his tongue moving from his sensitive perineum to the hole, pushing in. Namjoon’s hot breath fanned over Jin’s soft, wet skin. Jin pushed his face to the side for some air.

‘Oh Joonie,’ he whined, body arching further, his hazy voice telling the other how far gone he was. Jin was spreading his knees further apart, pushing himself on Namjoon, eager for more and Namjoon opened his mouth wider, moving more hungrily, tongue pushing deeper, then mouth leaving a mark on the lower side of one of his cheeks. For a few moments there were only the noises of Jin’s heavy moans with the wet noises of Namjoon’s mouth.
'You ready baby?' Namjoon asked and Jin could hear him take the bottle of lube. Jin turned around. They locked their heated eyes, both were flushed, a slight layer of sweat sheening on their skin like tiny diamonds. Jin nodded, positioning his legs on either side of Namjoon. His arms rested lazily spread above his head. The taller spread the lubricant on his fingers, slowly and gently pushing one of them into Jin. Jin exhaled, trying to relax his body, feeling the sensation of Namjoon’s finger against his inner walls for the first time. He closed his eyes, as Namjoon slowly pumped in and out, and then adding another finger, stretching him further. Pleasure increased with each stroke inside Jin until he was again moaning every time Namjoon’s fingers slithered in against him. Namjoon’s own cock twitched imagining how it would feel when it would replace those fingers, the tip wet since a while now, desperately wanting Jin’s touch.

‘Joon…’ Jin called for him and Namjoon looked up, slowing his movements.

‘Yeah Jin?’ His free hand cupped Jin’s face.

‘Don’t make me come just yet,’ Jin smirked. ‘I want to feel you inside me first before I ride you… and then, you can make me come,’

Namjoon smiled, ducking his head shyly again. That move always made his dimples even more endearing.

‘You ready?’ Jin asked him this time. Namjoon nodded and Jin sat up and took the lube, coating Namjoon’s thick length, hazy eyes watching how Namjoon looked so consumed in Jin’s ministrations. Namjoon leaned in for a kiss but Jin kept pulling back just the slightest to tease him until the older was flat on his back again. He positioned Namjoon’s cock against his hole, urging him to push in.

Slowly Namjoon thrust forward, eyes on Jin, making sure he’s feeling alright but the older was lost in the sensations again, eyes closed, eyebrows furrowed and lips spilling out a long moan. He filled Jin up, his stroke going deep and pulled out till the tip, moving in again, picking up the pace like his fingers had a few moments ago.

‘You’re so good to me Joon… so-fucking-good,’ the words rolled out of Jin in his pleasurable bliss at each thrust.

Namjoon moaned in agreement to the last words, relating to how good Jin made him feel and his mouth latched on to that spot on his neck which always made Jin whimper even at the slightest touch. Jin felt so good around him, sheathing him tight at every inch of his cock, it was the kind of content pleasure that Namjoon knew he wouldn’t feel from anything else.

‘Wait, slow… slow down,’ Jin breathed and Namjoon opened his eyes in slight worry.

‘What happened baby? Are you okay? Did i-’

But Jin was smiling adoringly at Namjoon, ‘Shhh,’ he cooed. ‘You’re making me feel the best I’ve ever felt, relax baby,’ he pecked Namjoon’s lips. ‘You’re always taking care of me, putting me first, how did my stars align so fortunately with yours?’ He started pushing Namjoon, grabbing his arms so they could turn.

‘I just don’t want it to end before I can take care of you too,’ Jin said, straddling Namjoon. ‘After all,’ his voice lowered to a deep whisper. ‘You wanted to see me ride you,’

Namjoon should’ve known this fantasy of his would be the end of him. He had imagined this a hundred times but of course it could never do justice to Jin actually naked in front of him, messy
hair, flushed skin, his broad shoulders tapering to that beautiful narrow waist. And the way Jin looked at Joon with pure lust, that couldn’t be justified with imagination.

Jin pumped Namjoon’s length a few times, and once Jin had found a position for himself, he lowered down on him, Namjoon groaned at the sight of his cock disappearing deep into the other, eyes closing when Jin’s body touched Namjoon’s base.

Jin leaned back on the balls of his palms, slowly getting into a rhythm. Namjoon held his waist, watching how he moved, Jin’s cock bobbing with the movement, how his hips gyrated, that circular motion driving Namjoon crazy.

Deep groans left Namjoon’s lips one after the other. His hands roamed over Jin’s body, caressing and gripping his thighs, feeling the muscles tighten each time Jin moved up and down. His own hips were starting to seek more now, pushing up into Jin.

‘Oh, Joon…’ Jin threw his head back, feeling Namjoon reach deep into him, hitting him where he wanted.

Namjoon paused for a moment and held him. He sat up so that their faces could be on level. His hands gripped the back of Jin’s head and they kissed, their hips slowly grinding together.

‘Come inside me,’ Jin whispered over his lips. ‘I want that, please,’

Heat built up at the pit of Namjoon’s stomach at the way Jin pleaded desperately. Namjoon shifted his weight on his hands planted on the bed behind him and started to thrust up. He let go, letting the feel of Jin completely take over all his senses, Jin’s touch, his lewd moans, his beautiful scent, and with the last few deep, fast thrusts, he was coming harder than ever, deep inside the man he loved, the orgasm spreading through his body, till the ends of his limbs, a degree of pleasure he hadn’t ever felt before. He leaned on the head rest of the bed, moaning loud while Jin rode him out. Jin’s hands were stroking himself, eyes on Namjoon’s contorted face and he came almost immediately, strips of white all over Namjoon’s chest. Both breathed out, Jin almost falling forward. Namjoon held him by the arms and slowly laid him down on himself. They could care less about the mess between them right now.

Slowly their breaths settled, senses of the world returning to them, the currents in their limbs getting replaced with a happy contentment.

‘Yeah I would definitely like to do this with you for the rest of my life,’ Jin grinned, face in the crook of Namjoon’s neck. He straightened out his legs, the ache in them kind of pleasant and laid on Namjoon’s side. ‘Do this everyday and I’m going to have stunning thighs isn’t that right?’

Namjoon smiled, dimples going deep and turned to kiss Jin. ‘I would definitely like to do this with you for the rest of my life too… and many other things,’

‘Many other things?’ Jin raised an eyebrow. ‘How much have you not told me Kim Namjoon?’

Namjoon chuckled, hugging him tight and closing his eyes, ‘I love you… so much,’

‘I love you so much too,’ Jin grinned against his shoulder, light headed with the moment’s happiness.

* * * *

Classes resumed at full force for all of them. There wasn’t much time left for the final exams, less than 3 months remained. Jin and Namjoon were too lost in their bliss to stress about NEWTs just
yet but Emina Carter, the Head Girl was already losing her sleep, appetite and her gorgeous auburn hair over the stress. She was the personification of the Nastily Exhausting Wizarding Tests.

‘You’re a genius, why are you stressing so much?’ Vanessa coaxed her, trying to stuff one of the leftover cookies from breakfast into her girlfriend’s mouth, but Emina’s face was buried in her potions textbook. They were all in the clubroom, doing their assignments and practice papers. ‘You are smart, you have a kind of memory that amazes me. If you overthink this, you’re going to ruin your health,’

‘I couldn’t finish my assignments, Snape is going to kill me…’ Emina chewed on her quill. ‘There are surprise tests coming up. McGonagall wants all of us to score at least E. I think I’m gonna collapse.’

‘Let me get you the invigorating potion,’ Vanessa stood up and a memo came flying towards her. Only Emina and McGonagall used this memo system.

‘Why is McGonagall telling us to come in?’ Vanessa looked at Emina and showed her the memo. ‘She is? Oh god did I screw up some assignment?’

‘I don’t think it’s that,’ Vanessa’s gut told her it was something worse. ‘C’mon, let’s go find out,’

‘These assignments are never ending,’ Ash yawned in the other corner of the room, putting her head on Jimin’s shoulder. ‘Are there no spells to make them finish on their own,’ her sleepy eyes were looking around the room casually when they settled on Jin and Namjoon sitting on the sofa at a distance. Ash sat up and turned to Jimin, ‘Don’t you think something’s changed between them?’

‘Hmmm?’ Jimin looked at her with big eyes and then looked to the front towards the couple, ‘Changed how?’

‘Something is different. They used to give off this awkwardly cute vibe. Now it’s all charged,’

‘Yeah I see that too,’ Jimin agreed, seeing how Namjoon’s one hand rested on Jin’s thigh and the other around his waist. And then when they looked at it each, the exchange of gazes and the slight smirks on their lips was making everything sultry. There was a kind of confidence radiating from them. ‘Are we falling behind?’ Jimin turned to Ash with a pout. ‘Are we not the sexy ones anymore?’

Ash laughed, ‘It’s not a competition Jiminnie,’

‘But I liked it when Kook said we look sexy together. I liked that we gave off that vibe. We used to make everyone else jealous,’

‘Don’t worry, we’re not that hard to defeat are we,’ Ash’s green eyes twinkled at him.

‘I guess we could be the cute ones for a bit,’ Jimin shrugged and Ash nodded agreeing when Laura and Jungkook entered. Jungkook was tugging on Laura’s green cloak, whining and pouting about wanting her to sit with him. When she still resisted he wound his hands around her from the back, picked her up and took her to the couch. Laura had a look of victory on her face, not visible to Jungkook. He sat her down and instead of opening his book, lay down on her lap and when she protested, he squeezed her face between his hands, making her lips pucker up like a fish.

Ash and Jimin looked at each other again, with a look of defeat. Ash sighed, tucking her hair behind her ears, ‘I guess that’s gone too,’
'Your ears are ticklish aren't they?' Jimin asked her, watching her fingers trail down from her pinna.

'Sensitive, yeah,' Ash nodded. She felt his intense gaze on her from the corner of her eye and looked at him. 'What?'

Jimin didn't answer, just continued to look at her in a way that melted her heart and heated up her insides at the same time.

'Why are you looking at me like that?'

She felt his hand on her thigh... the grip was firm and he slowly slithered up as his lips came close to her ear.

'I’d like to see how sensitive they are... and the rest of you too,' the brush of his lips tickled her with goosebumps and she closed her eyes, feeling his hand now curving into her inner thigh, fingers digging into the underside. He softly kissed her pinna, the sound of it audible just to her and she couldn't help but moan ever so slightly. Quickly, she covered her mouth with her hand, not wanting to draw any attention towards them. Jimin pulled her hand away and pecked her lips, before settling back down with his notes. Ash looked at him, wondering if he's going to suggest that they run away for a bit, but he didn't. Instead he just had a smug smile on him.

'Where is Taehyung by the way?' Jungkook asked. 'I just saw him briefly at dinner yesterday,'

'Same,' Ash said. 'I haven’t really seen him around,'

All eyes turned to Jimin. Since the werewolf attack in the forbidden forest, Jimin and Taehyung had grown closer than before.

'Is he ignoring us?' Jin asked and Jimin seemed to hide a little behind Ash’s frame.

'I don’t think ignoring is the right word... he’s just, on his own a lot,'

*  

Taehyung put on his white sweater. He wasn't really cold, but Bogum gave him suspicious looks, himself being covered in 5 layers of wool. Taehyung rolled his eyes and put on a blue woollen beanie and a blue jacket. The cold made no difference to him, he was enjoying it. But he had to ‘fit in’.

He walked out of the castle, and headed to Hogsmeade before sunset came too close. Abraxas had told him there would be a visitor at the Hogsmeade station. He walked in the snow towards the train station, feet pushing into the fluffy white ground.

Northern Scotland was now perpetually covered in snow but today, the sun slightly peeked out for a while. He sat on a bench at the platform for a few minutes. The station master and a few workers passed by him, one of them giving him an acknowledging nod that he returned. Eventually Taehyung decided to take a stroll, he kicked the snow, walked on the rail while trying to balance himself.

Taehyung returned to the bench and closed his eyes, feeling disappointed. The sun was setting and he had to return now, without having met his visitor.

‘You’ve been waiting a while?’
Taehyung opened his eyes and looked to his side. Serafin sat in her black cloak, staring ahead, few locks of her red hair visible around the edge of the hood. She turned to him and smiled. ‘How are you Taehyung?’

Chapter End Notes

I want to write this to any of the readers who are shy about leaving a comment or interacting with me. Please don't hesitate! Even if it's just a word or an emoji, please shows your appreciation to any kind of content creator, not just me. It goes a very very long way in making them happy and keeping their faith in their abilities. Especially if it's an important chapter, writers want to know if it made any impact on their reader's mind, did it make them happy, excite them, make them sad. I know sometimes we think 'what will we even say in the comment box?' coz I've been there, feeling hesitant. But seriously, don't hold back in letting content creators know you like their work. They're only going to be thankful, nothing else!

If you read the nsfw bits, and you liked it, drop a heart. This story is the first time I'm writing that genre and I hope to explore different genres in the future!

Now onto something that I've been excited about since a while all on my own. Half of what I write comes from the music I listen to. It puts scenes in my mind, makes me stitch my story together.

So I'm so happy I've finally pinned down on some character themes! I'll be sharing two at a time. Some of these themes will come back at the very end as our characters complete their arch.

Taehyung's Theme

Serafin's Theme

More themes next chapter
I can't believe this chapter is only conversations.....

Lot's of mood music this time though! Coz I'm in the mood :P

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Akira Senju - Homage to Alchemy

‘Thank you for coming,’ Taehyung said. ‘I thought you wouldn’t show up,’

‘Of course I would. Though I’m at risk from being spotted by Dumbledore,’ Serafin’s orange eyes briefly scanned the snowy landscape behind Taehyung, at the end of which the Hogwarts castle stood high on the upward slope. ‘But I think I can handle that old man,’ she chuckled. ‘So, you said you want to discuss something with me,’

‘Yes,’ Taehyung nodded. ‘I… want to know. Is it true that only Abraxas’ soul is alive? He doesn’t have his own body?’

‘It is,’ Serafin nodded. ‘He’s been jumping live bodies for 800 years. His soul is losing power, a part of him lessening every time he takes a new host,’

‘Who has he hosted into currently?’

‘A raven,’ Serafin said and Taehyung looked confused. ‘After the exhaustion of 800 years, his soul isn’t able to hold a human body for too long so it’s easier for him to merge into an animal for now. That’s why he wants the Philosopher’s Stone, to have his old body back,’

‘Abraxas killed thousands of people in the Red War with his previous stone. Why should I join his cult?’

‘Do you have any idea what the world was like back then? I hear the descendents of those clans who fought in the war still live,’

‘Yes they do,’

‘Do you know them?’

‘Yes,’ he nodded.

‘Well, what do you think of them?’

‘They are my friends,’ he said.

‘If this was the 13th century, they would be waging a war over each other for dominance. That is what the world was, powerful clans fighting to broaden their empire. The Dracwyns were barbaric. Their dragons burned cities and humans alive. The Kims defeated a hundred armies to become the biggest kingdom in the realm. Do you know how many slaves have died mining gold for them? Do
you think there was no bloodshed there? The Kims had the largest amount of slaves,

‘Their descendants would not shed innocent blood, or enslave anyone,’

‘You don’t know that. Because now, the world has changed. Now, war is crime. Earlier, war was the way of life,’

‘You want me to believe that the same man who murdered hundreds has had a change of heart?’

‘History likes to dramatize things,’ Serafin said. ‘It’s true that our master made many mistakes. He did things he wished he hadn't. He carried out risky experiments not knowing if it will show an outcome. He was curious and dedicated his life to knowing more, understanding more. It took over him and he did things he regrets. The Ministry of Magic was created to bring in democracy, because of the cruel condition that the rival kingdoms had put Europe in the 16th century. Do you know who they were? The Dracwyns, The Kims, The Blacks, The Peverells. Each fighting to expand whatever was left of Europe. And the Russians tried to invade. So did the Turks and Persians. It was a sad state. Abraxas was no where in the scene at that time,’

‘But Abraxas is capable of doing bad things again because he's done it before,’ Taehyung said.

‘Everyone is capable of doing bad things. Me, you, Dumbledore,’ she raised her eyebrows at the last name. ‘The important thing here is, what do you want to do now. Do you want to live with us and learn more about yourself? Or hide here until one day your powers combust again and the Ministry arrests you and questions you about where the philosopher’s stone is,’

‘Are you really going to create it? The stone?’

‘We hope to,’

‘What if I don't want any part in it?’

‘We live by certain rules Taehyung. If there are no rules, there is chaos. And chaos leads nowhere. If you want to live with us, you have to contribute. In turn you will achieve so much power that you can't even imagine,’

‘You want to overthrow the ministry for the wrong they did to Elkyres and Alchemists?’

‘Yes. Nothing good has come out of the Ministry’s rule. First Grindelwald, then Voldemort, I don't know who else will rise next to selfishly exert their power. I never trusted the Ministry. The corruption is too far gone in their system,’

‘And the new system you establish will be good?’

Serafin’s eyes turned to him, the fire ablaze in them, ‘We will be there to oversee it for a hundred years Taehyung. Our rule will be eternal,’

_Eternal… eternal power…_ Taehyung would be lying if he said the prospect she was showing him did not look utterly marvellous. How would it even feel to hold that much power in your hands? To be the one who made the rules, who controls what happens. To be the creator of a new world, working for causes he believed in. He could help Jimin, he could cure him and many others like him. He felt he had the potential to do good in this world. For a moment he didn’t feel like the average boy who couldn’t live up to his mother’s reputation and who got bullied for being too kind.

‘I hope you know, your father has joined us too,’
That broke Taehyung from his reverie.

‘I don’t care what my father does,’ he said.

‘Taehyung, you and Martaeus may not have any relationship now but it doesn't have to remain that way. He's an Elkyre too. You inherited these powers from him. And if you join us, you'll be working with him,’

‘We’ll see when it comes to that,’

‘I can understand that Martaeus can be hard at times. He's stubborn… and also a little delusional… because of his stubbornness,’

‘Has he… does he ask about me?’

‘He does. He wants to know you… but he knows you don't want to see him,’

Taehyung didn't answer and just sat with his hands folded over each other.

‘Abraxas sent something for you, a gift,’ Serafin said and then put her gloved hands into a pocket in her dark green robes. Taehyung looked towards her and she retrieved a white translucent stone, the size of a marble with red smoke swirling inside it. Taehyung felt something tingle all over his skin.

‘What is this?’ He asked in awe.

‘Something like a catalyst for your powers,’ Serafin held out her palm, the stone in the centre of it. ‘It’s one of a kind, among the rarest things on earth so take care of it,’

‘One of a kind…’ Taehyung took the stone in his hand and could instantly feel something shift inside him. He felt much more powerful, a kind of energy filling him up, in such quantity that he immediately wanted to get up and caste his powers to create something.

‘Consider this your 15th birthday gift. With this, you’ll be able to unleash your full potential. You know you are one of a kind too? If you control ice, it means your element is water.

‘You mean I can control both ice and water?’

‘You can,’ Serafin nodded. ‘Elkyres are never seen in consecutive generations but in your case, both you and your father inherited a form of water. Your ancestor The Great Aquirys could control all 3 forms - water, air, ice. With this stone, you can learn how to heighten your ice wielding powers and learn to control water… and then hopefully air too. I was always very envious of the water Elkyres. Unlike fire, they have so many forms. Even Earth gets to delve into magnetic elements and flora. Fire is just… purely fire,’

‘How do I use it?’ Taehyung asked, looking through the translucent stone between his thumb and forefinger.

‘Wear it. In a ring or around your neck,’

‘I think I’ll wear it… like this,’ he said, taking the silver chain hanging around his neck. His fingertips created a holder from ice and Taehyung placed the stone in it. The locket rested next to the one he shared with Laura. ‘Thank you,’

‘I’ll convey your thanks to Abraxas. He will be very happy. But remember, keep this very
carefully, don’t let it fall into someone else’s hands or they could misuse the power;’

‘I need some more time to decide what to do,’ Taehyung said while turning the locket this way and that, to catch the reflection of the sun in the stone.

‘I understand. Call on me again when you want to speak to me,’

‘You don’t have any restrictions in seeing me anymore?’

‘Your father is on our side so his opposition is resolved. I’m only worried about Dumbledore. If he finds out you’ve been talking to me, he will not like it. Might even put you on lockdown,’

‘Dumbledore wouldn’t do that,’

Serafin smiled. ‘I’ve known him longer than you have Taehyung,’ and then she stood up. ‘I’ll see you soon I hope,’ she lit a tiny green lantern that she was carrying. ‘Put this out once I’m gone,’

‘What?’ Taehyung asked but before he could get a response, Serafin turned to flames, startling Taehyung and merged into the fire in the lamp. Taehyung looked at the fire blaze and return to a small flame. He turned the knob, put the fire off and tucked the little lamp in his jacket pocket.

When he reached the castle grounds, there was some commotion going on. 4 Slytherins had gathered near the Whomping Willow, Alexander, Taehyung’s one time crush was at the front. The tree was swaying as if it was agitated with the noise the students were making.

‘Alex, you can’t go nearer!’ The boy’s friend was pulling his hand back. ‘That tree can kill you!’

‘The Willow hasn’t killed anyone yet,’ Alexander was trying to push his friend’s hand away. ‘Look at Jasper! He’s scared to death!’

Taehyung tried to locate Jasper- Alexander’s grey Somali cat among the moving branches and leaves of the tree, and finally caught sight of it and rushed to Alex’s side.

‘Don’t worry,’ Tae said to him. ‘I’ll bring him down,’

‘Are you out of your mind Kim!’ One of the Slytherins held his arm. ‘That tree will cut you up,’

‘Tae that's dangerous!’ Alexander’s green eyes were wide in fear.

‘Trust me,’ he said to him, taking the Slytherin boy’s hand off of his arm and walking forward. Gasps and noises of disbelief could be heard behind him. As soon as the Whomping Willow felt another being in its perimeter, it started whipping its branches violently and the students screamed in warning. A long branch came lashing towards Taehyung but the boy extended his hand, turning the branch to ice as soon as it made contact. Now the crowd gasped in shock. Another branch came at him and met with the same fate. He froze the two branches with the ground, making it impossible for the tree to move them, despite all the strength it used.

Taehyung felt so powerful, the stone hanging on his neck glowed slightly. He felt like he could freeze the entire tree and then shatter it to a million pieces. But that display of power was not for today.

‘How’s he doing that?’ Alex’s friend asked him but he was in utter disbelief himself. They did not see Taehyung use a wand. How was an average 4th year student performing wandless magic? Magic strong enough to trap the furiously mighty Whomping Willow.
Taehyung walked closer to the tree and touched the trunk, ice spreading from his palm to freeze
the entire structure. The tree stilled like a statue made of ice. Taehyung then caught on to one of
the lower branches and climbed up, reaching the cat who stood scared, hackles raised and body
squeezed close in the sudden cold.

‘C’mon Jasper,’ Taehyung tried to catch the cat. ‘Let’s take you to Alex,’

Once the cat was in his grasp, he brought him close and tucked him under his jacket so it would feel secure. And then jumped down on the ground. The students came running towards him, cheering loudly.

Alex took Jasper from him and hugged the cat in relief, rubbing its head to make him feel warm and safe. ‘Thank you! Thank you so much!’

‘Don’t mention it,’ Taehyung gave his charming smile.

‘Hey Kim!’ A friend of his slapped his back in congratulations. ‘Where’d you learn that stuff? You can do wandless magic?’

A panic crept up in Taehyung. He had bravely done the act, but was he brave enough to answer their questions? Should he lie? Or tell the truth? All the faces were looking at him expectantly.

‘It… it wasn't wandless. I had my wand tucked in my sleeve all the time,’ He retrieved his wand from where he would tuck it under the sleeve of his jumper.

‘We didn't see any wand.’

‘Did you really expect to catch every tiny detail when there was so much movement? What are you trying to say? That I’m suddenly Dumbledore?’ Taehyung chuckled, raising an eyebrow and slowly the Slytherins started to laugh as well, realising the absurdity of Kim Taehyung becoming a powerful wizard overnight. Hopefully this will not stay on their minds.

The crowd started to disperse, breaking into conversations in smaller groups.

‘Let's get you inside and give you something to eat.’ Alex said to his cat who still looked like it was in shock. ‘Thanks Taehyung,’ Alex whispered and quickly bent forward to peck Tae’s cheek. It was so brief that Taehyung didn't get to react and Alex was hopping away happily before he knew it.

Taehyung walked back into the castle with a big smile and a burning spot on the apple of his cheek. He decided to head to the clubroom where his friends usually were.

*  

**Mood Music (Don’t forget to open in a new tab/window)** Ramin Djawadi - *We Are Not The Same*

‘So your castle is in the middle of nowhere and there's no one living there,’ Hoseok entered loudly, hand holding Yoongi’s who followed him into the clubroom. Both occupied the couch left vacant by Emina and Vanessa.

‘There are people living there!’ Yoongi argued.

‘Your grand uncle, and one cook. In a castle where at least 50 people can live. Don’t they get a bit lonely?’
‘I don’t know. Maybe…’ Yoongi shrugged. ‘The entirety of the Min dynasty used to live there, now just my small family and a few cousins remain, who still carry the Min name.

‘Did your ancestors really draw healing powers from the moon creatures? The eastern water dragons?’ Hoseok asked. ‘They created the arrow of light that was used in the Red War? That dispells dark power?’

Yoongi nodded, ‘Yes there was a time when the Mins lived with the moon dragons. The arrow is made from the moon’s light and the bow is made from the dragon’s bone. It was made by healers so I don’t think it’s just a weapon... or it’s a weapon of a different kind. Records say that arrow was stabbed into one of the Min king’s wounds caused by dark magic and the act actually saved his life! I wonder if I’ll ever see that weapon with my own eyes or if it’s really gone forever under the dark waters below the throne,’

‘Your castle sounds too intriguing. Your throne floats on water,’ Hoseok wore an expression of awe.

‘We can go there in the summer,’ Yoongi smiled. ‘I’ll show you around. Only a Min knows how to get there, there’s an underwater passage and stuff,’

‘Would you really take me?’ Hoseok's eyes grew wider. 'But you once told me that outsiders aren't allowed there,'

‘True,’ Yoongi nodded. 'But you aren't exactly an outsider now, are you? At least I say so,’

Hoseok grinned, his cheeks glowing. ‘But I should know more if I’m visiting such an ancient magical place. What are moon dragons? I’ve never heard of them,’ Hoseok said.

‘Dragons exist in all elements,’ Yoongi explained. ‘The fire dragons are mostly found in Europe. The earth and forest dragons are in the Mesoamerican regions and water dragons in the east, though varieties of all elements exist in small numbers everywhere,’

‘And you are from two dragon families!’ Hoseok said. ‘The fire and water dragons,’

Yoongi scratched the back of his head, ‘Yeah you could say that. That’s why my Grandfather gladly accepted when my dad proposed my mom. Because the Mins were a family the Dracwyns were acquainted with since centuries,’

‘That’s… something,’ Hoseok nodded, clearly impressed. ‘It’s so fascinating to hear about your ancient bloodlines. How was that school? Mahoutokoro… do you remember anything?’

‘I remember fragments… I was there only for 2 years. The students below the age of 11 travelled on giant storm petrels. I remember the palace mostly being made of a green jade stone. It was on a mountain so high that we all thought we’re floating on clouds,’

‘Wow… I hope I get to see it one day. Do they take in visitors?’

‘I have no idea,’ Yoongi shrugged again. ‘Maybe I could ask my father. He studied there,’

‘And isn’t your wand a cherry blossom wand? My dad told me those wands are rare even in the east,’

‘That’s what Ollivander said when I wanted to get a splinter on it fixed after falling off my broom, I thought he wouldn’t give it back to me,’ Yoongi laughed.
'Do you… do you wish to go back there? Ever?’ Hoseok asked. He remembered very well what Jin had told him once, that Yoongi left the school after someone attempted to take his life by poisoning him.

‘Honestly, at first I missed it. The culture at Hogwarts is different from Mahatoukoro. The one thing in common was in both schools I was judged for having Dracwyn blood. I don’t want to go back there anymore, especially now that I have all of you,’

‘Yeah, now everyone knows you’re a softie,’ Hoseok sniggered and Yoongi kicked him lightly on the calf. The memo from McGonagall slid down the couch at the movement.

‘Em and Van were called in?’ Yoongi exclaimed, reading the memo and the other’s around him looked up.

‘What if…’ Jimin looked worried and guilty. ‘What if this is about the potion… that they made?’ he whispered.

And soon the two girls came in, looking annoyed and sullen. They quietly took their places on one of the armchairs.

‘Tell us what happened!’ Hoseok shook Emina by the arm.

‘Well… the stunt we pulled with… with the double Jimin,’ Emina said. ‘Why did we think Pomfrey won’t catch it. She knew you would be at the Shrieking Shack at that time,’ Emina looked at Jimin. ‘How could we be so stupid,’ she put her face in her hands.

‘We weren’t that stupid,’ Vanessa said. ‘We were only stupid to think the staff would let this go,’

‘But did you argue that you did this for Jimin’s own good?’ Hoseok asked. ‘If this hadn’t been done, Jessica would’ve never been caught and Ash and Jimin would’ve faced their bullying again and again,’

‘You think we didn’t try,’ Emina said. ‘We did all we could. McGonagall and the others said we shouldn’t have taken the school’s law’s into our hands. Polyjuice Potion is among the top 5 banned potions in the school,’

‘She kept saying they can’t let such grave rule breaking go without any consequences. They said we should’ve approached them with our worries and they would’ve helped us,’ Vanessa said.

‘Helped us how?’ Ash looked annoyed now. ‘They asked for proof, what other way were we to get it?’

‘Apparently they think something like a Polyjuice potion was not necessary. And they couldn’t believe the head girl could break the rules so severely,’ Vanessa glanced at Emina who sat like she was in a kind of stupor. ‘They said this would be enough to make her give in her badge. If it was any other student they would’ve expelled them,’

‘Luckily they let me keep the badge and just took points from us. 100 points each. No detention,’ Emina said.

‘100 points each! This isn’t right,’ Yoongi stood up. 100 points was equivalent to nullifying 10 of the Slytherin chasers’ scored goals. ‘Either Dumbledore should stay here and solve our problems. Or he should let us do it ourselves. We can’t keep living in our troubles. Why is he going off to the Ministry every now and then. If he loves being there so much he should just become the Minister and stay there,’
I heard rumours than Fudge is really worried about the upcoming elections,’ Vanessa said. ‘And he keeps calling Dumbledore for meetings, trying to show the public that their preferred wizard is a close advisor of his. He’s pushed forward the trials of certain popular cases so that the public sees he’s doing some work and Dumbledore being Chief Warlock is often busy with it,’

‘Fudge is trying to run for a second term?’ Jimin asked.

‘Looks like it,’ Vanessa answered. ‘Fudge is too power hungry to let the Ministry go,’

‘I think we need a new minister,’ Jimin said. ‘Fudge is not ideal. He’s a coward most of the time. A big people pleaser,’

‘You think so?’ Hoseok asked. ‘I thought he did a lot for the families affected after the war,’

‘Yeah he did,’ Jimin said. ‘For the families that made him look good in front of the masses. Another term with him…’ Jimin lowered his voice, ‘and with the ministry being a threat to Taehyung, not to mention the alchemists also getting active again… I don’t think Fudge will deal this situation fairly. And he for sure will not deal Taehyung’s situation fairly in case the worst happens,’

‘But who else can run for Minister?’ Laura asked. ‘I don’t know any other good candidate,’

‘Maybe one day Namjoon can,’ Jin beamed and all nodded and hummed in agreement.

‘Me? Minister?’ Namjoon waved his hand. ‘When there are so many other people from powerful families,’

‘You will be the fairest Minister Britain can ever have Namjoon,’ Jin said. ‘Who else do you want to see up there, my father?’ he chuckled. ‘You’re smart in every field of study, you’re compassionate. Maybe 15 years from now, you can become the youngest Minister,’

‘So can you,’ Namjoon whispered to Jin. ‘You check all the boxes,’

‘Except I don’t want to,’ Jin shook his head. ‘Where in the world is Taehyung though?’ Jin looked at his friends again. ‘The way he’s being distant is worrying me a little,’

‘My bet is he’s at the Great Lake again,’ Hoseok shook his head while laying back on the couch, his legs going up to rest in Yoongi’s lap. ‘I am 80% sure he’s build some kind of solitary tree house there and is turning into a hippie,’

‘I don’t know what a hippie is but I’m going to look for him,’ Jin said, standing up from his chair. ‘I think I need to sit down and talk to him, resolve any issues that may be there. Is that why he’s acting distant?’ He smoothed down his robes and headed out.

‘By the way, Jin was right Namjoon,’ Laura said. ‘You’ll make a good Minister,’

‘That’s a thing for the future. Let me clear my NEWTs first!’

‘I was thinking,’ Hoseok straightened up. ‘Let’s make a study group. If we all sit together and focus, maybe the process will be faster? We can quiz each other, solve any doubts,’

‘Yeah I’m not enrolling in that,’ Yoongi rubbed his eyes. ‘I need silence and zero distractions and you all can’t go a second without yelling something-’

‘Hey guys!’ Taehyung entered with a smile at Jimin, Jungkook and the rest who were busy talking
amongst themselves. They all turned to him with a smile.

‘There you are! Jin went looking for you-’

Jin entered at that moment, his footsteps urgent and furious.

‘Kim Taehyung!’ He called out and the boy turned to the door.

‘What is it?’

‘What am I hearing?’ Jin demanded of him. ‘Why are the Slytherins calling you an ice prince?’

The room turned dead silent with all eyes on Taehyung who looked shocked at first but then guarded his face.

‘Because I froze the Whomping Willow,’

‘You what?!’ Jin inched nearer.

‘Alexander’s cat was stuck on it. The Willow could've killed the cat or injured the students trying to rescue it. I saved a lot of damage,’

Jin was breathing heavily, eyes livid at Taehyung but Taehyung remained resolute. Jin slowly took two steps back, trying really really hard to calm down.

‘You know what?’ Jin finally said. ‘Fine. It's fine. Do what you think is right. Just… don't get caught by the wrong people,’

‘Really hard for you to say that huh?’ Taehyung said.

Jin’s eyes shot back to the boy ‘Don't test my patience Taehyung!’ He yelled again and then instantly looked taken aback at himself. He remembered the same words being thrown at him time and again… by his father. Was he behaving with Taehyung the way his father behaved with him? Was he becoming the same monster to a child? No… he couldn't… Jin stepped away and walked out of the room.

‘I’ll talk to him,’ Namjoon said and went behind him. As soon as the two were out of earshot, the room buzzed with voices again.

‘Are you serious Tae!?’ Laura was livid too. ‘You used your powers in front of students?’

‘You told me I shouldn't have to hide myself,’ Tae argued.

‘Yeah but… I… I didn't realize how dangerous that would be!’ Laura said. ‘Did you not see that article by Serafin? She’s stirred things up again in the Ministry,’

‘They have eye is on you since the trial,’ Hoseok said. ‘My father confirmed it. You are a suspect in being the next Elkyre in their records. That is why it is dangerous. Don't you think you need to carefully plan how you choose to reveal who you are? At this point the Ministry will take you in if any of those students rat it out,’

Jungkook could see Taehyung go into his shell again, his eyes downcast and eyebrows furrowed, fingers pulling at the hem of his sleeves to cover his hands.

‘Enough,’ Jungkook’s voice rang over the other voices. ‘You all have said enough. Taehyung knows all of it,’
‘But’ Yoongi started. Jungkook held up a precautionary hand. ‘I want to talk to him alone,’

The rest slowly left the room. Jungkook walked to Taehyung who faced away, eyes looking particularly at nothing outside the window in the room. His gaze was cold and angry.

*Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Ramin Djawadi - You Have A Choice*

‘Tae?’

There was no response.

‘Taehyung,’ Jungkook kept a hand on his shoulder.

‘Do you feel the same as they do?’ Taehyung asked him. ‘I’m the one at fault?’

‘No one is at fault,’

‘A very diplomatic answer,’ Taehyung rolled his eyes.

‘I'm not being diplomatic. I'm being truthful. Can I ask one thing from you?’

Taehyung turned his head to the side towards Jungkook, ‘What is it?’

‘Be patient? Yes one day you will live freely as an Elkyre. But don't rush it and ruin it. We all want you to be happy. Be patient till we all figure out a way together,’

‘I told you I don't want you all involved,’

‘I'm sorry but you're asking too much of us,’ Jungkook chuckled. ‘Especially of me. You’re my best friend. How do I not involve myself in trying to make you happy and keep you safe?’

Taehyung finally smiled slightly at him and Jungkook put his arm around his shoulder. ‘Why are we all like this…’ Taehyung said to himself.

‘I’m glad we are. I’m glad I have people I can count on no matter. Who miss each other even if they’re away for a while. Who else has such friends?’

Taehyung nodded and then told him about his meeting with Serafin. ‘I met the fire Elkyre just now. She told me my father has joined them too,’

‘Has he? What do you feel about that?’

Taehyung shrugged. ‘I mostly don't care,’

‘Isn't there a part of you that wants to know what your father is like?’

‘I kind of do… but my anger always takes over the moment I see him. And… one more thing,’

‘Hmmm?’

Taehyung took a deep breath, ‘Our suspicions were right about their leader still being alive. Abraxas spoke to me,’

Jungkook’s eyes widened in fear, ‘When? You met him?’

‘I didn’t meet him… he spoke to me, in my mind,’
‘Tae…’ this time even Jungkook was finding it difficult to not be skeptical.

‘I know it’s a bit creepy,’ Taehyung accepted. ‘But… what other way is there? Abraxas only answers when I call him, it’s not like mind reading, more like a mental conversation thrown in each other’s direction. If I don’t pull him, he can’t approach my mind,’

‘Taehyung… if it’s the same Abraxas from 800 years ago who is their leader, the guild isn’t the place for you then. He’s a mass murderer, don’t forget the Red War,’

‘The guild is where others like me are. 3 other Elkyres are there. I want to know about them,’

Jungkook shook his head, utterly unconvinced and looked out of the window.

Taehyung continued his argument. ‘Serafin does not seem like a bad person. She's trying to mend the relationship between me and my father…’

‘You want to join them,’

‘I’m unable to decide,’ Taehyung said. ‘I know for a fact that Jin will never speak to me if I do join them,’

‘Of course he will speak to you,’

‘I’m not so sure of it. I'm not sure any of you will want to be my friend,’

‘You are wrong. I will never do that,’

There was silence between them for a while.

‘I know it’s a dangerous path, if I choose to go to Abraxas,’ Tae said. ‘People will misunderstand me, think that I’ve joined the bad side. But you know I won’t support them if I know they’re bad. I have to know the truth about them,’

‘Whatever the situation right now, you should tell the others about Abraxas,’ Jungkook said.

‘I don’t want to,’ Taehyung crossed his arms. ‘Coz I don’t want to fight with them. Why don’t you tell them on my behalf? Please? They’ll listen to you with a calmer mind.’

* 

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

Jin was at the owlery, looking out of the hollow window. Tears stung his eyes and burned his cheek where the cold wind hit him. He felt Namjoon come behind him, one hand of his running soothing circles on Jin’s back and the other hand come to rest on Jin’s tightly clenched fists on the window sill.

‘Am I-’ Jin hiccuped between his sobs. ‘Am I becoming my father?’

Namjoon took a while to respond, because he never ever thought this would be going on in Jin’s mind. ‘No matter what you do, you’ll never become your father Jin,’

‘I am trying to control Taehyung aren’t I. He will resent me so much… I don't know what to do! How else do I know he is safe for sure,’

‘We don’t know,’ Namjoon said. ‘We will never know if any of us are ever truly safe. No matter
how protected we are, what has to happen will happen. But please don't think you are becoming your father,

‘But that's what happens isn't it? We end up becoming what we resent,

‘No… you just feel like that. You are a wonderfully selfless person Jin,’ Namjoon gave a gentle peck to his head. ‘Never forget that,

‘Jin?’ They heard Jungkook and turned to see him behind them. ‘I need to talk to you,

All three of them gave each other curious looks and then Namjoon nodded and left them.

‘What happened? Why are you crying?’ Jungkook walked to stand by Jin.

‘It’s not one particular reason. Its many things,’ Jin said, wiping his cheeks with the back of his hand. He didn’t want to show Jungkook that he was troubled. He knew how sensitive Jungkook was towards his friends. If he saw Jin cry, he would cry too.

‘You can share your problems with us, always,’ Jungkook said, despite his heart filling up.

Jin shook his head, ‘You won’t know until you feel what I feel. I can feel the dread creeping from the future into my conscious. It’s like a haunting tune, constantly ringing in my head,

‘You mean there’s trouble ahead?

‘Yes,’

‘Maybe you are wrong, you said your visions don’t always come true’

‘This is why I don’t think it’s right to share this with you all. I don’t blame you for having your doubts. Your human nature wants to believe that everything will be alright. The alternative is unacceptable,’

‘Alright, I’m here with open ears. I will believe what you tell me,’’

‘I’ve already told you all what I saw last week. I saw Gwen with Bellatrix, and a massive pack of werewolves. They are planning something huge. My powers are still not completely in my control. I try to see them again but the visions are all small and fleeting. And Taehyung’s behaviour is not helping me be at ease,’

‘Jin, Tae needs to know there are people he can trust… that even if he falls, we’ll be there for him. You know he needs it. He’s not choosing the guild out of 20 options… it’s all he has between the death eaters and the Ministry,’

‘I understand that,’

‘There’s something important you need to know,’ Jungkook spoke carefully, ‘And it’s not going to help you feel better,’

Jin looked at him with a composed face, ‘What is it? Tell me,’

‘Abraxas is alive. And he speaks to Taehyung in his mind,’

Jin stood so still that Jungkook wondered if he heard him at all until Jin spoke again. ‘How can he live for 800 years?’
‘His soul is alive. There might be ways of separating your soul from your body. Aren’t that what ghosts are… I think?’

‘Is he in Taehyung’s mind?’

‘Even I’m… not sure exactly what this is? Abraxas can talk to Taehyung if he opens some kind of mental door and pulls Abraxas into that space. Tae says Abraxas can’t read his mind but… who knows. I’ve never heard of such magic,’

‘It… it might be possible,’ Jin said. ‘I don’t understand the magic in me sometimes… how I was able to wake up from my comatose through a mirror, how can I see people’s past. Sometimes I can hear people projecting their thoughts on me, that’s how people think my instincts are strong, when in reality it’s like a voice in my head telling me the correct option to choose. Magic of the mind and unphysical is complex. Their rules aren’t clear to people yet,’

‘So you also think it’s really Abraxas?’

‘My gut tells me it is,’ Jin looked regretful.

‘Will you tell me if you have any more visions?’ Jungkook asked. ‘You can trust me, I won't tell the others if you don't want to worry them,’

Jin looked at him for a long time and then nodded. ‘I haven't even told Namjoon most of it. He worries too much and he’s already filled with so much responsibility towards you all, the school… his grades have been suffering a little and I cannot let anything else distract him,’

‘I’m telling you the same thing what I tell to Taehyung, you don't have to do this alone. You can share it with me,’

‘Thank you,’ Jin said and Jungkook dived in to hug him.

‘You’ve looked after us for 6 years,’ the younger said. ‘Hopefully I can help you this time,’

Jin couldn't express his gratitude in words at that moment and chose to just pat Jungkook’s head. He closed his eyes, leaning his weight on Jungkook for a while… it felt good, to have someone carry your heaviness, even if it was for just a few moments. There was darkness before him, until he saw something. Glimpses of a fire… a big, blazing fire and Jungkook in standing in front of it, looking at it with painful, teary eyes.

Jin pulled away, looking at Jungkook in concern, as if the fire had been real.

‘What’s the matter?’ Jungkook asked.

Jin gulped. He still found it difficult to make a person worry with a vision which might be symbolic… maybe the fire was a symbol for something else…

Jin closed his eyes, choosing to not answer Jungkook. The fire was still there and this time, it was Yoongi, standing in the middle of it, screaming his lungs out in anger and pain. Yoongi was angry at the fire, like he wanted to fight it.

‘We’re in trouble,’ Jin finally said, shivering slightly. ‘We’re… gonna face more danger,’

‘What kind of danger?’

‘Fire… I saw you and then Yoongi, fire all around you’ Jin opened his eyes. ‘Jungkook, you can’t
‘I won’t,’ Jungkook promised. ‘But please tell me the entire truth so that I know what to look for with Taehyung.’

They returned to the club room. The rest of the group was there, quietly doing their work, trying to pretend like that argument between Taehyung and Jin hadn’t happened. Jin sat in one of the corner tables, avoiding Taehyung’s line of sight.

‘Our elders are at it again,’ Yoongi came in with the Daily Prophet and threw it below Laura’s nose before glancing at Jin.

‘Charles Dracwyn urges an Investigative probe into Kim Hyunseok’s Relations with the Wizengamot. Claims votes were bought prior to the election,’ Laura read in a dead beat voice and looked up at Yoongi. ‘He wants Kim out of the Wizengamot?’

‘Yeah, coz Kim and Fudge are running some kind of second clean up? They’ve put two of grandfather’s business executives in Azkaban,’

Jin stood up from his place and sat next to the Min-Dracwyns at the study table. ‘I hope the games they’re playing won’t affect our friendship,’

‘I hope it won’t,’ Laura said. ‘I hope this ends. I don’t want to see Grandfather’s business dragged through more mud,’

‘What if it was something illegal?’

‘Illegal?’ Laura held out the paper to Jin so the headline was visible. ‘Then maybe you’re father isn’t the correct person to bring him to justice. I won’t be surprised if this claim of buying votes turns out to be true,’

‘You’re already turning this into a fight between us. I have no part in this,’ Jin said.

‘And I know that. But you should know I will always support my family. If your father is against any Dracwyn, then he’s against me as well,’

Jin nodded silently, not choosing to speak further. He left the table, choosing to retreat to his room for the day. He couldn’t argue with one more friend today.

‘Don’t be so harsh on him,’ Jungkook said to Laura. ‘He’s… going through a lot,’

‘It wasn’t aimed at him, it was aimed at his father,’ Laura raised her eyebrows.

‘Well, maybe it pricks him too the way anything about your family pricks you. He didn’t want this issue affecting your friendship. But it already did. Why can’t you see that?’

Laura sat back, crossing her arms over her chest. ‘That day… in the train when you asked me what was wrong… I was upset because I and grandfather had a fight. He found out about you, about me being friends with Jin and Taehyung. I have never seen him angrier,’

‘What did he say?’

‘He first threatened to move me to another school. Of course that’s not practical in this year. Then he found something else, something more prickling that been moved to another school. He said…’
he said I’m not fit to be a Dracwyn. He threatened to take it all away from me…’

Jungkook shook his head, ‘He won’t do that! You’re his only heir!’

‘I don’t know what to believe. I’m not the only one with Dracwyn blood so technically I’m not his only option for an heir, isn’t it?’

Yoongi was watching it all from the side, not knowing if he should intervene. It was true, apart from Laura, three others shared Dracwyn blood, one of them being him. He knew Laura would never think of him as a rival, she was not like that. But their grandfather… he uses whatever means available to him to get his way.

‘You’re overthinking this,’ Jungkook extended his hand to place on Laura’s. ‘I know this is difficult for you. I sensed it on that day when we discussed about going public. If it’s any consolation, know that I will never ever ask you to choose. If I’m coming in the way-’

‘I shouldn’t have to choose. Call me power hungry or whatever you want. But I want both. I want what was promised to me since my birth, for what I’ve worked so hard to be worthy of all these years. What was rightfully supposed to be my mother’s should rightfully be mine, no matter what. It doesn’t make me less of a Dracwyn if I choose my friends. I will protect my family with the same fierceness as my Grandfather and any other Dracwyn before him. I don’t want to give up my happiness for it. I’m not going to compromise,’

‘You’re right,’ Yoongi agreed with her. ‘And I’m glad you’re determined about this. Unfortunately grandfather is as determined as you are,’

*

Taehyung stood at the edge of the great lake. He had walked into the Forbidden Forest to get to the bank that wasn’t visible to the castle. He stood just in his boxers, skin absolutely unbothered to the cold. He wanted to feel free, to be able to breathe without his lungs choking up from all the arguments with his friends.

His blue eyes stared hard at the still water and the locket hanging around his neck glowed again. If water was his element, he should be able to stay underwater right? He should be able to change his body to his element the way his father turned to wind and Serafin turned to fire. He should be able to transfigure his body to ice of any form. He could feel his heart thud fast in excitement. He took a deep breath, wiping the sweat of anticipation from his upper lip and jumped into the water.

Chapter End Notes

I’m so happy some of you silent readers commented!! ^____^ thank you!!! <333333

More character themes -

Laura's Theme

Jin's Theme
'When will I see him?' Martaeus asked grimly. ‘It’s been a while now Abraxas… I want to see my son,’

‘You’re always in such a rush Martaeus,’ Abraxas said. ‘Remember what it cost you last time. If you rush this a second time, you might lose your last chance of reconciliation,’

‘He speaks to you and Serafin. What does he say about me? Is he still angry?’

‘Both of you have a cold, longing temper, you know that?’ Abraxas said. ‘He is so much like you despite refusing to talk to you,’

Chapter Notes

Some **FANART** is here! In collaboration with the immensely talented Helene [here is her twitter](#)

She's created beautiful portraits for the boys that you can see on the link or below in the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Martaeus walked out of the limestone palace with the black raven perched on his shoulder.

‘I’m thankful to Torrhen for so many things,’ Abraxas said. ‘One of them being the fact that he convinced you to join us,’

They walked a cobblestoned bridge from the palace towards the grounds that was used as a duelling and jousting pit in the olden days. It was on a high clearance on the tallest mountain on this island. Now it all lay in ruins, the stone seats and ladders crumbled down around the circular
space, giving view to the blue sky and seas around. Martaeus’ silky dark brown hair swayed against his cheek and nape and his grey-blue eyes glittered under the clear sky. ‘And what are the other things you’re thankful to Torrhen for?’

‘I’m about to show you,’ Abraxas said. ‘I’ve never seen someone as skilled as him,’

They reached the ground and saw the earth Elkyre at work on creating a statue. Torrhen’s dark wavy hair hung open on his bare back, in shades of black and brown. His bronze skin looked like it was shining under the sun. Torrhen turned around from the statue he was making to see Martaeus and the raven approach and smiled.

‘How is it going Torrhen?’ Abraxas asked.

‘You tell me,’ Torrhen said and turned back to the 8 foot tall structure of clay. ‘Am I getting it right?’

‘You are,’ Abraxas voice spelled that he was in awe. ‘The vision I showed you, you’re hands have replicated that perfectly,’

Martaeus looked at the statue Abraxas was in awe of- A tall being, hauntingly beautiful. It was slender, but intimidating. It’s limbs looked strong and lean, face with sharp features and heavy lidded eyes. Wings extended at it’s back, long and sinister, reminding Martaeus of the raven’s wings.

‘Is that you?’ the wind elkyre asked, glancing from the statue to the bird on his shoulder.

‘It is… this is how my body was. This is how I looked,’

‘I’m glad you were easy on the eyes,’ Martaeus raised his eyebrows.

‘I was,’ Abraxas chuckled. ‘They revered me you know? Like a God. I was the God named Abraxas. At first that name was absurd to me but I fused myself with it until I couldn’t remember my old name. They made altars in my name, constructed statues to worship me, depending on me to heal them with the philosopher’s stone,’

‘And did you? Heal them?’ Martaeus asked.

‘I did all I could in my power until the Red War took over and I had to fight for my survival,’

‘How… how did you survive?’ Martaeus asked.

‘I knew my chances of survival were thinning… with the combined powers of the 4 great dynasties,’ Abraxas said. ‘So I separated my soul from my body, hosted in someone else and escaped in a fraction of a second. I was afraid… separation of the soul has never been done before… and it weakens you. But that was my only way to survive,’

‘I heard the Dark Lord did that too,’ Martaeus said. ‘It’s a rumour he split his soul, trying to stay immortal,’

Abraxas chuckled at that. ‘He’s the only one I’ve seen who’s so obsessed with being immortal. He came to me you know? Thinking I have the philosopher’s stone,’

Martaeus narrowed his eyebrows, ‘When? Did he know you were… you, that you were Abraxas?’

‘Not really. He met me when I was in the form of Nicholas Flamel. He threatened me alot so I
showed him the fake red stone I had and I fled. I met a lot of people during that lifetime. I was hoping word would get to Elkyres and they would come to me too but I think I chose the wrong century to be famous,

‘Even Dumbledore did not realise you’re hosting Flamel’s body?’ Martaeus asked.

‘You all speak so much about this Dumbledore,’ Torrhen said while his fingers perfected the clay feathers on the statue’s wings. ‘I hope I get to see this great wizard,’

‘Dumbledore was quite young when he met me. I don’t think his knowledge was deep enough to understand the magic of the soul. I might even say the 18 year old Tom Riddle was sharper than Dumbledore at that point. Riddle came to me, fresh out of school, to tell me he had successfully created a horcrux. He wanted to know if he could split his soul again, or if he should use the stone to remain immortal. He asked me how I created the stone, and I told him with the power of 4 opposing elements in nature, which was my new proposed theory for creating the stone. He must’ve been very angry when he realised the stone I gave him was fake,’

‘He created a horcrux? What is that?’ Torrhen asked.

‘It’s a vessel that stores a part of your soul,’

‘Are you a horcrux too then?’ Martaeus looked at the bird.

‘Unknowingly… maybe I am,’ Abraxas agreed. ‘That is why I want to get my body back. I cannot go on like this. And once the stone is complete, I hope it will be possible to fuse my soul with this statue and make it an actual living body,’

‘If you have a living body, you won’t be immortal anymore,’ Martaeus said. ‘Or have you… have you also split your soul like the Dark Lord to always be alive in a way?’

‘When Tom told me what he had done… I was thrilled and curious to alarming levels. Of course I had to try and see if it worked. But I should’ve known it would impact me harder than it impacted Tom. I heard Tom made more than one horcrux, I don’t know how his soul could handle being split so many times… it was dangerous for someone seeking immortality because the very act of splitting your soul was volatile. The capacity of a soul cannot be measured by any means. You don’t know if you’ve reached your limit and your soul could extinguish forever. I did not have the body my soul was born in to anchor myself… And after doing it once, I never attempted it again,’

‘You actually made a Horcrux then?’ Martaeus asked.

‘I did,’ Abraxas said. ‘Now, don’t ask me where it is. I’ve given it to someone for safe keeping, as a dear gift and I’m not going to tell anyone who it is,’ they heard him chuckle.

They all saw someone walking towards them from the castle and from a distance they could tell it was Serafin, her hair swaying bright red in the ocean breeze.

‘Ah, she’s back,’ Abraxas said. ‘She had gone to Hogwarts, to see your son,’

‘When will I see him?’ Martaeus asked grimly. ‘It’s been a while now Abraxas… I want to see my son,’

‘You’re always in such a rush Martaeus,’ Abraxas said. ‘Remember what it cost you last time. If you rush this a second time, you might lose your last chance of reconciliation,’

‘He speaks to you and Serafin. What does he say about me? Is he still angry?’
‘Both of you have a cold, longing temper, you know that?’ Abraxas said. ‘He is so much like you despite refusing to talk to you,’

‘You promised me you’ll make him see I don’t mean any harm to him,’

‘And I’ve kept my promise. So has Serafin. We constantly tell him you’re waiting for him. We tell him to come be with you,’

‘I don’t need him to be with me in the guild. I just need him to be my son,’

‘Maybe the guild is the way for you two to grow closer. What better opportunity?’

‘Master,’ Torrhen interrupted their conversation. ‘I’ve prepared the other ones too. Would you like to see?’

The three walked down towards the windy beach and Torrhen took them towards a cave. Martaeus wondered what others was Torrhen talking about.

‘The sand is quite loose here,’ Martaeus said, having trouble walking over the surface, his feet going in each time he took a step. He looked ahead and Torrhen was almost gliding one step to the other, his body turned to sand from below his knees. ‘Mind firming the ground a little oh earthly being?’

Torrhen chuckled, pulling his long hair out of his face as it whipped around in the wind. ‘Calm these winds before they knot up my hair then,’

Martaeus rolled his eyes and the winds ceased. As soon as that happened, he could feel the ground beneath him getting steady. They reached the black stone cave and stepped in. It was completely dark.

‘I often forget I still carry this,’ Martaeus took his wand out of the sleeve of his shirt. ‘Lumos,’

When he peered inside the cave, the light reflected off the heads of countless statues that looked like armoured soldiers made of clay. Martaeus eyes widened in horror. They looked too many to even get an estimate.

‘Your army is ready Master,’ Torrhen pointed with his hand towards the statues and looked at the raven. ‘If we make the stone, you can fuse them with life too and they will fight for you without any questions asked,’

* 

Namjoon purposely waited by the courtyard archway, hoping to run into their friend who had been avoiding them since a while. He spotted the brown haired boy walking alone as he returned from his usual walk around the Great Lake.

‘Taehyung!’ Namjoon waved with a smile. Taehyung looked up and waved slightly as well, wondering if this was a planned meeting to ‘warn’ him about the dangers of the world again. But Namjoon was smiling warmly, dimples showing. He put an arm around the smaller boy and both walked together in the corridor.

‘How are you? How’s your conversations with Abraxas going on?’

‘You seem so cheery about it,’ Taehyung said. ‘I know you’re pretending,’
'I’m sorry,’ Namjoon ducked his head. ‘But I mean it when I say I want to be a part of your journey. Want to be there for you. I’m trying to be supportive,’

‘Thanks,’ Taehyung nodded. ‘It’s going well. Abraxas seems to be a bit busy since a few days so I’m exploring my powers on my own,’

‘Oh! Have you learnt anything new?’

Taehyung held his hand out and slowly, the tips of his fingers started frosting and they turned to ice till his wrist.

‘I’m learning how to transfigure my body into my element,’ he said. ‘Ice comes naturally to me. I want to be able to turn to water too,’

‘Wow,’ Namjoon looks at his hand in awe but when a student enters the corridor, he quickly pulls Tae’s hand down by the sleeve. ‘I’m glad you’re able to make progress,‘

‘Mmhmm,’ Taehyung watched his slightly paranoid face from the corner of his eye.

‘We were all planning to start a study group, why don’t you join us too?’

‘Sure, I’d like that. If Jin is not going to breathe down my nose,’

‘He won’t… he regrets fighting with you that day,’

‘Why don’t we start the duel training again?’ Taehyung asked. ‘We kind of left it mid way,’

‘You want to learn more?’ Namjoon was surprised. When they had started, Taehyung was not in favour of duelling at all.

‘Yeah, I feel more confident now. I think I’ll grasp the spells better,’ the boy smiled so naturally, Namjoon nodded.

‘Great, we’ll have duelling sessions between our study hours then. Should keep our brains active too,’

* 

‘Ok class, I need you all to be in a group of four,’ Professor Sprout announced from the front of the greenhouse. ‘Take 6 samples of the Valerian and separate the potent sections for maceration. I will need you all to create 50ml tincture with 20% of the herb volume,’

Laura and Jungkook’s eyes instantly found each other. Both their tables were at the back of the class.

‘Hey,’ Jungkook said to his current partner Yugyeom, ‘Let’s pair up with Jimin on the next table,’

‘Sure,’ Yugyeom said, noticing Jimin’s partner Laura and smiled. ‘You would obviously want to pair up with Jimin,’

‘What do you mean??’ he was met with Jungkook’s shook face.

‘You love Jimin, that’s what I meant,’ Yugyeom said smugly and went to the Slytherins next to them. He took the seat next to Jimin so that Jungkook could sit next to Laura.

They worked without too much noise, apart from the occasional play-fights between Jimin and
Jungkook would crack the lamest jokes and Laura would laugh, much to Yugyeom’s disbelief.

‘Here, I’ve extracted the Valerian,’ Jungkook passed the dish to Laura who was pressing the extracted herb for the juice.

‘Thanks. Hold on, there’s some weeds left in there,’ Laura held the dish at her eye level.

‘Where?’ Jungkook brought his face next to her, cheeks almost touching.

‘There can you see?’ Laura moved closer. ‘You can see it against the light,’

‘Hmmhmm,’ Jungkook held her hand and turned the dish and suddenly she felt him peck her cheeks for the briefest moment.

‘Yes I can see it. I’ll clear it out,’ he took the dish and got to work while Laura’s brain tried to remember how to move. With their loud and interdependent friends, it felt like an eternity since they spent any time alone and she was missing him more than she could imagine. So she moved closer.

‘Need help?’ her head touched his shoulder as she looked into his dish.

‘No, I think I’m done,’ Jungkook smiled, seeing her head crowd into his space.

‘Oh ok,’ she moved away, returning to her task. Jungkook glanced at her and then looked in the front to check what the other two were doing. They were busy, all their attention on their dishes, observing the Valerian through an eye lens and clearing out the weeds with a forcep.

‘Here,’ he took his cleared dish and went to her. ‘All clear now,’

‘Thanks,’ she took the dish and was about to start compressing it when she felt a hand delicately snake around her waist beneath her outer cloak. Her breaths stopped in her chest and heat rose from her core till her cheeks. She was trying to suppress her smile. ‘We are in class,’ she whispered.

‘When are we not?’ Jungkook whispered back, grip on the side of her hip tightening a little. His nose touched the top of her head, ‘You smell nice, I missed this,’

‘Ok done,’ Jimin announced and the two moved away before their friend lifted his eyes to the front.

‘I’m done too. I’ll get the alcohol solution,’ Yugyeom said and left. The three remaining students at the table worked silently for a while. Laura tore a piece of parchment and scribbled something on it, hoping Jimin wouldn’t notice (but he did). She quietly pushed the parchment to Jungkook who took it and opened it curiously.

What about a date-

‘What’s that?’ Yugyeom asked Jungkook, seeing him light up like a christmas tree with his eyes on Laura.

‘Nothing!’ Jungkook immediately crushed the paper in his fist, ears red in embarrassment.

‘Don’t lie to me! Tell me what is it!’ Yugyeom lunged forward to try and snatch it from his hand.

‘I told you it’s nothing!’
But Yugyeom was in a teasing mood and he was almost climbing over Jungkook to get the note. Jungkook, being the stronger one, pushed him off, but the embarrassed smile on his face was telling it all and now everyone around them was now yelling a ‘Fight! Fight! Fight!’

Laura sighed and whacked both the Ravenclaws with the heavy herbology textbook. ‘Concentrate!’

Once the class was over and all of them had successfully submitted their Valerian tincture, the Slytherins had to depart to the dungeons for Potions and the Ravenclaws had Transfiguration.

‘Ok,’ Laura said to Jungkook, bouncing once on the balls of her feet. ‘See you later then. You have quidditch practice too don’t you?’

‘Hmm,’ Jungkook nodded, still lingering near her when his friends had gone ahead.

‘Go on, you’ll be late,’ Laura pushed him lightly by the elbow, but instead of sending him away, her hand held on to his arm.

‘Maybe you don’t want me to,’ Jungkook leaned in just slightly.

‘Jungkook!’ Yugyeom called him from the front. ‘Aren’t you coming? You’ll be late for class,’

‘Yeah, I’m coming,’ he said and started to move but Laura’s grip on him tightened. He looked back at her innocently confused. She wordlessly released him and waved him goodbye, turning to head the other way.

Jungkook was hardly able to concentrate in class. His thoughts were full of the brief moments with Laura. He had missed her so much over the holidays but the final leg of their academic year had hit them with such force that they were always buried in work. He majorly envied NamJin at the moment. Both were in the same house, in the same damn room. How Jungkook wished at the end of an exhausting day he could relax next to Laura too, without anyone else interfering.

*

Ash entered the common room from her dormitory, wondering what the noise was all about.

‘Quiet down you guys!’ she yelled over the ruckus. She saw her quidditch team still in their practice uniform, rolling and tackling on the carpet in front of the fireplace and laughing.

‘Practice was over two hours ago! Are you all still warmed up?’ she stood with her hands on her hips. ‘I’m trying to study, keep it down,’

‘Take a break captain!’ her seeker detangled himself from his teammates. ‘You look so serious!’

‘Well if you were in 6th year, you would be serious too!’

‘Jimin is taking it easy,’ the seeker said and Jimin stood up from the floor in a swift motion, clearing making Ash’s breath stop for a moment. His outer uniform was undone in whatever tackling game the boys were playing and he stood in his sleeveless green jersey. He ran his hand through his black hair, giving an exposing view of his muscular arms and side torso.

He bit his lower lip and grinned, eyes holding that same mischief she had seen a few days back in the clubroom, when he whispered some alluring things into her ear while his hands gripped her. It made her cheeks burn now just like before.

To say she had missed him during the christmas holidays was an understatement. This was new for
her, to remember someone with almost every action of the day. She had gotten so used to Jimin’s presence without realising it, that in his absence, she would automatically wonder ‘Jimin should see this’ ‘What would Jimin comment to that?’ It really was a new feeling for her, a kind of vulnerability which she would’ve previously been apprehensive of, that she was now depending on someone to complete her day. But now, she liked this feeling, that there was someone in the world who could bring her so much joy. Her eyes were still on Jimin, watching his beautiful movements and how he laughed with his teammates. Her stomach tingled constantly as she watched him.

Jimin caught her eye again and started to walk towards her. He purposely lifted his shirt a little to wipe the sweat off his face and Ash shied away from spying on his beautifully built torso after a few moments.

‘Vorhart?’ the tease was apparent in his sweetly sultry voice. ‘Is that you getting shy?’

‘I’m just… Don’t strip in the common room!’ she mumbled. Jimin was right in front of her now, his light scent wafting towards her. He smelled like the winter flowers and pine trees.

He bent lower to whisper in her ear, ‘We’ve seen each other almost naked and you’re blushing seeing half my body? What will happen if I have nothing on?’

Ash felt steam rising off her heated skin at his tantalizing words. She was breathing hard, not able to look him in the eye.

‘This is a common area you two!’ Laura interrupted from the side.

‘So?’ Jimin raised his eyebrows and squared up to Laura. ‘We weren’t even touching!’

‘It’s easier to watch you to kiss shyly than whatever seductive game you’re playing,’

‘You’re one to talk,’ Jimin looked at her up to down. ‘Who’s sweatshirt is that and where are you headed?’

Laura’s cheek dusted pink and she bit her inner cheek. She was wearing Jungkook’s blue Ravenclaw sweatshirt.

‘Anyway, I’m off. Need to shower,’ Jimin said. ‘Hope you and Jungkook haven’t chosen to occupy the prefect’s bathroom,’

‘Hey! Why do you have the password? You’re not a prefect or a captain!’

‘But my girlfriend is,’ he winked, hand grazing Ash’s lower back and walked off with a smirk. Ash watched him go with a daze until a hand waved in front of her face.

‘Huh, what is it?’

‘It’s been nearly 5 months you’re dating him. Why are you gazing at Jimin like he’s your new crush?’

Ash blushed deeper, tucking her hair behind her ear, ‘W-Was I? I don’t think-’

‘Please,’ Laura rolled her eyes. ‘Anyway, we’re requesting Namjoon to take some classes for us one hour a week. Do you have any subjects you need help with?’

‘No…’ Ash blinked, ‘No I don’t think so, I don’t know,’

Laura chuckled heartily, ‘Let me know when your senses are back to you,’
The Ravenclaw team was up in the air over the Quidditch field. Jungkook observed their passes, they split into teams and carried out some newer strategies since Yugyeom had very smartly revealed their coded gestures to the entire school.

‘But he’s not being careful enough!’ Yugyeom complained about their beater.

‘He’s joined the team this year, he’s new,’ Jungkook said. ‘Give him room to learn. Flores,’ he looked at the beater. ‘You have to practice on your own alright? Take Mello and have some rounds of beating the bludgers and aiming them on a target,’

‘Yes captain,’ Flores nodded.

Jungkook circled over the field, eyes looking around the castle grounds. He saw Taehyung near the lake again, just sitting alone and silent. Was he talking to Abraxas again? Taehyung looked up at the moment and waved at him with a smile which Jungkook returned, not wanting to make his friend upset again. He wondered if he could tell Taehyung to make the weather warmer on practice days.

After an hour of practice, he signalled all to return. Yugyeom breathed a sigh of relief, he was never a fan of the cold snowy weather.

‘Aren’t you coming?’ Yugyeom asked from the exit door of the gymnasium next to the changing rooms of the field when he saw Jungkook sitting on one of the wooden benches with the Quaffle in hand.

‘Go on,’ he said to Yugyeom. ‘I’m gonna go for a run and wait till Mellon and Flores are done with their practice too. Let me talk to Flores, I think the guy is nervous about playing after hitting Charlie accidentally,’

‘You always go the extra mile don’t you,’ Yugyeom said with an appreciative smile. ‘I’ll save you some dinner if you get late,’

‘You better!’ Jungkook said and the team left him.

He removed his quidditch robes, he honestly never understood why a game that required flying through the wind and wrestling on a stick while maintaining balance required such an elaborate uniform. He stretched his arms over his head, loosening his body for a run.

‘You’re still here?’ he heard Laura behind him and turned with a surprise. She stood leaning on the door frame, a tiny white stick in her mouth which she pulled out to show the small blue lollipop. What surprised Jungkook was the sweatshirt she was wearing- Blue with the Ravenclaw sigil, which he had left in the clubroom. His tongue pressed to his cheek

‘A captain has responsibilities,’ Jungkook cocked his head to the side and walked towards her. ‘But what’s the Slytherin prefect doing here? In my house clothes?’

He could never get enough of flustering so he inched closer, until she was caged between him and the wall, her face turned up to look at him.

‘That’s mean of you,’ Jungkook held her chin so she wouldn’t turn away, ‘You didn’t share my favourite flavour with me?’

‘Isn’t that what I’m doing right now,’ he heard her speak, voice lower than usual, a light rumble to
Jungkook couldn’t resist dropping his eyes down to her moving lips, tinted slightly blue. They looked so inviting. Jungkook moved closer, rubbing his parted lips over hers, not kissing her just yet. He waited to see if she leans in and when she did, he closed his mouth on hers, their lips tugging between each other.

This was indeed his favourite flavour.

His tongue moved more fiercely now, coaxing her mouth open and Laura’s tongue pushed against his, teeth grazing his lips before tongue licking over it.

Laura moved her hands over his bare arms, gripping and caressing them. He was so beautifully made, his lithe muscles rippling under her palm. She pushed herself on the tip of her toes, body pressing hard on him and he lifted her up, breaking the kiss.

‘So you missed me too?’ He asked, no longer smiling adoringly but his eyes were hooded, breaths heavy.

‘Of course I did,’ her hands cradled his face. Jungkook carried her towards one of the benches in the middle of the room and sat down, legs on either side of the wooden plank with her straddling him.

‘Then we’ll be here for a while,’ He pushed her hair away from her neck, nose gliding along the column, immersing in his favourite scent and he started to kiss, open mouthed, tongue pressing and rubbing against her skin hungrily. Laura gasped, fingers digging into his arms at the exquisite feeling, something tingled in the pit of her stomach, all the way down between her legs.

He took his time, moving from one side to the other, going lower, nose nuzzling into the opening of the sweatshirt. After a few moments his movements changed softer, lips leaving soft pecks below her collarbone and he looked up, a soft smile on his swollen lips.

Laura looked down, slightly confused. ‘Why did you stop?’

‘I… just wanted to know if I can go on,’

Laura looked at him, his eyes which were devouring her just a few minutes ago where now looking at her in the most endearing way. She pushed his fluffy dark hair out of his forehead, tracing one finger over the bridge of his nose, over his lips, down his neck and she grabbed on to his jersey. She tugged on it and Jungkook was far from resisting. She pulled it off him, leaning back a moment to appreciate him.

‘Hmmm,’ She hummed, eyes and hands moving leisurely over his chest, the lines of muscles prominent in his lean figure. She bent down, mouth moving like Jungkook’s had, hands slithering behind to caress his back. She sucked on his neck, right below his ear. She knew he liked this spot the most and her exploring fingers rubbed over one of his nipples, and she heard him whimper.

‘You told me you’re sensitive there,’ her lips whispered into his ear. ‘Should I stay away?’

‘No,’ the answer was too quick, and too needy.

‘No?’ She smiled and sucked on his reddening ears.

‘I liked it… don’t stop,’

Laura moved to the center again, facing him. ‘I’ll be as gentle as you want,’ she kissed his lips before moving away to push him down flat on the bench. She climbed on top of him, sitting
precisely where he wanted her to, the thin fabric of his sweatpants not really hiding much. The moment her lips touched one of his nipples, he shivered in pleasure, letting out a gasp. His legs moved, trying to take over but she clutched his jaw in her fingers, letting him know that he cannot.

‘Not yet… I haven’t even begun,’ she said, rubbing her thumb along his lower lip. He opened his mouth, letting the tip of his tongue lick her finger and she made him suck her two fingers while they watched each other.

Jungkook felt her tongue softly roll over his nub, but the sensation was nearly electrifying. Blood rushed to his hardening member down below and Jungkook felt he would go dizzy with pleasure. Head thrown back, gasps and whimpers escaping his parted lips, his hands reached out to feel her, running over back, moving under her grey skirt to caress the sides of her thighs.

He looked down and opened his eyes, wanting to save this memory in his mind forever but watching her mouth tug on him, seeing the tip of her wet tongue flick over him, it was multiplying all the sensations he felt. His cock throbbed in response and his fingers dug hard into her plump ass. Laura hummed at the slight sting on his fingers, grinding down on him. She never knew she would enjoy seeing her ‘once rival’ become such a whimpering mess from her actions. She loved every second of his needy moans, his contorted face, his seeking hands. They continued to leave kiss all over each other.

Jungkook’s hands now tugged on sweatshirt. The moment his hands slipped beneath it, he stopped the kiss, looking at her with wide wondrous eyes. He had expected to feel the familiar school shirt but instead his fingers were touching her bare stomach. He moved his hands further, feeling the curved shape of her waist until they met the accent of her naked breasts. He felt her heaving against his palms and paused his movements, unsure of what she wants. Her lips travelled to his ears and she whispered, ‘Dont stop.’

Jungkook let out his breath, his thumbs running over her. He could feel her nipples get harder with each brush of his finger and something delicious swirled inside him. She hoisted herself up and looked at him. There were pink marks on his jaw and his neck which grew darker as they went downwards towards his chest.

Laura smiled devilishly and pulled the sweatshirt over her head and Jungkook looked at her, eyes going down from her purple ones, to the curves of her breasts and then down her navel, lingering a moment at her navel. His body shivered when he brought his hands up to touch her, fingers delicately grazing the top of her breasts and stomach. She took that chance to roll her hips on him again, and had him cursing in ecstasy.

Jungkook caught her by the hips, hands gripping her strongly and sat up, almost knocking the breath out of her but he had precise control over both their movements. Laura heard a low rumble from him, his nose gliding on the edge of her chin and then he softly kissed her breasts, sucking her nipples one by one. His tongue lapped over them, making them pucker up. Her chest heaved at the seductive touches of his mouth and she leaned her back on his folded thighs, hitching up on her knees to let him go lower.

Jungkook inhaled her scent again, lips now on her midriff. He rubbed his face on her stomach, littering it with kisses too. For a few moments he just nuzzled into her and she ran her fingers through his dark hair. Coming back up, he noticed the faint web like scar next to her left breast. His fingers gently traced it, eyebrows contorted.

‘How did this happen?’

Laura let a breath out, settling back down on his lap, ‘It was Gwen. She hit me with a dark curse…
at the end of last year when she attacked Taehyung,’

Jungkook looked sad and worried when he looked back at her, ‘A dark curse? Is it healing?’

‘She wasn’t skilled enough to inflict it properly on me. The curse rots you from the inside, turns every organ dead and finally your heart rots too, killing you from the inside. Snape helped me heal from it. This scar will hopefully go away too,’ she gave an unsure smile.

Jungkook took both her hands and kissed her knuckles when he remembered something. ‘When we duelled with each other during that first Duel Club meet… did my hex hit you here?’

He remembered that day clearly, both had riled each other up a lot. Jungkook had wanted to protect Taehyung, completely unaware of how much Laura had protected their younger friend too, even putting her life in danger. He looked at her earnestly for the answer and she sighed.

‘It did… that’s why I went batshit crazy as you said,’ she chuckled but Jungkook looked extremely remorseful.

‘I’m so sorry,’ he looked more in pain than she had been. ‘I caused you so much pain, how could I do that-’

‘You didn’t know,’ Laura held him by the chin and placed her thumb over his lips. ‘I won’t hear any apologies from you. You don’t need to, trust me. I don’t want to hear it,’ she pecked his lips.

‘You were… extraordinary that day, do you know that?’ Jungkook said.

‘Extraordinary? How so?’ Laura’s purple eyes were wide with curiosity.

‘Non-verbal attack hexes. I’ve never seen any student use that, without any flaws. I know I looked like I didn’t care about it,’ Jungkook gave his adorable cocky smile which made Laura giggle, ‘But I was in complete awe that day,’

Laura wrapped her hands around his neck with a big smile and kissed him. Jungkook held her close, hands not ready to stop exploring new territories. His fingers traced over her ribs, circled her navel, rubbed over her nipples. She pulled away after a while, ‘We might have to end this right here,’

‘What? Why!!?’ Jungkook looked like he was about to cry and Laura chuckled.

‘Your beaters are going to be here soon, aren’t they?’

‘Fuck,’ Jungkook shut his eyes. ‘Fuck I forgot about them’

His gaze went over her again and settled on her breasts. Laura knew where his eyes were so she purposely stretched her arms over her head, pretending to straighten her back, but she knew his breaths were hitching seeing her breasts rise up the slightest, ‘C’mon, we should get going before they catch us like this,’

Laura kissed him one last time, deep and intimate, then moved away from him, picking up her fallen sweatshirt. All Jungkook could do was stare at her, how beautiful she was to him. He finally stood up, wearing his jersey as he walked closer to her.

‘Your leaving me wanting, I will be getting back for this,’ he said to her, expression changed, eyes sultry and dangerous. He had backed Laura against the same wall. ‘Don’t forget,’
Hohen drew the chart on the chalkboard, creating a grid for the symbols and their corresponding elements.

‘Consider the horizontal line to be like a thermometer,’ the Alchemy professor said, running the chalk over the top line left to right. ‘The elements go from hot to cold. You will not find the elements on the left to exist in a solid state,’

Namjoon was writing it all down religiously.

‘Joon?’ His boyfriend nudged him from the side. Namjoon hummed while continuing to write.

‘Why don’t you ask Hohen about the Guild?’ Jin asked.

And that made Namjoon pause and look up at him. ‘Are you sure?’

‘He’s the only alchemist we know. Dumbledore will repeat to us what he’s told Tae, we aren’t getting any new information from him,’

‘Even if Hohen knows about the Guild, I’m sure he won’t help us. Isn’t the guild something of a forbidden secret?’

‘But you’re his favourite student,’ Jin raised his eyebrows appraisingly. ‘Besides, Hohen is not like an uptight professor. He’s more like a friend than a teacher at this point. He treats us like adults. We have to do what we can… for Tae’s safety. And I’ve been trying something,’

‘Trying what?’

‘To see, through someone’s memories. That’s how I initially found out about Taehyung’s powers. I can try that again to see what the guild actually is, if you relay Hohen’s side of the story to me. I don’t know if it will work, but it’s a thread I can grab on to,’

‘Alright,’ Namjoon nodded. ‘I’ll talk to him. I should probably get some books from the library, show him I’m into some research,’

After dinner, Namjoon collected some advanced alchemy books he had bought from Diagon Alley during christmas and headed to the ground floor where the Alchemy professor resided.

‘Professor?’ Namjoon knocked on Hohen’s chamber, adjacent to his teaching room. ‘Professor Hohen?’

He heard shuffling of feet and the door knob turned.

‘Namjoon,’ Hohen said, opening the door. His long golden hair was open, falling on his shoulders but he was still in his teaching clothes, a plain white buttoned shirt with black trousers. ‘C’min,’

Namjoon stepped into the familiar living room which was full of books, there were charts on the walls with formulas and transmutation circles. The alchemic periodic table and symbols had also taken up the remaining walls. The curtains were pulled open to let the moonlight drain in and Hohen had concentrated a beam through a lens on a standing blue liquid with a pearly white stone inside. There were some fumes coming from Hohen’s experiment lab on the other side of the chamber.

‘Moonstone,’ Hohen said, pointing at the stone soaking in the moonlight. ‘By request of Professor
Trelawney. Helps her keep her mind balance she says. Come, sit down. I see you’ve been doing some heavy reading,’ he said looking at the books in Namjoon’s hands.

‘Yeah,’ Namjoon said. ‘The incident in the Forbidden Forest got me interested in a topic you once told me about,’

‘Which one?’

‘Elkyres,’

Hohen sighed, ‘I thought one of you would look into that even though I told you not to… but then it was your own friend who was being hunted. What do you need to talk about?’

‘Well… I found some material which mentions an Alchemist’s Guild, made of the strongest alchemists. Is that true? Does it really exist?’

Hohen sat in his armchair and joined his fingertips together, thinking deep before he answered, ‘Yes it exists.’

‘Oh!’ Namjoon’s eyes lighted up in triumph. ‘Then Elkyres must be a part of it? They are extremely powerful alchemists, controlling a whole element, isn’t it?’

‘All known Elkyres have been a part of the Guild till they die,’ Hohen said. ‘The guild gives them the promise of power, it’s not easy to resist. And when you are an Elkyre, the possibilities with your powers is endless. You see people supporting your powers and wanting them to grow more. Who will refuse that?’

‘But what is the function of the Guild? If they are so powerful, why are the so secretive about it?’

‘There hasn’t been more than one Elkyre alive at a given time. And Elkyres aren’t immortal. In the 16th century, the ministry kept oppressing the Guild. There were fights, false arrests, interrogations, even mysterious deaths of alchemists, until the Guild decided to go underground and has remained so since then, because the Ministry cannot bear another powerful body of wizards rising up with their own ideologies. Alchemy provided power and medicine, two very important things. Soon all alchemic procedures, teachings, equipment came under the law of the Ministry. Hogwarts is the only place one can learn alchemy, and even here I can teach extremely basic things, even though sometimes I teach more than I should. Do you know the Ministry has sent me 5 warnings in the last 7 years? That I should stick to the curriculum? The only reason I still get to keep my job is Dumbledore… I really owe him a lot,’

‘Why would the Ministry hate the Guild so much? Aren’t they helping the world by creating healing medicines?’

‘The Guild was not just doing that, it was conducting experiments, for the Philosopher’s Stone,’

Namjoon gulped. Dumbledore was right. All their research was proving to be right.

‘But what’s so wrong in that?’

Hohen’s eyes grew darker.

‘Namjoon, you are a curious student. Bright, smart and curious. But sometimes it’s better not to go knocking on certain doors. Some information makes you more curious and you plunge into things you shouldn’t,’
‘Professor,’ Namjoon changed his posture to seem more sure of himself. ‘You also know I am far from reckless. I don’t jump into things, I always think it through. As for me being curious, I think both of us know the need to know more about things that interest us. We just can’t give up. I came to you because I know you will guide me in the right direction. I will not misuse any information you give me. You’ve known me for seven years professor,’

Hohen studied him for a while, ‘Alright,’ he finally said. ‘But do you know the first law of Alchemy?’

‘Equivalent Exchange,’

‘Yes. I will answer all your questions. At the end of it, you must answer one of mine,’

Namjoon nodded. Hohen’s fingers clasped together and he looked down, away from Namjoon.

‘There has been only one stone successfully created… it was nearly 8 centuries ago and it resulted in a world wide wizarding war,’

‘The Red War,’ Namjoon said and Hohen looked at him in surprise.

‘How do you know?’

‘Professor Dumbledore told me,’

‘Then you must also know how the stone was made?’

Namjoon shook his head so Hohen continued.

‘No one could confirm it but a whole city disappeared. No one can tell how and why. But everyone believes that’s how the stone was made,’

Namjoon’s eyes widened in shock. ‘An entire city disappeared? All the people living in it?’

Hohen nodded, ‘Great power comes at a great price. Equivalent exchange,’

‘Then what about the one Nicolas Flamel made?’ Namjoon was finding it hard to believe that Dumbledore would work with someone who has used human lives for their experiments and personal gain.

‘Flamel…’ Hohen gave a dry chuckle. ‘Nicolas Flamel did not create the philosopher’s stone,’

‘What do you mean? How is he alive for 600 years-’

‘Nicolas Flamel died 300 years ago,’

Namjoon stared at Hohen, completely shocked.

‘That… can’t be possible… Dumbledore…’

‘Dumbledore doesn’t know this truth, or he chooses to ignore it to hide his one foolish moment,’

‘What do you mean foolish?’
Hohen sighed, getting up from his chair, ‘Well, I promised you the truth. I can already hear all your questions bouncing in your head. You might as well settle yourself in for a while if you want all your answers,’

‘I’m in no hurry,’ Namjoon said and saw Hohen open a shelf next to his study desk.

‘What would you like? I have beer, rum, mead, whiskey.’

‘Firewhiskey,’ Namjoon said and Hohen poured them 2 glasses. He handed Namjoon a glass and sat next to him. ‘Don’t let anyone know I offered you this. Next thing I know other students have come knocking at my door looking for a ‘long conversation,’

‘Don’t worry,’ Namjoon chuckled, clinking the glass with him, ‘This secret is safe with me,’

‘Did you not wonder why I know so much about the Guild?’

‘Because… you were a part of the Guild!’

Hohen nodded weakly, ‘And once you are a part of them, you can’t leave them. I was fresh out of Hogwarts,’ Hohen said, ‘Dumbledore said I was especially gifted in alchemy, so I sought out to study and more about it. I travelled different countries, East Asia, Arabia, Africa, studying different methods and found my calling in transmutations. During this journey of a few years, I met a fellow alchemist who was actually my schoolmate but we never interacted much since I was a Ravenclaw and he was a Slytherin,’

‘Who was he?’

‘Martaeus Wright… we were friends… I wonder what happened of him. People say he’s dead… but I don’t think an Elkyre can die easily,’

Hohen noticed Namjoon’s eyes widen.

‘Yes, he was an Elkyre. An air controller. I considered myself the luckiest person to have not only known an Elkyre but be his friend as well,’

‘What was he like?’

‘Very powerful. And like the wind, he couldn't be contained. Even though we did some research together he often went on his own tangent. One day he’s my roommate, next day I know he’s in Turkey, studying some new alchemic phenomenon,’ Hohen sipped his drink. ‘That's why when he came to me saying he's decided to settle down and start a family, I was shocked beyond all wits,’

‘Oh!’ Namjoon responded. ‘He had a family?’

‘I don't know how that turned out,’ Hohen said. ‘That was the last time I saw him, on a sunny April day, fifteen years ago when he came to tell me he’s starting a family. I asked him if he's sure about it, he was not a settler, he was a runner. Had always been a runner,’

‘He said he didn’t know what to do because he loved that woman, said he was willing to change for her. He told me not to seek him anymore, he wanted to be fully committed to this decision of his and didn't want any distractions… I never saw him after that… It had been so long that I had started to forget what he looked like…’

‘The Guild came to me, looking for him. I was his only known friend who's worked with him. This was 9 years ago. They said he had fled from the Guild but they wanted someone as talented as him
back in their group. They showed me the research they did, their achievements and it was incredible!’

Namjoon could see Hohen’s eyes glisten with wonder at the memory. ‘When they took me to their base… it was an abandoned medieval town on a distant island. I don’t know where the island is… its in a secret location, protected by spells.

We lived in the castle on top of the tallest hill. We were 12 alchemists with one leader…’ Hohen looked into his drink. ‘A leader I never really saw face to face,’

‘What do you mean?’

‘He… used to keep himself hidden. Only the two highest ranking Alchemists were allowed in his chambers. We spoke to him through a veil… he had a light and thin voice… sometimes I wondered if he was there at all… and then I glimpsed his form…’

Namjoon could see that the memory still gave Hohen the chills.

‘The veil wavered once… and I saw… a bird speaking to us. A black bird, like a raven… with red glowing eyes. I didn’t know what to think of it… I guess it was probably a decoy,’

‘That’s weird indeed… why wouldn’t the leader show himself?’

‘For fear of being identified? Or was he really a bird? I refuse to believe the guild is following instructions from a black bird. They called him Abraxas,’

Namjoon gulped and nodded slightly. It was all falling into place, ‘And where does Nicholas Flamel fit into all this?’

‘This was all before I was even born. I heard of this in the guild. Nicolas Flamel was Abraxas. He never created a real stone. It was a way for him to get the word around. That was his first and failed attempt at sending word out to Elkyres to join him. Instead he made friends with the likes of Dumbledore, Grindelwald, a young You Know Who and Newt Scamandar… but no elkyres. Dumbledore has actually met the mastermind behind all this but didn’t realise it,’

‘And you didn’t tell him?’

‘I did… but he was skeptical. He said there was no way a soul could live on that long,’

‘How did you escape the guild then?’

‘I participated in their experiments, until I saw them using animals and sometimes even humans who had lost their way. They would wipe their memory and use them as test subjects. I knew refusing to be a part of that won’t work. I wasn’t the first one caught in their web, people had tried to escape but they never could. I had to figure out another strategy. I purposely started to slack, pretended I’m losing my skills. Then one day Dumbledore came back. He wanted to meet Nicholas Flamel again and tracked down the guild. They posed me as an apprentice of Flamel and sent me with him to Hogwarts, making Dumbledore promise to keep the whereabouts of the Guild a secret. They knew not to mess with Dumbledore at that time,’

‘Oh god…’ Namjoon said disbelievingly. ‘It’s this fucked up…’ Maybe Tae’s father was right and Serafin is just luring him…

‘Is there anything else you want to know Namjoon?’ Hohen asked him, sipping the last of his drink.
'No… I haven't wrapped my head around this in the first place,’ Namjoon replied, still hazed with disbelief.

‘My turn then,’ Hohen said leaning forward. ‘You promised to answer one question of mine in return,’

‘Yes I did,’ Namjoon clasped the glass in his hand tighter in anticipation of what Hohen might ask him. Namjoon wished he wouldn't have to lie.

‘The resemblance… between your friend… Kim Taehyung and my friend Martaeus,’ Hohen said, ‘I should’ve known the moment I saw him. They have the exact same smile, among other identical features and mannerisms. So I know you will know the answer to this. He is Martaeus’ son isn’t he?’

Namjoon gulped, chewing his lower lip. Equivalent exchange… truth for truth…

‘Yes,’

‘And you asking me about the Guild… I suppose they are back in action,’

Namjoon nodded.

‘I know the implications your friend faces, being an elkyre. I can't tell you if the Guild is the right place for him or not. I hope you can protect your friend Namjoon. He is only a child,’

Chapter End Notes

Character Themes

The Alchemist's Guild

Abraxas' Theme
‘And then he told me how he escaped the Guild. You know Dumbledore’s actually met Abraxas?’ Namjoon rambled on.

‘Slow down,’ Jin gestured with his hands. ‘You’re speaking a mile an hour!’

‘Sorry,’ Namjoon blinked. ‘So yeah, Dumbledore, You Know Who, they all met Abraxas when he was in the body of Nicholas Flamel,’

‘And the stone? The one Flamel claims to have made?’

‘Fake. Abraxas wanted to create some news around it so he that alchemists and Elkyres come to him. I think this is when he started his recruitment,’

‘Wow… all under Dumbledore’s nose,’ Jin couldn’t believe it.

‘Everyone was busy dealing with Grindelwald and then You Know Who. No one paid any attention to other suspicious activity,’

‘So Hohen and Martaeus were good friends,’ Jin asked for affirmation. ‘And both have contacted the guild at some point, been a part of it,’

‘Correct,’ Namjoon nodded. ‘Is that enough for you to go on with?’

‘I can only hope,’ Jin shrugged. ‘I’ll have to channel through Hohen’s memories until I find Martaeus and then… maybe, just maybe, can catch on that memory thread,’

‘Can I help in any way?’ Namjoon asked.

‘Not really. Just… keep an eye on me? Don’t let me fall,’ Jin remembered the time he fell into his comatose.. He didn’t want to be in that helpless state again. Watching, and not able to wake up and help. Namjoon nodded and squeezed Jin’s hand once before the older went to sit at their study desk.

Jin watched him from the side, remembering how worried Namjoon often got, about Taehyung and the way he felt responsible for keeping the boy safe. He wanted to help them both, in any way he can. He wanted to go back in time to know the truth, about Martaeus Aquiri, The Guild and Serafin, Hohen, Dumbledore and Flamel, all of it. Jin felt overwhelmed just thinking about it. It was one thing to go back a few months and try to figure out things from the segmented visions he would see. Usually if he was physically in front of the person who’s past or present he’s trying to see, it was easier. But even then he had never seen a proper vision, where everything was in order and made complete sense. He had seen a few things going back nearly ten years, but that was from Taehyung and Jiyeon’s connection to him. Would he be able to access the memories of people he’s never met? And go back more than fourteen years?

He breathed in. He had to try. There was a white lily he had plucked, the last one for the season. It was resting in a tall glass of water. He looked at it for a while, trying to bring all his focus and closed his eyes.
Places, voices and faces flashed past him, Taehyung, Namjoon, Jiyeon, Hohen. He was trying to grab a thread, the thread that would lead him where he wanted. Things Taehyung and Namjoon told him buzzed through his ears. He saw a woman with bright red hair waiting outside a house in a wizarding town. He saw Hohen and Dumbledore arguing, Hohen was crying at the old wizard’s feet. He plunged in further, voices and faces all buzzing past him. He followed Hohen back in time till he saw him with a man who resembled Taehyung. The boxed smile and blue eyes looking at Hohen as both sat on the ledge of a bridge, feet dangling below. It was a sunny day. It looked like a muggle town in Southern Europe. Both men looked like they were in their early thirties. Jin leaned on the ledge as well, looking at them talk.

‘Did they let you in?’ Hohen asked Martaeus.

‘No… They weren’t satisfied with my research. And I haven’t found anything solid on the Philosopher’s stone,’ Martaeus chuckled.

‘Well then, I’m sure the hope of me being able to join them is growing bleak. They’ll never take me in,’ Hohen kicked his leg in the air.

‘Don’t worry, just concentrate on your work, they’ll notice you,’

‘Hope Serafin notices me too,’ Hohen chuckled.

‘Oh god, you saw her ONCE Hohen! Don’t tell me you are stuck up on her,’

‘She’s an Elkyre! How do you expect me not to be in awe of her?’

‘I’m an Elkyre too!’

‘That’s why I put up with your obnoxious, irresponsible behaviour. Or I would’ve dumped you as a roommate long ago,’ Hohen raised his eyebrows.

‘When have I ever acted irresponsible-’

‘I am seeing you after 5 months! You were working with me on my studies to create golden rain one night and next morning you have disappeared. All your stuff is still in that apartment. I thought you died in a ditch or something. And that’s not the first time you disappeared like that,’

‘Ha!’ Martaeus laughed dryly and looked away.

Jin leaned closer to look at Martaeus’s face. He looked like he was trying to hide a painful memory.

‘What is it?’ Hohen asked.

‘I… I think I’m abandoning my research. I don’t want to do it anymore,’

Hohen was silent in shock. Martaeus looked at him to see his response.

‘You are joking right?’ Hohen said.

‘I’m not,’ Martaeus said and his tone made it clear that he was indeed serious.

‘Why??’ Hohen’s eyes were wild. ‘You put in all these years of hard work, you used to say this is more important to you than your life!’
‘Things change?’ Martaeus slightly shrugged.

‘What can possibly change?’

‘I want to marry someone,’

Hohen’s silenced shock followed again. So Martaeus continued.

‘I love her. I want to be with her. She doesn’t approve of the Guild. And she doesn’t know for whom I spend day and night in research. I want to tell her everything, and tell her I’ve stopped it, for her. And then I want to marry her,’

‘Martaeus…’ Hohen said with precaution. ‘Are you sure?’

Martaeus gave the same dry and nervous laugh, looking up at the sky, ‘It’s what I want,’

‘But will you want it forever? You are thinking of having a family. You can’t leave and run away from a family. And you’ve been running all your life. You ran from that rich Dracwyn woman who you were almost engaged to,’

‘I didn’t run. She left me,’ Martaeus said.

‘She left you because you ran away. When you returned, she didn’t want you,’

Martaeus shrugged, ‘ Doesn’t matter. I didn’t want to be with her anyways. It was only for convenience sake that I agreed to the engagement. I already knew I won’t follow through it. I also knew she’d figure out I’m not the right guy before that,’

‘You told me she was your good friend. Is that how you treat your good friends? I’m worried about myself now,’

‘Hey, why are you giving me moral lessons? Amelia is happily married and she even has a year old baby girl. She’s happy in her life, not like I tied her down into eternal sadness!’

‘I hope you don’t give yourself the opportunity to say these things about this woman you love right now,’

‘Listen, I am going to try my best. So just shut up for now and come and give us your blessings when we get married,’

‘And when should I expect that?’

‘Don’t know… maybe in a month if she says yes? I really can’t wait, I would marry her right now if I could,’

Jin tried to move the time forward. He wanted to follow Martaeus now. Jin felt he had enough gravity towards Martaeus to be able to see through his memories. Martaeus had returned to where he was living. It was a small house in a wizarding village. He came in, calling for Jiyeon but there was no one home. Instead, he saw all of his research parchments and notes trashed on the floor. Books were strewn everywhere. Jiyeon and her belongings were gone. All that remained of her was a ring he had bought for her, kept on top of his papers. Jiyeon had found out about his alchemic work, his connections to the guild behind her back. He knew how much she hated the guild. But she was gone, before he even had a chance to tell her that he loved her more than all of this. His heart arched, eyes started to glisten. His feet shook as he stepped closer to the ring.
Martaeus kneeled in front of the parchment pieces, crushing the papers in pain. He cried out loud, a burst of wind creating a tornado in the house, sucking everything into it, from the notebooks to their household items till it burst through the roof.

Jin followed Martaeus further through time. He had alienated himself from the entire world. The Guild was looking for him, Hohen was looking for him but he hid himself. A few years passed, he felt like he wanted to find Jiyeon. The anger within him had subsided. He wanted to see her, to know if she was happy in her life.

He watched people from town to town, trying to find her. She had become an Auror, he was happy for her. She had married a muggle and had a child. They were living in her mother’s house. He went there, just to see her once. Her features were blurry in his mind. Maybe if he knew she was happy, he would move on.

During one of the weekends, he waited in the market, hoping he would see her. She would definitely come to buy the persimmons, they were her favourite.

And there she was in a blue cloak in the market, going from one vegetable cart to another, picking up carrots and onions. Martaeus’ eyes were transfixed on her. She was smiling contently and fondly at someone beside her, probably her son. Martaeus has missed the way her eyes crinkled in mirth. She reached the persimmon cart and one of the yellow fruits fell from her hand and rolled towards Martaeus.

‘Sweetie please fetch that!’ He heard her voice. His heart beat a million miles an hour. He looked up from within the hood he was wearing. Jiyeon was pointing at some fruits, telling the seller how much she wanted. Martaeus felt himself smile slightly until someone distracted him.

‘Mister?’ he heard the voice of a child beneath him. ‘Mister my fruit is at your foot,’

Martaeus looked down, into a pair of identical blue eyes. A 6 year old boy, dark blonde hair like his own, blue eyes like his own, lips like his own. He stared at the boy, until his mind convinced him that he wasn’t mistaken. 6 years ago, Jiyeon had left him, and now, here was a boy like a mirror image of him, looking at him like a complete stranger.

Martaeus bent down, picking up the fruit and held it out to Taehyung. The boy clasped the yellow fruit with his hands and there was something charged that passed between them at the contact of their hands. The man guessed what it could be.

‘Go to your mum now,’ Martaeus said, letting go of the fruit and Taehyung ran back to Jiyeon.

*Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window)* The Alchemists' Guild Theme | Akira Senju - Fullmetal Alchemist Symphony

Martaeus returned, feeling utterly betrayed. He was angrier than he had been when Jiyeon left him. He had a son... he had a son and Jiyeon never told him about it. She kept his own blood hidden from him. How could she? Did he not have a right to know? Was he so wrong that she would do this to him?

He wanted to burst into Jiyeon’s house and demand his answers but there were some unexpected visitors.

Three alchemists in green cloaks arrived at his place. They let themselves in, despite his protests.

‘Finally,’ the red haired woman said. ‘We thought you were dead,’
‘You aren’t the first one to think that,’ Martaeus reluctantly let them in.

‘Why have you abandoned us?’ An older man with long black hair asked. ‘We promised you a place amongst us,’

‘I don’t want it,’

‘You are an Elkyre. We definitely want you to join us. We alchemists belong together,’ the third, a blonde haired man said.

‘Well, I’m not going to join you so leave me,’

‘You don’t understand,’ Serafin stepped forward, ‘It’s essential that we gather all Elkyres. Voldemort is gone, and we have to seize this opportunity while the rest of the world thinks its safe and happy. Their defenses are down and they are rejoicing. Now’s our time,’

‘Time for what?’

‘To finally create the Philosopher’s stone,’

Martaeus gave his dry laugh, ‘And how exactly will you do that? Annihilate a town again?’

‘No, we’ve found a way, where no harm will come upon anyone,’ the dark haired man said.

‘I’m listening,’ Martaeus folded his arms.

‘Never before has been more than one Elkyre alive. And here we are, you and I,’ Serafin said. ‘We have heard there’s another man on the Caribbean islands, an Earth Elkyre. And then we’ll need to look for a water elkyre. Master says he has been sensing a fourth elkyre but he’s not powerful enough to tell us where it could be. If we four combine our powers, we create the Prima Matter, an unquenchable energy which will become the Philosopher’s stone!’

Martaeus’s jaw worked as he watched Serafin’s excited eyes. It was so tempting, if only he wasn’t overcome with the protective feeling of not letting them find the fourth elkyre- his son. That is the charge of energy he felt when their hands touched, he was sure of it now - the elkyric powers present in both of them were heightened for that moment.

‘So?’ The blonde man asked.. ‘Will you come with us Martaeus?’

‘Yes, but not tonight,’ Martaeus said, turning away to walk to his room. ‘I want to collate all my research and then join you. You haven’t said this is a foolproof plan. What if it fails?’

‘The chances are infinitesimal,’ the dark man said.

‘I will see you tomorrow evening at your base,’ Martaeus said. ‘I wish that you take your leave now. You did come unannounced and I already had things to do. Seeing the new urgency, I should get started right away,’

The next day, Martaeus was at Jiyeon’s house, come to take Taehyung away. Jin had seen this in Jiyeon’s memories. Taehyung stabbed Martaeus through his chest and Jiyeon ran away with him. Martaeus evaporated himself, becoming the wind. Anyone would have thought he had died, his body disappearing into his element and merging with the atmosphere, when in truth he was alive.

He saw Martaeus again, many years had passed. Martaeus was in a circular room, kneeling in front of a veil. He looked defeated.
‘You must trust us Martaeus,’ the voice spoke from behind the veil, thin and faint. ‘We want no harm to come to you or your son,’

‘You say that now. We know that stone is for you,’

‘For all of us,’ the voice said.

‘I can’t believe you,’

This vision was blurry, glitching with images of the past, halos cast by the lights he was seeing. Jin felt dizzy as he blinked his watering eyes. Something was wrong...

‘But you must. Don’t you want the power? For yourself and your son? Can’t you see what I’m offering you is good? This world needs us, we can set it straight. We can defeat the Death Eaters. We can recreate the Ministry of Magic with balance. This world needs balance Martaeus,’

‘I know it does. But is this Guild the right body to bring that balance?’

The veil was lifting in the wind and Jin so very badly wanted to see what was behind it. Was this Abraxas? Jin felt something shake below his feet. Soon the whole room was shaking as a pain shot through his arm.

‘Jin!’ he heard a distance was calling him.

‘Come back Jin!’ the voice grew louder. Namjoon was calling him, he sounded terrified. Jin felt the world shake like an earthquake. The pain in him was spreading. He felt something touch his cheeks, tapping him. Namjoon’s screams continued and Jin tried with all his might, finally opening his eyes with a gasp. It was like he was returning from a vacuum. Namjoon was holding his face in his hands, looking extremely worried.

‘Jin! What happened?!’

Jin’s attention went to the pain in his forearm as he gasped for air. There was a crack in his skin, as if he was made of porcelain. It ran from his inner elbow towards his wrist but it was slowly disappearing. It looked like a surface crack, but how in the world did he get it?

‘When did this happen?’ Jin asked, astonished. He lifted his arm to observe it closely but hissed in pain, bringing it back down and pressed it with his other hand. It felt like he was breaking and had to hold himself close together.

‘You were into your vision.. and then suddenly I saw these appear on you. I didn't know what it was, I thought it best to call you back,’

‘This is… I don't know what this could be…’ Jin ran a finger over where the crack was. And then he remembered when he felt something similar on his cheek during his vision of Bellatrix and Gwen. Jin touched his face where it stung a little. He could feel something over his skin, like a divide even though Namjoon said he couldn't see anything and neither could Jin when he looked into the mirror. Were his powers breaking him? He hasn't been able to see properly since he woke up from his coma. And now this…

‘I just… I wanted to help you. If we find the truth, we’ll know how to prepare ourselves,’

‘Jin… you don’t have to push yourself so far… I can’t see you getting hurt,’

‘Why should this happen? First I cursed myself for having this sight… now when I want to put it to
‘We’ll figure something out. Till then, promise me you won’t use your powers?,’ Namjoon kept a hand on Jin’s shoulder. Jin looked down on the floor and smiled. But Namjoon saw the tear that escaped the corner of his eye, making its way down to Jin’s chin. Namjoon took a step closer and hugged him, his height able to enclose Jin’s wide shoulders. The moment Jin felt Namjoon against him, he started to shake with silent sobs. Namjoon stroked the back of Jin’s head, his lips placed softly against his temple.

‘It’s going to be ok. I’m not gonna let this harm you,’ Namjoon whispered. ‘You don’t have to put yourself in harm to help anyone,’

‘But…’ Jin cried. ‘I want to help… I feel useless,’

‘Jin, you do the most for us. If it harms you, I won’t consider it as help,’ Namjoon pulled away and cupped Jin’s face. He slowly wiped the tears from his cheek. ‘Now you are red like a strawberry,’ Namjoon chuckled and Jin laughed, sniffling in between. He went back to hug Namjoon and remained in the warmth of his embrace for a little longer.

*

Next Day…

Mood Music (Don’t forget to open in a new tab/window) John Williams - A Window To The Past

Hoseok walked with his housemates towards the Defence Against The Dark Arts classroom. It was yet another cold day and Hoseok wondered how much longer will Taehyung enjoy his ‘winter’. They were heading into March soon but it felt like the cold winds of December hadn’t left them. Yugyeom waved at him from the other side of the corridor and Hoseok waved back smiling. His eyes looked at the dark haired boy next to Yugyeom who didn’t seem to notice Hoseok’s presence as his head was buried behind a book.

Hoseok walked amusedly behind Jungkook who seemed lost inside the book. The Ravenclaw absentmindedly took a seat at the back of the class and Hoseok sat next to him.

‘Watchu reading there?’ Hoseok peered in from the side.

‘Hmmm,’ was Jungkook’s response so Hoseok pushed the book down, trying to read the contents.

‘Dragons?’ The Hufflepuff asked. ‘Do we have an assignment I don’t know about??!’

Jungkook finally lifted his eyes from the illustration of a Hungarian Horntail to look at Hoseok’s panicked face. ‘No no! I’m just reading… for my own knowledge,’

‘Oh,’ Hoseok blinked. ‘Why the sudden interest? Is it because of a certain Dracwyn?’ He nudged Jungkook in the ribs with a teasing grin.

‘Like you don’t question Yoongi all day about his secret castle in the clouds,’ Jungkook rolled his eyes. ‘I just… I want to know more,’

‘I get it,’ Hoseok nodded. ‘It’s interesting isn’t it?’

‘Almost unreal,’ Jungkook said. ‘I mean… firstly, till we turned 11 we didn’t even know if we’d make it here for sure. And even with the magic all around us, tales of dragons and royal bloodlines owning castles still seemed like something we only read about in books. And then we meet Jin and
the Min-Dracwyns who are living a world apart,"

‘Which makes me more curious,’ Hoseok said. ‘And that’s why Yoongi has promised to take me to his castle,’ he beamed. Jungkook returned the smile but there was something sullen behind it and a curious look from the older was enough to let Jungkook know the burning question in his friend’s mind.

‘That’s nice of Yoongi,’ was Jungkook’s response, ‘You’re lucky you’ll get to see that with your own eyes,’

Hoseok knew Laura probably couldn’t make the same invitation to him, thanks to Grandpa Dracwyn. Hoseok had seen him during the trial and every tale about him being a towering, intimidating overlord was true. ‘Do you still feel like you and Laura don’t belong to the same world? Like you told me before the Christmas break?’ Hoseok asked. ‘If you can’t see much of her life yet, maybe she can see yours? During the holidays we could all meet up and go on a little trip,’

‘I mentioned that… I even told her she could come to my dad’s hometown because she’s never been to that side of the world. She didn’t really answer me… she just smiled and changed the topic. Maybe she doesn’t want to… maybe she doesn’t like a muggle lifestyle,’ Jungkook’s pout settled on his lips and he picked at the corner of one of the pages.

‘Hey, don’t assume what she wants and doesn’t want unless you’ve actually spoken about it with her,’ Hoseok poked his puffed cheek. ‘Did you get this book from her?’ He moved closer and started to look through the pages. ‘Does it have moon dragons? I want to see what the Min beasts look like,’ Hoseok caught his lower lip between his teeth, a look of adorable determination on his face.

Jungkook nodded. ‘This book has dragons divided by class and element. Hungarian Hornetl comes in class II, fire. Moon dragons are…. Jungkook flipped the pages to the very end, ‘Class I, Light. It’s the highest class,’

‘They’re stronger than Horntails?!’ Hoseok’s finger traced over the seemingly peaceful, long serpentine form of the white dragon on the open page.

‘Class depends on the dragon breed, not it’s element. That’s what I read in this. Laura says the ancient class I dragons can roast 3 Horntails just for breakfast, they’re that powerful,’ Jungkook turned the pages further to show the last few dragons. They were black, silver, white and red. Some had massive wings, some long spiky tails, some had humongous bodies with claws that can crush a tower. And the note below the illustrations read that these were drawn from descriptions in old scripts and no man alive had seen them to confirm the accuracy of these drawings. Hoseok looked up at the ceiling of their moderately sized classroom where a skeleton of a dragon hung. This must’ve been a baby dragon… because these ancient class I dragons are said to have a wingspan of 300 feet, almost as big as a football field.

‘Good morning class!’ they heard the substitute DATDA teacher call from ahead. They turned their attention to the front where the young teacher descended down the steps in a muted purple coat, his light blonde hair tied in a short ponytail at his nape. One couldn’t really tell if his expression was happy or slightly creepy due to the absence of his eyebrows. His thinly stretched lips couldn’t really answer that either.

‘Good morning Professor Quirelll,’ the response came haphazardly.

‘Hope you all have been practicing the nonverbal spells. When Professor Roland returns next year, let’s show him we haven’t been slacking,’ Quirell said, walking between the middle row of
Hoseok flipped through the pages till he found the number and opened to the first page of the chapter. Their teacher was writing the title in big letters on the chalkboard as well.

Dark Curses - Affects & Defenses

‘Each year you have this chapter,’ Quirell said. ‘And each year you learn about the existence of darker curses,’

‘Which ones will we learn his year?’ Hufflepuff’s prefect Lee asked. The incantations were never mentioned in the books, for fear of any student trying them out.

‘The Three Unforgivable Curses,’ Quirell wrote on the board. ‘One can controls the mind, second that causes unbearable pain - a curse to torture someone, and third, the killing curse,’ he turned around to face the class, and everyone seemed very attentive today, trying to listen to this ‘forbidden’ knowledge carefully. ‘The incantations aren’t mentioned, but I’d be a fool to think some of you haven’t already heard about these curses. Are any of you aware of the spells?’

The students looked at one another apprehensively. All had heard of the curses, they were infamous for being punishable by death or a life sentence at Azkaban. They had heard versions of the incantations as well but the crime was so severe that it wasn’t spoken of openly. Sierra put her hand up but then retrieved it, not wanting to make a fool of herself with misinformation. Quirell’s eyes scanned the students and then one hand finally lifted up, unwavering.

‘Yes,’ Quirell cleared his throat, ‘Mr. Jung.’

Everyone turned their faces to the Hufflepuff, who’s smile had been wiped out from his face.

‘I… I know two of them,’ Hoseok said, voice trying to be firm but it shook a little at the end.

Quirell looked at him thoughtfully, ‘Tell us what you know,’

‘Imperio, the spell that can control someone’s mind,’ Hoseok said and Quirell wrote on the board The Imperius Curse.

‘Correct,’ Quirell said. ‘It does not have any colored beam of light. Extremely difficult to trace who inflicts it if there are more than two persons present. But it’s not easy to cast successfully or maintain control over a long period of time unless you’re skilled at the art of metaphysical magic like occlumency. And the other one that you know Jung?’

Hoseok gulped before speaking further. He couldn’t look at the faces of his classmates anymore and looked down at his clasped hands on the desk. It took him several moments before he could speak.

‘It’s ok Jung,’ Quirell said, sensing his apprehension. ‘I’ll take it from here—’

‘Crucio, the curse to torture someone,’ Hoseok said and there were goosebumps all over his body, like some of the pain he had felt from that curse still remained inside him, sending light currents of fear through his limbs.

‘Correct again,’ Quirell wrote the Cruciatius Curse on the board. ‘Where Imperio requires skill and power of the mind, Crucio relies more on your emotions. It’s intensity depends on how much the caster means to inflict the pain,’
Seirra’s hand shot up in the air for a question. ‘Was this the spell used in the Longbottom’s case?’

‘Yes, the four death eaters used this curse on the former Aurors. That is why they have a life imprisonment slapped on them and a big bounty on their heads,’

‘What happened to them then? The aurors?’

Quirell’s usual light voice turned deep and sombre. ‘It was a sad day for the entire wizarding community of Britain. Frank and Alice Longbottom were good people, skilled Aurors. Now they permanently live in St. Mungos. Both have suffered irreparable brain damage. It’s what prolonged exposure to the curse does to you. It’s better none of you talk about this matter lightly,’

‘This curse was the first one to be banned,’ he continued. ‘Back in 1717 when the dark witch Artemise Reid used it on muggles, torturing them to death. Muggles always have a lower resistance to any of the magical spells. That’s also the reason it is easier to obliviate them. We wizard kind don’t really hide ourselves well. But you need a license to use the Obliviation charm so don’t go trying that, or you might end up in Azkaban too,’ Quirell looked at the students pointedly.

But Hoseok wasn’t looking to the front anymore. He was staring hard at his open book, listening to whatever Quirell was saying. *Muggles always have a lower resistance to any of the magical spells... It’s what prolonged exposure to the curse does to you... Both have suffered irreparable brain damage.*

‘Back to the curses,’ Quirell wrote on the board, the chalk making a ticking sound every time it touched the board. ‘Cruciatus curse, has a characteristic bright red beam,’

Hoseok remembered that color very well. He had seen it when he was a small kid, shot at his mother. He had seen it again a few months ago, shot right at him and his friend. He remembered Jenkins’ malicious face. If that curse’s pain made him wish for death, what had his mother gone through? For so many days?

‘Hobi... relax,’ Jungkook’s hand came over his and only then did he realise that he had clenched his fists so tight that his nails left a deep mark on his palm. He also realised he was sweating, every inch of his exposed skin feeling chilled.

‘Don’t worry about this. It was all in the past,’ Jungkook whispered to him.

Hoseok nodded out of habit. His first step towards defense was the pretense of being okay. He looked up to where the teacher was and his heart jumped. He saw a flash of Jenkins standing where Quirell stood. His memories were merging with reality again. Hoseok shut his eyes and turned his face down.

‘Ok, the last one anyone?’ Their professor looked at the students but everyone shook their heads. The atmosphere in the cold classroom was grimmer than it had ever been. Quirell turned back and wrote on the board - *The Killing Curse.*

‘Avada Kedavra,’ he spoke, facing front. ‘One of the most difficult spells to cast, it takes up a lot of the caster’s energy. Unlike a physically killing weapon, like a sword, or the metal muggle artefact known as guns which can kill a human regardless of who’s using it, the killing curse cannot just work if you caste it without actually having the energy and will to do it. That doesn’t mean you should go experimenting with it, it’s a damaging curse. It can faint you of your energy, if casted, you can cause damage to someone and yourself without repair. And... as we know from the famous incident that happened a decade ago... it can backfire on you and kill you, even if you are the most powerful dark wizard of all time,’
‘A-Are we sure that You Know Who died from his own killing curse?’ Lee asked.

‘This curse,’ Quirell underlined the last line on the board. ‘It was the Dark Lord’s signature. I don’t think there’s anyone else who used this curse more than him. The parents of the boy who lived, they were found dead without a wound on them, which only meant they were hit with this silent and effective curse.

Sierra raised her hand again, ‘But… if this kills without any wounds, why is it an unforgivable curse? Wouldn’t death by torture or fire be… more harmful?’

‘You’re right Miss Gibson,’ Quirell said. ‘And this was the argument many put forward. This curse would actually be the best route when it comes to death sentences, or in rare cases when some dangerous beasts have to be executed. It’s swift, we assume it’s painless but we don’t ever know because no one has survived it and that’s the problem. We don’t know if it causes pain, there are no protective or blocking charms against it, there is zero chance of survival, unlike death by torture or fire where you may survive or be able to fight back. Maybe that’s why the Dark Lord used this so often. There was no time to escape it, his victory was always assured,’ his eyes looked at all the students staring at him with curious wide eyes. ‘So for your assignment,’ he quipped, snapping everyone back to reality. ‘I want a 1000 word essay on the history of these curses and the Ministry’s rules against them. And now how about we have a practice round of your non verbal spell casting? Get into pairs at the back of the class;’

Jungkook immediately paired with Hoseok who had been silent since a very long time. They stood facing each other and the Ravenclaw gave his friend an encouraging smile.

‘Go on, you can do it,’

Hoseok nodded and took his position, eyebrows narrowed in concentration. But his anxiety hadn’t gone down. He didn’t think he would be able to do this right now. He stood there for a very long time, trying to focus on the spell but it wasn’t able too, and the anxiety just increased in him seeing how badly he was failing. The grip on his wand kept tightening and loosening, lips moving like he wanted to say something but the words were stuck in his throat.

‘It’s ok,’ Jungkook felt slightly panicked too but he tried not to show it. ‘It’s ok Hobi, take your time;’

Hoseok mumbled, ‘I can’t do it,’ but Jungkook didn’t really hear it well.

‘Professor Quirell,’ Jungkook heard Sierra ask. The two Ravenclaw prefects were currently not on talking terms. Sierra wouldn’t even look at him but she made sure to be more vocal than usual in his presence, like a constant reminder that he hurt her.

‘Is Professor Roland really going to come back?’ He heard her ask. ‘I heard he was seriously ill and won’t be able to teach anymore. Heard the… the venom was indeed present in his body,’

‘Miss Gibson, I don’t really know the details of it,’ Quirell tried to stay diplomatic. ‘We should wait for news from Roland himself rather than assume from what we’ve heard shouldn’t we?’

‘It would be great if you taught us next year too!’ Seirra’s partner said. ‘Your classes are fun,’

‘Ah, even if the position was open, I wouldn’t be able to make it next year!’

‘Oh why not!!’ asked Sierra.

‘I have a whole trip planned in the summer, to explore the eastern regions of Europe and study the
dark creatures native to those lands. I won’t be in Britain for most of the year, will explore the sea monsters of Croatia, forest shape shifters of Albania. Might even go to some Siberian regions. I don’t think I’ll be back in time for the new term,'

‘Wow!’ Another student spoke, ‘I wish I could do all that! Go on an adventurous monster hunt through the world!’

‘Well, for now, get past your NEWTs and then maybe you’ll be travelling as well! To all the continents!’

Hoseok was just waiting for the class to end. Some of his mates had started to notice the fear in him. Many didn’t bother him, but some other house students often got curious, and would start asking questions in whispers to each other. It’s these whispers Hoseok hated the most. They would buzz in his ears even hours later and he would feel every face turn towards him, envisioning the same maliciousness as that of the Jenkin brothers.

‘Should I go first?’ Jungkook asked and Hoseok realised he had closed his eyes again. He nodded weakly and Jungkook continued to smile assuringly, taking his position to caste a spell, ‘Don’t worry Hobi, this will be a fun thing,’

As soon as the bell rang, Hoseok dropped his wand hand, moving back towards the desk to take his bag. Jungkook didn’t push his company on him and let him hurry out towards his common room. He was probably going to take a nap. Hoseok’s head hung low, not looking at anyone in the eye until he bumped into someone in the corridor to the Great Hall.

‘I’m sorry,’ Hoseok said but caught a glimpse of a familiar hand. It was Jimin, standing still and unresponsive.

‘Jimin?’ Hoseok looked at his pained face and then he looked to the front, into the Great Hall. The sight was unlike he had seen before in this castle. The banners that hung from every post were black. The staff’s table was black. The entire staff was present even though it was tea time, and this was the first time Hoseok had seen Dumbledore in these dark and sombre shades.

‘What’s happened?’ Hoseok shook Jimin. ‘Did someone… is this a mourning!?’

Students started to fill the Great Hall. There had been an emergency school meeting called. Hoseok and Jimin still stood at the wide doors when Dumbledore took to the dias to make the announcement.

‘We gather here today, to address a very sad news,’ the Headmaster’s voice was clear over the silent students. ‘We were informed, an hour ago, about the tragic death of our beloved Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, Professor James Roland. He fought bravely to protect all of us, from the attack on Hogwarts in September. He defeated the infamous werewolf Skoll, something no Auror had managed to do so. Even though he was with us only for over a year, he taught you all wonderfully, he has become a very beloved part of Hogwarts. May we all remember him, as the brilliant teacher he was,’

Jimin was shaking next to Hoseok. His eyes glistened but the tears didn’t roll down yet.

‘Are you ok?’ Hoseok tried to hold his hand but Jimin moved away, walking out of the hall. He walked aimlessly in some kind of rage, finally ending up in the boy’s bathroom. He stood over the sink, hands on the edges of the basin.

*Mood Music* (Don’t forget to open in a new tab/window) *Jimins theme* \ Ramin Djawadi - Breaker
of Chains

Tragic death of our beloved Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. He defeated the infamous werewolf Skoll.

All kind words to cover up the cause of death. He died trying to defeat Lycanthropy. Roland failed. He succumbed to death in trying to not become a werewolf.

And at that moment Jimin too felt like he wanted to die. He banged his hands on the sink, the force of it knocking it off its hinges and it crashed to the floor, a side of the ceramic structure cracking.

‘Jimin what’s wrong!’ His friends had found him by now and at the front of it were Hoseok and Ash. Their eyes looked wide with worry at the damage caused to the sink and back at Jimin.

‘I need to be alone,’ Jimin said, preparing to storm out.

‘But, let us-’ Ash started to speak before Jimin walked past her, yelling.

‘I said I need to be alone!’

They watched him go, standing shell shocked in their spots.

‘I didn’t know Jimin was this strong,’ Jungkook looked at the fallen sink, water now flooding the bathroom floor.

Jimin rushed to Snape’s chambers, knocking harshly at the door.

‘Professor? Professor Severus Snape!’

‘Yes…?’ the nasal voice came from next to Jimin. Snape stood with the key to his chambers in his hand, having just returned from the Great Hall.

‘We need to talk,’ Jimin seethed.

Once they were inside, Snape lit up the fireplace and went about sorting the books as if a raging student wasn’t pacing to and fro his front room.

‘It was lycanthropy wasn’t it? He was infected. That’s why they amputated his leg first, thinking that will stop the infection. But it didn’t. That’s why he went back to Mungos, didn’t he?’

‘Correct,’

‘And then what happened? Why couldn’t he survive? Bitten humans don’t die!’

‘You’re right, they don’t die. They transform,’ Snape said. ‘But Roland refused to transform. Just like you. He kept taking wolfsbane. Just like you. The doses kept increasing, like it’s increasing for you,’

‘And then what!?’ Jimin yelled.

‘Can’t you see what you’re putting your body through? Both of you, are half wolf, whether you like it or not. And you can’t survive if you try to kill 50% of your body. The wolfsbane killed him. That is why both Dumbledore and I have been telling you, you can’t keep fighting this by overdosing on wolfsbane. You have to accept what you’ve become, it’s the only way to survive!’

‘Only way to survive? Do you think we want to survive like that? Like a creature that kills
mindlessly and is hated by the entire world?"

‘Would you rather die?’ Snape asked and that shut Jimin up. The boy looked away from him and Snape went towards his bookshelf, retrieving something from the back of it.

‘Park, we have done all we can,’ he said. ‘You have to start accepting the reality, even if it is terrible. Roland is dead but maybe you don’t have to be,’

‘And what should I do for that?’ Jimin asked with pleading eyes.

‘I cannot increase your doses further. If you end up transforming, stop feeling guilty about it. Dumbledore will make sure he puts you in an environment where you can’t harm any human. And, you need to understand your wolf side better. Here,’ he handed him a book that looked like a hand written diary.

‘It’s a rare one so don’t lose it. I had to go to some lengths to get this. You must have read excerpts of this in your third year but that was a heavily edited version by the Ministry. This is the hand written diary of a werewolf named Amoux. Read it,’

Jimin took the diary in his hands. The binding of the brown leather book seemed delicate. The pages were worn out too. But now, he had to put his hopes in finding a way from these pages. He was at a fork, where one lead to his transformation, the other to a supposed cure through the mythical Philosopher’s stone and the other… to death.

Next day.

No one had heard from Jimin much. He didn’t speak to Yoongi when the boy returned after dinner to their dorm. Even Taehyung couldn’t get much out of him at breakfast the next morning. But the rest were trying their best not to let their spirits drown. Despair would not let them function.

Namjoon walked towards the clubroom, his 6th and 7th year books in hand. There was a small board on the door of the clubroom that read ‘Study Group of Kim Namjoon, Genius IQ 148’ along an animated caricature of Namjoon who was putting on his spectacles but breaking it in the attempt. His eyes widened in embarrassment and he opened the door, the faint din of people talking filtering out.

‘Hey who made that board?’ he asked his friends.

‘It was Jin’s idea,’ Jungkook immediately pointed at the older boy. ‘I have nothing to do with it,’

‘Liar!’ Jin threw a paper ball at him, ‘Can’t you see that artistic handiwork? It’s all Jungkook’s,’

‘Not me!’ Jungkook feigned shock again.

Namjoon sighed and took off the paper board, tucking it into his notebook. It was too cute to throw away, too embarrassing to be on display.

‘Ok, what’s the topic you needed help in?’ he set his books on a table.

‘Transfiguration,’ Laura said.

‘Arithmancy,’ Jungkook said next.

‘Muggle studies,’ Jin said and everyone turned towards him.

‘What help can you need in muggle studies?’ Jungkook said disbelievingly.
‘Why have you taken Muggle studies for NEWTS?’ Laura asked.

Jin shrugged. ‘I just... want to know more about them. Some of us have muggle families so shouldn't we learn about how the other half lives? If we have to interact with them at some point?’ he looked at his hands that were playing with a piece of scrap paper while he said it. In reality, he wanted to feel like he's a proper part of both of Namjoon’s worlds, wizarding and muggle.

‘Ok, I can teach you muggle studies anytime. It's not tough,’ Namjoon said with a warm smile. ‘Any other topic?’

‘Potions,’ came Hoseok’s voice from the back.

‘Why are you even here?’ Jungkook turned around on his bench and asked him. ‘Why isn't your boyfriend tutoring you?’

‘He is. But I’m not making much progress,’

‘Coz the only progress you're making, is on him,’ Jin whispered in Hoseok’s ear and the Hufflepuff smacked his arm.

‘Ah! YAH!’ Jin yelled out. ‘What did I say? Tell me I'm wrong? I dare you! Tell me!’

‘Namjoon throw him out of class, he's not gonna let anyone study,’

As the whole ruckus was going on, Jungkook was busy passing tiny folded notes to Laura. He sent it flying to her who caught it and smiled.

The first note came in, ‘We need to go to Hogsmeade. Even NamJin went on a date and we still haven't had our first date,’

And then a second one that lost direction and hit Namjoon in the face who was walking back to the front. He caught the paper and opened it, reading it out loud. ‘You looked cute with the scarf around you. Like a little otter,’ and then looked at Laura and Jungkook who were red in the face and said to them, ‘Make sure you don't display these deadly stealth skills in McGonagall’s class!’

‘Where are the other three Slytherins?’ Jin looked at Laura. ‘I and Namjoon wanted to discuss something with you all,’

‘Here here,’ Yoongi walked in, followed by Ash and Jimin at some distance, the diary from Snape clasped in his hand. He remained standing near the seats while the other two squeezed next to Hoseok. They closed the door and caste the Muffliato charm.

‘I’ve been letting you all know about the visions I see, whenever I make sense of it,’ Jin said, eyes looking at all of them. He still hadn’t told them about the fire he saw in one of his visions. Maybe he won’t, just yet.

‘I went back to see Martaeus’ life. And from what I gathered, I still don’t like the Alchemists' Guild. At this point I have more faith in Martaeus than in the Guild,’

‘Even after he tried to forcefully take Tae away from his own mother?’ Jimin asked in disbelief.

‘Have you forgotten what you saw that day in Jiyeon’s memories?’ Laura asked, ‘He almost killed her,’

‘But he didn’t. He could’ve if he wanted to. He’s not a saint, but I choose him over this…'
Abraxas,’ Jin said the last name with contempt. ‘He was trying to protect Tae from the Alchemists, that’s why he came to take him away.’

‘But he has joined the guild now, so what do we make of that?’ Jungkook asked.

‘I don’t know yet. Maybe I’ll go back again to see,’

Namjoon caste him a worried look at that. Was it safe for Jin to use his powers again? He had seen those cracks appear and fade on Jin’s body… what if, one day they don’t fade? What would happen to Jin then?

‘You want to tell them the other thing?’ Jin broke his thoughts and Namjoon blinked, looking to the front.

‘Uhh, yeah. So, Taehyung wants to restart the training we used to give him,’ Namjoon said.

‘Really?’ Hoseok looked slightly surprised. ‘Never thought he would want that,’

‘Maybe he’s feeling more confident in his skills and abilities. Or he wants to share with us what he’s learned. I think this is a good thing. At least he’ll spend time with us and won’t push us away,’ Namjoon said.

‘I agree,’ Yoongi nodded his head. ‘At this point we need anything that will keep Tae closer to us,’

‘So we’re resuming our personal Duel Club?’ Jungkook rubbed his hands excitedly. ‘How long has it been? Two months?’

‘Ever since Dumbledore increased his classes with Taehyung,’ Hoseok said. ‘Is he still training him?’

‘It’s reduced a lot,’ Jimin said. ‘Since the Christmas holidays. And now Taehyung himself tells Dumbledore there’s not much he is curious about,’

‘Because he has Abraxas to teach him things,’ Jin rolled his eyes.

‘But Taehyung seems happier now doesn’t he?’ Jungkook interrupted. ‘He seems better than before,’

‘Maybe because Abraxas is feeding him false information, telling Taehyung what he wants to hear. I don’t think I can ever trust that… being,’ Jin said with a tensed frown on his brows. ‘I can’t, I don’t get a good feeling from it,’

‘Anyway, it’s a good idea we’re training again,’ Yoongi said. ‘With all that’s going on, maybe we’ll need it,’

‘Need it for what? To fight the Death Eaters?’ Namjoon asked disbelievingly.

But Jin nodded, ‘Maybe.’

And that’s when the gravity of the situation hit them hard again.

‘Jin… fighting the Death Eaters… do you know what that means?’ Hoseok spoke.

‘I know. I know it’s too grave to even think of. But we can’t ignore the situation,’ Jin said. ‘They are preparing to come for Tae again. We can’t go to the Ministry for help. We can hope Dumbledore helps us or we have to protect Tae on our own, the eight of us. And those Death
Eaters won’t come at us with school book spells. They attack to kill,

‘If we hang on to our old ways, we don’t stand a chance,’ Laura said. ‘You wouldn’t have lifted your wand and Bellatrix will shoot green from hers within a second,’

‘That’s reassuring,’ Jimin raised his eyebrows.

‘If it’s up to us to protect Taehyung, then we have to learn to fight. And not just school level hexes, we really need to understand what we’re up against and what we’re ready to do,’ Laura said.

‘And what are we ready to do?’ Jungkook asked her. ‘I’m not… I’m not going to use any unforgivable curses on someone,’

‘I’ve seen it with my own eyes,’ Hoseok said, ‘What the death eaters can do to someone. I’ve seen it three times now. First my mother, then us,’

‘You think you could’ve fought them by not hurting them?’ Laura asked and Hoseok shook his head.

‘We’re taught to be good but we can’t sit behind a curtain of morality anymore when we’re up against death itself. They are evil. They will torture us, rip us, kill us. That is the truth,’

‘Eight students,’ Ash chuckled. ‘Just eight students against the worst dark wizards. Do you think it’s possible?’

‘We can’t give up without trying. For Tae’s sake. For Jimin’s sake,’ Jin wrung his hands together uncomfortably, ‘We cannot let anyone take them, they cannot create the stone and use it for far more evil things. There will be no stopping them if they have the stone,’

‘Ok,’ Jungkook nodded, trying to not get swept up by the fear and emotions of it all. ‘Ok, we’ll do what’s possible for us. We’ll train,’

‘Luckily all present here have a good grasp on duelling,’ Yoongi said. ‘But let’s not share the reason for our training with Taehyung yet. He’s told us time and again he doesn’t want us involved,’

‘I agree,’ Jungkook said. ‘Let him open up to us, share his discussions with Abraxas. He should know he can depend on us,’

‘Agreed,’ Jin said too.

‘Am I late for something?’ They heard Taehyung and turned to the door awkwardly.

‘Wow, looks like you all had a meeting without me,’ Taehyung looked slightly offended and hurt. ‘Maybe I should come back later,’

‘No no! Where are you going!’ Jungkook made a grab for him. ‘We weren’t having any meeting without you! We were just discussing about the nasty NEWTs! I am absolutely not prepared to take it next year!’ Jungkook whined. ‘I don’t know what I’m gonna do!’

‘That’s odd, are they hiding something from you?’

Abraxas’ voice spoke to Taehyung. He had spent most of his afternoon talking to the ancient being. Abraxas told him many interesting historical stories. Today’s story was about the fight against Grindelwald and how the man this dark wizard loved became the reason for his downfall. Abraxas
also told him about the palace they were currently in, and if they succeeded in their plans, that would be where they work from. He thought it was a good setting, to work from a place meant for kings, queens and rulers as the next creators of the world.

And now Abraxas had asked if he could accompany him in this meeting of his friends and Taehyung had agreed. The question he asked was making Taehyung re-affirm his doubts. They were hiding something.

‘So where do we head for our practice duelling?’ Yoongi asked, trying to deviate the topic. ‘I don’t think we should practice publicly. And I am very excited we’re doing this again,’ he smiled at Taehyung.

‘How about that room we met in for discussing the Red War?’ Namjoon said. ‘The Room of Requirements, that’s what it’s called, isn’t it?’ he looked around and everyone nodded in agreement.

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Namjoon’s Theme | Ramin Djawadi - King in The North

Within the next fifteen minutes, the nine of them stood in a circle inside the Room of Requirements. It was different than what they remembered. Now the ceiling was extremely high, and the room seemed to have expanded in size, giving them all enough area to practice whatever blasting spell they wanted. The walls looked worn out too, like, even if it took a confrigo hex, the burn mark would just merge with the rest of the scratches and cracks. It gave them a feeling of not having to worry about spoiling the place.

They divided into pairs on Namjoon’s instruction with the Head Boy acting as their teacher. Jimin paired with Jungkook, Taehyung with Jin and Hoseok with Ash, though he looked apprehensive of it. Namjoon told them of the practice spells - Impedimenta, followed by Stupefy. He walked around the room, straightening people’s wand hands and correcting their postures. Once he was satisfied with their stances, he stood at the front facing them.

‘Shall we begin?’

Chapter End Notes

It's been a while... I hope you all will stay with me till the end!

Character themes -

Martaeus (Lyrical)

Namjoon
Survivors

Chapter Notes

House of Cards chapters to recap (if you'd like to while you wait) to understand part 3 better

Part 1 - 1. Prologue, 2. The Reunion, 7. Connection
Part 2 - 7. A Mother's Heart, 10. The Red War, 11. A Familiar Stranger

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Poppy Pomfrey’s quill wrote with a certain attentiveness the updated records of her favourite student. She hated that this should happen to one of the brightest and most cheerful of the children.

‘Did you feel better after the pills?’ She asked.

‘No… I feel like they aren’t working on me anymore? Is that possible?’ Hoseok asked.

Pomfrey sighed, shaking her head, ‘Honestly, it’s difficult to discern. Any… unwanted occurrences in the minds of the magic folk aren’t easy to cure or remove. I know of a woman at St. Mungos, they had declared her as a hallucinator but she was actually a Seer. Her condition was that her visions were so strong that she merged them with reality. And she would see things happening elsewhere in the world, her mind believed she was there, not here,’

Pomfrey took the bottle of pills from him, ‘In any case let me check the potency on this. Is Defence Against the Dark Arts… tough for you?’ She asked with concern.

Hoseok rubbed the back of his neck with his palm while trying to answer, ‘It’s not that it’s tough. Some lessons just bring up… unnecessary memories,’

Pomfrey put the quill down and looked at Hoseok with concerned eyes, ‘Hoseok… you need to talk about what you’re going through, with someone,’

‘I do,’ Hoseok shrugged.

‘Why does that answer not seem completely true?’

The boy sighed, ‘People get so worried when I share it with them… after a point, I feel guilty,’

‘I would still urge you to continue sharing. It’s not going to be a burden to them if they care about you, trust me. I know you don’t want any more doctors checking you up, but you need an outlet,’

‘Do you think… it will ever go away?’ Hoseok looked up at the head matron. ‘These fears?’

‘I don’t know Hoseok,’ Pomfrey looked sorry. ‘One can never be certain about something we can’t touch or see. But… I know that facing your fears instead of running away from them helps in some cases,’

Pomfrey gave him a bottle of calming drought, to take on days he felt especially at unrest. Hoseok couldn’t bring up the revelation that he’s had nightmares about Jenkins and other dark creatures.
ever since the attack in the Forbidden Forest. The nightmares weren’t as severe as his first ever attacks as a child, but they exhausted him and weighed him down throughout the day, like a lingering darkness inside him.

Hoseok thanked her and headed out of the infirmary. It was time for their group’s duel training.

*

Ash picked at her food in the Great Hall, trying to memorise some of the definitions in Arithmancy when she heard some screaming and giggling in front of her.

‘I’m ticklish there!’ Jungkook whined and laughed at the same time while Laura’s fingers were tickling his sides. When he managed to pry them away, she started at the back of his neck and the giggling continued. ‘Stop it Laura!’

‘Tease me again about today’s potion and I’ll Rictumsepra you!’ Laura said and the couple where now in a handsy fight.

Ash sighed and turned away, only to see her friend Vanessa arrive to the Slytherin table on the back of her girlfriend.

‘It didn’t bite me that hard,’ she was telling Emina.

‘You’ll walk once Pomfrey’s checked our toe. You outdo Namjoon in being a klutz you know that? How could you not see the bowtruckle,’

And playfully Vanessa bit Emina’s ear, turning the head girl completely red.

‘Van!’ she said softly.

‘I’ll do more than this if you don’t stop fussing!’

Great, couples in love all around her, meanwhile Jimin had barely spoken to her since they got the news about Roland’s death. Back to the front, Laura and Jungkook had managed to topple a goblet full of water to the floor and that was the last straw.

‘Enough!’ Ash stood up, slamming her Arithmancy book to the table. ‘I can’t find some peace and quiet anywhere in this stupid castle! Shouldn’t you two be studying for the Transfiguration test?’

The two prefects looked at her from their seats with doe eyes.

‘We were going to study after the duel practice,’ Laura murmured.

‘I need some peace,’ Ash moved away from the table, walking out of the hall.

‘So I assume Jimin is still in his room?’ Jungkook asked Laura.

‘Yup. Maybe you should sneak in and talk to him,’ she said.

*

_Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Ramin Djawadi - Breaker of Chains (Jimin’s Theme)_

Jimin sat on his bed, the blanket drawn over him till his neck. The diary that Snape had given him was open on his lap. He was halfway through the book and wasn’t really able to put it down.
Maybe his current lycan condition made him biased to it but the account of Axiom’s life might be the most interesting autobiographies Jimin had read.

Axiom was bitten at the age of 14, in 1894, living in a wizarding town on the outskirts of London. His parents tried to hide his condition, locking him in the basement of their house during his first months of transformation. But with every passing moon, his strength increased, much like Jimin’s. It became difficult to contain him. Axiom wrote he would remember just fragments from when he transformed. He wrote it was like someone else was taking over your skin. You have no control, your human self fell unconscious while this beast rampaged.

Procuring wolfsbane wasn’t easy for his family and so from the month he had been bitten, there was nothing to keep the venom down. The first two transformations, they chained him up and he stayed chained. It was the fifth transformation when all hell broke loose. Axiom burst out of the basement and turned the town red with blood. The next morning when he woke up naked in a forest, miles away from the city, the guilt of everything was so terrible that he had tried to kill himself.

But a strange woman stopped him, brought him into the forest where there were more people, strange like her- Scars on their bodies and faces, torn clothes (most didn’t wear much and some were proudly naked), hair matted with blood and dirt.

*We aren’t usually like this*, the woman had said. It was because of last night’s full moon that the remnants of their wolf still showed in their human form. Axiom’s curiosity turned to fear. He was surrounded by werewolves, creatures that killed and hunted without any sense. He wanted to run but the woman told him it would be unwise to. He needed to stay with his kind if he wanted to survive without any more blood on his hands. The werewolves had sensed his presence in the area. That’s how they live, in packs, they can sense and communicate with each other through instincts. Axiom’s wolf instincts brought him to this forest where the rest lived.

Axiom learned that she was the alpha of the pack. And they all lived like nomads, moving from one place to another. They were all survivors, having to abandon a normal life but not giving up on living just yet. Soon he was far away from home. Each transformation he spent with his pack in a forest. If they were away from humans on a full moon, they wouldn’t harm any.

The alpha explained to him that it was in a wolf’s nature to live in packs. Alone, a werewolf tends to be more of an aggressive beast. When around other wolves, their aggression stays under control, by the influence of their alpha. It was in a wolf’s nature to obey their alpha, not to outdo the alpha’s strength. They would fight playfully, hunt prey and share. When together, each other’s dynamics helped them live like a family.

Things were good. He didn’t know the state of his old home, of how many he had killed but at least he felt safe with his pack. And then the werewolf uprising of 1938 took place. A rogue werewolf had bitten countless people in London, leading to an underground pack that preyed on humans every full moon. Industrialised London was a mess of coal, smoke and rats. Countless people came in to find jobs. Everything was out of control and the werewolves rejoiced in that. The Ministry of Magic carried out it’s extermination mission, killing werewolves on sight.

The rogue alpha had found Axiom’s pack and told the she-alpha to join them or duel. This led to a three sided war that went on for years, until finally, to Axiom’s grave sadness, his pack was dissolved. Many of his wolf siblings died, at the hands of the rogue wolf or the Ministry. Seeking refuge from the Ministry, he joined the enemy pack, bending to their alpha. They were adding more members to their army, scouting strong humans and biting them. Axiom hated it. He remembered them bringing a frightened boy who had pretended to be a wolf to try and evade them.
Axiom wondered how could he disguise himself so, and his pack told him he was a metamorphmagus, a very potent one to be able to change his entire body to something else. The werewolves wanted see how the Lycan’s transformation venom mixed with his Metamorphmagus magic, and Axiom watched them bite this screaming boy.

‘Skoll,’ Jimin whispered to himself. It had to be. He was the only known metamorphmagus werewolf. Skoll was once a frightened boy… and now his venom was turning Jimin into a monster, nearly 50 years later.

Axiom watched this one of a kind werewolf grow into the strongest in the pack. He could transform at will, he wasn’t bound to the moon. And they noticed the difference in his venom. When a werewolf bites someone, they either transform in the following full moon or die of the venom within a day or two of the bite. With Skoll, the deaths were many. His venom was complex, not many human systems could sustain it. But the ones that could… they were stronger than any of the other wolves. They had the ability to grow larger and shape their claws longer at will when transformed. Skoll decided he didn’t want to be controlled by their alpha anymore and set off on his own with the few he had transformed. No one dared make him stay.

Axiom soon ran away from the pack, but with the Ministry rounding up and massacring werewolves, a lone wolf doesn’t survive for long. The last entry in the diary was of Axiom hiding in a forest somewhere in Argyll with the full moon coming up the following night. No one knew if the Ministry got him or the pack he had run away from.

Jemin shut the book, feeling heavy in his heart. Axiom was good… that first alpha and that pack, were good. They didn’t survive. Was this the truth of life? If you’re good, you’re weak in front of the evil ones? Eventually they will get you?

‘Knock knock!’ Jimin heard Jungkook’s voice and heard a rap on the dorm window. He got out of bed, a chill going into his body at the sudden cold floor and he let the Ravenclaw in.

‘Kook, what are you doing here?’

‘Came to get you for the duel practice,’ Jungkook bounced on his feet. ‘How are you?’

Jemin shrugged, ‘I’m fine,’

‘That’s why you’re avoiding everyone?’

Jemin looked at him sheepishly. Jungkook meanwhile helped himself about the Slytherin room and dropped on Jimin’s bed, making himself at home.

‘The news of Roland’s death… it’s bothering you a lot, isn’t it?’ the boy asked.

‘Of course it is,’ Jimin sat beside him. ‘What… what if it happens to me? It’s like a wolfsbane overdose,’

Jungkook hoisted himself up and hugged Jimin from the back. ‘Nothing is going to happen to you,’ his voice definitely cracked.

Jemin turned back in surprise, ‘Kook are you crying?’

‘No?’ Jungkook pressed his forehead to Jimin’s shoulder so he couldn’t see him. Jimin instinctively wrapped his hands around the younger, rubbing soothing circles over his back.

‘You… you don’t have to cry for this Jungkook… I’ll be fine, I think,’
‘I totally hate Snape but I can’t deny the fact that he’s among the most skilled professors in Hogwarts,’ Jungkook said, sniffling his nose that had gone pink. ‘Snape, Dumbledore and Pomfrey, I’m sure they won’t let you… overdose on wolfsbane,’

‘I don’t think they have all the answers I seek,’ Jimin said.

‘What do you mean?’

‘I don’t mean to… exclude anyone. But I understand what Taehyung feels. Like we don’t fully belong here… that we need to find answers to our survival and our abilities,’

‘You can’t mean you want to join the werewolves,’ Jungkook looked taken aback.

‘I don’t want to,’ Jimin said giving him a comforting smile. ‘But… I need someone, another werewolf maybe who can tell me what the hell is going to happen to me. Problem is, only a Skoll’s sired wolf can actually tell me that,’

Jungkook looked like he was about to cry again so Jimin squeezed his face between his palms, ‘Shall we go to the duel practice? I want to do as much as I can before the full moon next week. I’m going to be low on energy then,’

Jungkook nodded and both climbed out of the dorm window, re-entering the castle to head to the Room of Requirements.

*

The eight students divided themselves into pairs, practicing the spell that Namjoon instructed them to - Stupefy vs Incarcerous. Namjoon noticed how precise Jimin and Jungkook were, circling each other, being evenly matched. The movement of their arms and legs looked graceful, almost like they were dancing.

Hoseok was paired with Laura. After the first round of 15 seconds, he paused his movements for a while and brought his wand hand down.

‘What happened?’ Laura asked.

‘You’re good at this,’ Hoseok said. ‘Where did you learn?’

‘I… I used to practice on my own… would learn spells from books, try to shoot them with good aim, ever since I was thirteen. I was interested in this, like how you got into Quidditch,’

‘Oh,’ Hoseok nodded. ‘Can I… ask one more thing?’

‘Sure,’

‘Last year in the dungeons when you fought Gwen Osburne… to save Taehyung,’ Hoseok spoke carefully. ‘What spell did you use on her?’

Laura pressed her lips together, thinking for a moment, ‘I’m not supposed to tell you that… it’s better off not knowing such dark spells,’

‘I’ve endured dark spells,’ Hoseok said. ‘When I was shot with the Cruciatus curse by Jenkins,’

Laura swallowed thickly, ‘I can’t imagine the pain,’

‘The thought of it sends shivers down my body every time I recall that day. Whatever you’ll tell
‘Alright,’ Laura nodded. ‘But you can’t tell anyone else about this spell. And don’t try to perform it on someone either. If Snape hadn’t made it on time, my spell had almost killed Gwen by draining all her blood,’

Hoseok’s pupils constricted.

‘It’s called Sectumsempra. It cuts a body, in as big a gash as you want, as many cuts as you want. And it won’t heal, unless you know the correct healing spell,’

‘Where did you learn about it? A book?’

‘No,’ she shook her head. ‘I… overheard the spell when it was being discussed amongst the adults of my house. I don’t remember how old I was. A few of… the Dark Lord’s supposed followers had taken shelter in my house. Grandfather wasn’t happy but he couldn’t refuse them either, since they were family friends. My aunt’s good friend was in trouble with the ministry. Aurors had come to her house to arrest her, she begged to have our family lawyer fight her case. She had dueled with the aurors to get there, along with a common friend of theirs… Professor Snape. I overheard all of this from outside the door,’ Laura stared at a distant crack on the floor. She could picture the tall ebony doors, left open just a creek in the middle of the night. Everyone thought she had been asleep. But the few voices of strangers she heard had made her sneak out of her room and see for herself what’s going on.

‘Snape said he had used a dark curse on one of the aurors and hopes the consequences are not severe. When they asked him what curse it was, he said… Sectumsempra. I was so curious back then, so curious to know what this dark curse does. But it took me a while before I could cast it. And then I did, on the tree I used for practice. The bark split violently, sending splinters everywhere. One even lodged on my cheek,’ she lifted her hand to feel the small scar near her eye from the tree bark.

‘We discussed the unforgivable curses in the last class,’ Hoseok said. ‘Since then… I’m trying to be braver about learning and fighting instead of escaping. I can’t keep living the horror of what happened to my mother,’

Laura felt her hands go cold at the mention of that incident.

‘I…’ she started. ‘We never spoke about it…’

Hoseok looked at her curiously.

‘I’m sorry about what happened,’ she continued. ‘Sorry that… my parents were involved in it. I never had the courage to talk about this with you,’

‘You don’t have to apologise for your parents, that’s done and over with. Maybe… the reason the Death Eaters didn’t kill my mother is because of your mother’s mercy. I remember the day they took her. They wanted to take me, your mother made them spare me. She protected me, and protected Taehyung,’

‘I often wonder how she’ll feel is she saw all of us together right now,’ Laura looked around the room. Would she be proud? That her daughter was able to be friends with the children she protected?

‘I admire your bravery,’ Hoseok said, startling her. ‘I wish I was like you,’
‘What makes you think you aren’t brave?’ Laura asked him disbelievingly.

‘You lost both your parents. All of a sudden. I can imagine the trauma you went through. Yet you always look so… fierce. Like no one would want to cross you. I on the other hand… I’m weak and scared. My mind makes me see things like I’m mad. And my losses don’t even equal yours, yet… I let my imagines scare me,’

‘Hoseok…’ Laura tried to find the right words. In honesty, she never thought of him as weak. Yes, there were moments before they became friends that she felt a bit sorry for him, which was then immediately drowned in a rush of guilt. Who was she to feel sorry for him? He was in this state because of her parents. ‘I’m no expert in this, but I don’t think one can compare losses. Yoongi has told me about your mother… I can imagine how heartbreaking that would be, to go through that over and over again, and how strong you would need to be for her. Then why do you think you’re weak,’

‘I wish all this didn’t affect me so much,’ Hoseok shook his head.

‘At least it didn’t take away what you truly are. It takes strength to not let yourself fall into sadness. You continued to be kind and trusting. You know that’s the scariest thing for me? To trust? I completely changed after the death of my parents. I think the only time I smiled when I was with Yoon and Van. I used to often feel jealous of you…’ she admitted with some embarrassment and Hoseok chuckled lightly.

‘You know…’ she continued, ‘I don’t know if this will work but… maybe if the situation arises, face Jenkins instead of running from him. He has haunted your memories for a decade. You need to defeat him, show him you are stronger,’

‘You mean… if I ever face him again?’

‘Yeah… or if you ever… see him in your head. Know that he can’t do anything to you, that you can win if you fought him,’

‘I can feel that only if I know how to fight as fiercely as him,’ Hoseok said. ‘Can you teach me?’

‘Of course! I mean… you already are quite good at your wand movements and-’

‘I mean… can you teach me the spells… real attack spells,’

‘You mean Sectumsempra,’ Laura asked cautiously.

‘It’s a terrible spell… and I don’t know if I’ll ever be capable of using it on someone. But, I want to understand how these spells work. I want to be prepared,’

Laura understood where he was coming from and he seemed determined. So she nodded, promising him to train him.

A few feet away from them, two old friends were bonding as well, or trying very desperately to.

‘I’m glad you’re spending time with us,’ Jin said after successfully blocking Tae’s attack. ‘We’ve missed you,’

‘You are so sappy nowadays,’ the younger laughed. ‘Ok c’mon, at least one of your spells should hit me! You’re a final year student!’

‘What can I say? Maybe you’ve gotten much much better at your skills,’ Jin laughed a bit.
The atmosphere may have looked cordial on the outside, but both Jin and Taehyung could feel the tension tugging at their heart strings uncomfortably. The exchanges between them did not seem genuine anymore. Jin was trying to make Taehyung feel like a part of their group again, wanted him to know they love him the same. Meanwhile Taehyung was trying to show that even though their friendship hadn’t changed but he had. He didn’t want his past abilities to define who he is now. He wanted to be taken seriously, he wanted his voice to hold importance. He was their equal despite being younger.

Not equal… your powers are above theirs, Taehyung.

Abraxas was in his mind again, speaking to him.

Taehyung’s actions halted. His eyebrows furrowed and his eyes looked to the side on the floor.

‘Abraxas, you came on your own?’ Taehyung spoke in his mind.

What do you mean?

‘I thought… I thought you can speak to me only if I called on you,’

You did call on me. You remembered me and I could connect to you. Forgive me if I intruded… maybe I shouldn’t have.

‘I called on you?’

It may not have been an obvious call. Maybe our connection is getting stronger? Or else I couldn’t have spoken to you.

‘Oh… what were you saying to me?’

I was saying that they aren’t your equal. Your powers are above theirs.

‘They are my friends… I don’t want to think that way,’

I am not telling you to treat them like your inferiors, but you shouldn’t forget who you are either. You don’t need to think lower of your abilities because of the company you keep. You are stronger than them and that’s a fact.

‘Taehyung?’ Jin called to him and the boy looked up at him. Jin could’ve been mistaken, maybe it was the reflection of the stupefy hex that Ash sent towards Yoongi behind them, but he saw Taehyung’s eyes flash red for a second. ‘Taehyung, are you ok?’

‘Yeah, I’m fine,’ Taehyung collected himself. ‘I was just thinking about some spells,’

‘Oh,’ Jin narrowed his brows. It didn’t seem like the truth, but he was not going to push at him when they were trying so hard to be normal again. Though his powers allowed him to delve into people’s minds to some extent, as a mark of mutual respect he had promised himself he wouldn’t do that to his friends. Invading anyone’s private thoughts wasn’t the most moral thing to do.

‘Should we continue?’

‘Can we try something?’ the Hufflepuff asked. ‘I… I don’t ever get to use my elkryic powers but this is a safe zone isn’t it?’

‘You… want to use your powers?’ Jin asked carefully.

‘Yeah, I want to show you all what I’ve learned. Why do you look so scared,’ Taehyung chuckled,
seeing Jin’s expression. ‘Don’t worry, I’m not going to harm you,’

‘That’s… not what I was worried about,’ Jin lied. ‘What do you want to do?’

‘How about you attack me with spells, and I block them with ice. It will be fun!’

Jin wanted to say no but he couldn’t, not without upsetting Tae again. And maybe he was being too rigid? Isn’t this what they were trying to achieve? A safe place where Taehyung could be himself? Share his thoughts with his friends?

‘Alright,’ the older nodded. ‘I’ll start slow, let’s see how we go,’

Taehyung put his wand away and got ready. Jin sent a faint Relashio towards him. Taehyung raised his hand and that jet of orange light hit something, bursting it into tiny shards of ice with a crack. Everyone’s attention turned to the two of them.

‘C’mon, I can take more than that,’ Taehyung grinned.

So Jin changed his gameplay and sent more spells, quicker, stronger. It was true, Taehyung had become much more precise. His aims were better, his movements were faster. It was almost like looking at art. Taehyung moved his hand, blocking each and every spell of Jin’s and an arch of ice formed in front of him. He touched the arch with a finger and it burst into shards of ice again.

‘He’s good,’ Ash whispered to Yoongi who was watching him skeptically. He wanted to feel proud of Taehyung, he really did. All these years both Laura and he had wished for Taehyung to be brave, strong and fierce. It was finally happening now… but something tugged inside Yoongi that this wasn’t right.

* Martaeus walked around the hallways of the yellow castle. The number of alchemists had increased within it. There was a group of them appointed by Abraxas, assigned to draw positional charts of the sky. Martaeus headed up to their study room, peering in to see their work.

‘Hey,’ He walked in casually, looking around at the various diagrams and calculations. ‘The bunch of you seem to be doing some intense work,’

‘Yes,’ one of them replied, a young woman in her early 20s with copper skin and jet black hair. ‘But, you’re not supposed to be here… Master Aquiri,’

‘I’m no master,’ Martaeus chuckled. ‘You all have just one… one master. The raven,’

‘We all have one master,’ Martaeus heard Torrhen on the door. ‘Sometimes I wonder if you’ve truly joined us,’

‘Sometimes?’ Martaeus raised his eyebrows. ‘Abraxas wonders that all time!’

‘Masters please,’ a man from the group gave a slight bow, ‘We have a lot of work to cover and Master Abraxas wants a report by the end of the day,’

‘Don’t worry,’ Torrhen waved his hand and took Martaeus out of the room. ‘We’re out of your hair,’

‘What are they doing in there?’ Martaeus asked his one time friend. He didn’t know if he could call Torrhen his friend anymore… He didn’t know where the Earth Elkyre’s loyalties truly lay.
‘Finding the right time for us to create the stone. Along with our four elements, there is some astronomical shit that matters too. If all the alignments are right, apparently the process will be more stable. It’s too complex for me to understand,’

‘And… have they come up with anything?’

‘Nothing yet. That’s why they’re tensed,’

They were outside now, walking along the castle’s garden fence.

‘Torrhen, why did you join him?’

‘Him? You mean Abraxas?’ Torrhen’s hazel eyes looked at Martaeus thoughtfully. ‘I told you already. It’s good to feel you belong somewhere. I was all alone for so many decades in that forest. I can’t live like that anymore,’

‘But… do you think Abraxas’ ways are just? Don’t forget he orchestrated the Red War,’

‘And he’s told us many times, history is written with a biased perspective. His story was never written. Only those pompous Golden Haetae Lords and Dragon Lords got to tell their heroic story. I won’t forget what people of their kind have done to me. Was that just?’

‘I’m not saying it was…’ Martaeus looked away guiltily.

Torrhen stretched his hands out, showing him the marks from the centre of his palm, punched at regular intervals till his shoulder. A similar colored scar also ran across his neck in lines.

‘I’ll never forget Martaeus. I never can. They took everything from me. They made me weak,’

‘I’m sorry that happened to you Torrhen,’

‘I’m glad it didn’t happen to you. They tore me away from my family… those powerful government wizards. They came out of nowhere in my village. You don’t know the pain… They opened wounds into me and placed wind and water stones to neutralise my powers, they drained so much blood from me. They questioned me for hours, thinking I know about the Red Stone. Back then I didn’t know anything… Serafin rescued me you know? On Abraxas’ orders. I survived because of them. They healed my wounds, got me my strength back with Earth stones they had mined. I owe them so much. Still they didn’t tie me down and drag me here for their cause. They waited for me. So tell me who’s just and unjust?’

‘One party’s wrong doesn’t make the other party right,’ Martaeus said.

‘We need each other if we want to survive Martaeus,’ Torrhen said. ‘I needed Serafin’s help. If tomorrow, god forbid the Ministry gets a whiff of your son… he’ll need us too,’

* 

Everyone pretended to have forgotten Yoongi’s birthday. Things would’ve gone as per plan if not for Hoseok who just couldn’t lie. He was feeling overwhelmingly affectionate of Yoongi and the day went in both of them stealing kisses and heart eyes between classes. It’s like they had fallen in love all over again and Ash spent the entire day rolling her eyes. She had to tear Yoongi away from Hoseok as Slytherins left from Care of Magical Creatures while the Hufflepuffs headed to it.

‘Ok ok stop pulling me Grumpy Pants!’ Yoongi whined.
‘Please, you’re the Grum-pa!’ Ash said.

Something distracted them, a chatter among some fourth year Ravenclaw girls and Yoongi noticed what they were holding in their palm - an ice sculpture of a Raven.

‘Did he really make this all by himself?’ one of the girls exclaimed.

‘Yeah! I saw him do it with my own eyes! He has some serious skills,’ the girl holding it replied.

‘It looks perfect! He’s such an artist!’

Ash and Yoongi exchanged a suspicious look with each other. So Taehyung had been using his powers to impress some admirers?

‘I know Jimin and Jungkook are in full support of this Abraxas,’ Yoongi stated. ‘But… I don’t get a good feeling about it. Do you feel that too?’

Ash nodded. ‘I want to support Taehyung but… Even I don’t like the idea of this ancient overlord coming back to power… but, are we judging too soon?’

Yoongi shrugged, ‘I don’t know. Whatever I read of him in the records of the Red War in my dynasty’s scripts, he was definitely the bad guy,’

‘Do you think that’s making you biased then?’ Ash asked.

‘I think I need some time to think,’ Yoongi said. ‘Need to recollect all the information I have on this ancient being,’

Yoongi took the records of the Red War from his dorm and decided to take a walk around the Great Lake. This was unusual for him but his brain felt stuffy when it came to thinking about this matter. For a while he had been feeling like he wasn’t contributing enough to finding a solution to their problems.

In Namjoon’s words - Being with nature helps set the mind and soul free, so he thought of trying it out this evening.

He re-read the battle records. His ancestors had formed a shield of protection on the common people and slowly pushed Abraxas’ army back. His army managed to kill enemy soldiers when the Dracwyns, Kims and Aquirys attacked. But they weren’t able to penetrate through the Min shield. The Mins contained the Red Army within a controlled perimeter and so the other 3 armies could attack effectively.

Yoongi lay on his back, staring at the darkening sky that peeked from the trees above him. When his ancestor shot the arrow on Abraxas, it failed to kill him. Why? What went wrong? The records state there was a dead body but his soul survived?

He wondered if he, being the next Min in line, will ever meet Abraxas face to face. Will he need to fight him? Or will he be Taehyung’s friend and this time, the Mins would be alongside him?

He sat up, leaning against the balls of his palms for a while. Putting the book aside, he picked up a pebble and tossed it over the water, trying to make it ripple like Jungkook expertly did. But he was as bad as Namjoon. He sighed, moving closer to the lake and peering into his own reflection. His lips looked puffier and he wondered if the cause of it could be that they did a lot of work on Hoseok over the day.
As he was observing himself more, he noticed something flickering at a distance in the water, like a red glow. Curious, he tilted his head, waiting for it to happen again but fell back in shock when something big emerged out of the water.

Yoongi lay on his ass, staring with his jaw open at a silver-haired boy jumping out of the water and then going back in, floating till above his waist. He was grinning mischievously at the older.

‘Got you!’ Taehyung sniggered.

‘Fuck Taehyung I was about to grab my wand and stun you! I thought you were the kelpie or something!’

‘No silly,’ Taehyung laughed, walking out of the water. ‘But the look on your face was priceless,’

‘You’re quite the daredevil nowadays, aren’t you. I bet someone spotted you,’ Yoongi side-eyed him as he sat next to him on the ground dripping with water.

‘Why should you have all the daring fun,’ Taehyung smirked and stretched, lying down. ‘What were you doing here though? I never see you walking around the castle grounds,’

‘Came here wondering if the open sky would help me think,’

‘And did it?’

‘Nope,’

‘What are you pondering so much about? I thought you’ll be in your Hobi hangover,’

‘Hobi hangover,’ Yoongi chuckled.

‘I saw you both sneaking into a broom closet,’ Taehyung said suggestively.

‘Well you better not get any risky ideas, you’re still a kid. Hobi and I are adults now,’

‘Mmmhmm,’ Taehyung rolled his eyes. ‘Don’t worry I’m not interested in hearing the adult things you do. And please, I’m 15. I’m not a kid anymore. I know whatever there is to know,’

‘And what’s your plan? To get a Ravenclaw girlfriend with your ice sculpting skills?’

‘Oh I’m not gonna date anyone,’

‘Why not?’

‘I like the attention from everyone,’ Taehyung grinned. ‘And honestly I can’t pick who I want to date. So many of them are so cute,’

‘You’re so fortunate to have so many suitors waiting in line for you,’ Yoongi kicked him lightly and Taehyung chuckled. His eyes fell on the book Yoongi had been reading.

‘You’re reading about the Red War again?’ Tae asked with a frown.

‘I just wanted to check on some facts. I know you’re buddies with the Red King but… my ancestors fought him. In all my records, he’s the bad guy,’

_Is that one of the Mins?_ Abraxas asked him.
'Yeah. He’s my friend, Min Yoongi. Remember I told you about him?’ Taehyung answered.

‘It’s ironic… that amongst your friends are the people who tried to kill me and take everything away from me.

‘That was their ancestors, not them,’

‘You’re right… but because of their ancestors, they’ll never believe I’m trying to do good, have you thought about that?

‘Tae?’ Yoongi shook him.

‘Huh? What were you saying?’

‘I was asking you what were you thinking? You got lost in some thoughts back there,’

Taehyung was silent for a while. He ran his hands through his silver hair and spoke in a voice deeper than before, ‘Do you believe everything your records state?’

‘Yeah, I think I do,’ Yoongi looked at him suspiciously.

‘Your records listed Abraxas as dead. But he’s not, is he? So how can your records be reliable?’

‘Mistakes can happen. There was no proof of him being alive. They even burned his body!’

‘Yeah mistakes can happen, like using your arrow meant to dispel dark power for killing someone. Won’t that go against what your arrow is meant for? Killing is part of dark magic. Your arrow dispels the dark,’ Taehyung looked at him with a smirk and a question in his eye.

There it was again, that unsettling feeling… that there was something else… something else going on.

‘So you’ve read it all too huh?’ Yoongi asked.

‘Yeah, Joon, Em and Laura were nice enough to write a translated version for me,’

‘I think they enjoyed doing that. They’re such smart nerds,’ Yoongi shook his head. ‘So, what has Abraxas been telling you nowadays? Anything interesting?’

‘He told me about the elemental stones today,’ Taehyung said. ‘He gave me one too,’ Taehyung looked at the locket lying on his chest - The stone with the red smoke swirling inside it. Yoongi bent forward to look at it closely.

‘What is an elemental stone?’ The older asked.

‘They are stones to heighten your powers. He gave me this so that I can learn to manipulate water,’

‘And are you able to?’

‘Yeah! That’s why I’m in the lake all the time! I’m practicing how to lift and bend, watch!’

The boy lifted his hand and a stream of water rose into the air from the lake, nearly 10 feet into the air. Taehyung swirled his hand and the water moved in tandem with his hand’s movement but didn’t sustain for long, falling back down with a splash.

‘If my powers are stable, I and my father can create a massive hurricane,’ Taehyung said.
‘Oh, so you don’t mind being with your father?’

‘I don’t know. I’m trying not to hate him. At this point it feels more like a… a…’ Taehyung pouted and his eyes looked up in thought. ‘Like a work partner? Our elements are supposed to support each other. Fire is my weakness and I am earth’s weakness,’

‘Where do they make that stone?’ Yoongi looked at the locket again. There was something mesmerising about it, about the way the red smoke swirled inside it. Yoongi’s hand moved to touch it but Taehyung clasped his palm around it.

‘They mine it,’ Taehyung said, trying to be casual, ‘They gave it to me saying I should take the greatest care of it, it’s one of a kind,’

‘Oh, I see,’ Yoongi nodded, retrieving his hand. ‘Does Dumbledore know about it?’

‘Of course not,’ Taehyung shook his head. ‘Honestly, I don’t need Dumbledore anymore. Abraxas has told me more than Dumbledore ever has. Dumbledore taught me what he could and saved me from the Ministry. But beyond that, he can’t do much,’

Silence stretched after these words where Yoongi was trying to assess how much Taehyung had changed. He was a bit of a show off now, it wasn’t a bad quality but it was unlike Taehyung.

‘Well, I should get back to my practice,’ Taehyung stood up, brushing the dry grass and leaves off the back of his wet body.

‘Hope you don’t forget your assignments,’ Yoongi said but Taehyung had already jumped back into the water.

Yoongi had come to lessen his doubts but he felt more apprehensive now. He walked to their clubroom where a part of their group was.

‘What are you doing?’ Jungkook peered into Namjoon’s parchment which had a table marked with various colors.

‘Making a new schedule. You should make one too,’

′6-8 practice tests. 8-9 bath & dinner,’ Jungkook read the Head Boy’s routine. ‘10 PM bed? You sleep so early every night?’ he looked at the entire row blocked in pink.

′Oh you made it 10?’ Jin asked and then silently erased something on his own time-table and re-wrote.

′You’re such grandpas, 10 is too early!’ Jungkook said.

′I don’t think they sleep till 2 am though,’ Hoseok sniggered.

′What do you mean,’ Jungkook looked at him, ′Why would they- OH!’ His head snapped to the two Gryffindors, ′Ew stop telling us your sex schedule!!!’

′We didn’t tell, you’re butting your nose into things you don’t need to,’ Jin sassed. ′So leave these grandpas to themselves while you sleep alone in your tower,’

Jungkook pouted, eyes becoming big and round, ′This is not fair! Why are you two roommates!’

′Hey Jin,’ Yoongi came in, ′Can we speak?’ he gestured to the door. Jin nodded and walked out with him.
‘What’s up?’

‘Do you notice anything strange with Taehyung? Ever since Abraxas has started speaking to him?’

Jin nodded, ‘Yeah but… to be fair, Taehyung has not been his old self ever since the trial. He had distanced himself, has wanted to use his powers freely…’

‘Hmm,’ Yoongi nodded in agreement. ‘That’s true but… there’s something else, I can’t put my finger on it. Like my instincts are telling me something I don’t understand,’

Jin chuckled, ‘Welcome to my world,’

‘Can you… look into it further?’ Yoongi asked. ‘You can see things. Is it possible for you to find out if Abraxas is a friend or foe?’

Jin looked at him for a while before nodding slowly. He was scared to use his powers again after the last two times his body started to crack. ‘I can try,’ he said despite his fears.

‘I know the power of sight doesn’t give absolute answers so don’t worry about not finding anything,’ Yoongi said. ‘I just thought… as a precaution we should try and know as much as we can,’

‘Stay here,’ Jin said. ‘Give me your hand?’ Jin held his hand out and Yoongi placed his in it.

‘Are you trying to…?’

‘Yeah,’ Jin closed his eyes. ‘If you see anything emerge on my skin, wake me up,’

‘What do you mean-’

‘Ssh. You’ll know,’ and Jin opened his third eye.

He was at the lake with Yoongi and Taehyung. The younger was showing his water manipulation skills to Yoongi. He went back a little more and Yoongi was staring at the sky all alone. Yoongi was in deep thought. Jin saw glimpses of the Min castle, of the throne on the dark waters. Yoongi was thinking of home? He was thinking of Abraxas, if he was a friend or foe. He was thinking why the arrow didn’t kill him. How did Abraxas save himself?

Suddenly the vision changed. Jin glimpsed a place that was familiar but he couldn’t tell where it was. It was foggy and dark, cobblestoned pathways, witches and witches and wizards walking past him. He glimpsed a store called The Magic Shop with an eye for the ‘o’ in shop. He glimpsed money being passed around. He glimpsed a handle made of silver with red stones set in it. Where was this place? It was shining too bright, too bright for Jin to keep his eyes open.

Jin closed his inner eye and opened his two eyes. He was breathing hard and Yoongi was looking at him curiously.

‘Anything?’ The Slytherin asked.

‘I’m not sure,’ Jin shook his head. ‘I… couldn’t make sense of it. I need some more time to figure it out,’

* 

The morning was rather chaotic with everyone running about the clubroom, trying to get the birthday banner up. Jimin and Jungkook pulled Hoseok away from wrapping his gift and took him
to one side of the room.

‘Would you just let me finish,’ Hoseok protested but to no avail. He saw Jimin remove a long red ribbon from his bag. ‘Wait, what are you guys doing?’

‘We forgot to get a present,’ Jungkook confessed.

‘So you’ll have to make do,’ Jimin sniggered and Hoseok started to flail his arms. ‘Jungkook, hold him down,’

‘I did not agree to this! Why are you-’

‘Silencio,’ Jimin pointed his wand at Hoseok’s mouth. ‘You’re too loud for the morning. We’re trying to not attract attention to this room,’

Hoseok glared at him with inaudible abuses as Jimin wrapped the ribbon around him, taking it around his shoulders and then looping around his face so they could tie a bow on top of his head.

‘Hold on, I have another idea,’ Jimin tugged on the ribbon, bringing a layer to cover Hoseok’s eyes and by then the boy broke out of the silent charm on him and burst out yelling.

‘I WILL DANGLE YOU TWO FROM MY BROOM UNTIL YOU BEG FOR FORGIVENESS I SWEAR-’

‘SHHH!!!’ both harshly silenced him. ‘Yoongi is almost here! I can hear him in the corridor,’

Hearing that Hoseok abruptly shut up, mouth going into a ‘o’. He heard everyone whispering and shuffling their feet and he was dragged somewhere, probably at a hiding place.

‘Laura this is way too early!’ They heard the birthday boy whine, voice getting closer. ‘I didn't even get to-

‘SURPRISE!’ Hoseok heard the big shout of all his friends but Jungkook was still holding him down. Yoongi exclaimed and Hoseok kicked at Jungkook’s foot, he wanted to see the expression on Yoongi’s face right now and here he was, bound and blindfolded, probably pushed behind a couch.

‘When did y’all do this!’ Yoongi sounded absolutely elated. ‘We left from here so late last night. I thought we weren’t celebrating this year!’

‘We woke up earlier than we ever have,’ Hoseok heard Van and then everyone was moving to Yoongi to wish him and hand over their gifts. Yoongi looked around and his face slightly fell when Hoseok wasn’t among them.

Finally Hoseok felt someone lift him up, probably Jungkook, over his shoulder and he was being carried forward.

‘Here’s the delivery your eyes have been seeking,’ Jimin announced. Jungkook set Hoseok down and spun him around to face Yoongi who was giggling.

‘Look’s like you guys rough handled him,’ Yoongi said, tugging at the ribbons and taking it off Hoseok’s eyes. Hoseok saw him gleaming his gummy smile, wider than ever and Min Yoongi was blushing a deep red. Well, that was definitely a sight to cherish forever and suddenly Hoseok didn’t mind the whole ordeal that got him here.
‘Thanks for the gift,’ Yoongi started to get the ribbon off Hoseok but Jimin stopped him.

‘The ribbon is included in the gift,’ Jimin said with a definite glint in his eye.

‘Uh, ok?’

‘Quite a useful thing. Soft, enchanted to knot on it’s own,’

Hoseok looked at him utterly confused, ‘What use is this to-’

‘Thanks Jimin,’ Yoongi carefully took the ribbon off Hoseok, wounding it around his hand for safekeeping.

‘You’re gonna put it to good use right?’ Jimin sniggered and Hoseok looked from one Slytherin to the other. Yoongi was still pink, seeming more embarrassed than before.

Hoseok leaned in to ask in a whisper, ‘What’s happening?’

‘I guess I talked too much when drunk in the dorm,’ was all Yoongi said.

They all sang an off tune but adorable birthday wish to Yoongi and the boy tried his best not to get cake smashed all over his face. He pecked Hoseok’s lips before feeding him a piece and every now and then his mind would race with ideas of the evening. Both had made sure to keep this evening free, given prefect duties to others and finished any pending assignments for the weekend. Hoseok’s birthday went rather busy in writing pre-final tests and this was the one celebration they’ll get before exam stress hits them hardest in April. And now with Jimin’s suggestive gift, he wondered what they could do tonight.

‘Are you going to tell me now?’ Hoseok asked, sinking next to Yoongi on the couch while the others got busy eating cake.

‘Do you want to play a game?’ Yoongi asked with a mischievous grin.

‘What game?’

‘You don’t remember?’ Yoongi caressed a side of the ribbon with his thumb and Hoseok remembered it then, that one night Yoongi had pressed him against the wall of a dark corridor during prefect rounds and he had completely lost track of time in Yoongi’s caresses. There was something different about that night, the sensations on his skin, Yoongi’s whispers in his ears, it’s arousal felt heightened and now Hoseok could feel his insides tingle at the memory.

‘So? Would you like that?’ the older asked.

Hoseok licked his lower lip, eyes watching Yoongi’s, ‘Very much,’

‘Then why don’t you wait for me after dinner? Wrapped up?’ Yoongi handed him the wound ribbon. And the next words where a deep rumble, ‘I want to play with my gift,’

The day went agonizingly slow for both of them. Hoseok was so distracted that he earned a quipped remark from McGonagall and almost burned a hole in Snape’s shoe with his potion, but he didn’t care. Today after so long, his thoughts were just happy.

He entered their secret room after dinner. He had given Yoongi teasing glances across the tables in the Great Hall but both had maintained distance, wanting it all to build up for when they are all alone. They had modified this small room in ways to make it their room of escape. Hoseok lit the
fireplace to warm up the space. They had brought in a blanket and turned the small space under the canopy into a makeshift bed and had replaced the rug in front of the fire with a softer, fluffier one.

As Hoseok removed the long ribbon from his bag, it seemed to have a life of its own. It softly moved around his forearms and wrists, like it’s making Hoseok familiar to it. Hoseok giggled at the soft sensation. He wound it around his face, making a bow on his head like in the morning, and then secured it properly on his eyes so he couldn’t see anything. He wasn’t going to cheat, where would be the fun in that?

He wondered if he should do anything more and while thinking his hands went to the buttons of his shirt. He remembered Yoongi always gazed at his chest when he would take his shirt off so that’s what he did. His sense of hearing was heightening now while his mind was completely dark. It was a thrill he hadn’t felt before. He threw the shirt towards the bed and kneeled on their soft rug facing the fireplace. The fire was nicely warming his body when he heard the door open. His head immediately turned to the direction of the sound.

‘Did I keep you waiting?’ he heard Yoongi’s soft voice and a smile immediately stretched on his lips.

‘Yes you did,’ Hoseok teased. ‘I was wondering if I should start off myself,’

He couldn’t hear Yoongi’s footsteps. Where was he?

‘Don’t you dare do that,’ Yoongi was suddenly close, lips at Hoseok’s ears, making him gasp.

‘You’re my gift aren’t you? Only I can play with you,’

‘Then don’t keep me waiting any longer,’ Hoseok said.

‘You’re body seems to have warmed up a lot,’ he could hear the smirk in Yoongi’s words and then he felt something cold run over his back. It made him squirm and gasp but Yoongi was close again, lips shushing him in the ear and he realised the cold was from Yoongi’s fingers, probably just come in from the chilly night outside. His feather touches stroked him over the back, running down his spine, tracing his shoulder blades.

He heard Yoongi shift, fabric of his pants rubbing against each other and a tongue pressed to Hoseok’s lower back. Slowly, Yoongi formed wet circles, swirling his hot tongue, sucking the soft flesh into his mouth. Hoseok’s heart beat faster, the sweet pleasure pooling in the pit of his stomach and making him harder. Yoongi’s actions were slow and earnest and Hoseok’s skin was highly aware of the sensations and soft noises, of his own breaths and the other’s mouth.

Yoongi’s fingers moved to the front, playing with his nipples and the sound of Hoseok’s breaths turned to whimpers. He was falling back in pleasure, only to be pushed ahead by Yoongi’s mouth which was now on his shoulders and neck. He was trapped between his arms and he loved it. He felt his nipples being tugged, a thumb rubbing over it, moving it in circles and tugging them again with a slight pinch. And Yoongi’s other hand was now caressing his hardening cock over his pants. He leaned into Yoongi, head thrown back and mouth open in moans.

And then all of a sudden, all sensations were gone and Hoseok stretched out his hand in a cry.

‘Yoon? Yoongi?’

He heard him stand up behind him and come forward. Yoongi brushed his fingers through Hoseok’s hair and traced the sides of his face.

‘Undress me?’ he heard Yoongi at the same time he heard him unbuckling his belt.
Hoseok slowly moved his hands forward, catching on to Yoongi’s knee as the belt fell somewhere next to him. He felt his way upwards, grabbing onto Yoongi’s thighs, fingers searching for the button and he undid him, pulling the zipper and the pants down. Hoseok kissed Yoongi’s thighs like he was worshipping him and the older gently sat on his knees in front of Hoseok so that he could take off his shirt for him. Hoseok’s hands fumbled a little and he giggled, unknowing of how adoringly Yoongi was watching him. He grabbed Yoongi’s shoulders and kissed it from the arms to his neck. He smelled so good, the faint scent of his tasted so delicious. Hoseok nosed Yoongi’s sternum, hands feeling this chest as if trying to memorize each curve, the pattern his ribs formed. His finger ran over a slight rise at the side of his torso.

‘Is that a scar?’ Hoseok’s eyebrows knotted below the layer of copper hair on his forehead.

‘Yup. Quidditch injury, four years ago. Adrian’s broom crashed into me, luckily the ribs didn’t break!’

Hoseok’s fingers moved to the front, circling something on Yoongi’s left pec, ‘You have a mole here don’t you?’

Yoongi looked down and smiled, Hoseok had accurately located the spot. ‘You remember?’

‘I do, it was the first thing I noticed when I saw you shirtless for the first time,’

‘And when was that?’

‘A year ago, in the Quidditch changing rooms,’

‘Your eyes have been lingering on me for that long huh?’ Yoongi caressed the side of Hoseok’s neck who was now leaning in to suck at Yoongi’s nipples. Hoseok loved playing with those nubs, loved the feeling of it flick on his tongue. His hands dipped lower, forefinger tracing over the faint happy trail below Yoongi’s navel and then stroking his erect length. He wanted Yoongi’s hands stroking him too while he enjoyed the taste of his skin, it would be such a satisfactory thing to feel. He came upwards to kiss his lips but Yoongi pulled away again.

‘Yoon!’ Hoseok whined with a pout, hands reaching for him but Yoongi had already moved away. ‘Where are you going?’

‘Turn around Seokie,’ he heard Yoongi’s teasing voice from somewhere behind him and turned to face the room. ‘Come towards me,’

Hoseok slowly stood up. Yoongi kept a careful eye on him, if he stumbled he would catch him. The younger walked forward, hands outstretched.

‘How do you move so silently?’ Hoseok wondered with a chuckle, ‘Where are you Yoon!’

‘Over here,’ Yoongi called from the foot of the bed. ‘Follow my voice,’

And Hoseok followed, walking towards the bed. He felt the fringe of the canopy on his hands.

‘Are you on the bed?’

‘Maybe,’

Hoseok smiled and treaded forward lightly, his feet finding the bed and he kneeled on it, tapping the mattress to catch his boyfriend sitting on it.
‘Wait you aren’t here!’

‘I am, come further,’ Yoongi called, sitting against the headrest. Hoseok crawled forward on his knees, finally touching Yoongi’s thighs.

‘Yoon…’

‘Closer,’

Hoseok crawled further. He straddled Yoongi, waiting for him to do something.

‘A little more,’

So Hoseok bent forward, feeling his lips touch Yoongi’s. He let out a soft breath and wrapped his lips around the other’s, finally kissing him. Yoongi tasted sweet, he was probably fed some birthday sweet at dinner, and Hoseok ravished it, opening his mouth and sucking on Yoongi’s lips. They kissed slow and heated, tongues licking and lapping.

‘Happy birthday Yoon,’ Hoseok whispered.

Yoongi turned them around, pinning Hoseok’s hands over his head on the bed and then kissed him harder. Hoseok’s breath was warm on his own wet mouth, the younger releasing soft moans whenever Yoongi moved his tongue a certain way.

Yoongi nosed the column of Hoseok’s long neck, tongue flicking over his adam’s apple when he swallowed and the Slytherin’s hands were back on Hoseok’s body, tantalisingly circling his nipples before sucking them between his lips, fingers tugging into the belt hooks of Hoseok’s pants and tugging them down. He stripped him naked, giving feather kisses to his thighs and knees. Yoongi pulled back and sat up for a moment and Hoseok felt confused at the loss of contact.

‘Yoon? Are you here?’

‘I am,’ his reply was breathy.

‘Then why did you stop?’

‘Needed to admire you for a bit. You get shy otherwise don’t you,’ he smirked and Hoseok’s cheeks threatened to go as red as the ribbon around his eyes and neck. Yoongi ran his fingers all over Hoseok’s body, tracing patterns, feeling the lithe muscles and smooth skin. His lips followed, tongue swirling on his chest the way it had on his back and now Hoseok was panting, body feeling hot. He wondered what he looked like right now, if Yoongi liked seeing him like this. But all thoughts were disrupted when he felt Yoongi’s lips kissing his hard length and when Yoongi’s mouth wrapped around him, he let out the heavy moan he had been holding in. Yoongi’s every touch caught him off guard and that somehow heightened the maddening effect his touch always had on him.

Every time Yoongi went down on him, he only seemed to be doing an even better job at it. Yoongi took him in deep, hollowing his cheeks and sucking. Hoseok was squirming in pleasure, Yoongi’s name spilling out of his mouth in every variation and Yoongi would only hum in response, a lewd hum, almost a moan as he choked himself on Hoseok’s cock.

When Hoseok’s fingers knotted in Yoongi’s hair, tugging hard, he knew Hoseok was close and he splayed his hands flat on Hoseok’s pelvis, grounding him.

‘Please Yoon,’ Hoseok was shivering, pleading. He was going over the edge but Yoongi wasn’t
pausing yet. ‘I’m close I- Fuck,’ and Yoongi’s fingers were playing with his nipples again, throwing all of his self control out the window. He cried out, coming hard and felt Yoongi’s hand pumping him through it.

Hoseok seemed to be in a state of senseless bliss, panting hard, limbs spread on the bed and Yoongi continued to gaze at him, at his beautiful honey toned thighs now streaked with his release. He bent forward and pulled the knot on the ribbon around Hoseok which unfurled and slid to the side. He was met with Hoseok’s glazed eyes, pupils constricting to the room’s light and slowly dilating at seeing Yoongi’s face. Hoseok brought his hand to the front, wiping a streak of his cum off the corner of Yoongi’s lips and then kissed him. They rolled to the side, arms around each other.

‘How was it?’ Yoongi asked him.

‘I should be asking you that. This is supposed to be a gift for you,’ Hoseok giggled, ‘But you…’

This had been a common, light hearted argument between them. Yoongi wants to always be so giving that Hoseok often had to wrestle Yoongi down to get his turn at giving instead of receiving. They enjoyed the wrestling though, rolling from one end to the other with Yoongi giggling at whatever new noise Hoseok emitted while displaying his strength.

‘My birthday, my way,’ Yoongi smiled smugly and Hoseok playfully slapped his chest. ‘So tell me, how was it?’

‘As good as we had imagined,’ Hoseok replied. ‘I felt so… immersed in your touch… like I was in some inner dimension where there’s just you,’

‘Mnhmm,’ Yoongi kissed his knuckles.

‘And you?’

‘Watching you like this,’ Yoongi said, slithering his fingers over the side of Hoseok’s body, over his thighs, his ass and towards his shoulder, ‘I love… watching you like this,’

‘And what’s that exactly?’

Yoongi bit his lower lip while thinking, ‘You… you were seeking me. Whenever I touched you, you gasped and then melted. You just… let go of everything. I liked that,’

‘Hmmm,’ Hoseok pressed his forehead to Yoongi’s, a big smile on his face and his hands cupped the older’s plump butt. He gave it a squeeze while sniffing Yoongi’s blonde hair and kissing his forehead. ‘We have the whole night left though,’

‘Did you think you’ll come just once tonight?’ Yoongi said and Hoseok looked at him. He was starting to harden again at the feral look in his boyfriend’s lilac eyes. ‘It’s my birthday…’

Yoongi’s thumb traced over Hoseok’s lips and pushed inside his mouth. Hoseok took it in, sucking at it and looking at Yoongi with doe eyes. ‘I want to play with my gift a little more,’

Hoseok nipped at his thumb and asked, ‘And what do you have in mind?’

‘Sit on me,’ Yoongi said and Hoseok pushed him down, sitting astride him, ‘Now?’

‘Not there,’ Yoongi smirked slightly, ‘Here,’ he tapped his own lips and Hoseok went wide eyed for a bit, breath caught in his throat. ‘On my mouth,’

It took Hoseok a moment or two to collect himself and then he slowly crawled forward, knees
resting on either side of Yoongi’s head. ‘Like this?’

Yoongi’s palms supported and spread Hoseok’s ass cheeks, and his tongue darted out. That smirk on his lips itself was enough to make Hoseok close his eyes in anticipation and when he felt that wet tongue licking a strip over his entrance, he threw his head back with a gasp. They found a comfortable position, Yoongi’s mouth wrapped around Hoseok, tongue circling the rim, softly pushing, spreading the wetness from his mouth to Hoseok. His lips occasionally moved up to lick the underside of Hoseok’s length, now fully hard and to suck at his balls.

Hoseok looked down at Yoongi, just his eyes visible between Hoseok’s spread out thighs but that hooded gaze was burning up Hoseok’s insides. He could see the fire in him, and the cheeks showed him the movement of his mouth, opening wide below him and tongue lapping. Hoseok wound his fingers in Yoongi’s hair and started to rotate his hips. Soft moans elicited out of the younger, lower lip caught between his perfect teeth.

‘Touch yourself Yoon,’ Hoseok rasped. ‘But don’t come yet,’

Yoongi had been resisting till now but on Hoseok’s words, his hand moved to his own length, coating the precum and pumping in sync with how Hoseok moved his hips. The Hufflepuff felt the vibrations of Yoongi moaning against his entrance, hot breath hitting his sensitive places and wet mouth closing on it again.

‘I want to make you come Yoon,’ Hoseok said with eyes closed. ‘Want to come together, shall we do that?’

Yoongi agreed with a hum and Hoseok held the crown of Yoongi’s head, slowly lifted himself up and moved back.

He settled on Yoongi’s thighs, biting slightly hard the hip bone to hear Yoongi whimper. He knew his boyfriend enjoyed the sting of his teeth. He caught their cocks in his hand, pressed their foreheads together and started to rock forward while pumping the cocks with his hands.

‘Oh god Seok,’ Yoongi moaned, ‘I’m so close,’ His face was contorted, sweat sheening on him, mouth open in gasps. Hoseok couldn’t help but realise how cute his lips were and how much he loved that pink tongue.

‘Me too,’ Hoseok said with a shiver. ‘I want to come with you, I love you so much Yoon,’

‘I love you too,’ Yoongi wrapped his arms around Hoseok, both were a mess of heavy moans and pants, uncaring of anything else in the world. Words weren’t required anymore. Yoongi loved the sounds Hoseok made and his fingernails dug into Hoseok’s back, a sign that his climax was hitting him. Both came together, strips of white erupting between the two with a long moan and a drawn out movement of Hoseok’s hips. The younger shivered at the final streaks of his released and collapsed on Yoongi’s chest who immediately wrapped his arms around him.

*  

Yoongi opened his eyes hearing the faint chirping of birds. The room was slightly chilly, the fireplace they had lit last night was almost out. Hoseok’s hand wound around Yoongi’s torso, holding his own hand near his chest as the younger spooned him.

‘You’re awake already?’ Hoseok whispered in his ear. ‘Didn’t we sleep just an hour ago?’

Yoongi rolled over, pushing Hoseok on the small bed of their secret room and sitting astride him. The younger was shirtless while Yoongi’s nightshirt hung open. He remembered he had buttoned it
last night but Hoseok’s hands had undone all of it as they sat talking late into the night with soft
kisses and caresses. The red ribbon lay in swirls on the end of the bed and Yoongi already knew
he’d want to use it again soon. Maybe on himself this time?

‘Guess I don’t want to miss any of the time we can get alone,’ Yoongi said and bent down to kiss
him.

‘Love you Yoon,’ Hoseok whispered on his lips and kissed him deeply, mouths opening and
fingers grabbing his hair. Yoongi moved his body over him, slowly rocking his hips. Hands
intertwining and then caressing, both slowly grinded together, taking their time to build up the heat
again. The bliss from the night before was still settled between them and they wanted to stay in it a
little longer.

Chapter End Notes

Character Themes!

Yoongi's Theme

Jimin's Theme

More themes next chapter. These themes will make a progression to something else by
the very last chapters
The Prey

Chapter Notes

A shorter chapter than the others, but an important one.

I’m trying to update once every week (Fridays most probably) so that I keep the momentum going and this fic doesn’t take an eternity!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘50 more push ups!’ Ash’s stern voice rang through the crisp morning air. The boys groaned, dropping back down on their soiled knees and starting the extended drill on the quidditch grounds.

‘Sloppy, that’s what our performance was!’ Ash walked across the line of them. ‘Just because we won the first match of the season doesn’t mean we’ll keep winning. Did you all get lazy? We were mere ten points away from making to the finals!’

‘The Gryffindors are a tough team captain!’ Terrance, their seeker said. ‘We did our best-’

‘No we didn’t!’ Ash said. ‘I know what our best is. I know it very well. And that wasn’t it. The Hufflepuffs beat Gryffindor. So if Gryffindor is tough for us, we might as well forfeit the final match against the badgers. Do you want to forfeit?!’

‘No?!’ came a more or less unified response.

‘Even your response is weak,’ Ash shook her head. ‘The match is in two weeks!’

They finished their drill and walked back to the changing rooms, feeling absolutely famished. Ash was ignoring all of them, especially one of the chasers. When Yoongi noticed that, he gave a light smack on the head to Jimin who rounded about and glared at him questioningly.

‘What was that for?’

‘Stop contributing to her stress. All of us are on the edge with exams and final assignments,’

Jimin turned back to folding his quidditch robes with a pout, ‘What about my stress?’

‘Be with her and it will be alright-’

‘It’s not that simple alright? Not everyone is built like you and Hobi. Two opposite personalities fitting together like a puzzle, filling whatever is lacking.’

‘Jimin…’ Yoongi looked at him in worry, ‘What you’re implying… is scaring me,’

‘Don’t be so worried,’ Jimin said. ‘I need some time to figure things out,’

‘What do you mean figure things out?’ Yoongi asked. ‘Are you thinking of… of breaking up?’

The breath caught in Jimin at those words. He chewed his lower lip, ‘I didn’t say that,’

‘Jimin,’ Yoongi caught him by the elbow, moving closer to him, ‘I’ve known Ash longer than you
have. The school thinks she is not emotionally sensitive, that she’s above attaching herself to anything, nothing is good enough for her. That might be true for a lot of things, but I’ve seen it’s not true when it comes to you.’

Jimin felt heavy in his chest at those words but Yoongi didn’t push further and walked away for a shower. Jimin watched Ash take her fresh clothes from her bag and head to the showers too. It wasn’t true that he didn’t miss her, but nothing felt alright within him to be able to be with her and keep her happy.

He showered and dressed quickly, being the first to leave the changing rooms for breakfast in the Great Hall. He had taken the first bite of his sandwich when his eyes caught the Daily Prophet next to his water goblet.

MISSING PERSON COUNT REACHES 7.

Protestors Gathered, Scrimgeour Yet To Make Breakthrough In Case.

Jimin’s eyes narrowed as he read the headline. The article was accompanied by a picture that comprised of a collage of missing persons posters. They all looked strong and still in their youth. Who could be doing such a thing?

It is not just central London that has reported these cases. News has come from several other dwellings in Britain about people vanishing. Head Auror Rufus Scrimgeour has not yet made any progress in locating the missing persons or curbing this crime. The people are absolutely outraged and have protested against the Ministry for lack of action.

‘Creating further chaos will not help the Aurors,’ Scrimgeour stated. ‘We ask everyone to stay calm and vigilant and trust that we are doing our best,’

‘The security has been tightened in every wizard dwelling,’ says Kingsley Shacklebolt. ‘Keeping the people safe is our top priority and we ask you to cooperate with us,’

Jimin’s eyes narrowed further. Why did this seem oddly familiar? This whole scenario of young people going missing-

‘Werewolves,’ he whispered and Yoongi who was passing by him stopped and sat next to him.

‘Werewolves are increasing their army. This is an age old tactic and the ministry can’t guess that?’ Jimin looked at Yoongi disbelievingly.

The morning letters were coming in as well and Jimin’s white owl dropped a letter onto Jimin’s breakfast plate. The boy lifted it up quickly before it could get dirty and read the envelope. He recognised the swirly writing and knew this required a code.

‘It’s from Taemin,’ Jimin said, tapping the envelope with his wand and whispering, ‘The little one of the padding squad.’ The seal opened on the cover and Jimin removed the letter.

Dear Chim,

Hope you are doing well. We miss you a lot at home, this year Christmas didn’t feel like Christmas at all. Dumbledore tells me everything is under control at school and I am relieved for that.

Unfortunately, the situation outside of Hogwarts is not getting better. I hope this letter finds you before the article in the Daily Prophet. There are people going missing and the Ministry has uncovered some unidentifiable burnt bodies and some match the physique of said missing persons.
Clearly whoever did this didn’t want their clues to be left on the corpse but a few incompetent jobs from the criminals led to us discovering bite marks on these bodies. They suspect the involvement of werewolves but they do not want to create panic among the people. Ministry is staying silent until they catch a werewolf. I think this was an extremely wrong decision. The people need to know what to look out for.

And it doesn’t end there. The Ministry is aware of the rumours concerning you. Whatever is the gossip in school, somehow the Ministry knows of it. They are considering these rumours because they know you fought Skoll and because of what happened to Roland. And they still keep a close eye on your friend Taehyung ever since the trial. They are aware that both of you spent Christmas at Hogwarts and even though that should generally not raise suspicion, if you two stay in school even during summer, that would definitely make them investigate further. Students never stay in Hogwarts when year ends. Dumbledore had agreed to let you two stay but I feel it is no longer a wise thing to do. You two shouldn’t be attracting anymore attention to yourselves.

I will talk to Dumbledore about making safe arrangements for both of you to stay home in the summer. I, along with mum and dad will be so happy to have you back home again. And you don’t have to worry about us, I’ll take care of you and everything else.

I hope all of this doesn’t escalate further. Take care of yourself and of Taehyung.

Love you and miss you a lot Chim.

Taemin.

Jimin closed his eyes. Rage, fear, despair, worry, everything swirled inside his mind. When would this end…

He got up from the table, leaving his breakfast half eaten and went to see Dumbledore.

*  

‘You seem much happier,’ Dumbledore regarded the boy in front of him with careful eyes.

‘Oh yes, I feel in much better spirits now,’ Taehyung answered breezley, eyes on the tiny astronomical instruments he was twirling in his hand.

‘Are you sure you don’t want to continue your classes with me?’

Taehyung looked at him and smiled, ‘Yes, I’m quite sure of that. You’ve taught me a lot professor. And I don’t think I need to know more than that at this point. Besides, I’m so busy with the final assignments and exam preparations right now! Maybe we can resume classes next year! It would give you some more time to read up on Elkyres too, know more about them,’

Dumbledore continued to look at him carefully. Was that a bit of condescendence that he heard in the boy’s tone? It was true, Dumbledore didn’t know much about Elkyres. No one did. There was no material to read.

There was a knock on the door and Dumbledore heard Jimin’s voice.

‘Yes come in Park Jimin,’ he called and the sixth year entered. He saw Taehyung and noticed a letter lying open on Dumbledore’s desk.

‘I assume you’re here about your brother’s letter?’ the Headmaster asked.
‘Yes,’ Jimin sat next to Taehyung who greeted him with a carefree grin. ‘Do you think it’s true? It’s the werewolves? Because I had the same theory,’

‘It’s quite possible. I would’ve preferred you two stay here during summer. It seems a greater risk than ever to step out. I wish we could keep you here,’

‘So what do you suggest?’

‘I would have to employ some undercover people to look over you. I’m in talks with both Taemin and Jiyeon to give maximum security to your houses. But everything has to be done under the Ministry’s nose. Scrimgeour shouldn’t get even a whiff of it. It’s not an easy task,’ Dumbledore stood up and started walking around his office.

‘There used to be a group, a trusted group I could count on with my life,’ Dumbledore said, stroking his pet phoenix that crooned under his touch, his warm hued feathers shining. ‘Your mother was a part of it,’ he looked at Taehyung. ‘Right now, more than half of the group is either dead, employed as Aurors or at St. Mungos. Very few remain who can escort you two home without drawing attention. I will contact them and set up a plan. Nothing should look out of the ordinary,’

‘To escort me too?’ Taehyung asked with a curious pout. ‘I don’t think I’m in danger,’

‘What makes you think that?’ Dumbledore asked.

Taehyung shrugged.

Jimin looked at him with eyebrows frowned in disbelief, ‘Who do you think these werewolves are recruiting for?’

‘They’re preparing for a battle,’ Dumbledore said. ‘I wonder if the Guild has become active again. Did Serafin speak to you Taehyung?’

‘No,’ Taehyung shook his head. ‘I have no idea what’s happening with the alchemists,’

Jimin looked at Taehyung. This wasn’t his information to give to Dumbledore but he wished Taehyung decided to confide in their Headmaster… the fact that this battle was against Abraxas himself.

*

‘Sectumsempra,’ the incantation left Laura’s mouth and hit the headless mannequin in front. Hoseok watched with wide eyes as a diagonal cut appeared on the object.

‘Go on, you try it,’ she said to him. ‘Try to make an ‘X’ mark,’

Hoseok took his position. They were back in the Room of Requirements, each pair practicing their own spells. Taehyung hadn’t come today and no one could really locate where he was.

Hoseok gripped his wand firmly, ‘Sectumsempra!’

But nothing happened. He looked at Laura anxiously who nodded at him in encouragement so Hoseok tried again and failed a second time. Near them Jungkook and Jin were making a ruckus, duelling with any spell that came to mind. Hoseok tried his best to tune out the chaotic noise and focus.
‘Try to visualise someone you hate,’ Laura said.

‘Who are you imagining that mannequin to be?’ Hoseok asked.

‘Bellatrix at the moment,’ Laura said. ‘That stupid grin of hers-’ And a jet of red light hit her square in the chest, making her crash to the floor.

‘Laura!’ A chorus of three voices rushed to her.

‘Jungkook I told you to be careful!’ Jin yelled and Laura rolled her eyes.

‘Are you hurt! Did I hurt you?’ Jungkook pushed everyone aside and lifted her up in his arms.

‘I’m alright, no need to be so dramatic,’

‘No you should take a break, let me see if everything is fine,’ and Jungkook was carrying her to the side despite her rolling her eyes again.

‘Really, I didn’t know you were Pomfrey’s new assistant Kookie,’ Laura chuckled.

‘Hush,’ he put her on a chair, ‘Where are you hurt, let me see,’

‘I’m fine!!’ she whined.

‘Oh, okay then let’s go to Hogsmeade,’ and he was pulling her by the hand and towards the door.

‘Blah blah blah, let’s go to Honeydukes, I’m out of blueberry pops. Honestly Miss Dracwyn, I wonder if you still like me or not,’

‘Of course I do!’

Jungkook turned around with a grin on his face, the one that Laura found annoyingly endearing. It was always fun to see her flustered after proclaiming her feelings for him and right on cue she crumpled with red cheeks.

‘You’re a piece of work!’ she beat his chest with her fists, and Jungkook cackled, head thrown back.

‘You love that don’t you,’ he sniggered, taking her hand again and heading to the ground floor.

Back in the Room of Requirements, Hoseok was still concentrating hard on his spell.

‘What are you trying to do?’ Jin asked.

‘Shh. It’s a dark curse,’

‘Oh my god, we’re losing Hoseok to the dark side!’ Jin feigned and Hoseok pushed him away.

‘Let me focus!!’

Jin chuckled and stopped his teasing, looking around the room for his next opponent. Emina and Vanessa had joined them today and he watched Namjoon demonstrate some spells to them. The Head Boy had his cloak and jumper off, sleeves of his white shirt rolled up and hair pushed back. Jin stood there gazing at his broad back, remembering how it looked naked and now he had 10
things he wanted to do to that back, most of it involving his mouth. Namjoon raised his hands to
execute the spell and he was so accurate with his aim. And then he was explaining Emina some
logic behind the hand movements that he learned in Charms 3 years ago. How did his brain hold so
much information? Why was he so irresistibly-

‘Keep it in your pants would you!’ Hoseok said from the side and Jin whipped his head to the
Hufflepuff, speechless for the first time in his life.

‘What? I didn- I wasn’t-’

Hoseok rolled his eyes, ‘You two practically spend the entire time together and still you can’t tear
your eyes off him,’

Jin’s retort was interrupted by a blonde Slytherin coming up behind Hoseok to tickle his ears with
a gummy smile and Jin huffed, ‘You lost all rights to tell me anything. Like you two can keep your
hands off each other,’

He let the two be, deciding to go back to his room for some reading. He said his goodbyes to
Namjoon, hand lingering on his waist and caressing his stomach as he left and of course Namjoon
noticed that, eyes watching Seokjin walk out.

*

‘Why is everyone sitting with this book again?’ Namjoon asked Jin who had propped himself on
the bed in their dorm, nose deep into the book on the Red War. The Min and Dracwyn versions lay
on the side table too.

‘If… everything goes downhill, and Abraxas comes back, not as a leader with good worldviews but
as a dictator equal to You Know Who, and we have to do something about it,’ Jin said. ‘I’d like to
see what our options are,’

‘And what do you have so far?’

‘Nothing really,’ Jin shook his head. ‘Yoongi said the Min arrow is not made for killing. What else
do we have? The mighty dragons are gone. I can’t smuggle Haetaes across the Asian continent into
Europe. We don’t even know if Asia has any Haetaes left. Too far fetched. I feel like… I know the
answer, yet don’t know what it is,’

‘What do you mean?’ Namjoon sat at the foot of the bed.

‘When Yoongi discussed this with me, I saw a vision, trying to see what can defeat Abraxas. The
vision showed me something important, I can feel it. But I don’t know what it is,’

‘It’ll come to you,’ Namjoon kept a hand on Jin’s knee. ‘Don’t forget to finish McGonagall’s
assignment in the meantime,’ Namjoon pointed with his face to the pile of homework on their
desks.

Jin scrunched his eyes shut and rolled his neck, ‘Fucking hell. Why do we have NEWTs!’

‘Namjoon!!!!’ they heard some yelling from the stairs growing closer to their door and there were
hurried bangs.

‘That sounds like a girl,’ Jin said as Namjoon hurriedly opened the door. The first year girl Katie
Bell stood with her hair blown up and a hand covering her left eye. She looked absolutely enraged.
'What’s wrong!!’ Namjoon dropped to his knees, worriedly looking at the junior. He touched one of the hair strands still smoking and it fell to ash.

‘How-many-times will the Weasley twins pull these dangerous pranks!’ Katie roared. ‘You have to expel them!’

‘Expel!!??’ he heard one of the notorious twins behind Katie. ‘C’mon! That’s too harsh!’

‘Ok let’s take this to the common area,’ Namjoon stood up and ushered them out. ‘Katie you should see Pomfrey-’

‘No! First I need them to apologize to me!’ she glared at the twins with her one eye.

The four headed to the common room. Namjoon sat on one of the red armchairs, elbows on his knees with the twins standing in front of him looking half guilty.

‘It was just a joke-,’ one of them started.

‘It wasn’t even aimed at her! It was for Snape and she walked in-’ the other started too.

‘Her hair will grow back in no time-’

‘We have a spell for it-’

The two kept rambling and Namjoon held a hand up.

‘You shouldn’t have done something like this in the first place,’ The Head Boy stood over the two red headed first years. ‘Pranks should be funny, where both the parties laugh in the end, not dangerous or humiliating,’

‘But we never thought that would blow up in her face!’ One of the identical boys said. They looked at Katie who stood a few feet away and she was still glaring with all her fury. Jin came to the door of the common room and halted at the staircase archway. Namjoon was in his head boy mode and Jin always felt soft and incredibly proud when he witnessed it.

Namjoon sighed, and crouched to be on level with the two brothers. ‘Listen, I know you two aren’t bad kids. So don’t get carried away in the fun. You know who’s had to listen countless times from McGonagall on your behalf? Charlie. He’s just trying to be a good older brother. Is that fair to him?’

The twins looked down and said in unison, ‘No.’

‘I’m not going to tell you to be a stickler for the rules. I maybe the first Head Boy saying that, don’t tell that to McG. But it’s true. I’m not asking you to conform. But, you two are good people so don’t put the lives of others in danger. Would your laugh be worth it if she had gone blind? Can you think about that for a moment?’

‘I guess… you’re right,’ one of them said.

‘Apologise to her,’ Namjoon looked at the girl and beckoned her forward.

‘Sorry Katie,’ the boys said in unison again.

‘If you do anything like this again I’ll do the same to you,’ Katie said, ‘and I’ve said it in front of the Head Boy so know that I mean it,’
‘Ok. But we really didn’t mean to hurt you,’ one of the twins said.

‘Alright, back to your dorms now. McG may give you detention so prepare for that,’

The boys nodded and scurried past Jin into their dorms.

Namjoon turned to the young girl. ‘Katie, they truly are sorry,’ Namjoon said before this turned into another fight. ‘I’ve heard both sides of the story and they accept they’re wrong. You three are in the same year, they are your friends. So think about that,’

Jin continued to watch this from the sides. Sure it was easy to handle a toddler. If they cried, you give them food or something colourful to play with. But handling a group of children who are starting to think for themselves wasn’t easy. And Namjoon did a heck of a good job of it. Jin had never seen any previous prefect or head student handle it so well. He was respectful, affectionate but still commanded respect. He cared so much for the kids when he actually didn’t need to. It made Jin feel warm and fuzzy all over. He could picture it… Namjoon with a child, guiding them, teaching them all the things he learned.

He felt a little silly, imagining all this at this point. He had loved Namjoon since he could remember but their couple-like relationship was just a few months old. Any elder would laugh at his naive thoughts… but he really could see that he wanted his future to be Namjoon. One day, once they have enough money to survive with, he wanted his own family with Namjoon. He wouldn’t say any of this to his boyfriend, of course. Speaking things so far into the future never did any good. He may feel all this for Namjoon but the younger may not have thought so much into the future. But he could see it, as clear as reality.. he didn’t know if it was a vision or just his imagination, Namjoon holding a little kid’s hand, teaching her to walk. It was on a beach, pleasant wind blowing over the sunny sand. Jin didn’t know if… if that was his child too but he surely knew that Namjoon would be the best father anyone could ever have and he felt the pride for his boyfriend rise in him again.

‘Since when are you standing there?’ Came the voice of the said best future father and Jin looked at him with a smile.

‘A while,’

‘What’s up? You seem… happy but thoughtful,’ Namjoon walked towards him. Jin instantly caressed him from his neck, over his shoulders and arms before intertwining their hands.

‘I just feel very proud when you take care of any difficult situation with the young ones,’ Jin beamed as both headed to their room.

‘Young ones,’ Namjoon smiled as if his thoughts resonated with Jin’s slightly. ‘They are such a handful,’

‘But you do it efficiently… I know you’re a great brother to Eunjun, I just know it. You’ll… you’ll be a wonderful father one day too. I mean it Namjoon,’

The younger looked at him a moment and saw one of those rare smiles on Jin. The one of true and content happiness. Namjoon pecked his cheeks before his eyes found all the undone homework on his study table.

‘Oh god I’ve to get to that!’ He rushed towards it, while Jin reluctantly let go of his hand.

The head boy settled on his desk, methodically unrolling a scroll of parchment and taking his textbook to make notes from. Jin took his place in defeat on the bed behind the desks, opening his
transfiguration book and flipping through it with a pout. He didn’t intend his caresses and happiness to lead to homework. He certainly won’t be able to concentrate on *Effects of Human Transmutation* in his textbook when his mind was reeling with ideas about the Head Boy.

‘Do you have a lot to finish Joonie?’

‘Yeah. Need to make notes of two whole chapters,’ he said while repositioning himself on the chair. He stretched his arm, trying to work a knot on his back and rolled his neck. ‘I think my muscle pain is back,’

‘Oh no,’ Jin immediately got off the bed, coming to him to seize the opportunity of putting his hands on his body again. ‘I could give you a massage, like the old times you know?’

Namjoon smiled, ‘That would be nice… but lately your hands on me make me lose focus of all else,’

‘Do they?’ Jin asked with intent, ‘And just lately? My touch had no effect on you before the Yule ball?’

‘Are you kidding? Everytime you massaged my back, I wanted to lean back into you, turn my head and kiss you. You have no idea how hard I resisted. It was literal torture,’

Jin chuckled, and started to massage Namjoon’s upper back and shoulders, pads of his fingers pressing in and squeezing. ‘Well, you don’t have to resist now. So just ease into the massage and kiss me when you feel like,’

‘Thank you… for all the massages,’

Jin bent down and kissed the side of Namjoon’s neck. His hands rubbed and squeezed his arms, Jin always loved how strong the muscles felt in his grasp. Namjoon seemed to be relaxing under his touch, his breaths settling, the tense muscles loosening.

‘Hmmm… I love your massages the most,’

‘The most?’ Jin asked softly, lips near the other’s ear. He moved forward, pushing Namjoon to sit straight and sat on his lap, legs straddling him.

‘I thought you loved my kisses the most,’ Jin teased him. Their faces were close, vision allowing them to focus only on one aspect of the other’s face. Jin was looking straight into Namjoon’s eyes as he spoke ‘Do I remind you how good they are?’ And he looked down to his lips.

‘Please,’ Namjoon agreed as if in a trance, his sight locked on the movements of Jin’s brown eyes. Jin moved his hands from Namjoon’s chest, winding them around his neck and kissed him, slow, heated. He took his time, sucking on the other’s lips, upper, lower then pushed his tongue in, meeting his, rolling together softly.

Jin was feeling extra handsy today and Namjoon could sense that. The older’s hands were wandering under Joon’s shirt, touching smooth bare skin and in turn their mouths opened wider, tongues lapping forward. Jin’s fingers would brush over his nipples, softly pinching them whenever his teeth would nip at Joon’s lips. His hands would grip Joon’s waist and then push between his thighs, running over the bulge in his pants and Jin loved the way the other would moan into the kiss at these actions.

‘Joon?’
‘Mmhmm,’ Namjoon acknowledged without separating their lips.

‘Fuck me, right now, please,’ came Jin’s whispered plea.

‘Of course baby,’ Namjoon cradled his face.

Jin stood up, pulling Namjoon up by his tie which he then hurriedly pulled off. Both undressed, helping each other pull off every piece of clothing and Namjoon kept pushing Jin backwards until his butt pressed on the edge of the table behind him.

‘Your books?’ Jin asked in between their resumed kisses. Namjoon looked around for his wand, and found it resting beside his currently open assignment. He flicked it wordlessly until all the books, quills and inkwells stacked themselves at the corner and those precise movements just made Jin yearn for him even more ferally. Jin growled, grabbed Namjoon by the neck and hopped on the desk, spreading his legs. Namjoon caught them by the back of the knee, pressing it towards Jin’s chest. His mouth went down to eat him up, only this time, they were angled in such a way that Jin had a perfect view of all that Namjoon’s tongued planned to do.

‘Mmmhh,’ Jin’s moan was a shiver when Joon’s tongue pressed on his entrance. He grabbed hold on Namjoon’s hair and watched him eat him up, lips closing around his balls, mouth opening and tongue circling his rim, pushing in teasingly. Namjoon kept his eyes on Jin, watching the rise and fall of his chest, watching his eyes glaze with hunger. He pushed Jin’s leg further, knees touching chest and just buried himself between them.

‘Mmmm you’re tongue is more skilled than I ever imagined…’ Jin threw his head back now. ‘Everytime you- Ah!’ Jin gasped. Namjoon had pushed a finger in and was now pumping it in and out.

‘You were saying?’ He teased.

‘You’re- Oh fuck!’ Jin felt his hole stretch more, two of Namjoon’s long, beautiful fingers disappearing inside it. Jin opened his eyes and watched how elegantly Namjoon’s fingers worked him up, pushing in deep, curling, scissoring. Jin might just develop a hand kink from his perfect fingers.

“I didn’t catch that baby,’ Joon smirked. By now he knew the exact spots to touch Jin that would drive him closer to his climax. And all he ever wanted was to ruin Jin over and over again.

‘Fuck me before I go crazy,’ Jin cried.

Namjoon quickly grabbed the bottle of lube and squeezed in on to Jin, streaks on his balls and perineum, dripping to his entrance. Joon rubbed his thumbs over it, spreading it over the rim and enjoying the show, how wet Jin looked, how he panted and his hole clenched around nothing, yearning for him. His wet fingers ran from the tip of Jin’s pink cock, over the ridges and veins, softly caressing his balls, trailing over the perineum and then rubbing over the hole.

‘How much will you tease me!’

‘You’re so eager today… so, desperate,’ Namjoon gave him a chaste kiss.

‘I am,’ Jin grabbed the bottle and coated his palm with the lube. He wound his hand around Namjoon’s length and pumped him, drawing him closer to him. ‘Please, I need you inside, right now Namjoon!’

Namjoon held his tip and pressed into Jin and once he was in, he started thrusting in and out.
‘Yes baby, just like that,’ Jin closed his eyes and let his head fall back. Namjoon pressed close to him, putting Jin’s legs over his shoulders and winding his arms around Jin’s back so he could pull him flush against him. Namjoon opened his mouth and licked in strips over Jin’s neck, feeling the vibration of every moan on his throat. Both were grunting and gasping for air, thrusting harder and faster.

In the next moment, Namjoon was lifting Jin up. He carried him to the bed and set him flat on his back before pulling his waist up, cock pushing inside him. Jin was laid the other way, head at one edge of the bed while Namjoon stood on the floor at the other edge.

His own cock deep into Jin, Namjoon started with stroking Jin’s generous length, hand wrapping and twisting up. He rubbed his thumb over his pink tip while rotating his hips which had the older moaning with his eyes closed. Jin grinded his hips in tandem and both kept that movement going, the pleasure in the pit of their stomachs built higher and higher.

‘Tell me,’ Namjoon asked, ‘Not that I’m complaining but I know something made you this eager today. What is it?’

‘You.’ Jin breathed out, ‘The way you have a command over things. I just wanted you to take me,’

‘Take you how?’

‘Spread me as wide as you like,’ Jin said. ‘And fuck me so hard I can’t walk tomorrow, just do as you please with me, whatever you want, however you want,’

Namjoon’s cock throbbed inside Jin and for some moments he was lost for words, his jaw slack.

‘Mmmm, you like when I talk dirty?’ Jin smirked. ‘Then why don’t you do what my words are making you imagine?’

Namjoon slowly drew out till the tip and bit his lip. He grabbed onto the back of Jin’s knees, slowly spreading his legs wide, careful not to stretch it too much. He couldn’t help but watch his boyfriend, the way he looked so wicked lying open for him, cock hard and leaking on his lower stomach.

‘You like me like this don’t you,’ Jin said to him and Namjoon couldn’t believe he was calling him out this way and to add to his delectable misery, Jin was spreading his legs further, locking his ankles behind Joon and pushing him in. Jin pushed his head back, dipping behind the edge of the bed with a moan as Joon entered him again and he started to fuck him. All Namjoon could see now were Jin’s lips parted in moans, his beautiful jaw and that glorious neck, stretched back in ecstasy.

‘You feel so fucking good inside me,’ Jin said, words hiccuping at his thrust. ‘Fill me up so good… go harder baby, please!’

Namjoon bent forward, biting Jin’s neck and sucking as he started to thrust harder and faster than before. The muscles on his arms and chest ripples, shaking with the movements. He was grunting into the crook of Jin's neck each time he went in. Jin’s moans grew faster with his thrusts and in a few moments he heard Jin cry hard, a warm wetness coming on Namjoon’s chest and he felt him clench around his cock. With the next few thrusts Namjoon came too, spilling into Jin while the older pressed him in deep with his legs crossed on Namjoon's back. He slowed, riding out the orgasm with drawn out movements of his hips. His arms had a pleasant ache from all the lifting and balancing but now they were giving away their strength to feel the pleasure running through it. Jin grabbed his face and kissed him before Namjoon rolled on the bed to lie down.
‘Fuck…’ Namjoon exhaled. ‘That was… that was different,’

‘It was,’ Jin nodded. ‘You know I like it when you go hard,’ Jin intertwined their hands. ‘You’re so wonderfully careful for me,’ Jin kissed the back of his palm. ‘But, you can let go. I know it will still be good, like it just was,’

Namjoon turned to his side to face Jin and both lay looking at each other for a few moments.

‘You’re right,’ Namjoon smiled with shy dimples. ‘This was more than good,’ he snuggled closer to Jin, burying his head into the older’s chest, leaving a few soft kisses on him. ‘Kim Seokjin I think I’m addicted to you for life,’

Jin chuckled, hugging Namjoon closer, ‘Then my future looks quite blissful,’

They lay together for a while, fingers tracing mindless lines over their bodies. Slowly, Jin got up with a sigh to get cleaned and Namjoon helped him, giving him a peck on the cheek, lip or forehead whenever he saw an opportunity. They climbed into Jin’s bed in their pyjamas and pulled the blankets over them.

‘Did you see Tae at dinner?’ Jin asked.

‘Nope,’ Namjoon shook his head. ‘I’m a little worried now. I thought the duel club will bring him closer. It doesn’t seem to be doing that,’

Jin wrapped a hand over the dip of Namjoon’s waist and closed his eyes. ‘I hope he comes back. I promised his mother I’ll take care of him but he doesn’t even look at me anymore. Bring him back Joon, he only listens to you,’

‘I’ll try my best,’ Joon kissed his forehead.

Sleep caught to them in the next few moments but Jin’s mind was feeling a little uneasy. In his half asleep state he kept seeing Taehyung near the lake, alone. Why had he become so cold and distant? Weren’t his friends being supportive enough?

He’s going through a phase… Jin convinced himself. We all thought we are so wise when we turned 15, didn’t we? He was still their friend behind all that he tried to be.

He knew he should help Taehyung, maybe not by approaching him but by keeping a watch on the unknown enemies… Where they enemies? Or future friends? He got up from the bed and sat in front of their tall mirror. Staring at his reflection, he contemplated if he should be doing this.

*Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window)* Akira Senju - The Alchemists Theme

He looked into the mirror, dark eyes determined. He had travelled through a mirror once… from the Dracwyn house back to the Hogwarts infirmary. maybe he could do it again? The Guild would have some sort of reflecting surface in their base to connect him. Jin stretched out his hand. His reflection was dim in the faint light of midnight. Slowly, he touched the surface of the mirror and felt the energy flow out of him. He was travelling through different places, like he was apparating. He had to catch on to something to lead him to the Guild. He tried to remember their faces, Hohen, Taehyung’s father, Serafin… someone… and he found it, he was in a room, a huge, spacious room. It seemed familiar, like the room he had seen Martaeus in, kneeling in front of a veil. It looked like a palace made of limestone. The architecture looked like a mix of roman and mediterrenean. There were a few people walking around in the castle hallways, going from one closed door to another.
Jin realised he couldn't travel through closed doors. He would only be able to move in the space he had come to as long as he wouldn’t need to interact with any obstructing objects. He saw a big room, lined with moon charts, transmutation circle constructions and formulas. Three alchemists were inside, one was observing the sky and making notes, the other two were trying transmutations with fire and water.

Jin walked around the room, peering over the shoulders of these alchemists at work, trying to figure out their notes but this was extremely advanced science and he wasn’t even sure they were writing a language Jin knew. Sighing, he resorted to watch their experiments.

‘Master wants a report soon, we’re past our deadline,’ one of the transmuters said.

‘We should get going then,’ the sky observer said, putting his telescope down. ‘Any luck Jonathan?’

‘No,’ the water transmuter said. ‘Either your calculations about the moon are wrong or I’m doing something wrong.

‘We must go,’ the other one said. ‘Master will not be happy,’

‘But he’s generous,’

Jin followed the three who went into the room where Jin had seen Martaeus kneeling in his previous vision.

‘Doria,’ one of them said to the Alchemist guarding the room. ‘We’re here to see the master,’

‘Ah, my friends,’ they heard the thin voice of their leader, ‘Come in, I’ve been waiting.’

The three entered and Jin with them.

‘Master, my calculations have failed,’ the astronomer said. ‘Jonathan was not therefore not able to produce the optimum results,’

‘Did it crystallize at all Jonathan?’

‘No master,’

‘You all seem so distraught…’ The voice said, ‘It will not do if you work in such spirits. You must keep looking forward,’

‘Yes master,’ the three bowed.

‘And who’s your companion here?’ the voice asked. Jin froze while the rest looked at each other in confusion.

‘Who’s there master?’ Doria, the guard withdrew her wand.

‘Lift the veil,’ the voice said and Doria went ahead to lift the white curtain. Jin should run… but he wanted to see once and for all, what was behind that veil. He stood frozen and gulped. There was no way that thing could see him. No one else did. Maybe their master was not referring to him. Maybe it was something else entirely.

The curtain lifted and there was the blackbird, his red, glowing eyes looking directly Jin.

‘Hello boy,’ the bird’s beak was shut but it cocked it’s head to side, like it was observing Jin.
‘Good to see you. You’ve come a long way,’

‘Master,’ Doria looked concerned, ‘Who are you talking to?’

‘What is your name?’ the bird asked. ‘Oh, how awful of me, I should introduce myself first. I am Abraxas,’

_He can see me?_

‘You look so frightened! Are you not supposed to be here? You do feel… out of place. That’s interesting… how did you get here?’

Jin knew he had to get out as soon as he could. His legs finally moved, he turned around and ran to find a mirror.

Jin fell back on his chair, a crack running on his face. The sound woke Namjoon.

‘Jin!’ he saw him on the floor, trying to stand up and failing. He at once rushed to help him.

‘Abraxas saw me...’ Jin said, more to himself than to Namjoon.

‘He saw you? In a mirror?’

‘There were no mirrors!’ Jin said. ‘He saw me, standing in the room like how you’re seeing me. That… that shouldn’t be possible. It was my vision, I wasn’t really there, how could he-’

‘Jin, breathe, please breathe!’ Namjoon held him close, observing his face closely. There was a small crack on his cheek and when he looked at Jin’s forearm, another crack ran from his inner elbow till his wrist. Unlike the previous ones, these were fading. They were like permanent cracks on porcelain.

*

‘Master,’ Doria was frantically looking around. ‘Where is he?’

‘He’s gone,’ Abraxas said. ‘Call Martaeus, I want to see him,’ the voice spoke calmly.

The three other alchemists left with confused faces. Martaeus was sent for and the man soon arrived.

‘Yes Abraxas?’

‘Martaeus… does your son have friends who are special like him?’

‘Friends? Other Elkyres?’ he asked, looking up at him.

‘Not Elkyre… but special in a different way… maybe who can control the element of time and space,’

‘I don’t know of any such person master,’ Martaeus said and stood up.

‘I could sense a familiarity in him,’ Abraxas said. ‘A familiarity in his power. Could it be that I’ve met his kind before?’

‘You’ve lived a couple of hundred years,’ Martaeus said. ‘You probably have,’
‘You say the Kim line still lives?’ Abraxas asked.

‘Yes. They have defabricated into several families but the direct line is still alive and powerful,’

‘Ah… amazing,’

‘Why?’

‘I want that boy…’ Abraxas. ‘Yes… It could be great to have him,’

‘How is he of any use to you?’ Martaeus asked. ‘He’s not an alchemist or an Elkyre,’

‘You’re right, he’s not. But he can be anywhere he wants without physically being present there. He can watch over the entire world… Wouldn’t it be wonderful… to be him?’
Hi!

I wrote this chapter in a bit of a rush, I’ve been feeling kind of demotivated and tired. But writing is the only thing that makes me happy so I wanted to keep the momentum of the updates going. If you see any grammatical or spelling errors, please excuse me.

*Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window)* [Ramin Djawadi - Winter is Coming](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9Cq67YlQXWI)

Jin shivered. He was sweating, breath unable to ease out of his chest. Namjoon draped him with their blanket and quickly fetched some warm water for him to drink. After Jin had come back from the mirror he was so afraid of that object that Namjoon put a cloth over it and turned it the other way so it faced the wall and not the room.

Namjoon sat near Jin, handing him the cup of water and wrapping his arms around him. This was the first time ever that Namjoon had seen him actually afraid. It pained him beyond any physical infliction to see Jin this way. ‘Hey, you’re back here now, he can’t get you,’

‘I’m not healing,’ Jin’s eyes had been teary since a while. ‘He’s been breaking me… I should’ve known this sooner. He’s breaking me,’

‘He cannot break you Jin. You are the strongest person I have ever known. You are stronger than him,’ Namjoon cupped his face.

‘Am I?’ Jin accused himself. ‘Then why… why is my body being so weak! I’m scarred, permanently scarred,’ he touched the small crack on his cheek, below his right eye.

Namjoon held that hand of his. ‘We’ll find a way to heal it. We’ll go to the ends of the earth. I will find something, don’t worry about it! Do you trust me?’

Namjoon knew it was an empty promise. They didn’t even know what had caused this, but he couldn’t let Jin crumble into despair. He had to give him some hope in this fearful moment.

Jin put his head down on Namjoon’s lap and cried, without inhibitions. Namjoon silently stroked his head, letting him take all the time in the world. It seemed like hours until Jin got silent and just sniffled, swollen eyes red and burning.

‘Jin, you have me. You’ll always have me, understood?’ Namjoon spoke softly. ‘I’ll take care of everything,’ he combed his fingers through Jin’s soft hair. ‘Does your mom know you can see? Do you want to talk to her?’

‘She doesn’t know the extent of it. I used to have dreams when I was small, dreams that came true. But my father discouraged the idea. I don’t know why. Kims were great prophesizers earlier. But now… people think it’s the job of crazy persons and cheap parlour trickers. He doesn’t like anyone in the family depending on the arts of divination. I want to tell my father, that this thing he’s ashamed of, I got it from him. His lineage. It’s no fault of mine,’
‘It will never be your fault,’ Namjoon said. ‘Your father should be embracing a rare gift,’

‘What are we going to do? About Abraxas,’

‘Did you see anything there? Anything sinister?’

‘He’s sinister enough. A talking bird… with red eyes. How could he see me!?’

‘Maybe… his powers are metaphysical too? He can talk to Taehyung in his mind… like how you sometimes hear people’s thoughts?’

‘So he’s like me? He can see?’

‘We don’t know… maybe?’

Jin gave a sarcastic chuckle, ‘Well that’s what we needed didn’t we? A stronger enemy,’ he hoisted up, wiping his tear stained cheeks. His hand brushed over the crack but it didn’t hurt anymore. It felt numb.

*Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Ramin Djawadi - The Wars To Come*

‘We should tell the others about this development shouldn’t we?’

‘We can tell them in time,’ Namjoon squeezed Jin’s hand. ‘And… I can tell them. You don’t have to be there if you don’t want to,’

Jin stroked the side of Namjoon’s face, eyes filling with gratitude, ‘You always take care of me… but if I don’t be there, people are going to think I’m a coward,’

‘No one in that group… heck, in this entire castle, thinks you’re a coward. Even those snobby Slytherins agree you’re bolder than them,’ Namjoon said. ‘But, for me, can you take it easy? Let me take some of that burden,’ he kissed Jin, hoping to distract him from the fear and worry, hoping he feels loved and secure.

*

The next morning the group was called to the clubroom. Namjoon, despite his reasoning of wanting to include Taehyung in everything eventually made the decision of not calling him. Jin wasn’t in the clubroom when Namjoon began to explain the events of the night. By the time he finished, everyone sat with a flabbergasted expression, mouths open and eyes wide.

Yoongi was the first one to break the silence.

‘Have you told Taehyung about it?’

Namjoon shook his head, ‘I thought it better to discuss with you all first,’

‘Good,’ Yoongi said. ‘I mean… I care for Tae but… there’s something off about him. I mentioned this to Jin too. I feel like Abraxas is influencing him a lot,’

‘He said he’s breaking?’ Jungkook asked. He looked the most worried among all of them.

‘Yes… and he literally means that. There’s a scar on his face… and his forearms. Don’t ask him about it. We’re trying disillusion charms to hide it from the other students. Jungkook, and the rest of you, I need you to keep your eyes and ears open. Find out why this contact with Abraxas could be breaking him. While you’re reading or if you hear Trelawney say something, make sure to tell
‘Of course,’ was the unified response as all nodded in understanding.

‘I think you should tell Jin not to use his powers anymore,’ Jimin said. ‘No matter what. He feels the need to help with the abilities he’s given but not at this cost. We can protect without him having to put his life in danger this way,’

Namjoon listened to all them voicing the same thing. He nodded, promising to talk to Jin about it, and praying that Jin listens.

* 

‘It’s here Madam Serafin,’ Doreen announced from the chamber’s doors. Two men carrying a locked trunk came into Abraxas’ room. The bird on the fire Elkyre’s shoulder blinked his eyes on the new arrival and waited for them to set the boxes and leave.

‘Thank your that will be all,’ Serafin nodded. ‘Here is your payment,’ she removed several gold pieces from her satchel and handed it to the men. As the men excitedly took the payment, locks of Serafin’s hair coiled forward, turning into tongues of flame. They lingered close to the faces of the two men, threatening to touch. ‘Not a word to another soul,’ Serafin said. ‘Because if you break your word, I will know if it’s and then you’ll burn alive. Is that understood?’

‘Yes,’ the two nervously nodded. ‘It’s safe with us. We would never betray you or your cause,’

‘Good,’ Serafin pulled her hair back. ‘You may leave now,’ and the men hurried out of the chamber. Doreen nodded at the fire elkyre and closed the door behind her. Now that Serafin and Abraxas were alone, she opened the two trunks. The contents shined gloriously, pebbles that looked like amber, onyx, aquamarine and diamonds were laid orderly inside the trunks. Serafin bent low and picked up one of the yellow-orange stones, observing it closely.

‘It’s powerful, I can feel it,’ Serafin said.

‘They look marvelous,’ Abraxas said. ‘I hope I don’t have to use them,’

‘You should have a talk with Torrhen,’ Serafin hovered her hand over the other stones. She touched the blue one and retracted her hand with a hiss. ‘We need to make sure if we need the fire stones to make him bend to us. I don’t trust Martaeus, maybe we should keep the earth stones ready for him,’

‘Neither do I trust him, but he gave me true information about this Kim boy,’

‘Master, are you sure about taking that boy? What about getting your old body back?’

‘When I saw this boy, it was delightfully shocking… someone’s consciousness travelled here. I’ve never seen a power like it. Imagine if you could project your presence to multiple places in the world… watch over everything that is happening. A leader needs that, don’t you think? I can spy on my enemy and they can’t even touch me. And if his legacy is true then he can see the future. Imagine holding so much power in your hands. What is my old body compared to that? Just an unnecessary attachment. Besides, this boy reminds me of my youth,’

‘I’ve seen him briefly, when I first met Taehyung. He is, quite beautiful. Like how you were described to be. Maybe if Taehyung comes, this boy will come too. They are friends aren’t they,’ Serafin said while locking the trunks, ‘But for now, make sure Torrhen is with us,’ and both headed towards Torrhen’s chambers where the man was on the bed, reading a book titled
‘Advanced Transfiguration’.

‘What are you reading?’ Serafin sashayed in. Since a few days she had been adding red to her appearance and now her outer cloak was a crimson that stood out starkly wherever she went.

‘A school book Martaeus lent me. I never went to school you see. Wanted to know what the kids are learning.’

‘You lived your entire life in exile,’ Abraxas said as Serafin walked forward. She set the bird on the table in the center of the room and left. ‘I understand your pain. You couldn’t trust anyone in your life, could you?’

‘No, I couldn’t. I couldn’t have friends or a family. The forest was my family,’ Torrhen replied, sitting up and pushing his dark hair out of his face.

‘I need to know once again that I can completely trust you,’ Abraxas said to him. ‘The path we are taking is for the greater good but it will not be without sacrifices or bloodshed. Will you stand with me even if the picture does not look pretty?’

‘What do you mean?’

‘We need to win our freedom,’ Abraxas said. ‘We will have to bring down the Ministry and the leaders who sit on high seats. Either they bend, or they die, do you understand it’s necessity?’

Torrhen didn’t speak. He looked hard at Abraxas and remembered his past. He remembered being pulled away from his parents. He remembered being tortured. He remembered rumours of these ‘civilised’ men taking in more of his family, his cousins, because apparently what he had was passed on by blood. If he could have this power, someone else in his family could have it too. He had lost count of how many members of his family had gone missing.

‘I understand the necessity,’ Torrhen said. ‘If we don’t win, we don’t have a future,’

‘And to win, we need the philosopher’s stone, at any cost. We need to create it no matter what. Do you understand that too?’

Torrhen nodded, ‘All I’ve wanted, for the past twenty years is to live in the light, do whatever I’ve wanted to, like a normal human being. I will do anything it takes to create the stone,’

‘The ministry knows, it’s known since I was Nicholas Flamel that someone is trying to create the Philosopher’s stone again. They know one needs elkyres and alchemy for it. This once chance we have is the only chance. If we fail this time, it’s either death or a life of hiding. There is no one to support us. We are on our own, belonging to different corners of the world,’

*  

_Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window)_ Ramin Djawadi - Dragonglass (Taehyung & Abraxas)

Taehyung had found a small eyot somewhere far off in the great lake. He liked this place, no one could really see him here unless they used very strong omniculours. He lay on his back on the grassy land mass, hand outstretched in front of his face. On the dire requests of his friends, winter was over and now the days were sunnier.
He wondered about the end of term. He was hoping he could meet one of the Elkyres during his holidays. But at home his freedom will be limited. How could he convince his parents he wants to learn alchemy? He wanted to know what more was out there, how powerful where the other elkyres. He wanted to see this castle Abraxas lives in and hear more of his life stories.

While in his thoughts, Taehyung transformed his hand to water, bending it into a wave and then back. Maybe he didn’t need to convince anyone. He was stronger than everyone he knew, he could take care of himself. His mother should stop worrying about him.

HelloTaehyung

‘Hello Abraxas,’ he said out loud.

You’re spending a lot of time alone. Where are your friends?

‘In the castle. Studying, hooking up, I don’t know,’

You once told me you were friends with Mins, Dracwyns and Kims?

‘Yeah, I am. Why?’

‘I’m fascinated! Tell me more about them. Such important people from important bloodlines,’

‘Well…‘ Taehyung cleared his throat. ‘I was a secret friend of Laura. Only this year we’ve let the world know that we’re friends since 4 years. She’s helpful and so his Min Yoongi, her cousin,’

The Mins and Dracwyns are related now! That’s news!

‘Yeah, two dragon families right? Did Aquirys have any special beast that would come to its beck and call?’

He didn’t. Though water creatures were friendly to him. And they helped him.

‘I guess that’s cool too,’ Taehyung shrugged.

And what about the Kim?

‘Kim… Kim Seokjin. He’s looked after me and my friends ever since my first year. He’s older to all of us,’

I remember the Kims used to be great prophesiers.

‘Oh he is,’ Taehyung said and then paused. Should he… tell Abraxas? They’ve shared a lot so far, and it’s been alright.

What do you mean?

‘Jin… he’s more powerful than the rest. Must be his bloodline. He can see the future sometimes,’

That’s marvellous. How fascinating! He must be so proud of his powers.

‘I don’t know if he’s proud… he talks about them like he wished he didn’t have it. He doesn’t like entering people’s thoughts without their permission, or seeings this he can’t change,’

He is a legilimens?
‘I think so,‘

A prophesying legilimens… if I was him, I would feel like the luckiest person on earth.

Taehyung chuckled, ‘Tell him that! He’ll be relieved someone appreciates his powers so much!’

I hope I meet him one day. He seems extraordinary…

*

His mother stood alone, in the same spot. Jin was standing on dewy grass. And his mother was crying.

Someone called her… he couldn’t hear it, only see a figure in the far distance, the figure was blurry and hazy. His mother turned back to see that person and then left.

‘Seok-Jin,’

A clear voice called him, clear, familiar and high pitched. He had heard it once before…

Abraxas…

‘I found you Seokjin,’ the voice said again. ‘Don’t worry, I’m a friend,’

No… No no…

‘I can heal you…’

‘Jinnie,’ he heard Em’s voice and then her hand was shaking him. ‘Wake up moron, we’re in class,’

Jin stirred awake, slowly opening his eyes to the darkness of the Astronomy tower. He brought his left hand up to rub his eyes.

‘What’s happened to your wrist?’ Emina grabbed his hand and tried to pull the sleeve up but Jin pulled it back.

‘Nothing happened,’ he said.

‘I see a scar,’

‘You’re seeing things,’

‘Then show me!’

‘Ssh! Stop making so much noise Head Girl,’

He earned a glare from Emina but he pushed her face away with his other hand and pretended to adjust his telescope.

‘I’m not leaving this,’ Emina said, turning to her own telescope.

‘I know…’

Namjoon was giving him a concerned look but Jin waved him off, returning to his work like it was nothing.
Jin put his eye into the telescope lens and looked to the sky. But his mind was on the vision he had just seen. Why was his mother alone? Where was his father? He hadn’t spoken to his father since Christmas. Kim Hyunseok had sent him a letter but Jin never replied back to him. Maybe he should… Jin was having an uneasy feeling about this, a certain amount of guilt creeping into him that he had ignored his family in his rage. But there was also dread. Dread of Abraxas upon him… making him feel maybe he should cherish the people he has before it’s too late.

‘How are you feeling?’ Namjoon asked when they entered the room. Both threw their bags on the table, stretching their bodies to shake off the strain of the school day.

‘I’m ok Joonie,’ he said endearingly. ‘I love you taking care of me, but I don’t want to see you stressed 24x7,’

‘Then will you listen to something I have to say?’ Namjoon took his hands in his and Jin looked at him curiously. ‘I am not trying to impose this on you,’

‘I know you wouldn’t,’ Jin said. ‘What is it, tell me,’

‘I thought on this a lot. And I think, you should stop using your powers, even if it is to help one of us,’

When Jin started to speak Namjoon hushed him, ‘Hear me out. I know you feel a responsibility… but along with your safety in mind, if you use your powers, we don’t know what Abraxas can do through it. You are like a channel. What if he can see through you, or know your thoughts? That’s dangerous. He may be able to spy on us,’

Jin looked down at their wrapped hands and rubbed circles with his thumb on the back of Namjoon’s hand, ‘You’re right. Until we know what Abraxas is, I can’t give him a chance to connect to me,’

‘Has he tried connecting to you?’

‘He did. I had a dream during Astronomy. But I’m going to effectively block him. I won’t let him take me over,’

‘I know you are strong Jin,’ Namjoon cupped his face. ‘Not just because you’re from an ancient line of powerful wizards, I mean yeah that’s an added bonus but because I’ve known you like my second skin for seven years,’ he kissed him softly and then started to lean into him, the kisses becoming shorter smooches on the other’s lips that had Jin giggling as he got pushed back by Namjoon.

‘And so that you don’t go mad with your worries and thoughts,’ Namjoon said. ‘I’ve planned a new schedule,’

‘What’s that?’

‘I’ll tutor you everyday for 4 hours. Put all your focus in the exam preparations. And whenever we take a break,’ he leaned in close to Jin’s ear, ‘We can try a new position,’

Jin laughed, eyes almost closing, ‘That seems like a good schedule. I think this is a good idea. To try and live like a normal person. No visions of the future to cloud my head. And maybe I’ll pass NEWTs after all!’

‘You already were going to pass,’ Namjoon kissed him again, ‘Shall we head to bed?’
‘In a bit? I… I want to write a letter home,’

‘Oh! Okay, I’ll wait for you,’ Namjoon squeezed Jin’s hand and headed to change.

Jin lit a lamp and sat on his study desk. He was tired, but he needed to get this out of his mind. Taking some parchment and quill, he started writing,

Dear Father,

There was a long pause after the first line. He did not know what to write. Did he care about his father? Yes he did. Did he care about Kim Hyunseok… Jin wasn't so sure. He and his father never agreed on anything. Be it life choices or life’s principles. Hyunseok had created this mirage for his own conscious that whatever he was doing, was eventually for the good. Yet, Jin did feel guilty. He had some duties as their only son… the most basic being to care for the people who brought him into the world.

Hope you are doing well. It’s been a while since I wrote home. How is mother? Is your shoulder still giving you late night aches? The Ministry has you working hard like always?

My school is going well. I’m preparing for NEWTs. The exams start in a month and I’m working hard. I will do my best.

Love,

Jin

He sealed the letter. As per family rule, he had to stamp it with his clan’s sigil, a golden haetae. We Serve Justice. The words written on a scroll below the beast’s feet in the script of his ancestors and he headed to the owlery to send the letter.

* 

The Slytherins were finishing up their potions assignments, sitting on the floor by the fireplace in their common room. It was past 12 and all of them were yawning, trying to hurry up and finish.

‘Ok I can’t stay up longer,’ Laura yawned for the fifth time. ‘I’m off to bed. I’ll about the rest of this in the morning,’ she rolled up her parchment and left Ash and Jimin in the room.

Ash was done too and was silently gathering her things, stuffing them into the bag. She grabbed a ruler, bringing it to her but Jimin grabbed her wrist.

‘You picked my ruler by mistake,’ he said to her. ‘Yours is there,’ he pointed to the side of the rug.

‘Sorry,’ she said curtly, pulling her hand back but Jimin didn’t let go.

‘Ash…’

‘Let go Jimin. We have nothing to talk about,’

‘I’m sorry,’

‘For what exactly?’

‘For ignoring you and upsetting you,’

‘And what was the reason for this ignorance?’
Jimin let go of her hand and leaned back, looking at her. ‘You know the reason,’

‘Then you know my thoughts on that reason. I told you, I’m in, not out, whatever your struggles are,’

‘You know I trust you. But I don’t trust my situation. You will not be happy with me,’

‘You don’t get to decide what makes me happy,’

‘What if something happens to me, the way it happened to Roland? What then?’

‘Well, to be very frank, you will hurt me by pushing me away. And I will still be in pain if… something happens to you. So where’s the sunny side to it?’

Jimin shook his head, burying his face into his palms, ‘I should’ve never… I shouldn’t have gotten you into this,’

‘Thank you for making your regret clear,’ Ash snapped and headed to her room with fast steps before he saw her eyes tear up.

Jimin felt the rage and sadness in him multiply. He pushed his books and inkwells, thrashing them to the side and left the common room.

He under a shadow formed by the archways sat in the silent courtyard, his pocket watch in hand, except this watch told the date instead of time at the touch of Jimin’s wand. There were ten days left for the next full moon. His life was a cycle of torment at this point, each fifteen days counting down to the dreaded day, wondering if this is the month he’ll transform, or will he be the same, chained safely. Or will this be his last month. He understood Ash’s anger, if they had switched places, there was no way he would be okay leaving Ash’s side when her life was at its worst. He loved her, he wouldn’t care about his pain if it meant he could stay beside her and maybe make her happy. And now if Ash too wasn’t ready to leave his side did it mean she loved-

‘Jimin?’ he heard Jin’s voice and turned around. The senior walked to him and sat beside him. Jin, contrary to Jimin sat on the side of the moonlight. His skin looked beautiful in the night glow, despite the disillusionment charm wearing off by the end of the day.

‘You’re up late,’ the Slytherin said. ‘As per Jungkook you go to bed by 10PM,’

‘We had astronomy tonight,’ Jin replied. ‘But what are you doing here? Something’s up, I can see it in your face,’

‘I got Ash involved in my mess. I don’t know what to do,’

‘Ash involved in your mess? I thought we were past who pulled in who in this gigantic mess at this point,’

‘I’m not in a position to keep her happy. I don’t even know… if I’ll make through the next full moon,’

Jin kept his hand on Jimin’s knee, ‘You’re stronger than you think Jimin. You’re stronger than what anyone thinks of you, even if they know you well,’

Jimin looked at him, ‘And how do you know that?’

‘You know my instincts never lie,’ Jin smiled slightly. ‘We have just a month left for school to
end. If we are blessed with a life that remotely turns to the normal side, you all will be final year students next year and I’ll be trying to hold down an apprentice job while Namjoon joins as some kind of junior officer in the Ministry. But, all our futures are uncertain. So… don’t turn this one last month into a torture for yourself. I’m not using my powers anymore… but I saw a vision with you. I couldn’t make sense of it, but maybe you can,’

Jimin turned his body towards Jin, ‘What is it?’

‘I saw you walking… you said something to Yoongi and you walked ahead. Yoongi didn’t follow you for some reason. I think… a day will come, when you will have to make the decision to go or to stay. And there’s no right or wrong in that,’

*

A week later, Jin was memorising his Transfiguration notes while eating his morning cereal. The students had a week off for Easter. He had wasted too much time after christmas, thanks to what his friends teased him as a ‘honeymoon phase’ where he couldn’t keep his eyes or hands off Namjoon for even a second. Well, he couldn’t help that everything about his boyfriend was absolutely gorgeous and the longer he looked at him the more he didn’t want to look away, especially now that he DIDN’T HAVE TO? He’s waited nearly six years for this.

A guest walking into the Great Hall caught his eye and he looked up surprised.

‘Mom?’

Mrs. Kim Seonmi walked towards his table with a bright smile crinkling the corners of her face, a smile that Seokjin had inherited.

‘Wow, I never expected you to visit me during this time,’ Jin smiled, getting up to hug her.

Whoever was on the table gave the mother and son duo aweing gazes. Now they knew the secret to Jin’s beauty.

‘I wanted to steal you for the day,’ she said. ‘Give you a break from your NEWTs preparations,’ his mother said and Jin laughed.

‘I think I took too long of a break. You should be pushing me to study harder,’

‘You have your dad for that,’ she shook her head. ‘So what do you say? Shall we stroll around Diagon Alley today? I already took the necessary permissions from McGonagall,’

‘And she agreed?’ Jin raised his eyebrows.

‘I have a way of convincing even the most rigid people. I’m married to your father for god’s sake. Where do you think he learned his diplomacy from?’ she grinned. ‘C’mon then. Are you done with your breakfast?’

Jin hurried up with his leftover cereal, gathering his books and stashing them away in his room.

‘Joon?’ He popped into the clubroom where the Head Boy was tutoring Jimin and Jungkook. ‘My mother has come to visit me,’

‘Oh?!’ Namjoon looked up surprised.

‘She wants to take me to Hogsmeade for the day. Do you want to meet her before we leave?’
Namjoon was silent, eyes looking away, ‘I mean… I could meet her. But… will I have to… hide us?’

‘I don’t know,’ Jin looked down. ‘I don’t want to burden her with something that she has to keep from father. She likes you, you know… well, maybe sometime later then,’ Jin gave an unsure smile. He walked in, giving a short kiss to Namjoon’s lips, ‘I should be back by dinner,’

‘Ok honey,’ Jungkook teased him sniggering with Jimin. Jin lightly hit the back of his head and left giving a last look to Namjoon who was smiling at him.

The two apparated from Hogsmeade, ending up in the fireplace of The Leaky Cauldron. Everyone greeted them as they always do, bowing their heads in acknowledgement, men tipping their hats to Lady Kim. The innkeeper gave them a large booth to sit at and brought them their favourite soup.

The mother and son got talking and Jin told her his latest jokes, laughing before he got to the finish line.

‘It’s been a long time since I saw you laughing,’ Jin’s mother said, her brown eyes turning soft at the sight of her son.

‘Well…’ Jin shrugged. ‘I’m sorry if I haven’t been as cheerful as before,’

‘You don’t have to apologise,’ his mother said, squeezing his hand. ‘Shall we head out to the market?’

Jin nodded, swallowing a lemon tart in one go. They left the innkeeper a hefty tip and walked out of the pub, into the bustling market. They walked arm in arm, observing the window displays and buying some items on a whim.

‘Did you visit me because of the letter?’ Jin asked her.

‘Well… That letter did seem unusual. I can often read the sarcasm in your other letters if your dad cannot. Don’t worry, I find it quite hilarious,’ Seonmi laughed. ‘So are you going to spend your next christmas at the other Kims too?’ his mother asked.

Jin looked at her incredulously, ‘You knew?’

‘I met Mr. Jung in the Ministry one day. He looked so confused when I thanked him for letting you stay at their place. I figured you lied because you were at Namjoon’s,’

‘I hate lying but father leaves me no choice. He would’ve never let me leave if I told him,’

‘What can we do about it…’ She said like she considered the matter to not progress further than that. She knew Jin was not to pursue his heart if it clashed with the family’s interest. She wished it didn’t have to be this way.

‘Lady Kim!’ they saw one of Seonmi’s acquaintances wave from amongst the crowd. ‘What a surprise seeing you here!’ The tall, short haired woman walked forward.

‘Madam Twillfitt, how is your shop doing?’

‘Oh very well! I was about to pay the store my weekly visit. You must come, I’ll show you the latest collection, I haven’t even revealed it to the public yet!’ Madam Twillfitt said.

‘Mom, you go ahead. I just want to check out some books at Flourish and Blotts. I’ll catch up to
you in a few minutes,’ Jin said, knowing full well and Madam Twillfitt will be showing his mother her entire collection and talking about the designs for hours if she could. Jin could cut some time away from that.

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) **Hans Zimmer - Time (Jin's Theme)**

He checked the book store for any last minute NEWTs hacks books, because he really needed a miracle right now. The front window had some newly published books- blue covers with golden foiling and picture of a rather pompous man with wavy golden hair, holding some kind of trophy, ‘Gilderoy Lockhart, a New Hero against the Dark.’ At the back of the store was a whole section dedicated to occlumency and Jin picked up a book on the power of Seers just for the heck of it. He had done enough reading on this subject, with Emina and Namjoon to help him research deeply. The kind of powers seers had could not be boxed into one category. Some could read minds, some could see the future accurately. Some could visit the past like Jin could. Some could only see when dreaming. Some could project their conscious in another person’s mind… like Abraxas. Some even claim to time travel.

He paid 5 galleons to the book keeper and walked out of the store, deciding to head to Twillfitts and fetch his mother.

Jin could have sworn he knew the way. He had been to Diagon Alley a hundred times.

But today he ended up taking a wrong alley thinking it’s a shortcut and he was on this cobbled road that seemed to have winding pathways. This street was much busier than the main Diagon street, narrower shops and more crowded. He looked around for a familiar shop to give him a sense of direction but he didn’t see any along the signboards. Guess he could ask for directions then. The only person with time to spare looked like the hooded man standing at the window of a tiny, almost missable store called ‘The Magic Shop’ where the ‘O’ of the shop was shaped like an eye.

Having seen the symbol of eyes all over his newly purchased book, he was instinctively drawn to the store.

‘Excuse me Sir,’ he asked the man who looked up. He was about as tall as Jin’s shoulder, wearing a white mask, silver flourishes designed on the surface.

‘Could you tell me the way to Twillfitts and Tattlings?’

The mask seemed to be one with his face because the man smiled, and Jin could see the mask’s lips curve into the smile and then it even moved to speak out the words.

‘How interesting. You ask me the exact same thing that your little friend asked 4 years ago,’

‘My little friend?’

‘The one who’s eyes are blue now,’

Jin’s eyes widened. ‘Who are you?’ He asked cautiously.

‘Don’t need to be wary of me Seokjin,’ the man’s plump hands went up to pull the mask away. Jin first noticed his extremely familiar face and then his eyes fell on the embroidery of haetaes that ran over the edges of the man’s black hood.

Jin’s memory started to return. This relative, his father’s youngest brother, had been sent away from the family for being something like a lunatic. Jin has thought he must’ve gone to the eastern lands to pursue the magic he couldn’t in Britain, ‘Uncle Joseok?’
'Last time I saw, you were 4 years old! Do you remember me at all?’ The man smiled. It was a kind smile, making the apples of his cheeks glow.

‘Of course I remember you! Mother told me about you… you are a seer, just like m-

‘Just like you,’ his uncle completed the sentence for him. ‘Though I might say that you my boy are much… much more gifted than me,’

‘Is it really a gift,’ Jin looked down, rubbing the back of his neck with his palm.

‘It is. You have been given the opportunity to try and stop bad things from happening,’

‘Is that what you did?’ Jin looked him in the eye. ‘Is that why you sent a 11 year old boy into Knocturne alley? You’re in a way responsible for all the pain that he and his friends are going through. If Taehyung had never lost his way, he would’ve never met Laura. The whole issue of their mother’s friendship would’ve remained a secret. Gwen Osborne would’ve never had her suspicions on Taehyung and Bellatrix would’ve never attacked us. One of us is infected by lycanthropy. How has your power to see avoided any bad thing?’

‘It’s true, letting the ice boy meet the Dracwyn girl was the reason Bellatrix got involved in all this. But there’s someone else sitting at one head of this triangle too, are you forgetting that?’

‘You mean… the Alchemists?’

‘Regardless of Bellatrix, the Alchemists would have come for Taehyung. And don’t you think it’s better he is surrounded by friends… powerful friends. You, Min, Dracwyn. You will need these powers in the war to come. It was imperative that the Min-Dracwyns be called to this cause, that they should feel it in their hearts to fight alongside you, like their ancestors had done with yours. And the only link you have with the Slytherins could’ve been made through your ice friend,’

Jin tried to absorb all that his uncle was telling him. Was all of this really fate? And not a coincidence like he had thought all this time? That they were all brought together for a purpose greater than themselves? But what about the collateral damage? What about Jimin and his future?

‘I really hate the power of fates most of the time,’ Jin said.

‘Do you?’ His uncle chuckled. ‘Even when the fates aligned your path with your soulmate’s since you were 11?’

Jin’s eyes widened. Did he mean Namjoon?

Joseok continued, ‘It is not upto us judge that whatever pain or happiness that one received is for the good or bad. Your hatred to the fates is not going to do you any good,’

‘So do you know how it all ends? This fight against the Alchemists. Do you know what’s to come?’

‘Do you know why no one believes seers? Why we’re considered lunatics? It’s because many seers themselves don’t understand the butterfly effect their words cause. Often we don’t see the absolute future. Often we only see one of the many possibilities, sometimes in fragments… but I can tell you something else for now, the same thing I told your friend 4 years ago,’

‘Your directions to Twillfitts?’

Joseok smiled, ‘It would answer your first question wouldn’t it?’
'What will I find there?'

'Something that belonged to someone,,'

Jin blinked multiple times.

'Go straight till the end of this road and take a right. When a fork comes, take the narrower one and keep walking till the road opens up again,' Joseok continued to smile while Jin chewed his lip.

'Alright. I’ll follow that path. Will we meet again uncle? I want to talk to you again,'

'I don’t know, but I hope we do,' Joseok nodded. 'Before you go, take this souvenir from my shop. To remember me by,' the man put his hand into the shelf below the counter and retrieved one single card from a deck. He handed it to Jin.

'Ace of spades?' Jin asked, looking at the A written inside the black spade.

'Keep it,' Joseok smiled. 'Now off you go!'

Jin gave him a bow in farewell and left, following the cobblestoned road, turning right along the brick wall at the end and taking the narrow, dark path with small houses until he was in Knockturne Alley. The air seemed thicker here, level of fog higher. He felt like he could see Taehyung here, like a flashback vision merging with what his eyes saw in the present. No... he mustn't use his powers, but his mind was feeling excited, about what the meeting with his uncle meant, why would he lead him down the same path. He imagined a little Taehyung wandering around, getting startled by someone. He followed it, until the vision turned into a dark alley and he glimpsed a 13 year old Laura walking towards him.

The voice of a nearby seller distracted him from the vision. He turned his head to see a man, balding ginger head and brown eyes. He wore a green cloak that looked like it didn’t belong to him, the man’s personal grooming in contrast to this refined outfit. He had a small shop set up and was selling various artefacts, calling on the passerby’s to take a look. Jin looked at the signboard above the man - ‘Fletcher’s Most Rare And Priceless Artefacts’

‘Ah kind sir!’ The man caught him looking. ‘C’mon in here! Have a look! You won’ find pieces like these anywhere else! All one of a kind, unique and original,’

‘Original?’ Jin chuckled, moving towards the shop. He scanned the items. Lots of ancient jewellery and Jin’s expert eyes knew which ones were fake gold with fake diamonds and rubies. Some diaries, one of them the man claims belonged to Grindelwald, Bathilda Bagshot’s smoke pipe.

‘Would this interest you sir?’ The man drew out a red cloak with golden embroidery. ‘I see you wear the Gryffindor scarf. Would you like to own the very cloak that Godric Gryffindor himself once wore?’

‘Godric Gryffindor wore this cloak?’ Jin chuckled, extending his hand to softly touch the fabric.

‘Of course! This treasure has been passed through my family for generations! We used to serve the Gryffindors! This is the real cloak, don’t you doubt me!’

It was a good replica indeed, Jin had to accept that. But he wasn’t falling for this man’s tricks.

‘How much?’

‘500 galleons,’
Jin guffawed hearing that price, ‘Do you really think I have that kind of money?’

‘Well, you do look like sir. So why don’t invest in this priceless artefact of the great Gryffindor? All your housemates will envy you greatly!’

‘Sorry but… I don’t have 500 galleons to spare,’ Jin shook his head, looking at the other items and he found another crimson, glittery object lying in a half open box, ‘What’s that?’

The shop keeper turned around to get it and held the object in front of Jin, a pair of crimson gloves with rubies in silver studded over it. It looked oddly familiar to Jin and then he remembered- His vision when he had held Yoongi’s hand. He saw a cobbledstoned street, he saw money being exchanged, he saw rubies. This was it! But… what could be the significance of a pair of gloves?

‘Godric Gryffindor’s gloves,’ Fletcher held it out to him. ‘Like the cloak, it is the most unique item! And I can give it to you for 100 galleons!’

‘Well since you insist so much,’ Jin feigned disinterest. ‘I’ll consider buying it. But not more than 50 galleons,’

‘Alright, since you are so kind I’ll make it 90 for you,’

‘50 or nothing. I’m a student, I don’t have money like that,’

‘80,’

‘60?’

‘70,’

‘Ok done,’ Jin said, sighing and digging his hands in his purse to pay him. ‘Now could you tell me the way to Twillfitts and Tattlings?’

*I*

‘I got you something,’ Jin smiled and dropped the gloves in front of Namjoon who was studying with great concentration.

‘Jin, I know you like a bit of bling but this is crossing levels of gaudiness,’ Namjoon stared at the ruby studded crimson glove. ‘This is a king’s medieval era wedding kind of gloves,’

‘Apparently it belonged to Godric Gryffindor,’ Jin smirked.

‘Really now? And you found it at Diagon Alley?’

‘Knockturne actually,’

‘Doesn’t make it better,’ Namjoon rolled his eyes.

‘This is what I saw in my vision,’ Jin said. ‘I know it is. So I had to buy it,’

‘Are you sure?’ Namjoon said, flipping the glove this way and that.

‘Positive. I mean, even I’m confused why a glove… I put it on but it’s a bit big for me. Does it fit you?’

Namjoon wore one glove after another and flexed his hands, ‘Yeah they fit me,’
‘Thought so,’ Jin came and kissed his cheek. ‘Keep it. Maybe your genius brain can figure out how “Godric Gryffindor’s” glove is supposed to solve our pyramid of problems.

*

Three death eaters were walking on the edge of a cove, heading towards a black cave on the beach.

‘I don’t trust them,’ Dolohov said. ‘Why can’t we meet in the open,‘

‘Don’t cry so much,’ Bellatrix said. ‘They can smell your fear you know,‘

Their ship was anchored a little away and currently they were on one of the abandoned islands in western Europe. They came to the entrance of the cave and Bellatrix held a hand to halt her two companions.

‘Roderic,’ she called out. ‘We are here,‘

Three werewolves emerged out of the cave, the one in the centre leading them. His brown hair ran till his shoulders, face bearing multiple scars and blue eyes starkly piercing.

‘Who’s this?’ Roderic asked, looking at the third death eater.

‘He’s our informant alchemist, Anesbek. He has some news,’

The werewolves looked at the alchemist.

‘We are making progress, in the alchemic process of the stone and acquiring the last ingredient, the ice boy. Master seems to have made him his friend,’

‘I’m more concerned about the last of Skoll’s bitten wolves,’ Roderic said. ‘As alpha, I need to maintain our code. All of Skoll’s brothers are bound together. Bring him and my army will fight alongside yours to get this philosopher’s stone,’

‘You will get him, he may come to rescue his friend,’ Bellatrix said.

‘Which friend? The ice boy? You’ve failed twice to catch him,’

‘Apart from the ice boy, there’s another boy that Abraxas wants,’ Anesbek said. ‘He has powers, powers to be present in spirit at far away places. Abraxas wants to use him as a host so he has those powers as well,’

‘What does he look like?’

‘Master described him as being young man, probably a student. Tall, broad shoulders, brown hair and brown eyes. Said his features looked like they belonged in the Kim family. He is a friend of the ice boy,’

‘Sounds like someone we know isn’t it,’ Bellatrix smiled. ‘Kims fought in the Red War against Abraxas. He knows them closely. And their descendant is a friend of Kim Taehyung’s. The description matches perfectly,’

‘If you catch him,’ Anesbek said, looking from Bellatrix to Roderic. ‘You can trade him for having a share of the stone’s powers,’
Sorry this took so long!!!

Ok, I have a confession to make. I'm actually not in my top form. Been having... not exactly a writer's block but my usual mood to write has gone down. That's why this took so long. I've done the best I could. I wasn't supposed to write any more quidditch (it's really hard to write those dynamic scenes but there is a brief quidditch scene in this chapter)

And as we head forward into the story, the story will turn darker with violence, blood, torture, death, etc.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘Reducto,’ the orange beam shot from Hoseok’s wand and hit the chess piece kept on the edge of the table. Hoseok concentrated deeply and few more shots wordlessly erupted from his wand, hitting the other pieces, making them topple over the edge.

‘You did it! Five for five!’ Yoongi exclaimed, clapping him on the back. ‘You’re getting better at wordless magic!’

Hoseok smiled and waved his wand wordlessly again, forming a crooked ‘Thankyou’ in yellow light beams in the air.

Jin and Jungkook were in a practice duel that was getting wilder with each whip of the wand. It came to a point that everyone else paused and moved out of the way to give them the space to jump and swirl. They were duelling at lightning speed, one shot of light beam after another until suddenly, Jin whipped his wand, pushing Jungkook back with such force that he flew to the wall. Jin stood wide eyed for a second before rushing to help Jungkook.

‘Are you ok? Are you hurt?!? Should we get Pomfrey!!!’

‘I’m fine,’ Jungkook coughed but he was smiling. ‘How did you do that!?’

‘I… I don’t know, I didn’t even think of any spells,’

‘It was instinctual magic?’ Laura asked in shock. ‘That’s… that’s so powerful,’ and she looked slightly envious already, gearing up to learn the art as well.

‘I’m proud of you,’ Jungkook patted Jin’s shoulder and then gasped in pain over his shoulder.

‘Ok, let’s get you checked,’ Jin put his arms beneath him to lift him up. ‘Laura could you help me?’

Namjoon walked through all of them, nodding appreciatively at the progress they had made. All of them were able to flawlessly perform wordless magic, their aims had gotten precise. Jungkook had specifically mastered the mouthful ‘Petrificus Totalus’ and caste it perfectly without having to move his lips and Yoongi seemed to love using fire, shooting ‘Incendio’ to burn his practice
targets rather than topple them. He almost earned a punch from Ash when the flames were about to light her hair on fire.

‘Can everyone pause the practice please?’ Namjoon called out and they all paused whatever they were doing and looked at him.

‘I think all of us can visibly see the progress each one of us has made since the first duel practice. I think if our exams had duelling as a test, we would all score top marks. But that brings me to the point of concern, I think now we all ought to focus more on preparing for the final exam. The practice tests will also begin once the final Quidditch match gets done with tomorrow. So let’s put our energies in scoring well alright?’

Everyone nodded in agreement and gave each other a congratulatory pat on the back. They wound up after that, taking their things and exiting one by one from the Room of Requirement. Once they were in the fourth floor corridor, Hoseok caught Yoongi’s hand.

‘Can you stay with me tonight?’ he asked with a pout. ‘I know we won’t get any time once practice tests start,’

‘Of course Seokie,’ Yoongi quickly kissed his hand before others could see and tugged him towards their secret room.

*Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window)* **Sleeping At Last - Almost Idyllic**

The gramophone squeaked a little before the sound of the string quartet emanated from it. Hoseok took Yoongi’s hand and moved in tandem with the swaying beats.

‘Why…’ Yoongi rolled his eyes animatedly.

‘To see if you remember anything from what I taught you,’ Hoseok said.

‘I’ll have you know I’ve learnt all kinds of ballroom dances since I was 5,’

‘Ok your royal highness, but your memory doesn’t seem to hold much of it,’ Hoseok sniggered.

‘Maybe you should come over in the holidays and be my dancing teacher,’ Yoongi teased.

‘Why, I thought I’d be your honourable guest at the Min Palace!’

Yoongi chuckled, ‘We’ll see about that,’

‘Dishonourable of you to go back on your word,)

‘Then don’t insult my dancing!’ Yoongi said and both twirled, moving out and then in again, feet moving to the beat on the soft green rug. ‘But, I’ve been meaning to ask you, you’re sure your family doesn’t mind? Our parents don’t have a good history,’

‘They trust me, fortunately. Though they mentioned it would be nice to meet you sometime during the holidays… just to get familiar with you. Is that fine?’

‘Yeah, yeah, it’s fine… except, I think I’ll be a nervous wreck meeting them,’

‘Min Yoongi, a nervous wreck… now where have I seen that before?’ Hoseok looked up in mock thought. ‘Oh yes, when you dropped my turqet down the Astronomy Tower,’ he sniggered. ‘Took me months to realise you were trying to flirt with me that night,’
‘Enough anecdotes! Now twirl,’ a red cheeked Yoongi said to him and Hoseok did so. Yoongi’s lilac eyes followed his partner’s movements, he was so very graceful, a complete work of art. He loved the way Hoseok’s brown eyes would watch him with a sparkling mischief from between the locks of his copper hair. Yoongi pulled him in and pressed his lips to Hoseok’s smiling mouth who immediately melted into his touch, eyes closing, hands winding around Yoongi’s waist and lips sucking on the other’s.

It didn’t take long for them to forget the dance agenda and take on another. The song flowed into another by the time both were naked and pushing each other on their small yellow canopied bed. Yoongi was, as always wrestling to give as he sat astride Hoseok pinning him down by the wrists, but Hoseok knew his tricks by now. He twisted his hands and caught Yoongi’s bringing them to the other’s back and Hoseok sat up, nose touching Yoon’s.

‘You’re so clever, aren’t you?’ He rasped on the Slytherin’s lips.

‘What do you mean?’ Yoongi smirked.

‘It’s been your turn too many times,’ he kissed Yoongi’s neck, letting his tongue work it’s magic to render the older boy speechless.

Yoongi closed his eyes and parted his soft lips. Hoseok sucked his skin, dug his nails on Yoongi’s back and he hissed, the pain mixing with pleasure the way he loved. He started to grind on Hoseok’s crotch, biting his lip and could feel him smirking on his neck.

‘You really are cunning,’ Hoseok swiftly pushed him down, the air huffing out of Yoongi. He hovered over him, eyes like swirling honey and Yoongi’s orbs were like dark pools ready to immerse him. Hoseok pulled Yoongi’s hands up over his head.

‘Can we?’ He asked as the red ribbon from some weeks ago slithered between their forearms. Yoongi shivered and exhaled, mouth opening inaudibly. Hoseok was indeed considering what Yoongi had suggested a few weeks ago and he wanted to burst in flames from the prospect of it. He nodded and Hoseok bit back a grin, tying Yoongi’s wrists together over his head.

‘Wait, I want to try something else too,’ Hoseok put him on his lap. Yoongi’s back leaned on Hoseok’s thighs who waved his wand so that the ribbon tied around the frame of the canopy, holding Yoongi’s wrists up. He tugged on the ribbon and looked at Yoongi for confirmation. The blonde nodded, confirming he was comfortable.

‘What do you plan to do with me?’ Yoongi asked deviously.

Hoseok bit his lower lip and grabbed the back of Yoongi’s knees, spreading them apart. He circled his thumbs over Yoon’s nipples and brought one hand down to pump his cock, thumb occasionally rubbing on his rim when his hand would pump down till the base. He kissed Yoongi’s inner thighs, keeping the other touches going. Hoseok looked at Yoongi who was leaning into his tied up arm with closed eyes, breath already laboured and skin turning redder with warmth. The muscles in his arms looked so beautiful flexed up this way. Hoseok held his jaw and slowly turned his head towards him. When Yoongi opened his hazey eyes, Hoseok was tracing his lips with his fingers. Yoongi parted them, taking two of those slender fingers into his mouth and coating them with his saliva.

The wet fingers went down, circling his rim and gently pushing in. Yoongi curled his toes in at the spike in pleasure and groaned. Hoseok’s fingers picked up the pace, pushing deeper into Yoongi’s tight, soft hole. He watched how Yoongi moaned and panted as his fingers got faster. Yoongi’s hips started moving too, seeking more of him, mouth crying for it.
Hoseok pulled out, watching him clench, hips moving forward at the loss of contact. He held him and put him down on the bed. Standing up, he watched Yoongi’s body, spread open, red marks of his teeth and nails all over the pale skin and Hoseok stroked himself.

‘Where should my tongue be next?’ the younger asked titillatingly and watched the other exhale in a shiver.

‘Anywhere,’ Yoongi cried, ‘Please come back here!’

‘Is that so? Would you spread your legs wider for me then?’

Yoongi’s entire body was red now and he buried his eyes behind his forearms as he spread his legs further. He felt Hoseok’s hot tongue lick a long strip from his hole till his balls and then he was lapping at his rim, mouth closing and kissing and then back to licking, making the sounds that Yoongi now loved to hear. Yoongi moaned messily, words a jumble of Hoseok’s name and exclamations of pleasure, hips rotating and pushing on Hoseok’s mouth.

Fingers pushed inside him and the hot tongue travelled up to lick his cock and Yoongi knew he would be coming soon. The double stimulation was too much to take, Hoseok’s mouth fucking his cock and a third finger added to his hole, stretching him good, reaching places where he wanted to touch. Yoongi cried out as he came and Hoseok took it all in, softly going up and down till Yoongi’s tight body relaxed and came down from the orgasm. He slowly pulled his fingers out, giving a soft kiss to his rim and came up to a panting Yoongi to free his hands.

‘How are you feeling?’ he asked, pushing the sweaty blonde hair out of Yoongi’s eyes. The older mumbled something with a smile and Hoseok took that as a satisfying answer. Yoongi was too dazed to even speak properly. He lay on his side, looking at the Slytherin and slowly moved his hands from their tied up position hands, bringing to his side.

‘Does it ache?’ Hoseok asked, rubbing the sides of his arms.

‘Not really, aches in a good way,’ Yoongi said and turned to face him. His hands went down to grab Hoseok’s hard and leaking cock, ‘But I still want more of you,’ and he was crawling down on his knees to take him in his mouth.

The next moments were spent kissing Hoseok’s thighs, licking him from balls to tip, listening to him pant and moan while feeling his fingers tug at his hair, hips bucking to fuck his mouth. When he felt him getting closer to his orgasm, Yoongi pulled away, climbing on the bed and away from Hoseok.

‘Where- Where are you going?’ Hoseok looked to his side and sat up. Yoongi was sitting on his knees near the back wall, at the head of the bed. Hoseok’s eyes went over the shape of his back and the plump ass that Yoongi seemed to be subtly putting on display for him.

‘Get over here,’ Yoongi turned and called him. ‘I need you inside me again,’

Hoseok’s cock twitched at those words, stomach fluttering and cheeks burning. He crawled forward, sitting on his knees behind Yoongi, taking the other on his lap. Yoongi guided him, taking his cock and pushing it at his entrance and slowly Hoseok pushed in. Yoongi’s body arched, head thrown back, resting on Hoseok’s shoulders. Both started to move, Hoseok’s hips thrusting up expertly, Yoongi’s ass cheeks slapping on his pelvis every time. His hands roamed on Yoongi’s chest, playing with his nipples, pulling and tugging at it and Yoongi moaned in his ear, biting the earlobe, and then kissing Hoseok.
‘Can I…’ Hoseok panted between the kisses.

‘Can you what Seok? Tell me,’

‘Can I watch you… fucking me?’

Yoongi bit his lip before nodding with a smirk and Hoseok lay down, straightening his legs. Yoongi sat up, giving him a good view of his rear and how his cock disappeared into his hole. Hoseok’s hands caressed Yoongi’s back, going over his waist and grabbing his ass. He spread his ass cheeks and then slapped it while Yoongi moved on him. He felt so soft and wet, wrapping up his cock tightly, Hoseok could feel each thrust on every inch of him.

‘You’re enjoying my ass a lot huh?’ he teased Hoseok, who cursed and groped the soft skin again. Soon he was thrusting up too and Yoongi shut his eyes, crying in ecstasy each time Hoseok brushed on his prostate. His own cock was hard and leaking with precum again, Hoseok was lighting his body on fire.

Hoseok could feel the currents of pleasure reaching from his cock to the ends of his fingertips and before he knew it, he was spilling into Yoongi with heavy groans.

They slowly panted, pausing their movements. The air felt steamy with heat all around them. Yoongi was about to get up but Hoseok grabbed him, pulling him down to lay on his chest.

‘Stay,’ he said, arms enclosing him, a hand slowly pumping Yoongi’s arousal. ‘Don’t go anywhere,’

And Yoongi turned to look into his eyes. They were kissing again, Hoseok’s fingers back to caressing his nipples and hand stroking him, making him come once again.

They didn’t know when they slept, the exhaustion and satisfaction took them over as quickly as the arousal had.

Both woke up at the crack of dawn to their alarm blaring. Yoongi grunted, pushing his head under his pillow but Hoseok slowly opened his eyes trying to make sense of time and space. He stretched out, putting the alarm off and realised what day it is.

‘Yoon! Wake up! We have to get ready!’

Yoongi slowly hoisted himself up, looking adorable in his messy morning hair that fluffed all over his head. He blinked, realising the time and date and then smirked at Hoseok, ‘Hope you’re prepared for defeat captain,’

‘Don’t get so cocky now,’ Hoseok slithered out of the bed, taking the Hufflepuff captain’s jersey to head for a bath and change. ‘We’re going to annihilate your team,’

* 

Taehyung stood at the end of the dark corridor leading to the open Quidditch grounds. The roars and cheers had been thundering the entire place for half an hour. He looked at his team in front of him, they all seemed slightly nervous but Taehyung couldn’t bring himself to be anxious. He was excited, he wanted to show everyone how good he was, he wanted to fly higher than anyone else, he wanted to win. Hoseok looked back at his team, giving everyone a nod and his eyes lingered on Taehyung a bit longer. Taehyung smiled and nodded at him and they heard Jin call out the Hufflepuff team.
‘And here we have the unbeatable Hufflepuffs!’

The team of seven clad in yellow and black walked out into the light. Fireworks shot into the air, forming a badger and bursting into golden stars. The Hufflepuff supporters maddeningly waved the yellow banner, chanting ‘J-Hope’ followed by the names of the rest of the team. The sky was dotted with white clouds today, though the sun shined brightly.

The Slytherins stood confidently in front of them. Taehyung looked at Jimin, who seemed to be in form but Tae knew it was not his best form. The full moon wasn’t too far away and though Jimin was not giving in to his symptoms, Taehyung was slightly worried. Jimin was a perfectionist, Taehyung hoped that wouldn’t be his downfall.

‘Both teams are in perfect form,’ Jin’s voice boomed around the pitch. ‘Their uniforms are shining and they stand proud! This match will decide who takes home the Quidditch Cup, and the crowd is getting so wild I hope no one falls down from the stands! Madam Hooch shall we begin?’

Hooch motioned both captains to shake hands before she threw the Quaffle up and blew the whistle. As soon as the ringing sound was heard, it was as if both teams apparated in a whisk of green and yellow smoke. Ash grabbed the Quaffle and headed straight to the goal posts. Hoseok was quick to flank her and the tug of war began. The ball slipped from her grasp and Hoseok wasted no time, grabbing it and speeding towards the opposite hoops.

Jin was grinning ear to ear, ‘Oh no, it’s Hoseok against Yoongi, hope both don’t forget to aim well!’

Hoseok threw the ball and Yoongi threw himself in front of the hoop, catching it square in the chest. He gracefully threw it towards Jimin and smirked at Hoseok who found goalkeeper Yoongi extremely hot but now was not the time to cloud his mind with that.

‘Ok, stop giving each other the heart eyes you two,’ Jin said. ‘I’m torn between giving people gossip or match updates,’

‘Mr. Kim, you needn’t be torn about that, you’re job is to comment on the match,’ McGonagall reminded him from below.

‘But Professor McGonagall they are so cute!’

And the audience started to giggle and laugh. McGonagall shook her head, giving up.

Taehyung flew above everyone, circling the pitch like a raven trying to locate its prey. His eyes darted everywhere for the speck of gold amongst the white clouds. From the cheers, laughter and screams of shock, Taehyung assessed the match must have been going on with a lot of exciting happenings. The last he had heard, Slytherin was ahead after a wavy curve of leads.

‘Well, that won’t do,’ he muttered to himself.

‘Hey Kim!’ The Slytherin seeker and Taehyung’s classmate Terrance flew up to be in level with him. The boy was smiling like he usually did. ‘I can’t find the Snitch anywhere! Looks like it’s going to be a long match,’

‘Is this a trick?’ Taehyung asked with a suspicious smile. ‘You seem awfully chatty for such an important match,’

Terrance blinked, feeling taken aback, ‘Well, you never complained about any of the previous times we chit-chatted with nothing else to do. You wanna sit and watch the match in silence?’
‘No, I want to find the snitch in silence,’ Taehyung looked away from him as the breeze ruffled his brown hair.

‘Alright,’ Terrance looked away from him too. *Gotten pretty competitive,* he thought.

‘My team will win,’ Taehyung spoke after a few moments of painful silence.

‘We’ll see about that. Slytherin is ahead by twenty points right now,’

‘The Seeker makes the team win doesn’t it? So I’m telling you, my team will win,’

‘Well, that’s not technically right—’

But before Terrance could explain the mathematical possibilities of the score, Taehyung was flying away. Thinking he had spotted the snitch, Terrance followed, and now he saw it too, the little golden ball fluttering at some distance.

‘And Hoseok scores! Looks like this time Yoongi wasn’t fast enough to block it! The scores are at 120-110, the badgers are catching up quite fast!’

There was a swoosh of yellow and everyone paused to see what was going on.

‘What was that? Was it a seeker?!” Jin almost stood up from his chair, ‘It disappeared as soon as it came but I’m pretty sure we saw the Hufflepuff seeker flying through the pitch! Has the snitch been spotted?’

As the game was about to resume again thinking it was a false alarm, Taehyung came flying down from the sky and pulled his broom up near the ground, leg scraping sand. He had his arm raised and flew up again, showing everyone the golden snitch in his hand. Half of the stands jumped up in glee, roaring and shouting at Hufflepuff’s win and the Slytherins gaped at him opened mouth. Taehyung beamed, proudly holding the snitch in hand, showing it to the entire crowd.

‘Taehyung has the snitch!’ Jin stood up and so did everyone else, ‘Hufflepuff wi- SOMEONE’S FALLING!!’

Jin pointed to the sky before anyone else could see anything but Snape was quick, whipping his wand out, ‘IMMOBULUS!’

Terrance Higgs’ body stopped one feet above the ground. He was limp, like he had passed out and all the players came running towards him. Hooch and Pomfrey rushed in as well.

‘What’s happened,’ Ash cut through everyone to check on her seeker. Pomfrey had the boy’s head in her lap. She checked his temperature and pulse and shook her head, ‘He must have fainted. You can get light headed very high in the sky;’

‘But Terrance is my best flyer!’ Ash said disbelievingly. ‘He’s trained for this! Is he going to be okay?’

‘He was right behind me, I don’t know when he disappeared,’ Taehyung said from over the others’ shoulders.

‘Did he express anything to you? That he wasn’t well?’ Pomfrey asked.

Taehyung shook his head, ‘We didn’t speak really. But he’s going to be alright?’

‘Yes, this doesn’t seem like anything major. Everyone out of my way, let me take him to the
infirmary,’ and she took him out on a levitating stretcher.

The players looked at each other, some still in shock until Taehyung held out the snitch again.

‘We won!! Can we celebrate now?’ he said and some of the Hufflepuffs smiled at that. Taehyung looked at Jin, waving the snitch and telling him to make the announcement.

Jin’s eyes watched Taehyung carefully. ‘Sadly, the Slytherins lost a player by the end of it but congratulations to Hufflepuff on catching the Snitch and winning the Quidditch Cup for the year!!’

The Hufflepuff supporters cheered on again while the Slytherins tried to take the defeat with grace. The captains shook hands, Hoseok expressing his concern for Terrance to the rival team and soon everyone was on the pitch, lifting up the Hufflepuffs. McGonagall came down to hand them the Quidditch Cup in Dumbledore’s absence.

‘The Headmaster isn’t here?’ Taehyung asked.

‘No, he’s away at the moment,’ McGonagall answered.

‘Ministry keeping him busy?’

‘Well Mr. Kim, that would not be any of your concern,’

‘You’re right… it’s just that I was looking forward to receiving this from him,’

‘Well, you’ll have to make do, like all of us,’ she took the golden cup, ‘Congratulations to Hufflepuff,’ she smiled at Hoseok and the team took the trophy from her but soon it somehow ended up solely in Taehyung’s grasp as everyone lifted the players up and carried them to the Hufflepuff dorms. Taehyung was ecstatic, holding the trophy proudly with a big smile, but Hoseok didn’t wholeheartedly feel like a winner. He somehow wished the mishap hadn’t happened just when his team was winning. It filled him with the feeling of a bad omen.

Jin watched the massive line of yellow exit the pitch, all mostly chanting Taehyung’s name and throwing him into the air. They hadn’t spoken in ages. The boy was smiling ear to ear and Jin... wanted to feel happy for him…

* 

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Ramin Djawadi - Winterfell

A few days later…

Jimin stood in front of the mirror in his dorm, in the dim light of the lantern, looking pale and weak. He was shirtless and noticed how much his body changed on a full moon day. His muscles were visible but so were his bones, like he lived a hard life without proper nourishment. He rubbed his hand over his cheeks, feeling the very slight and soft stubble when there was a knock on the door.

‘C’min,’ Jimin grabbed his shirt and put in on thinking it would be Yoongi but when the cloth lowered under his eyes he saw Ash standing there. Hurriedly he pulled the shirt over his exposed torso but Ash had already seen his state and she looked like she was in some sort of pain. She looked away from him to some random object on the side of the room.

‘Snape’s been looking for you. He said you’re late,’
‘Oh, ok, I’ll be there soon,’ Jimin replied. ‘Sorry for the state, I thought you were Yoongi,’

‘Sorry for what?’ Ash asked confused.

‘Nevermind,’ Jimin shook his head.

‘I want to be there this time,’ Ash said, her tone changed to one with determination and Jimin looked at her. ‘I want to be in the chamber, keep the watch with Snape and Dumbledore and Taehyung. If they can be there, so can I,’

‘You don’t have to be-’ Jimin started but stopped seeing Ash’s expression. She looked hurt but determined and Jimin felt he would cry if he looked at her any longer.

‘Why? Tell me one valid reason why I can’t come while the others can be there? If you think I shouldn’t be there then let’s break this off right now,’

Even though the thought of a break up had been clouding Jimin’s mind since many days, hearing it from Ash’s mouth was making him scream on the insides. He didn’t want to let her go, he wanted to yell out a big NO.

‘I’m sorry,’ Jimin said. ‘I want you to be there. I am just worried about what my state will make you feel,’

‘Don’t worry about that,’ Ash said. ‘I’ve been here since the beginning haven’t I? Even before Taehyung knew. Even before Snape checked on you. Have some faith in me Jimin,’

He slowly walked to her and took both her hands in his after what felt like an eternity to both of them. Jimin’s hands were hot and sweaty like he was running a fever but Ash held on tight. ‘I’m sorry. It’s true, and I have no excuse, I didn’t have enough faith that you’ll bear this with me. More like… I didn’t want you to bear this and cause you pain,’

‘This is my choice,’ Ash replied in a softer tone. ‘So stop apologising and worrying about me,’

And both headed towards the underground chamber for the full moon to pass.

Ash stood in front of him wide eyed, watching Snape and Taehyung chain his entire body to the stone wall. His neck was in a metal collar, his arms straightjacketed and clasped to the wall. He was on his knees, ankled locked behind him. The rattle of mettle against stone was already making Ash uneasy.

‘Is all this really necessary?’ she asked in disbelief. They had never restrained him this way before. She had seen him go wild in the Forbidden Forest but this was another level.

‘It is,’ Jimin replied before the others could muster appropriate words for the answer. ‘So that I stay put and don’t harm myself,’

Once they were done locking him, Snape tugged on the restraints to check it and left. Taehyung sat in front of Jimin with a soft smile, ‘It will be morning before you know it. We can talk through Snape’s patronus can’t we?’

Jimin chuckled, ‘You think Snape will like being our messenger?’

‘You know since I’ve had to spend an entire night with him last month, I’ve learned some tricks to make him talk. You start with questions about potions and then drop in some trivial information about yourself to make conversation,’
‘How clever of you,’ Jimin grinned.

‘Ok,’ Taehyung glanced back at Ash, ‘I’ll leave you two to talk,’ He created a wolf out of ice like he always does and placed it in front of Jimin.

Ash kneeled in front of him once Taehyung left. Her hands traced the collar on his neck with painful eyes.

‘Ash, I trust you, but if you ever feel like you want to go back, I will not hold anything against you, ok?’

Ash didn’t answer to that, ‘It will be over soon,’

‘Miss Vorhart I have to close the chamber. The moon is picking up,’ Snape called her and Ash made herself get up and leave Jimin all alone on the floor. She watched him smile at them in the doe patronus’ light as the heavy stone doorway was shut.

The three silently sat on the benches that were put for them in the narrow and dark stone tunnel.

‘Lumos,’ Taehyung whispered, adding his wand light to the other two. ‘Professor Snape, where is the Headmaster?’

Snape looked up from the old book he was reading. For him this has become a kind of routine, watching over Jimin once a month, ‘The Headmaster has been busy all week carrying out some NEWTs duties. I advised him to rest it out tonight,’

‘I see,’ Taehyung nodded, ‘Was looking forward to seeing him tonight,’

Snape side eyed the boy, who was casually waving his wand light in circles and then shook his head, attention turning back to the book.

‘How come you’re here today?’ Taehyung asked Ash, ‘I thought you two… weren’t talking anymore,’

‘Did he tell you that? What more did he say?’

‘He said that he misses you. Well, that’s mostly what he said. So I told him to stop torturing himself and talk to you, looks like he listened to me,’

‘He didn’t. I talked to him and persuaded him,’ Ash replied. ‘I gave him an ultimatum. That seemed to put things in some perspective.’ She looked at Taehyung’s casual mood. ‘You don’t seem to be too tense. So I guess this is under control?’ She gestured at the locked chamber.

‘Under control so far,’

Some time passed in short casual conversations and Taehyung’s attempts at talking to Snape by asking him potions and DATDA doubts. Snape checked his pocket watch. The moon was reaching it’s apex.

‘Is he alright in there?’ Ash asked Snape and the man nodded.

‘My patronus doesn’t report anything distressing,’

Suddenly, they heard a low and muffled sound like someone crying in pain.

‘What was that?’ Ash snapped her head to the stone door.
'The full moon is affecting him. This happens everytime. He undergoes minor transitions and it causes some degree of pain because his bones and muscles shift,’ Snape answered her. ‘There’s no point being worried about it because there’s nothing we can do,’

Taehyung leaned closer to Ash’s ear, ‘This is why Jimin was trying to keep you away. He knows it’s hard to sit and do nothing,’

It was true. Ash felt like her insides were tearing up hearing how tortured Jimin was behind that wall.

‘How do you do it?’ She asked Tae.

‘I concentrate on when it will be morning and I’ll see him again-‘

A loud thud snapped their heads to the stone door. Snape immediately stood up and drew his wand out.

‘What was that?’ Taehyung asked.

‘It could only be one thing,’ Snape said. ‘He’s managed to break from the chains,’

‘That’s impossible! Those chains are meant to hold down beasts!’

‘My patronus says it too,’ Snape said as the glowing doe pranced through the wall.

‘Has he turned?’ Ash asked.

‘Not completely. But he’s losing his human senses, becoming more beastly,’

The thudding continued, like Jimin wanted to get out and the cries got louder with a wrangled growl, a mix of man and beast.

Snape moved his wand in a swirl around him, casting another muffliato charm so that no one heard the thudding and growling up in the castle. ‘He’s trying to break free,’

From the other side they continued to hear Jimin’s painful and angry growls, some incoherent words sounding in between them.

Ash dared to walk closer to the doorway, ‘Jimin?’

The cries died down, he seemed to have calmed.

‘I think he can listen-‘ But the next thud got even louder, rattling the doorway, making Ash jump back.

‘Get away from there!’ Snape hissed at her. ‘Do you have a deathwish?’

Ash looked at the potions master with bewildered eyes, ‘Do you really think Jimin will harm one of us?’

‘I’m not about to conduct any experiments on that,’ Snape spat.

‘If anything goes wrong I can help you professor,’ Taehyung stepped forward, a hand on his chest. ‘I will be able to-‘

‘Listen boy I don’t have time or patience for your heroic speech. I don’t know what special secrets
you have with Dumbledore or the Wizengamot and I don’t care about it. But you’re a fourth year student and don’t go around thinking you know how to tackle a werewolf,’

‘He’s not a werewolf yet!’ Both Ash And Taehyung said in unison.

Snape turned his attention back to the rattling door and spoke through gritted teeth, ‘You two are really testing my patience,’

Jimin continued roaring and banging on the stone wall. The three gripped their wands tight, in anticipation of what, they didn’t exactly know. This was going to be the longest night of their lives. Every time Ash heard Jimin cry in pain, her insides twisted painfully.

‘Can you sedate him?’ She looked at Snape. ‘He’s going to be hurting like this all night!’

‘I cannot risk opening the door with a castle full of students. Do you really want to take the chance? He’s stronger than any of us,’

‘But we could-’ Ash argued before Taehyung kept a hand on her arm.

‘If anything goes slightly wrong, Jimin won’t be able to live with the guilt,’ he said. ‘He would endure hundred such nights over that, and you know it,’

Ash blinked her teary eyes, feeling her face heat up. She sat on the bench, feeling defeated and tormented. The bangs on the door felt like a nail hammering into her skull and chest.

There was nothing they could do. There was no cure.

* *

Next morning when Jimin woke up, he was in Snape’s chambers, with nothing but a heavy blanket over his body. His eyelids felt stuck to each other and he slowly blinked, opening his eyes to the dull chamber.

‘Good morning,’ he heard Ash from the side chair. She got up and kneeled next to him. Jimin’s grey eyes searched her puffy face and swollen eyes. Clearly she had cried a lot last night and he felt the entire guilt of it.

‘How do you feel? I’ll get you some water,’ she walked away to fetch him a glass. Jimin sat up, ache spreading in his muscles and groaned, but hardly any voice was heard. He cleared his throat, it felt raw.

‘My… voice,’ he croaked.

‘You’ll feel better after this,’ Ash handed him the water.

‘Screamed a lot last night?’ he asked her and she nodded solemnly.

‘It seems… you’re heading towards more wolf-like appearances with each full moon. That’s why all your clothes tore away. You…’ she paused for a bit. ‘You broke the chains that were on you. You were quite strong,’

‘Oh…’ Jimin said inaudibly. He looked to his other side and Taehyung was fast asleep on the couch, his cheek pressed on the armrest. ‘Where’s Snape?’

‘Gone to get you some invigorating potion,’ Ash sat next to him. ‘Rest for today, alright? I’ll be with you,’
Jimin looked at her haggard state. ‘I hate what I’m putting you through, but… I’m also happy to be next to you right now,’

‘You thought I would run away?’ Ash chuckled lightly, trying to remove some of the heaviness in the air, ‘I’m right here, I proved you wr-ong!’ She nudged him playfully with her shoulder. ‘Say, what was that diary you were reading?’

‘It’s the diary of the werewolf named Axiom… I learned a lot about packs and how they function from that,’

‘Oh…’ Ash didn’t seem to like the mention of packs.

‘Maybe you should read it too. Werewolf packs aren’t as bad as the Death Eaters make it to be. It all depends on the alpha wolf. They help ease your transformations and live like a family, whether in human or werewolf form,’

‘Do we know of any good wolf packs?’ Ash asked with a shrug.

Jimin shook his head. ‘But if I’m becoming more and more wolf-like, it means I’ll transform soon,’

‘We’ll see when it comes to that. You’ll be home in 10 days. I’ve sent a letter to Taemin, to call me over if he needs any help. You’ll be with your family but I want to be there with you Jimin,’

As Jimin looked at her heart shaped face, her green eyes, there was no doubt she meant all of it. He took her hand, held it tight and leaned on her shoulder, closing his eyes.

* 

Mood Music (Don’t forget to open in a new tab/window) BTS - Heartbeat Instrumental

Jungkook was on his broom several feet over the mountains. The spring sun was beautiful and he could see green patches showing in the valleys. From the clouds above him, he saw a shape descend down, dark hair flowing behind her. Laura circled him on her broom and halted next to him.

‘There you are,’ Jungkook leaned in and pecked her lips.

‘I thought we’re going higher!’ Laura looked up at the clouds.

‘I was just looking at the castle grounds. We had a long winter,’

Laura looked at the valleys, the great lake in between the huge mountains, ‘Yeah. The sun looks pretty on the lake doesn’t it. Makes it look like a giant mirror- hey!’ she looked to her side to see Jungkook had already flown up. He looked back at her, sniggering and flew ahead. Laura bit her lip and flew behind him with determination.

Both raced through the white clouds, the wind cold and light. After a few minutes of numbing chillness and wind whipping in their ears, they emerged out on the other side, the clouds white beneath them and brilliant blue hued skies around them.

Jungkook gaped at the scenic view in front of him, ‘Beautiful,’

‘Told you it was worth it,’ Laura smiled.
‘I wish we could lay on the clouds,’ Jungkook looked at the bed of white below them. ‘They look so fluffy that I’d like to believe they can float us,‘

‘The brooms will have to make do for now,’ Laura came closer and leaned on his shoulder. Jungkook took one hand off the broom handle and wrapped it around her waist, pulling her even closer and both gazed at the never ending sky, feeling like two small particles in this unimaginably big and utterly beautiful cosmos.

‘Blue will miss you over the holidays,’ he said. The sun was about to set in a few minutes and the entire sky was turning from blue to beautiful hues of orange, pink and purple. ‘So will I,’

Laura poked him lightly at his ribs, ‘You know I’ll miss you too,’

‘Come see me with Ash. We’ll try to meet over the holidays, its three freaking months long,’

‘I’ll try,’ Laura nodded. ‘I’m of age now so grandfather should hopefully stop trying to control my social life. That reminds me,’ Laura lifted her head from his shoulder with a worried frown and then scowled.

‘What is it?’

‘He’s going to throw the traditional gathering somewhere at the end of the holidays. When witches and wizards in important families come of legal age, there’s a grand… thing organised. All important family and friends are invited. And the newly turned adult is gifted something important and impressive, as a mark of great responsibility. Usually it’s a big family belonging that they legally get to inherit on that day,’

‘Like what?’

‘A part in the business, the family house, some other property. Depends on who is currently the head of the family, and what’s your position in the family,’

Jungkook looked at her with adoring brown eyes, ‘What will you inherit?’

‘I have no idea. Grandfather hasn’t talked about it, not even let out one syllable. Yoongi will have his in April. He may be able to invite you. I heard he’s getting the Min Estate,’ Laura added with a knowing smile.

Jungkook raised his eyebrows and nodded, ‘An entire estate, wow,’

‘I heard Jin cancelled his own party last year. I don’t blame him. I think his father tried to set him up with some pure blood heiress. I always think grandfather and I have a difficult relationship but then I remember Jin and his father,’

‘Oh… will your grandfather… try to do that too?’

Laura looked at Jungkook to see him pouting adorably with round eyes, ‘Do what?’

‘Set you up with a pure blood,’

Laura chuckled, ‘No, he won’t. We’re too proud you see,’ She raised her eyebrows, ‘We let the admirers approach us and then we reject all of them,’

Jungkook laughed but Laura could hear the sigh of relief in that and she leaned back on him.

‘I’m hungry, should we head to our picnic?’ she asked and both flew down towards a hill obscured
from the castle. Laura’s landing was as usual a bit rough and she toppled on the grassy ground. Jungkook ran to catch her but ended up toppling behind her until both reached a levelled ground. Laura looked to her side to see Jungkook completely tousled and started to laugh, making Jungkook launch on her with tickles.

‘Oh! Stop,’ she giggled and tried to wriggle out of his grasp but Jungkook wouldn’t let go.

‘This is for all the times you tickled me in POTIONS!’ Jungkook was relentless, ‘Right under Snape’s nose!’ and both got breathless in a wrestle, finally lying flat on their backs as their laughter slowed down. They gazed at the sky above them, the stars were slowly dotting the sky as if the layer of daylight was dispersing into the dark inked night sky.

Jungkook moved his hand and clasped it around hers. Laura looked to her side, Jungkook’s eyes were like a galaxy in itself, dark with the stars reflected in them. She turned to his side and moved closer, wrapping her limbs over him.

Jungkook pulled her in, putting his arms around her. ‘I’ll agree, this is better than a Hogsmeade date. I can’t keep you this close in public,’

‘I agree too,’ she kissed his cheek. ‘I always wanted a date under the open sky,’

‘It’s a different kind of atmosphere isn’t it, you’re not hidden by anything, but no one’s watching you. Like complete freedom,’

Laura nodded in agreement and then her stomach growled. She pursed her lips, ‘Well my hunger has to interrupt our conservation,’

Jungkook chuckled and sat up, taking the bag from his back, ‘Well then let’s not keep you hungry anymore. Let’s feed you the sandwiches I made,’

Laura accio-ed the two brooms they had left somewhere on top of the mountain while Jungkook set up a blanket on the ground and laid out the food.

‘We’ll have to fill in some forms next year,’ he said. ‘For probable plans after NEWTs,’

‘Oh yeah, we would have to. How do they expect us to decide so fast?’

‘Do you have anything in mind?’

‘Well, whatever I decide on my own would be extra. I have to lead the Dracwyn business. Not that I don’t want to do that… but I’d love to study more of potions. I don’t want to overwhelm myself though,’

‘Till now I wanted to be an architect,’ Jungkook said, ‘But I’m thinking of something else as well,’

‘What’s that?’

‘What if I join the international Quidditch team?’

Laura pauses mid bite and looked at him but nodded after a while, ‘You’re good, and you love the sport. Go for it, though the competition is tough,’

‘It’s just a thought. I mean… yeah I studied and scored well but I don’t enjoy it like you, Namjoon or Jimin. You guys actually like to write notes and read so much. Half the fun of it was seeing you all worked up when I scored more than you,’ He sniggered.
‘Jeon Jungkook I’ll never not be annoyed at the fact that you score more than me with less effort!!’
She adorably curled her lips in and two tiny dimples formed at the corners of her mouth. Jungkook laughed and kissed one of the said dimples.

‘We just have one more year of school left,’ Laura looked around her. ‘When I first came here, seven years seemed like a very long time,’

*

‘We have three days left till your NEWTs start,’ McGonagall announced to the class of seventh year Transfiguration students while handing out some papers to each student. ‘For once, I’m happy with the average scores on your final test papers,‘

Emina grabbed her sheet as soon as she got it with a tensed up face. ‘Oh please please please-YES! 92!’

‘92!’ Jin ogled at her test paper, ‘Wow, impressive Head Girl!’ On his other side, Namjoon got a 91 and Jin felt his insides tumbling in anxiousness if he passed or not. His paper finally came floating towards him and he grabbed it, turning it down towards the desk and closing his eyes. He was too nervous to look.

‘You know you’ll have to see it in this lifetime,’ Emina said. ‘Isn’t Namjoon tutoring you? Or you two just end up making out?’

‘Please, we are very serious when it comes to doing what we need to do,’ Jin rolled his eyes.

‘Not exactly a point in your favour but if he is tutoring you then have faith in him and turn it over!’ she pulled the paper from him because she very well knew he wouldn’t have the courage to do so and would rather have her take the reins for now.

‘Relax prince, you passed!’ she said, pushing the paper in his face.

‘Oh?!?!?!’ Jin went wide eyed, jaw hanging open. He scored 72, way more than he was expecting and above the passing mark of 50.

‘I’m so proud of you baby!’ Namjoon said to him softly in the ear and gave a squeeze on the waist.

McGonagall dismissed them after everyone got their marks and Jin was jumping up and down in the corridor in joy.

‘Finally! Finally the efforts are working!’ He jumped and hugged Namjoon, ‘It’s all because of you!!!’ he was so happy that he kissed him right then and there. His batchmates near them giggled and moved away, letting them have their moment.

‘Mr. Kims,’ they heard McGonagall’s sharp voice and jumped apart, glancing at her and looking away hurriedly with red faces.

‘May I remind you both of corridor etiquette? Especially you Namjoon, you’re the Head Boy. Can’t have everyone else take your example and turn this school into a kissing parade,’

‘Sorry professor,’ Namjoon ducked his head.

‘Oh well, just not in the public eye alright?’ And she walked away briskly. As soon as she was out of earshot, both the boys looked at each other and burst into laughter.
‘I can finally nap in peace!’ Jin stretched his arms over his head. ‘I was so tense that I haven’t slept properly in days! I passed all the practice tests, I feel like singing,’

‘Maybe you should,’ Namjoon quickly pecked his cheeks, ‘You know I love your voice,’

‘Head Boy you’re still breaking the rules?’ He looked at him with a smirk.

‘Can’t help it. And if you keep looking at me like that, I’ll break the rules again,’ Namjoon rubbed his nose against Jin’s briefly. They reached their common room and Namjoon handed Jin his bag.

‘Go on for your nap, I need to get some books from the library,’

‘I thought you’ll join me!’ Jin pouted.

‘I will soon,’ Namjoon stroked his cheek. ‘Till then, take a good rest,’ and he left.

It was past tea time when Jin woke up and Namjoon still hadn’t returned from the library. After the good results from the tests, he had wanted to smother Namjoon in kisses the entire day but had to hold back, making do with slight touches and now his absence was making him restless. He needed Namjoon before his eyes for the entirety of today. So he decided to go look for him, thinking he might be in the courtyard for some fresh air. As he reached the ground floor, he saw Filbert, one of the kitchen elves hop towards him.

‘Mister Kim!’ Filbert was gasping for breath.

‘Slow down Filbert. What is the matter?’ Jin asked.

‘The kitchen… a mess,’ he bent double, trying to catch his breath.

‘Is it Peeves? The other elves can help you clean,’

‘Not Peeves. Its your friend, the other Mister Kim,’

‘Namjoon is in the kitchen??’ What is he doing there?

‘The elves are on a break right now. They only return at 7 to make dinner,’

Jin sighed, ‘Alright, take me to the kitchen,’

Jin and Filbert arrived to the sound of a frustrated Namjoon and their entry was followed by a glass bowl bursting because Namjoon had flipped his wand in anger, shooting a spell unexpectedly.

‘Joonie?’ Jin called and Namjoon turned sharply, eyes wide in shock. There was a stripe of dough across his forehead and another patch on his cheek. His clothes were covered with flour and sugar crystals, hands dripping something pinkish.

‘What are you doing here?!’ Namjoon snapped. ‘You aren’t supposed to be here!’

‘What are you doing here? You’ve never stepped into the kitchen before!’

‘Nothing…’ Namjoon turned back in embarrassment, trying to quickly clear out the place. His wand fell down behind the kitchen counter. ‘Fuck…’ he muttered.

‘This doesn’t seem like nothing,’ Jin stepped closer to him, slightly amused at the sight.

‘Experiment. For herbology,’
‘With pie batter?’ Jin dipped a finger into the half mixed batter and put it in his mouth. ‘Mmm, not bad,‘

‘It’s a mess. Go to the room, I’ll clear this,’

‘Its ok, we can clear this together,’ Jin said, pulling Namjoon towards him to face him. He retrieved his handkerchief and wiped Namjoon’s cheek. Namjoon looked embarrassed and guilty, but Jin’s eyes were soft.

‘I’m sorry about the mess,’ Namjoon said awkwardly.

Jin kissed him sweetly. ‘Don’t worry, this can get cleaned within no time,’ Jin ran a thumb across Namjoon’s eyebrow, brushing off the flour powder. ‘But I do smell strawberries,’

‘I… I spoiled most of them. Filbert said we need a puree. I was trying to crush it but there were chunks remaining. I tried a spell to mash it but it splattered everywhere,’

‘Its ok,’ Jin repeated, now brushing off the powder from Namjoon’s clothes.

‘I was… trying to bake a strawberry pie for you. But I spoiled everything,’

‘You should’ve called me too. We would’ve made it together,’

‘Yeah… I thought. I’ll…’

‘You’ll?’

‘Nothing…’ Namjoon looked away embarrassed again. Jin turned his face towards him and pecked his lips again.

‘I think this is the sweetest thing ever. Shall we make it together?’

‘Ok,’ he heard Namjoon’s small voice. His cheeks were getting as red as the puree he had tried to make and Jin wished Filbert would look away because Jin wanted to smother Namjoon in kisses. Soon Filbert got them the remaining ingredients. Namjoon had retrieved his wand and Jin had cleaned up the place like there wasn’t a storm that had just passed through it.

‘We can use this batter. Why don’t you slice these strawberries so we can put them on top after the pie is done.’ Jin pushed the basket towards Namjoon.

‘Ok,’ Namjoon said, taking a knife. ‘Slices like these?’ Namjoon carefully cut the fruit, holding out the piece to show him.

‘Hmmm,’ Jin pressed his cheek to Namjoon’s arm, ‘Yeah, its perfect,’ Jin’s hand rested over Namjoon’s waist briefly. It was getting too hard to keep his will power strong. He looked away from Namjoon’s beautiful fingers, to the table in front of them.

‘You want to taste some of the strawberry?’ Jin dipped his finger into the puree, bringing it to Namjoon’s lips. Namjoon slowly lowered his face, eyes on Jin and softly sucked on his fingertip. He didn’t know if the strawberries were exceptionally good or was it Jin.

Jin gave him a look that Namjoon knew the meaning to by now. It meant they were probably skipping dinner again… for something else. Jin didn’t say anything further, getting to work on pouring the batter into the baking tray but the slight smile on his lips said it all.
The pie was soon baking. It was almost dinner time and the elves were returning to the kitchen. Once the pie was ready and cooled, both returned to the cozy comfort of their room, carrying half of the pie. They distributed the remaining to the house elves who seemed much excited at being fed something someone else had prepared.

The two sat on their study desk, Namjoon on the chair and Jin on the table, eating slices of the pie.

‘Mmm, it’s good,’ Jin nodded, eyes closed to taste the flavours properly.

‘Mhhmm,’ Namjoon agreed, coming up to lick some of the puree resting on the corner of Jin’s mouth. ‘You do make it taste better,’

‘Is that so?’ Jin captured his mouth for a kiss, hands eagerly pulling Namjoon’s clothes off. He had been waiting all day.

Namjoon broke the kiss, holding Jin’s chin between his thumb and forefinger, ‘Jin?’

The older opened his eyes, wondering why the kiss was interrupted.

‘How about... we switch it tonight?’

A smirk like smile came on to Jin’s face and he nodded, coming closer to Namjoon and kissing his jaw. He slowly moved towards his ear, ‘Any other requests?’

That raspy whisper was already lighting Namjoon’s skin on fire, that hot pool starting to swirl in the pit of his stomach.

‘You know how sometimes you…’ Namjoon started to speak but found himself searching for the appropriate words. All this was so new to both of them.

‘Sometimes I what?’ Jin hadn’t dropped his sultry tone. ‘Don’t hesitate babe,’

‘Sometimes, you’re telling me what you want. What you want me to do to you, what you want to do to me. With no hesitation in your voice,’

‘Mmmhmm,’ Jin nodded, now kissing his cheek.

‘I like that… that dominant side of you,’

Jin brought his face to the center, a small smile on his lips, ‘If that’s what my baby wants, it’s what he’ll get,’ and he pulled Namjoon into a passionate kiss that didn’t break for a while. And then suddenly, Jin pulled back, Namjoon’s face held by the jaw. The younger opened his eyes slightly startled. Jin’s lips were pink, wet and swollen, a work of Namjoon’s mouth. But his eyes were fiery with lust.

Jin turned him around, pressing him against the table. Namjoon was used to his cute and soft back hugs but this time his hands snaked around his torso in a different manner. He pulled Namjoon’s sweater over his head, followed by his shirt.

‘Do you know how gorgeous you are?’ Jin said in his ear. In the dark window in front of them, Namjoon could see their hazy reflection. He watched Jin’s hands touching his now bare chest. Watching how reverently Jin touched him was arousing in a way Namjoon hadn’t imagined. Jin held him by the throat, bending his neck so he could kiss the side of it. And Jin’s tongue didn’t hold back. It felt like no matter how much he tasted Namjoon, it wasn’t enough. Today Namjoon fully realised how much Jin actually wants him.
Jin’s hands rubbed over Namjoon’s muscled arms and then one of them dipped down his navel, over his clothed bulge and Jin hummed in satisfaction, cupping it.

‘You’re already so hard for me? I like that,’ Jin kissed Namjoon’s shoulder, from the arm to the neck. And then his hand surprisingly moved away from where Namjoon wanted them, resting flat on his stomach and lower chest.

‘Do you want me to touch you?’ Jin asked and Namjoon bit his lip, nodding.

Then came Jin’s next question, more like a challenge to make Namjoon desperate, ‘Where should I touch you?’

Namjoon gulped, mouth watering. Jin moved closer, his own crotch pressing on Namjoon’s ass purposefully.

‘Tell me Joon,’

Namjoon released his lower lip from between his teeth, ‘Touch me here,’ his own hands moved over his crotch.

Jin smiled victoriously and his fingers undid the button of Namjoon’s pants, pulling the zipper and pushing the fabric down. Namjoon’s hard cock sprung free and momentarily into Jin’s warm hands. The older pulled all of Namjoon’s remaining clothes down and he kicked them away from his ankles. He closed his eyes and felt Jin’s hands slither from over his knees, curving into his inner thigh. Jin bit the junction between his neck and shoulder and sucked on the flesh and hands started to work up and down on Namjoon’s cock. Namjoon could only wear collared shirts for a week now, he could imagine the mark Jin was leaving on him but it made him proud and happy. He was already leaking and Jin spread the precum over the length of the shaft.

‘You taste amazing you know,’ Jin said, hands moved religiously. ‘But today I’ll taste you elsewhere too,’

A visible shiver passed through Namjoon’s body, eyes fluttering shut in the pleasure of Jin’s hands and his words.

‘Face me,’ Jin commanded, pulling Namjoon’s chin towards him and they kissed again, Jin pulling his own shirt off.

‘Let’s take you to the bed now,’ Jin nipped at Namjoon’s lower lip and then guided him to the bed, holding his hand.

The Head Boy sat down on the edge, leaning back on his hands, legs slightly spread, cock standing against his lower abdomen. He was displaying himself for Jin and the older was thoroughly pleased. ‘How do you want me?’

‘On your knees,’ Jin’s brow arched for a moment and Namjoon bit his lip again, dimples showing. He moved to the center of the bed, getting on all fours.

Jin’s hands gently carded through Namjoon’s blonde hair, pulling his head back experimentally. He walked forward, fingertips slithering over Namjoon’s spine, making him shiver and then he palmed his ass. ‘So gorgeous,’ he squeezed it. ‘Want to spank it,’

Namjoon let out a shivered breath again, hands fisting in the sheets of the bed. Jin could’ve bet he saw his elbows give away a little.
‘Can I?’ he asked.

‘Yes,’ came a breathy reply from the head boy.

‘But you need to be deserving of the spanking,’ Jin’s fingertips slithered up and down the back of Namjoon’s thigh. It was electrifying, even though it was just brushing over his skin. ‘Did you like watching how I touched you?’

Namjoon nodded, face buried at the end of the pillow. It was Jin’s, he could smell the beautiful strawberry shampoo and that only heightened his pleasure. And he felt Jin’s palm slap his plump ass, a sweet, small sting tingling his backside. Namjoon gasped, clenched fists tightening. He felt a drop of his precum dripping down his cock.

‘Use your words,’ Jin said to him. ‘Did you like watching how I touched you?’

‘Yes,’ Namjoon breathed out again.

‘Good,’ Jin’s palm massaged his ass. ‘I want prompt answers now, got it?’

Namjoon nodded again, too lost in the moment and only realised what he had done when he felt Jin’s hand spank the other side, ‘Words.’ he heard him say.

‘Yes,’ Namjoon cried down.

‘Where else do you want me to touch you?’

Namjoon had to breathe for a moment because this was driving him over the edge. Jin wanted him to be shameless and bare, in everything, be it thoughts or actions. His ass stung again, Jin’s hand coming down on him, the intensity amped up just the slightest and Namjoon wondered if his skin had started to mark up.

‘Answer me. Where else?’

‘M-my…’

‘Clearer baby,’

‘My cock,’ Namjoon said, putting all bashfulness aside.

‘And?’

‘My ass,’

‘Good boy,’ Jin kissed the dip of his lower back. ‘What should I touch you with? Just my hands?’

‘No…’

‘Then tell me,’

‘Your mouth… tongue,’

Jin’s forefinger slid between Namjoon’s legs, running up from his perineum to circle around the entrance. Namjoon was whimpering now, feeling touched where he is especially sensitive. And Jin dared to tease him further. ‘Right here?’

The response from Namjoon was an incoherent cry and he was spanked again. The skin on his ass
felt hot, like pleasures currents were coursing through it till his knees.

‘Right there,’ Namjoon answered. ‘Want your mouth right there,‘

‘Your sensitive here aren’t you,’ Jin asked teasingly, pushing Namjoon’s knees further apart and shifting to sit between his calves.

‘Yes,’

Jin pressed his lips to the rim with an audible kiss and Namjoon tried his best not to squirm out of the pleasure and god he wanted to feel so much more. The tip of Jin’s tongue circled his rim and then he started to lap at it, making it wet. Namjoon was gasping, breaths caught at Jin’s touch, exhaling heavily. He pushed back at Jin for more and Jin spanked him again, but didn’t push him away, instead grabbed the plump ass harder and pulled Namjoon onto his open mouth. Namjoon wanted his fingers to leave an imprint, he was just loving Jin’s rough touches. He could feel Jin’s lips dragging over his rim, opening and closing, eating him, tongue working its magic. He could feel his teeth nibble on his cheeks. The heat in the pit of Namjoon’s stomach was building up like hot swirls.

And then Jin’s hand moved between his legs and grabbed his dripping cock.

‘Oh god Jin,’ Namjoon pleaded. He was going over the edge with pleasure and now Jin was adding more to it.

‘Let’s make you come twice,’ Jin said. ‘Once was never enough for you in the first place, was it?’

When Namjoon answered with a wrecked cry, he was spanked again.

‘Yes, yes…’ Namjoon felt his eyes tear up. He had never been this whiny and desperate, but everything Jin was telling him were the sweetest things ever and Jin loved more than anything to see this side of him, the realisation of how safe they felt with each other, how they could be completely bare. The controlled and calm Head Boy come undone under Jin’s touch.

Jin licked his hole, tongue dwelling in and his hand stroked his cock, the slide easy with how wet Namjoon was by now. Namjoon felt the hot pool in his stomach making it’s way further down and he moaned loud and long, his release shooting out, streaks of it on his chest and the rest on the bed and on Jin’s wrapped hand around him. Namjoon’s knees gave away, body slumping on the bed, panting hard. A moment later, Jin’s other hand came over him, gently running through his hair.

‘You good baby?’ he asked, tone soft and caring.

‘More than good,’ Namjoon nodded.

Jin let him lie down for a few moments, continuing to stroke his hair, softly kissing his shoulder blades, caressing his hands over his now reddened ass. Namjoon turned over, placing his legs on either side of Jin. The older was looking at him with the same hunger and he reached his hands out, fingers wiping the white streaks off his chest and he made a show of licking them off his fingers, tongue lapping and then those fingers puckering his sinful lips as he sucked the tips.

‘You always taste so good… everywhere,’ Jin said with a rumble and Namjoon felt himself start to harden again.

‘You know how hard you got me baby? Just with your moans?’ he saw Jin take his hand lower, over his own crotch, palming himself over his pants. Namjoon was breathless again. ‘I didn’t even have to touch myself, you were just so good,’ Jin watched Namjoon’s lidded eyes on his crotch.
‘You want me to take them off? Want to see me naked?’

‘Yes, please,’ Namjoon looked at Jin’s face and licked his lower lip and then his eyes went back to Jin’s hands unbuttoning himself and getting the remaining clothes off his glorious body. Namjoon wanted Jin in his mouth before they got to the final act.

And it’s like Jin read his mind.

‘Does my baby want to suck me off first? Before I fuck him?’

Namjoon nodded, sitting up and Jin grabbed him by the hair. He pressed a thumb inside Namjoon’s mouth, propping it open and placed the head of his cock on his lips and tongue. Namjoon closed his lips around it, eyes on Jin as he took him in. He bobbed his head in and out, sucking hard and Jin threw his head back, grip tightening on the younger’s hair. He cupped his face, starting to thrust into him, eyes adoringly watching how well Namjoon took him in.

‘I love your mouth,’ Jin said and in response Namjoon went in deep before pulling back, completely out of breath.

Jin pushed him back down on the bed and lay beside him, turning Namjoon so that Jin was spooning him. The younger looked back, wondering what Jin had in mind. Jin grabbed Namjoon’s upper leg and pushed it up, hooking it at his elbow while the same hand grabbed at his own cock.

‘Will you stay this way for me?’ he asked and Namjoon nodded. He felt Jin touch his hole and then his cock was pushing in. Namjoon closed his eyes. Gently, inch by inch, Jin entered him.

‘Did you imagine this too?’ Jin asked him lewdly, ‘Me being deep inside you?’

‘So many times,’ Namjoon wanted to cry out. Jin’s hand was rubbing his nipples, hiking his leg even higher.

‘You’re gorgeous legs,’ Jin kissed the top of his knee, hand slithering up and down as he thrust in deeper. ‘I could admire them all day,’

Namjoon cried out, feeling Jin’s cock hit him at the right spot and Jin kept it going, hands now pumping Namjoon’s cock.

‘Jin, I’m close,’ he hiccuped. Jin kissed his cheek, eyes watching him be lost in the pleasure. Namjoon’s arm bent back to grab Jin by the back of his head and Jin kept thrusting in till he felt Namjoon’s fingers dig into his scalp and his hole clenching with the orgasm. The wetness spread on Jin’s hands again as Namjoon cried.

‘Come on me…’ Namjoon rasped in his moment of climax and Jin pulled out, turning him to the front and releasing over his chest, streaks lining him from his pecs till his jaw and lips. Jin sat back on his heels, panting and admiring the sight in front of him. Namjoon was just too beautiful… and he belonged only to him. Namjoon’s hands were already seeking Jin and he was glad to not be the only clingy one in this relationship. Jin moved forward, laying over Namjoon and hugging him.

‘Every orgasm with you is heavenly,’ Namjoon said, ‘But that was the best one I’ve ever had,’

Jin kissed his nose and grinned, ‘Only giving you what you make me feel everyday. Though now we do need a big bath and a change of bedding,’

*
Taehyung hummed to himself, walking on the ground floor corridor towards the Great Hall. Students walked past him, chatting amongst their groups. Some gave him an acknowledging nod or wave of the hand. Things had changed for him so much this year. He no longer saw cruel stares, waiting for an opportunity to pick at him. In fact, he might even have spotted admiration in the gazes now. It was all because now he knew he was powerful. He needn’t worry about upsetting someone stronger than him. Abraxas has told him so many things, he had made Taehyung feel stronger and more sure of himself. There were days he felt he could conquer the world if he wanted to.

‘Taehyung? Kim Taehyung!’ Laura jogged towards him, grabbing him by the shoulder. Taehyung turned around to see her and Jungkook, ink smeared on their hands, probably from the practice test they just had.

‘Have you spoken to Jin lately?’ She asked him.

‘No… is he looking for me?’ Taehyung asked.

‘Kind of… yeah,’ Jungkook nodded. ‘We thought we’d see at duel practices… but, you hardly show up,’

‘Ah, I’m sorry,’ Taehyung said lightly. ‘I have exam revisions, and my personal Elkyric training,’

‘Who’s training you?’ Laura asked, unable to keep the suspicion out of her tone, ‘Is it Abraxas?’

‘Yeah, who else,’ Taehyung chuckled, ‘There’s no one more knowledgeable than him,’

‘You seem to really like him,’ Jungkook noticed the fond smile on Taehyung’s face.

The boy shrugged, ‘Yeah, he’s taught me alot, what about it?’

‘You’ve… never met him,’ Jungkook continued, voice dropping lower so the passer bys couldn’t hear their conversation. ‘Aren’t you just a little bit doubtful of him? For your own safety?’

‘If I keep doubting, I’m never going to get anywhere further,’

‘But I don’t think it’s wise to blindly place your trust in someone like that,’ Laura tried to explain.

Taehyung pursed his lips into a straight line before speaking, ‘Obviously you’d think like that, because you have trust issues with everything,’ he said casually but that made Laura raise her eyebrows. ‘You hid our friendship and treated me like a nobody for four years, and what was that for?’

‘To protect you!’

‘Well, your friend Gwen found out anyway, so again I ask you, what was the point of all your paranoia? Besides can you see Abraxas doing anything wrong with me that I should doubt him?’

‘It’s difficult to point out what’s wrong, but everything is not completely right,’ Laura’s gaze observed the change in Taehyung’s demeanor.

‘If you don’t like it then no one is forcing you to be here,’ Taehyung said and turned away. ‘Tell Seokjin I’ll be waiting for him in the clubroom,’ he walked away, humming like before.

‘What’s wrong with him!’ Laura was fuming. Jungkook was angry as well but his was an internal anger compared to Laura’s volatile fury. ‘Why is he acting like this? Like he owns the world!’
‘Maybe that’s what Abraxas makes him think,’ Jungkook inferred. ‘This is not right. I wanted to support him, but not anymore,’

Taehyung walked into the empty clubroom, hand grazing over the worn out fabric of the couch and he plopped himself over it, dark hair bouncing as he sunk into the cushiony furniture.

‘So you still live in the castle?’ he heard Jin from the door and looked towards it. The older boy leaned against the door frame with crossed arms. His gaze observed Taehyung but it wasn’t unfriendly.

‘I heard you were looking for me?’ Taehyung sat up and walked towards him. ‘Is anything the matter?’

‘I won’t beat around the bush,’ Jin straightened up and said. ‘I want to know more about Abraxas,’

*Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab/window) Ramin Djawadi - The Dead Are Already Here*

‘Abraxas?’ Taehyung chuckled airily. ‘Alright, what about him?’

‘What is he? What are his powers?’

‘He is…’ Taehyung took a step to the side, starting to stroll around the room. ‘He is a soul. Living in a raven’s body. As for his powers… I don’t think he has any. Except that, being a soul, he could speak to me for some reason,‘

‘He talks a lot with you?’

‘Yeah, we speak everyday,’

‘And he didn’t tell you?’ Jin took a step closer to him.

‘Tell me what?’

‘That he saw me. I looked into what the alchemists were doing, my mind travelled to where they are, and he saw me,’

Taehyung stopped walking, and stared at the stone wall in front of him.

‘You two seem to be friends and he didn’t tell you this?’ Jin continued. ‘Isn’t that suspicious?’

But Taehyung still didn’t answer him.

‘I told you to be careful of him Tae, I kept telling you, but you got swept away in his sweet words. I don’t think he’s the great leader you think of him to be,’ Jin looked at Taehyung’s unmoving back. ‘Tae, please listen to what I have to say,’ he grabbed his shoulder to turn him around.

A sudden whiteness engulfed all around Jin. His breaths stopped like he was in a vacuum. He looked around frantically, blinking to check if his eyes were ok, but he couldn’t see anything around him except white nothingness. He couldn’t hear anything except the silence pressing on his ear drums. His heart beat a mile an hour in fear.

‘Taehyung!?‘ Jin yelled out.

‘Seokjin, we meet again,’ the same eerily sweet voice drifted in. Red smoke swirled in front of Jin, forming a mirage, an illusion, a real person, Seokjin didn’t know. A tall figure materialised in front
of him, slender, pale skinned with silky silver hair, a beautiful face and glowing red eyes.

Jin stared at the apparition with wide eyes. *Abraxas.*

‘I knew you’d come, trying to warn your friend. You care so much for him don’t you,’ his elegant lips moved. Abraxas was mesmerising by his physical presence alone, no wonder they revered him as a God. The little paintings in the ancient records of the Red War didn’t do his beauty justice.

‘You remind me of my younger self so much,’ Abraxas leaned a little closer, his red eyes travelled over Jin’s face. ‘It is rare to find such beauty. We are meant to work together Seokjin. Join me. You are made for greatness,’

Jin clenched his jaw and hardened his eyes, ‘Join you? In what way?’

‘Let me work through you. Imagine if we combine our powers… Nothing can defeat us then,’

‘Our powers? What are you? You’re just a fleeting soul,’

‘I’m more than that. There’s no one more knowledgeable than me. When I my body was complete, there was no one stronger than me. I was the only one who could create the Philosopher’s stone. Even four of the most powerful armies couldn’t kill me Seokjin. There’s a reason I have followers even in his state of a fleeting soul. People believe in my power, I know their heart’s desires,’

‘You can connect to people’s minds? That’s how you manipulate them to join you?’

‘I don’t manipulate, I simply know what they want the most and give it to them,’

‘You’re powerful enough on your own then. You don’t need me,’ Jin took one step back.

‘But I do…’ Abraxas said. ‘If you join me, all my power will be yours. Don’t you want that?’

Jin narrowed his eyes, ‘You want to host me… isn’t it? You want to take over my mind-’

‘Not take over, not a host,’ Abraxas shook his head. ‘Think of it more like, symbiont living. With both our minds, we can create the world again. Don’t you want to be with your friend Taehyung in the new world?’ he gestured to the side with his hand and Jin faintly saw Taehyung standing behind this bubble of white space, like a curtain separated them.

‘I don’t want a new world,’ Jin said. ‘I don’t want any part of this. You seek power, not me, our goals aren’t the same,’

‘Are you sure? I heard you’re not free to live as you please. That you have to hide your seeing powers, you treat it like a curse. Won’t it be exhilarating if you could do anything you wanted? Be with whoever you wanted?’

Jin chewed his inner cheek. How much had Taehyung told Abraxas? ‘Regardless, I don’t need you to make my life better,’

Abraxas sighed, ‘You know… I don’t really like forcing someone to do something half heartedly. I revere in the passion people have for their goals,’

‘Are we done here then?’

‘I don’t really like it, but I’m passionate about my goals too, so I am ready to go to any lengths for it,’ Abraxas lifted his hand, almost about to touch Jin’s face.
Jin felt the painful currents flow through his body again, cracking his skin. This time it was on his chest, spreading to the crack on his cheek that was getting bigger. Jin clasped his face, forearms shielding his front and he moved back, trying to push the sudden invisible force pushing at him.

‘GET AWAY!!’ Jin screamed, forearms pushing and whipping at Abraxas’ soul trying to enter him. Abraxas was thrown back, like a gust of sand and dust being hit by forceful wind. He retracted and reformed, taller than before, hovering over Jin. His eyes glowed redder in fury.

‘I have an offer to make you,’ Abraxas’ voice was nearly a hiss. Jin looked up at him with the same fury the other had. ‘Your friend’s life for yours. If you don’t join me, I’ll rule the world through your friend Taehyung. His body and mind will be mine, unless you come to replace it,’

‘No, NO!’ Jin yelled, because that was all he could do. He couldn’t touch Abraxas. There was no way to harm a soul and the Red King was disappearing, dissolving into smoke and the white space disappearing with him. ‘ABRAXAS!’

Jin stood in the club room, staring at a spot high on the brown wall in front of him. He looked back down with wide eyes at Taehyung who was standing expressionless.

‘Taehyung!’ Jin tried to hold him but stopped, remembering what had happened the last time they touched.

‘What’s the matter?’ Taehyung sounded impassive but for a hint of sarcasm in his words. ‘Are you scared me Jin?’ he lifted his hand to touch the crack on Jin’s face but Jin moved back. ‘Are you scared of being close to me?’

‘Taehyung?’ Jin called him. ‘Tae you have to stop talking to him. He’s taking over you, he-’

‘It’s where I belong,’ Taehyung answered. ‘You can join me too,’ He leaned forward to touch Jin again but the older boy crawled back, picking up his pace and running before his body fell to pieces.

Chapter End Notes

Please come talk to me / leave a comment, I NEED MOTIVATION!!!!!

DO IT (please).
In Noctem Part 1

Chapter Summary

The exams have arrived and the nine students are on their final week in Hogwarts.

Chapter Notes

I am back from war (feels like it. Never had a block like this before. Thank you my readers and amigas who helped me break through it!! <3 you guys are real gems )

I had uploaded this chapter and deleted because I wasn't happy with this. In case you read it, I would say read this one too because there are a few changes.

Content warning in terms of sexually explicit writing. I'd like to say here that, as I explore the different moods of writing - drama, romance, suspense, sex etc, I also like to explore scenes or themes that may not be so popular in other writings. I won't give a spoiler here about what it is, but just keep in mind that I'll be exploring things.

Hoseok’s eyes narrowed as he read the list, looking for his name on the common room notice board.

‘Jung… Jung… Jung- Ah!’ he found his seat and number for the upcoming exams. He was sitting in front of Jungkook for the first exam tomorrow and a grin spread across his face.

‘Tae! Did you check your name yet?’ He asked the boy who had just entered through the round wooden door. Taehyung stuffed something like a chain inside his robes and and stood in front of the list too.

‘Exams…’ Taehyung said softly. ‘Such a bother,’

‘Are you prepared? Your first exam is Potions right?’

‘I’ll be fine,’ Taehyung smiled, but it didn’t feel genuine. It felt haughty and over confident.

A memo flew in and stopped in front of Hoseok’s face.

_Urgent. Alone._ Was all it read and Hoseok quickly tucked it in his pocket.

‘What is that?’ Taehyung asked. Hoseok glanced at him once and then looked away, feet already moving.

‘Urgent student council meeting,’ and he left.

*Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab) Ramin Djawadi - Chaos is a Ladder*
Hoseok entered the clubroom which was already occupied by Jin, Namjoon, Jungkook and the Slytherins. Jin sat on an armchair, holding a side of his face and Namjoon sat on the armrest beside him, a protective arm over the older’s shoulder. All crowded closer in a circle, eyes focused on Jin.

‘What’s happened?’ Yoongi asked. Jin looked up and put his hand down. The crack had grown longer, and there was another new one emerging from the neckline of his shirt, creeping till his jaw. The eyes of the four widened in horror.

‘He’s taking over Taehyung,’ Jin said. ‘When I touched Tae, I saw Abraxas,’

Yoongi looked like something had just dawned on him, ‘I knew there was something wrong… I knew Tae was not being himself,’

‘But… I was with him right now,’ Hoseok said. ‘Yes he’s changed from what he was in the beginning of the year but… Are you sure it’s because Abraxas is controlling him? He didn’t seem to be under any spell,’

‘Maybe it’s not a spoken spell like the Imperious curse,’ Jin said. ‘Abraxas told me… his powers help him understand people. I think that was another way of saying he can get into people’s minds and hear their thoughts. He knows what a person wants, how they think and so he sways and manipulates them… until they give over all control to him,’

‘If that’s the case then we have to bring Taehyung back!’ Laura said. ‘We need to get Abraxas out of his mind!’

‘And do we have any idea how to do that?’ Jin asked. They all had nothing to say.

‘Where is Tae right now? Can we speak to him?’ Jimin asked.

‘He’s in the common room,’ Hoseok said. ‘Should I try to talk?’

Jin shook his head, ‘I don’t know. I don’t know what’s the right step. He behaved so weirdly with me, I couldn’t believe it’s the same Tae we know since 4 years,’

‘What does he look like?’ Yoongi asked Jin. ‘Abraxas?’

Jin blinked at him and then looked down at his hands, ‘Like a cold, unlovable beauty,’

‘All of you, be careful around Taehyung,’ Namjoon said and he looked uncomfortable saying it. ‘We don’t know what we’re dealing with. We don’t know to what extent Abraxas has taken over him. But we need to save him,’

‘Namjoon,’ Jungkook held a hand up, his eyes looking back towards the door. Taehyung was there, big, blue eyes sweeping over all of them and he definitely looked hurt.

‘I trusted all of you,’ Taehyung whispered.

Jin stood up from the chair while Namjoon looked at him cautiously.

‘Taehyung, don’t you remember?’

‘Remember what?’ Taehyung asked him, words lacing with accusation.

‘We met here an hour ago. I touched your shoulder and I saw Abraxas! He’s taking over your mind!’
Taehyung’s eyes narrowed, ‘We never met. We’re meeting right now after days!’

Jin felt helpless. He didn’t know what to say or how to explain anything to him.

‘Taehyung, we saw you in the corridor,’ Laura spoke. ‘Remember we told you Jin wants to see you? You wanted him to come here and meet you!’

‘I waited and he never came!’ Taehyung said to her and turned his eyes back to Jin. ‘Why are you saying that you met me?’

‘Because I did! Look what happened to me when we met!’ Jin spread his hand out and showed him the cracks on his palm.

Taehyung looked shocked, ‘Jin! Do you really think I could hurt you! I didn’t do that! Why aren’t you all believing me? Do you think I’m lying?’

‘We don’t think you are lying but Abraxas might be,’ Jin said. ‘Please, push him out of your head!’

Taehyung shook his head, ‘I trusted you all, it was a mistake. Why didn’t you come talk to me about this before holding your secret meeting?’

‘Because of Abraxas!’

‘None of you trust me do you?’ he turned to Jungkook, ‘Was it all words? When you said you would support me? Did you lie?’

‘I wouldn’t lie to you Tae, but if Abraxas isn’t healthy for you-’

‘He’s helping me!! But none of you believe me! I honestly don’t have anything more to say to you all. You betrayed me,’ Taehyung was furious. He turned around to leave and took a few fast and heavy steps before Jungkook held his shoulder.

‘Tae please! Don’t go away, we’re still here for you!’

‘Are you?’ Taehyung asked him, those eyes that usually sparkled now looked like a frozen lake. The boy turned to Jin and held his hand out.

‘Are you truly here for me?’ he asked, like a challenge. Jin stared at Taehyung’s open and outstretched hand, knowing that if Abraxas was playing a game, the moment Jin touched Taehyung, Abraxas would try to enter his mind again. He would break again, and Jin didn’t know how much more of it his body could take. He had already been shaking from the moment he ran away from Abraxas.

Taehyung saw the hesitation in Jin’s eyes, ‘Forget it,’ he bit out and walked away. Hoseok and Jimin glanced at each other and ran behind the boy. The others turned to the front with frustrated faces.

‘That went… even worse than I imagined,’ Namjoon hung his head low in exasperation.

‘Maybe… we ought to believe a part of Tae,’ Ash said. ‘We need to do something so he doesn’t go away from us!’

‘That wasn’t Taehyung,’ Jin shook his head. ‘Maybe it was, but Abraxas put words in his mouth, I’m sure. That’s why he was so quick to say we don’t trust him, that we’re having a secret meeting. Those are ideas that Abraxas is giving him,’
Taehyung walked briskly, turning a deaf ear to each and every call of his two friends running behind him. But Jimin was fast and soon he was being spun by the shoulder in the deserted corridor.

‘Taehyung please don’t walk away from us!’ Jimin’s eyes begged him. ‘We need to stick together more than ever,‘

‘Jimin, I don’t want to… fight with anyone,’ Taehyung sighed. ‘But this is not the first time you all have done this to me. Don’t think I don’t notice it, I’ve seen you all meet and discuss without me,’ Taehyung was breathing fast. His biggest insecurity was right in front of his face, glaring at him. His own friends still considered him not equal to them. Despite all that he had achieved this year, they didn’t think him to be good enough.

They might be looking out for you, but this isn’t the way. Your friend Seokjin’s methods aren’t working but they all want to believe him over you, Abraxas said to him.

‘Jin did wrong,’ Taehyung said. ‘And just because he’s older to me doesn’t mean I’m the wrong one every time,’

‘You’re right,’ Hoseok had reached them by now. ‘And we’re really sorry for what we did,’

‘The real apology has to come from Jin,’ Taehyung said. ‘He called the meeting didn’t he?’

When his two friends didn’t answer, he understood. ‘Your silence says it. He and Namjoon are one team now. And yeah, I don’t blame Namjoon for always taking Jin’s side, even though he promised me he’ll look out for me,’

‘What can we do to make it up to you?’ Jimin asked. ‘I swear, all of this is a misunderstanding which is just getting uglier. Both Jin and Joon care for you so much, and I know it! So tell us, how we can make this better,’

‘Tell Jin to apologise to me,’ Taehyung said. ‘Without his true apology, no words mean anything. I need to see the sincerity in his eyes,’

‘Ok,’ Hoseok said, ‘We’ll tell him. And I know for a fact that he’ll do it. He’s your friend Tae, he’s done so much for you!’

They’re again taking Seokjin’s side? It’s as if he’s brainwashed them. I’m surprised your friends aren’t able to see anything in neutral light.

‘Students?’ Professor Sprout walked towards them, her round face coming into the light by the lanterns lining the stone corridor’s side. ‘Shouldn’t you all be back in your common rooms? Your exams start tomorrow and it’s past curfew!’

‘Yes professor, we’re just leaving,’ Hoseok said and held Taehyung’s elbow.

‘It’s Herbology for you two, isn’t it?’ Sprout looked at the 6th years. ‘Well, best of luck! Both of you performed well in the classes, so I hope tomorrow you'll do good,’ she beamed warmly at them.

‘Will do our best professor,’ Jimin said. ‘Thank you for your wishes!’

‘Run along now, three of you, back to your dorms,’ she nodded at Prefect Hoseok and left to continue the rounds.
Jimin looked at Tae and hugged him, ‘Do well tomorrow in the exam, ok? You have potions right?’

‘Yeah… have to see Snape’s long face early in the morning,’ Taehyung rolled his eyes while Jimin continued hugging him. The Slytherin chuckled in relief, hearing some familiarity in Taehyung’s tone.

‘You’ll do well,’ Jimin patted the back of his head and pulled away. ‘I should get back now,’

‘We should rest too,’ Hoseok said. ‘Or we’ll sleep during the paper tomorrow,’ he looked at Taehyung to beckon him towards the Hufflepuff dorms.

‘Good luck to you too,’ Taehyung said to Jimin. ‘And remember what I said. I want Jin to apologise to me in person,’

Jimin tried not to show his suspicion on his face and so he just nodded and waved him goodbye. The two Hufflepuffs silently went their way, Hoseok and Jimin exchanging one day look of suspicion.

No one slept much that night. To add to the ordeal about Taehyung and Abraxas, their exams were starting in a few hours.

Namjoon looked carefully at the cracks on Jin’s body, trying some healing spells. It wasn’t easy, but a little by little, some of the newer cracks were closing up. The older one however stayed like a permanent mark from the left side of his chest, extending till his collar bones and over his arm.

‘How are you feeling now?’ Namjoon asked. Jin set the blue bottle of invigorating potion down on their bedside table while swallowing the last of the contents.

‘Better than before,’ he said. ‘Joonie, don’t spend all your energy trying to heal me. Our NEWTs start tomorrow, you need your strength,’

‘I’ll just-’ Namjoon put his wand on Jin’s fading cracks again but Jin held his hand.

‘I’m fine, trust me. Now please, get back to your revisions or get some sleep,’ and he kissed him long and hard to end the conversation.

As he pulled away, Namjoon chuckled, ‘You’re being unfair,’

Jin looked at him with big eyes and a pout and Namjoon knew there was no winning. He stood up and headed to his desk, trying to finish the revisions that were interrupted two hours ago.

They studied till the early hours of the morning, yawning and moving around the room occasionally to stretch their muscles.

Finally at 4 am, Jin lay on his bed, an open Potions book covering his face. He felt like he would throw up out of anxiety. Namjoon was walking to and fro in their room, mumbling Arithmancy definitions.

‘Ughhh Namjoon!’ Jin groaned from behind the book. ‘Stop it!’

‘But I need to revise baby!’ he whined and Jin just felt his insides melting, the stress forgotten for a moment from Namjoon’s endearing tone.

‘You’re so cunning,’ Jin mumbled and turned around, burying his face on the mattress and pulling
a pillow over his head. Namjoon chuckled and sat beside him, hand on Jin’s lower back.

‘By the way… I meant to ask you, are you still up for the offer at Godric’s Hollow?’

Jin’s head popped out from below the pillow with messy brown hair and eyebrows contorted in a question, ‘You mean… to live together at Godric’s Hollow?’

Namjoon nodded shyly, eyes on the edge of the bed, dimples on display.

Jin sat up urgently, ‘I wouldn’t want anything else more than that. But… I would like to do it on good terms with my parents,’

Namjoon smiled, taking Jin’s hand, ‘Of course, talk it out patiently at home,’

‘Ha… I thought nothing else can make me anxious but the thought of that discussion is beating my exam anxiety,’ Jin laughed dryly which turned into a whine and he buried his face under the pillow again. And then just as abruptly, he pushed himself up, getting out of bed. This was the most restless he had ever been.

‘Where are you going?’ Namjoon enquired quizzically.

Jin pulled his cupboard open, ‘I need some distraction. I need to stop thinking about the exam,’ and he pushed his hands beneath the folded clothes to retrieve two things that he laid out on their study desk.

‘And these are your distractions?’ Namjoon stood behind him, seeing the gloves of Gryffindor and a single card, the ace of clubs displayed on the wooden surface.

‘I got these two things from Diagon Alley. One from my own uncle, who’s a seer like me and has apparently pulled some strings in this whole game. The other, I thought I should get because of my vision. But how on earth is this supposed to help us?‘ Jin picked up the paper card. ‘What is this? Does it have some magical power? Can you tell us the future?!!’ he spoke into it but nothing really happened. ‘And what about these gaudy gloves? Did I waste money on it? At this point the cloak of Gryffindor seems to have been the better choice. A cloak… can have magic right?’

‘Yeah, I’ve heard of cloaks that are like a protective shield on the wearer. No spell or weapon can harm them,’

‘A cloak seems more useful anyday! It can make you stronger, or invisible, I’ve heard stories about that too! Instead I got these stupid gloves, what was I thinking!’

‘Hey, stop worrying about this,’ Namjoon took him away from the two items. ‘Your instincts are rarely wrong. We’ll figure out what this is,’

‘We need to do it fast,’ Jin said with a pained expression. ‘Each hour that goes by reminds me how much deeper Taehyung is falling into Abraxas’ control,’

‘He is still himself,’ Namjoon said. ‘I can still see our old Taehyung in there, hidden beneath a mask of overconfidence but he’s still there. I can hear it in his laughter and when he gets excited about some small things. We haven’t lost him yet,’

‘But we’re running out of time. Abraxas said he’ll take him if I don’t go to him. How am I supposed to make this decision?!’ Jin argued. ‘The only way, is to get Abraxas out of our lives forever,’
‘That reminds me,’ Namjoon suddenly headed to his desk. ‘I wrote something down from what I read from the books you bought from Diagon Alley,’ he pulled out the Divination & Occlumency books from Flourish and Botts and flipped through the pages until he found a somewhat crumpled note. He smoothed it out and showed it to Jin who couldn’t really make much out of the scribbles and arrows.

‘Sorry but you’ll have to explain,’ the older said.

‘What I infer,’ Namjoon began, deeply concentrated and motivated, ‘Is that you and Abraxas both carry metaphysical powers. We can’t see it, we can’t calculate it’s full power, we can’t even define it fully. It flows, one form to another like vapour does,’ Namjoon’s hands got animated and eyes bigger, pinning on Jin.

‘Abraxas can connect to minds, he can probably read minds, I assume he’s been showing Taehyung these supposed visions of a perfect world. You on the other hand can see visions. Abraxas shows his imagination to people, manipulating them, in a way controlling them because they think he can grant their desires. And you see the reality of the world, back or forward in time, in a way you can control what happens in the future. I know until now you haven’t been able to mould the future but you have the potential and Abraxas sees that. For someone who wants to rule the world, wouldn’t that be a brilliant asset?’

‘You’re right about that,’ Jin nodded.

‘And Abraxas currently doesn’t have a body. As much as I absolutely despise saying this, but he has the option of taking yours, unlike a living human who is tied to their bodily vessel. Better than to have you join him like the alchemists and be your own self, is to take over your conscious, make you into him, have complete control. But here’s where you two collide. You’re not like any other wizard. You have metaphysical powers too. You can see into people’s memories and look through the past, you have visions of the future, there are times you know what is going on in someone’s mind, like you can see their thoughts, you’re a legilimens. Maybe both you and Abraxas have that in common, the power to know what is in someone’s mind. He pushes on you to control you, you push back because you can. You, unlike others are aware of his powers trying to wrap around you. And maybe that’s why… you break whenever you two come in contact,’

‘If he breaks me when we are in contact, why does he think he can possess my body? Won’t I completely break then?’

‘I think it’s a battle of consciousness and control. You resist him, push him out of your mind… if you don’t resist and allow him to take over, maybe that symbiont living that Abraxas spoke of will take place, because in the end, you two belong to the same metaphysical plane of power, it goes hand in hand,’

‘Whatever you’re saying… makes sense,’ Jin said. ‘But we’re still not closer to getting Taehyung out of his grasp,’

Namjoon curled his lips in and sat on the chair in defeat. ‘I’m really clueless about that,’

* 

Jimin sat with knees folded up on the green couch by the fire. He was intently ticking something off and checking the answers against a sheet.

‘Correct. And that’s correct too,’ he muttered to himself while Ash watched him with anticipation. Jimin looked at her and smiled, ‘You scored 10 on 10,’
Ash clapped in delight and Jimin got up from his couch, walking across to bend down and kiss her.

The Min-Dracwyn cousins observed that with relief from across the common room, stuffing their bags with the writing equipment they’ll need for the exam.

‘Well I’m glad that’s resolved,’ Yoongi said.

They walked out to the Great Hall. The day was rather cloudy and the lanterns burned bright even at 9 AM in the morning. Jungkook waved at them from across the outer corridor, looking in better spirits than Laura.

‘Looks like you prepared well,’ she said as he fell in line with her.

Jungkook shrugged, ‘We’ll see. It’s Herbology so I’m not too worried,’

‘I didn’t realise your hair has grown so long!’ she traced a dark strand, going from his temple below the apples of his cheek and then ran her hands through the longer tresses at the back of his head.

‘Yeah I forgot to get it cut between all our busy schedules,’ he ran a hand through it.

‘I like it!’ Laura smiled, tugging a little on it playfully.

The Great Hall was full of students buzzing lowly, reciting and memorising definitions, practicing some spells. Flitwick had left floating, glowing words in the air for the students, wishing them luck and even reminding them to eat well. Laura tried to eat but her nerves weren’t letting her. She saw Taehyung enter the hall but not look at anyone. He sat at his table, ignoring Hoseok and the food in front of him and started to read his potions book.

Dumbledore stood up from the staff’s seat to give his yearly speech about the exams, especially addressing the OWL and NEWTs students. Once he was done, the bell rang sharply and the students jumped in their seats, especially the first, fifth and seventh years who looked nervous as heck that the dreaded exams had finally started.

‘OWLs and NEWTs students, stay in the Great Hall. Other students, please head to the classrooms assigned to your roll numbers,’ McGonagall’s voice boomed in the hall.

They all stood up and scurried out, giving their last best wishes to their friends and left to where they were supposed to be.

*  

A week later...

Torrhen walked through the breezy corridors of the yellow castle. It was a warm and pleasant spring day, his favourite weather. A few of the alchemists greeted and bowed to him as they walked past him. The earth Elkyre nodded and smiled. He hadn’t felt like this in a very long time, having forgotten what it was like to be respected. For the first time in decades he felt like he was part of a community. Because of Abraxas’ efforts over the ages, they were all brought together and given a purpose, a united front to fight and win the freedom they deserve.

He passed by Martaeus’ room and glanced in. The man’s usually dark hair looked steel gray in the evening sunlight. He was on his crumbled bed, bent over like he was writing something.

‘Martaeus?’ Torrhen called out and entered. Martaeus glanced behind his shoulder and gently shut
the book, putting his quill aside and standing up to face Torrhen.

‘Are you studying?’ Torrhen asked.

‘Uh, yeah, I was just making some notes of my own,’

‘Oh… about what? Now that I’ve been reading the books you gave me, I know more about your various subjects,’ Torrhen smiled and stood, one hand clasping over the other, like he was ready for an intellectual conversation.

‘Just…’ Martaeus shrugged, gray eyes not looking at Torrhen for long. ‘Was trying to calculate what determines the strength in an elkyre. Say Torrhen,’ he looked up with more focus, ‘When does Abraxas plan to carry out the creation process?’

Martaeus shook his head, ‘He doesn’t know the best time yet. We also are missing one elkyre, your son,’

‘Does he talk about Taehyung to you?’

‘A little… he probably talks more about him to you, so why are you asking me this?’

‘I just want to know… if all that Abraxas is telling me about my son is the truth. Does my son really not want to… meet me?’

‘My family doesn’t want to have anything to do with me either,’ Martaeus said. ‘After all that I put them through… they consider me a curse. At least your son didn’t say *that* to you,’

‘But… I need to speak to my son! I want to know him, and him to know me. I have to try,’

‘Abraxas told you to be patient so why don’t you stop overthinking this? He will bring your son here. He told me your son wants to be with us, said he’s planning to come here during the summer,’

Martaeus chuckled, ‘Come here over the summer? Like Jiyeon would let him out of her sight for even a moment,’

Torrhen shrugged, ‘I don’t think anyone can stop your son from doing what he wants to. He’s certainly more powerful that your ex wife- I mean fiance… wait, were you two even engaged?’

‘No,’ Martaeus sighed. ‘We were on the brink of it… but in the end we weren’t. Taehyung shouldn’t run away from home if that’s what you mean. That’s not the way to do this!’

‘Stop trying to control the boy. You might his father by birth but you two have no relationship’

‘Doesn’t mean I cannot care for him,’ Martaeus shook his head. ‘I need to speak to him,’

‘Good luck trying to convince Abraxas to speak for you. He’s forming a good relationship with your son, the boy looks up to our master, he trusts in him. Don’t ruin it by adding your own thoughts to the mix. Let him bring Tae here, and then you can bond,’

Martaeus couldn’t believe he was being sidelined this way. He had been meaning to bring this up since a long time, but he had to play his cards carefully. He had hoped Torrhen would be more on his side than Abraxas, but he underestimated that bird’s manipulative abilities. Martaeus felt alone with nobody to support him. He was all on his own. ‘I am speaking to my son no matter what,’

‘Abraxas will not like that Martaeus! Think for a moment-’
‘I am Taehyung’s father! Not Abraxas!’ Martaeus roared. ‘And he cannot stop me from talking to my own son!’

Before Torrhen could tell him to let go and calm down, Martaeus’ body started to swirl, turning into a tornado and stormed out of the room. Torrhen fell on the floor from the force of the wind but hurriedly got up and rushed towards Abraxas’ chambers.

‘Master!’ He burst through the double doors. Abraxas was perched on his usual barren tree and turned it’s head towards the man. ‘Master, I was right, we cannot trust Martaeus. He left, even though you told him not to. He’s gone to speak to his son, we don’t know what he will tell him about us,’

‘I am sad to hear that. He’s still not one of us,’ Abraxas said with disappointment in his voice and the bird’s red eyes blinked once. ‘But don’t worry Torrhen, Taehyung will not be turned against us,’

‘How can you be so sure?’ Torrhen asked, wondering why their master seemed so calm. Taehyung was the last piece of the process, they needed him at any cost.

‘Taehyung trusts me more than anyone realises. I’m a part of him now,’

In a few hours, Martaeus appeared on top of the Astronomy tower of Hogwarts. He looked over the landscape of the place that had been his home for 7 years… probably the only place on earth that had been his home for the longest amount of time. But he did not have time to immerse in the nostalgia coming upon him. He needed to find his son without being detected.

The sun had set and he went down to the castle grounds, creeping towards the Hufflepuff common room. He peered into one of the round windows, seeing students return with tired but relieved faces, putting their bags down onto the floor. He glimpsed Taehyung, walking to his room without speaking to anyone and then shortly coming back out, without his bag and then walking out. Martaeus tried to follow him, drifting window to window like smoke. Taehyung walked out of the castle and towards his little private island in the Great Lake. The boy sat on the sandy ground, gazing over the calm grey waters. His fourth year was over. He hadn’t studied much for these exams and he didn’t really care much about how well he had written the papers this past week. He was glad it was over and now he could focus on other things, interesting things that Abraxas had told him about. He wanted to learn alchemy in detail, wanted to study and understand how his powers will help in creating the Philosopher’s stone. The stone itself was such a wonder to hear of, can it really create or undo anything in the world? Will it heal Jimin’s lycanthropy and a hundred other incurable diseases? Will it give them power to defeat all the aurors in the ministry? He had so many questions and he wanted to see so many things, do so many things.

Taheyung removed the enveloped letters from his robe pockets that felt like a weight hanging around his dreams and wishes. His parents had written to him, wishing him good luck on his exams. He hadn’t opened them in a week so he didn’t really know why he was doing so on this last day of the school year.

His mother’s letters often had the same things written in different words. Be careful, study well, we miss you, can’t wait till you’re home. Home looked like a prison waiting for him.

He took his father’s letter and unfolded it.

Dear Tae,

The circular from your school said your exams are starting today. I hope you aren’t stressing
about it. You’re a good student, I know you will do well! Wish you all the best son!

I know I’ve said this before, I’m not a part of the magical world, but I’m still your father. If there’s anything on your mind, you know you can write to me? Tell me how you’re feeling, whether you’re happy or you’re sad, or stressed, whatever it is, you can share with me. I promise it will stay between us, I will not try and scold you for anything.

I say this because, I’ve noticed a change in your letters. You used to write to me regularly, and I can’t help but think there’s something on your mind. If I’m wrong then tell me so, but tell me the truth.

Take care son, keep your strength up during this exam week. I miss you.

With Love,

Dad

Taehyung sighed and put the letter on the ground. He removed the stone locket from within his shirt and held it out, watching the red fumes swirl inside.

‘Hello Martaeus,’ Taehyung smiled and the elkyre materialised next to him.

‘Hello Taehyung,’

‘You’re come quite far,’ the boy said. He still hadn’t looked up to see the man.

‘How did you know I was here?’ Martaeus asked. His eyes furrowed seeing how much Taehyung looked similar to him in his teenage years.

‘Abraxas told me,’ Taehyung looked at his father. ‘Said you left in a rage,’

‘My rage is justified. He’s stopping me from seeing you, you are my son!’

‘But are you my father? This is the third time we’re meeting in 15 years. We’ve barely spoken to each other,’

Martaeus stepped closer and sat on the ground next to Tae. His eyes fell on the letter from Taehyung’s adoptive father and a pang of jealousy cut through his chest. He didn’t despise the man, he was glad he could be parent to his son and be beside Jiyeon. But still, maybe he hated him just a little… and hated himself a lot more for letting all this slip away from himself to this unknown muggle man. ‘I know… I have no right to call myself your father but that doesn’t change facts. It is a fact that you are my son, and I want to be the father you deserve. You need to give me a chance!’

There was no change in the expressions on Taehyung’s face.

‘I don’t need you,’ Taehyung said flatly. ‘You’re wasting your time here,’

Martaeus was taken aback at this response, ‘Taehyung… Please, don’t be so quick to make that decision,’

‘Martaeus, I was looking forward to working with you, as a fellow elkyre. But I don’t need you to be my father,’

‘Were you always like this or this is Abraxas’ doing?’
Taehyung looked at him and shrugged, ‘What are you talking about?’

‘Last time I met you, you hated me, but there was some emotion to it, some reason, that reason was your love for your mother. And I would be lying if I said I haven’t been keeping an eye on you ever since I regained my strength after… the incident from 9 years ago. I was watching over you, hoping the alchemists don’t figure out who you are. You were nothing like this. You were kind, you smiled with all your heart. Now you’re like another image of Abraxas,’ Martaeus said with disgust.

‘That kind me was a weakling,’

‘Did Abraxas tell you that? He’s been feeding your mind with false ideas Taehyung, you need to understand that. The guild is not as innocent as he says. Not everything is happening with good morals. They are going to use your powers for their own gain and once you’re in, they won’t let you go. You won’t be able to go back to a normal life after that. I am there because I know Serafin had spoken to you. I know you’re curious to explore your powers and you should be. But they aren’t the right people to guide you,’

‘And who’s right for me? You? You tried to kill my mother, you wanted to take me away by force,’

‘I told your mother you’ll be safe with me and she didn’t listen. Like how you’re being so overconfident right now, she was the same. She thought she could protect you from everything. I had no option but to take you forcefully before the alchemists could,’

‘Easy for you to twist the story now. I know more about you than you think. You’re calling the alchemists immoral… didn’t you conduct some questionable experiments to feed your curiosity too?’

‘I’ve done many things, some I regret, some I don’t. And I’m selfish in many ways. You are my son, no matter how much you don’t want me in your life,’

‘So you want to clear some of your conscience by lending me your idea of protection?’ Taehyung said bluntly and stood up. ‘Well, good luck with that. I’ll see you at the alchemist’s guild in the summer,’

Martaeus stood up too, ‘Taehyung please, I’m trying to tell you the right thing.’

‘It’s best you leave now,’ Taehyung said and walked away briskly.

Martaeus was angry, and more hurt than he had been in a very long time. This wasn’t Taehyung. Abraxas had changed him in ways that mere words couldn’t undo.

He had no option now but to return. Taehyung was hell bent on joining the guild, so now the only thing Martaeus could do was go back and wait for him. He didn’t know how he would change his son’s mind, make him see, or escape once they were back at Abraxas’ castle. Maybe once Taehyung was back home he would go there and talk to Jiyeon again. Maybe Taehyung would listen to his mother. In any case, he had to negotiate his stand with Abraxas once again, or it would put Jiyeon and Taehyung in danger.

In a few hours, Martaeus returned to the limestone castle of the alchemist’s guild. Everyone casted him suspicious and curious looks, like he was a student who was about to be reprimanded by the headmaster.

‘I think you should talk to Abraxas,’ Torrhen said to him. ‘Before there are any further
Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab) Hildur Guðnadóttir - Following Sophie

Martaeus swallowed thickly and went to Abraxas’ circular chamber to face the music. The black bird’s eyes found him immediately.

‘I have to say I’m a little disappointed in you Martaeus. I was under the impression you trusted me. I am trying my best to bring your son closer to you. I convinced him to work alongside you, is that not enough for now?’

‘Master, I’m grateful for what you’ve done,’ the man said. ‘I got carried away in my emotions, I hope you’ll understand. He’s my son after all, all I wanted was to speak to him,’

‘You spoke many interesting things Martaeus,’ Abraxas said. ‘I didn’t know you think so lowly of us,’

‘The boy misunderstood me. If I didn’t think well of the guild, I wouldn’t have joined, you know that,’

‘My dear Martaeus,’ Abraxas sighed. ‘You should’ve known, I’m not easily fooled. I’ve lived for 800 years, I know all forms of cunning, all variations of human emotions and manipulations,’

Martaeus opened his mouth to give his saving argument but a sharp, unbearable pain seared through his body and there was the tip of an arrow in his vision, protruding out of his chest. Martaeus’ words choked, blood coming up to his mouth. He fell to his knees and grabbed the arrow in his fist but the torture was far from over. He felt something poking at his neck and his arms were pulled on either side. He didn’t know what was happening except there were points on his arms and spine that were burning like someone was pushing white hot iron rods into him. Martaeus screamed in agony till he couldn’t feel his throat anymore. He didn’t want to feel anything anymore, this was worse than death. Hands came to lock his neck in a collar while he continued to bleed all over and then Martaeus saw who was his assailant.

Red robes swished in front of his vision and he knew it was Serafin.

‘What-are you doing to me?’ he managed to ask between laboured breaths.

‘Putting you under control,’ Abraxas said. ‘I prepared for the worst situation possible. We can’t have you escaping again. You will stay here with us till we create the Philosopher’s Stone,’

Martaeus strained his neck to look towards his side, over his outstretched arm. There were black earth stones pushed into his skin, making him bleed, preventing him from using his powers, driving him weak. He looked up to where Torrhen was, he was the one person who Martaeus had a flickering hope for but Torrhen didn’t look regretful.

‘I wish you hadn’t done that Martaeus,’ Torrhen said. ‘This is for your own good. I hope you understand that,’

Doreen, Abraxas personal guard came and removed Martaeus out of the hall, dragging him towards the underground cells.

Martaeus coughed out blood on her steel studded boots as she tied him in the dark and cold compartment. His hands were bound, fingers spread open, arms stretched. The stones inserted along his spine burned him. He felt so out of power and energy that he couldn’t even breathe properly. He knew he wouldn’t die yet, they needed him. He wanted to get out and away from
them. He couldn’t believe he had let things turn this way. He cursed himself for not being smart enough, he always ruined everything. He had failed… he failed his own son… again.

Sounds of footsteps drew nearer and he saw a shadow in the glow of yellow light. He knew who it was and soon Serafin came in, a ball of fire like a lamp in her palm.

‘Why’d you do it?’ She asked shaking her head. ‘You thought you can play your games with him?’

‘Why do you follow him? He's just a fragment of a soul. He doesn't even have a body to keep him strong.’

‘We all follow him because he was the one who brought us together, organised plans to make this world better for us, so we don't have to hide. Individually we all had differences and no direction,’

‘You know why he wants the stone, don't you. I don't think it's for us to rule together. It's for him,’

‘The first thing he wants is to have a human body again. He's been fleeting between the bodies of creatures and humans. But we have a deal with him. Equivalent exchange. Our powers to create the stone. He is the only being in the entire world who knows how to make the stone,’

‘You believe he’ll hold up his side of the deal?’

‘He will. But I can't say you will be included in the benefactors anymore. You are his prisoner now,’

‘In a way I always was. So are you,’

‘I don't see it that way,’ Serafin folded her arms over her chest. ‘You know there will be further consequences of what you did,’

‘I know that. Have you come here to state the obvious to me?’

‘No. I've come here to make you realize there's no winning. And you will be losing a lot more than just your freedom,’

‘You mean my life?’

‘No. Abraxas is more complicated than that. He's not going to go after you so directly. Not when he has your son to target,’

Martaeus’ expression immediately changed from uncaring to that of worry. ‘You all want him to join you. It's for that reason I joined you too. So that I could be here for him,’

‘Yes but we never used force. With you or with your son,’

‘So are you going to kidnap him now?’

‘No,’ Serafin chuckled. ‘But Abraxas might have other uses for him,’

‘Like what?’

‘Abraxas saw a boy with the alchemists. A boy who wasn't physically present here. He couldn't have disapparated. There are enough blocking charms on this place. That means it was something else. A boy who knows to be present in far away places without even knowing the location geographically. Abraxas wants that boy. He will be a perfect host for his soul,’
'Why are you telling me all this?'

'That boy is your son’s dear friend. He may be the only thing Abraxas will exchange your son for,'

'So you’re telling me that I should watch another boy being sacrificed instead of my son?'

Serafin shrugged, ‘I thought you were past such moral questions. You don’t even know this boy. Let us create the stone and once Abraxas has that boy, he will release Taehyung to you. Stay put till then, don’t try any more tricks, do you understand?’

Martaeus looked away cursing, his body burned with pain but he wasn’t going to show his weakness to his captors. He tried and tried to turn himself to wind but couldn’t muster enough power to carry out the complex transmutation.

Serafin watched him clenching and releasing his fists over and over again and knew what he was trying to do. And she knew it was of no avail. The stones would fight his element everytime it tried to surface. She stood up and walked out of the cell and was soon met with the alchemists running towards the great chamber.

She quickened her steps and reached the circular domed room. Abraxas was perched on Torrhen’s shoulder, both standing on one side of the room, where the throne used to be. The 10 remaining alchemists stood facing them and Serafin joined Torrhen, looking questioningly at the black bird.

‘It is good news Serafin. Good news finally,’ the bird quietly said to her and then turned his head to the front. ‘It took months of trial and error, my brothers and sisters,’ Abraxas spoke, ‘But finally, all the blood, sweat and tears have borne fruit. The astronomic alchemists who have worked day and night have finally come to glorious results. They have found the perfect time when the cosmic powers of opposing entities will be aligned in a balanced ellipse. Such an arrangement occurs only once in 150 years I’m told,’

Serafin saw the said astronomers nodding in agreement.

‘We finally have the day when we will create the Philosopher’s Stone!’ Abraxas exclaimed and everyone burst into cheers. The alchemists congratulated the astronomers and each other, patting the backs and shaking hands. Serafin’s amber eyes found someone moving out of the crowd.

‘Anesbek!’ She called the bearded man and he paused and turned around. ‘Leaving us so soon?’

‘Only to start the preparations of the feast,’ Anesbek smiled and bowed slightly. ‘Such good news has come to us after years! We must celebrate tonight and lift our spirits for the coming day of creating the stone,’

‘Yes, you’re right,’ Serafin said, climbing down the small steps to reach the floor and walked towards him. ‘And in this feast I must honour you for your services. It must not have been easy, spying on the Ministry and the Death Eaters. You have done a good job Anesbek,’

The man’s lip twitched the slightest and he bowed deeper, ‘Only serving what my heart believes in Madam Serafin. Which reminds me, I haven’t gotten any news about what the Death Eaters are upto. I wish to do a check, now that we are so close to victory, I wouldn’t want anything hindering our plans,’

Serafin nodded thoughtfully, ‘You’re right. We can’t afford to let anything derail us. Go and see if they’ve given up on capturing Taehyung yet. I don’t want to have to deal with them when the time comes,’
Jungkook pulled his hair back, finally tying it at the back of his head to stop it from obscuring his vision as he wrote the answers to the last Transfiguration question - List the differences between different types of conjurations. Pick a conjuration spell and elaborate on it’s incantation and casting method.

He smiled, remembering this lesson at the beginning of their school year. McGonagall had been talking about subconsciousness and dreams and how our mind draws up details from our memory. He had conjured a rabbit with purple eyes, because he used to often dream about Laura back then. She would always be glowering at him in his dreams but he always found her eyes pretty even in her anger. He glanced up, looking to the front and right of the class where Laura sat, looking extremely anxious, biting the silver dragon ring on her finger, eyes staring at the question paper. She was probably not remembering an answer. Jungkook sighed softly, thinking how much pressure she put on herself and partly felt guilty because in those past years, he was a catalyst for that pressure.

Behind her, Jimin was re-reading his answers and the boy cast a glance a few rows to his left, towards Ash who looked totally done and fed up with her paper. Ash rested her head on her hand and looked at Jimin, smiling a little. The classroom was silent but for the sounds of quills scratching parchments as McGonagall slowly walked between the rows of desks and benches.

‘5 minutes remaining,’ she announced and Laura couldn’t breathe anymore. She hurriedly turned the parchment and scribbled the answer she hoped was right.

The bell rang shortly and McGonagall flicked her wand, all papers rushing towards the teachers desk. There was a slight commotion then, benches screeching as students stood up and gathered their things. The enchanted ‘non-cheating’ quills were left on the desks and the sixth year students rushed out of the classroom with cheer at having finished all their exams. Yoongi hurriedly left to see Hoseok who was writing his exams with the Gryffindors.

‘Finally!’ Jungkook stretched his arms up and squeezed his eyes shut. When he opened them, all his friends were looking at him in wonder, ‘What’?

‘You should’ve worn your hair up sooner,’ Ash said, hand coming up to fluff the little bun.

‘Looks good?’ he asked with a grin, eyes darting to Laura very briefly who was just staring at him.

‘You’ll be having a party in your tower too right?’ Jimin asked, clapping a hand on his Jungkook’s back.

‘Yeah, as Hogwarts tradition,’ Jungkook said. ‘But I really need a nice long bath first. If we all are up late, we can party in the Shrieking Shack.’

He bid goodbye to the Slytherins as Yugyeom and his other housemates jumped on his back, all eager to head back to the common room and start the celebrations.

‘Ugh! I don’t want to look at a textbook ever again!’ Yoongi came into the Slytherin common room behind Ash, Jimin and Laura. His hair was visibly ruffled up and shirt collar pulled a little lower, the fabric untucked from his pants, from factors unrelated to exams. He and threw his bag somewhere in the common room. ‘Montague! Get the alcohol pouring!’

The celebrations followed, the entire house with students of all 7 seven years were finally able to let their hair down and breathe. Music blared in every corner of the room, the seniors passing
drinks, the juniors trying to taste some in their curiosity. There was laughter everywhere.

Jemin took Ash’s hand and beckoned her to the balcony of their common room.

‘What happened?’ She asked, sitting on the parapet like they had many times early into their friendship, talking about matters that made their bond stronger till what it was now. Jimin considered his next words carefully because what he was about to say could dampen her mood.

‘You know that I’ve reduced my wolfsbane intake after what happened with Roland. Snape didn’t consider it wise to keep consuming something that could kill me. That’s why I almost turned last moon. And I’ve been thinking… What if… what if I have no option but to go away?’ Jimin asked her.

Ash thought about it before speaking ‘You’ve been dropping hints about that since a while. What’s your plan?’

‘Maybe there is a good pack of wolves who can help me. They’re probably in hiding,’

‘You want to try and look for such a pack?’ Ash asked and Jimin nodded, though he looked fearful.

‘If there’s someone out there who can help you,’ Ash said, ‘Nothing would make me happier. But, if I choose to wait for you, please have some faith in me,’

‘I cannot tie you up to me-’ Jimin started but Ash held her hand up.

‘I know. I know all that you’re going to say Park Jimin. If I wait for you, that’s my decision, and mine alone. Don’t try to talk me out of it. If you want to be realistic and say I can’t wait for an eternity, then yes, you’re right. Maybe a day will come, as per the circumstances we’re in, where… we don’t work. But right now, at the stage we’re in and how I feel for you, don’t make me choose what I don’t want to,’

Jemin closed his eyes and seemed to heave a sigh of relief as a tear lined his black lashes. Ash took this opportunity to hold his hands.

‘Thank you,’ Jimin whispered. ‘You never leave my side… it’s crazy. But thank you,’

Ash shook her head, trying to fight back her own tears.

‘This might be the worst timing for this,’ Jimin said, opening his eyes. ‘But, I know that I love you,’

Ash smiled with a short chuckle. She stretched her neck up to quickly kiss him, ‘Then know that I love you too. Now, can I have the last dance of the year?’ she nodded towards the common room.

Jemin took Ash’s hand and pulled her in. Everyone was jumping and swaying to the music, regardless of their dance skills. Jimin put his hands on Ash’s waist and pulled her close, bodies touching as they were surrounded by tipsy housemates in every direction. His grey eyes remained on her’s, noses touching and lips smirking as they swayed against each other.

Ash nudged her nose closer, rubbing her lips on his and soon they were kissing, forgetting the music or the sounds around them. She navigated them to the edge of the circle and discreetly pulled Jimin towards the dormitory stairs.

She pushed him against the wall and kissed him fiercely, but they weren’t completely alone so she tugged him further until they were in her room.
‘Laura won’t mind?’ Jimin asked. He looked dazed from Ash’s touches and was trying really hard to keep at least a part of his logical brain working.

Ash chuckled, hands working on his green Slytherin tie, ‘She’s not even here. I saw her leave a few minutes back. I don’t think she’ll come back for a while,’

Jimin kissed her deeper and then pulled away, walking further into the room a teasing finger lingering on her torso.

Ash followed and stopped midway as she saw Jimin strip. He had his back to her, and was taking his shirt off, then his pants, finally pulling down his underwear and slowly he walked towards the bed, giving her the most glorious look of his perky ass, beautiful thighs and muscular back.

He climbed and kneeled on the bed, thighs flexing, his hard cock wrapped in his hand. ‘Come here,’ he beckoned with his hands at the speechless Ash. She blinked once and then walked forward until Jimin took her hands, kissing the knuckles and started to undo her shirt. He kissed each inch of exposed skin at every junction of the buttons separating from each other. Once the last piece of clothing was off her, Ash wrapped her legs around his waist, sitting on his lap. They kissed again, tongues running wild, completely uninhibited, bodies pressing and squeezing together.

Jimin’s hands ran over her back and dipped below, cupping and squeezing her ass, going even lower and pushing between her cheeks, fingers brushing over the wetness. Ash moaned in a gasp and felt his mouth open wider, going down to kiss her chin and neck. Ash’s hands travelled down, wrapping snugly around Jimin’s length and she started stroking him. She grabbed his hair and pulled his face up to watch him moan. Jimin’s thick lips were parted, eyes closed and Ash rubbed her thumb over the wet tip of his cock. Jimin whimpered sweetly, his hot breath hitting Ash’s cool wet lips.

They roll sideways on the bed, bodies grinding, Ash putting her legs between Jimin’s, riding his thigh higher and higher, feeling the smooth, tight muscle rub against her. She squeezed his ass and closed her mouth on his dark nipples, tongue circling the bud that had Jimin breathing heavily with muffled moans. She pinned him beneath her, keeping his leg between hers, continuing to move her hips in circles. Both were playing with each other’s nipples, Jimin’s fingers brushing against hers, softly tugging and then thumb rubbing over them as he cupped her breasts while Ash’s tongue flicked and circled over his buds, mouth sucking and tugging on them. Jimin had his eyes closed, face contorted and back arching for her mouth. Ash slithered her tongue up, the tip licking strips between his pecs, over his adam’s apple. After a few moments of heated kissing of any skin their mouths could latch on to, Jimin turned them over and slid down, below the bed, kneeling on the floor. Ash sat up with a curious chuckle, the curves of her breasts marked lightly with soft bites.

Jimin watched her for a few moments and pushed his hair back, lips coming closer to her and kissed her knees. Slowly he started to push her knees apart, taking his face towards her inner thighs. Ash looked at the way his plump lips puckered and closed around her skin, it was tingling her in the most pleasant way. His lips felt so soft wherever they touched her. She was aware of how close he was coming and felt like currents were passing through her entire body and suddenly, his hooded eyes looked at her directly, as he came even closer. That gaze was so strong that Ash couldn’t look away… couldn’t move until his lips were between her legs and she felt something irresistibly soft touch her clit. She shivered, eyes closing shut. Jimin pushed his face in further, tongue pressing on her and hands pushing her legs apart. His arms wrapped around her waist and she leaned back. Jimin moved his face, warm and wet tongue lapping between her folds and dipping lower to circle around her entrance, pushing in every now and then. Her stomach was knotting sweetly, she moaned, pushing him further in, fingers tangled in his dark hair.
‘Your tongue feels… so good. You do it so well baby,’ She gasped, knowing Jimin liked hearing it, and he deserved all of the praise. Her words aroused Jimin further, he came up to push her flat on her back, and now his hands were at work, thumb pressing her wet clit and then rubbing it in circles, making Ash arch her back into his face and he sucked her nipples slowly. His fingers were spreading the wetness from her hole to her clit and back. Ash’s body was writhing in pleasure, hands fistng in Jimin’s hair and the bed sheets. Jimin licked her neck, fingers continuing to rub below.

‘You like this huh?’ he rasped near her ear, softly nibbling her sensitive earlobe and Ash nodded, face contorted. Jimin wetly pecked her chest, her collarbones, the weight of his body grounding her just enough. His fingers continued rubbing her, wet and soft and she felt the orgasm take her over. She came with a sweet cry, breaths short and heavy, her heels digging into the back of his hips. When her breaths settled and the currents in her limbs eased, Ash opened her glistening eyes. She held Jimin’s jaw and brought him to face her. His lips seemed more swollen and redder than before, cheeks tinted pink.

Jimin picked her up, setting her on his lap again. He smiled at her lovingly and she returned it, her fingers gently carding through his hair. They had all of tonight to love and adore each other. Jimin wished he could capture her form in his memory forever, her adorable small nose, the slant of her neck, the little mole she had on her left collar bone, and the few crisscrossed scars from quidditch injuries on her right shoulder. His fingers traced over each of these moles and marks. He kissed the top of her breasts, moving towards her shoulder. Ash’s fingers were tracing over his length and she was looking at him, lower lip bitten between her teeth.

‘Lie down,’ she said in a deeper voice and slightly pushed his shoulder. Jimin grinned and let himself fall onto the bed. Ash traced her hands over his arms, feeling his lithe muscles, down to the pattern of his ribs. She kissed the tip of his nose, his lips, his chin, making a path further down, till her tongue was circling his navel and then licking a strip up his cock. She lapped and sucked at the head and that made Jimin grab her hair and shiver. She took him in completely, hearing him hiss and moan and when she looked up at him, he was watching her with dazed eyes and skin so heated and glistening, that it made everything look hazy. His lips had been bitten so much by both of them that it looked deliciously wet and reddened.

She continued the movements of her mouth, tongue rubbing over his veins and lips tight around him while Jimin almost thrashed, hands fistng on the bed and hips bucking up. He was pleading now, chest rising and falling heavily and that was her cue that he was close. All of a sudden, she pulled away and Jimin opened his eyes, almost reaching for her. Her fingers caressed his thighs but she wasn’t touching him where he wanted. And then, she turned him around, making him lie flat on his front.

‘Remember I said I want to appreciate all of you?’ she kissed his shoulder blades. Jimin wanted to cry, how was she arousing him even further? She was kissing his spine, then his butt, mouth closing over his supple skin of his ass cheeks and sucking, tongue tracing shapes.

‘Do you remember what else I said to you?’ she asked him.

Jimin breathed out and then spoke as low as a whisper, ‘You said you’d kiss me everywhere,’

‘Mhhmm,’ she said, mouth on his ass cheeks again. ‘So tell me, where should I kiss you next?’

When Jimin didn’t answer even after a pause, Ash looked up at him. He was looking back at her, his face looking puppy like. Ash pushed herself up, spooning him and kissed his ears.
‘Tell me baby, why are you hesitating?’

‘Did you mean it?’ Jimin asked her.

‘Meant what?’

‘That… that you’d kiss me everywhere?’

‘I wouldn’t have said it, if I didn’t mean it,’ Ash smiled and kissed his forehead. ‘So tell me?’

Jimin still didn’t. Ash could see how shy he was feeling, so she turned his face around and closed her mouth on his, tongue delving in, kissing him intensely till he felt the boundaries between them fading even further. She pulled away and looked into his eyes, ‘My mouth has almost covered your body so… it has to be a place I haven’t kissed before, is it?’

Ash hands travelled over him, from his shoulders, tracing the sides of his torso, lingering on his nipples for a moment longer and then going over his waist. She could see his breaths getting heavier as her hand went lower and now they were back on his ass. Slowly she creeped further, pushing between the cheeks, a finger delicately stroking him there.

‘Here?’ she asked, in a tone that dripped with seduction. Jimin gave a nod once because his head was swimming, swimming with anticipation and the fact that he had finally asked her this, with the wonder that her thoughts aligned with his and a sudden increase in the affection he had for her. Ash smiled, kissed his lips once and then pushed him back to his previous position, on his stomach.

‘Of course your butt needs all the affection I can give it,’ Ash was squeezing and massaging it in her hands. ‘I have had a special place in my heart for it,’ she slowly started to spread them. She bent lower, blowing cool air from her mouth on his hole and Jimin moaned, pressing his face into the pillow. Ash pushed one of his legs up to the side and darted her tongue out, tracing the rim. ‘You’re just so pretty,’ she mumbled against his skin.

Jimin’s cock was leaking and he was writhing under her touch. She pushed her mouth further on him, a hand snaking between his legs to grab his cock and stroke him. Jimin pushed himself back on her, feeling like some kind of electricity was flowing through his nerves. Her tongue was lapping at his hole, licking strips over his sensitive skin, the tip of her devious tongue going up and down. He could hear her moan too, whenever she closed her mouth on him. And whenever her breath hit him, he felt tingles all over his body. The pleasure was going higher and hotter and Jimin cried, coming harder than ever while Ash pumped him through what was probably his longest orgasm till date.

He breathed out heavily, skin sheening in sweat. Ash peppered his lower back in soft kisses and came up to spoon him. Moments passed in just settling his breaths and feeling the heat in his stomach go down. Jimin slowly turned around, laying her side and kissing her forehead. He looked at her, rubbing his thumb on her flushed cheeks.

‘I’ll say it again, I love you Vorhart,’

Ash giggled and Jimin snuggled into her arms, hugging her tightly.

*  

The Gryffindor common room was the loudest, and evidently the most dangerous one. Every student in the house was going crazy, dancing, screaming, some shooting firecrackers. After a few hours of this, Jin and Namjoon, along with a few others retreated from the common room to get that sleep they’ve been craving for since more than 2 weeks now.
When Jin entered his room, he found the letters from that morning waiting for him at the desk. In his exam anxiety of the day, he had pushed all other tasks for later. Flopping on the bed, he picked up the three envelopes, halting on the crimson one from his father. With a sigh he tore it open, wondering what news couldn’t wait until he got home or if this was just his father being very late in wishing him good luck on his NEWTs.

Once he finished reading, Jin sighed, ‘I can’t believe it’.

Namjoon looked at him in question from the bathroom door.

‘My father… he’s throwing the coming of age ceremony on the day I arrive. I thought I had permanently evaded it when I made them cancel last year,’

‘I think you’re too significant of a person in the pure blood society to be able to evade it,’ Namjoon said while splashing some water on his face to reduce the heat he felt from the firewhiskey he’d had.

‘Can’t he give me time to unwind?’ Jin stashed the letter away.

‘I think he’s not giving you time because he’s afraid you’ll cancel it again,’ Namjoon came into the room while wiping his face. ‘Just bear tomorrow’s evening then you won’t have to ever bear it again,’ he kissed Jin’s cheek.

‘Yeah… you’re right. I wish you were there, it wouldn’t be something I have to bear then. Maybe I should invite you? Everyone knows you are my best friend at the least! You have the right to be there,’

‘Jin…’ He sat beside him and took his hand. ‘I think it’s too soon. I think you’re parents know what is between us. The ceremony is already not something you’re looking forward to. If I come there, you’re parents might make it more difficult for you. You need to slowly break it to them that we’re together, instead of dropping it like a bomb,’

‘Yeah that makes sense,’ Jin nodded.

‘Ok I’m going to start packing because I know I won’t finish it if I leave everything for tomorrow,’ Namjoon stood up. ‘Dumbledore wants to meet the 9 of us in the morning to brief us on his plan for getting us home so an hour will go in that I supposed,’ He put his hands on his waist and looked around the room. ‘I can’t believe… we’re leaving here forever,’

‘Neither can I…’ Jin leaned on the bed again, eyes sweeping over the room, the red tapestry, the wooden floors, the burn mark on the wall from when Charlie Weasley was demonstrating something to them. His eyes lingered on Namjoon’s bed and then his own, remembering all the occurrences of the past few months and feeling his cheeks heat up a little. This would be Jin and Namjoon’s first home. ‘I know I’ll miss this place so badly. But that realisation will strike us only in September when we don’t return,’

Namjoon sighed like the nostalgia was already settling on him and started to gather his things. Meanwhile Jin went for a quick shower.

Namjoon rummaged through his cupboard for a fresh pair of socks for tomorrow. In his messed up schedule, he had completely forgotten to give the laundry in time. He lifted the folded shirts, hoping to find a pair snuck somewhere in between but to no avail. He sighed, feeling a headache coming in from all the search operations he had to do for his various belongings since the day began. Grunting, he sat on the bed, face resting on his palm, eyes looking at nothing in particular in
his open cupboard.

‘Jin?’ He called out to his roommate currently showering in the bathroom. ‘Can I borrow a pair of socks from you?’

‘Yeah of course!’ Came the reply over the sound of splattering water. The half moon filtered through the window and glinted at something inside Namjoon’s cupboard. His eyebrows furrowed, wondering if he left some astronomical instrument carelessly stashed in one of the shelves and went to retrieve it. What his hands grabbed onto instead were the ridiculously jeweled gloves that they had talked about a week ago. Namjoon took the crimson gloves out, the rubies and yellow sapphires shone in the light that fell on it.

*Mood Music (Don’t forget to open in a new tab)* Ramin Djawadi - King of the North (Namjoon’s Theme)

‘Godric Gryffindor’s gloves,’ Namjoon chuckled. What were the odds they would ever be fortunate enough to hold any of their founder’s belongings. He turned the glove around and thought of trying it on again, just to feel like some of the superheroes he had seen in muggle comics.

He pushed his fingers in and flexed the glove in the moonlight, breaking into the fit. The crimson fabric wrapped around him perfectly but it was indeed ridiculously bejewelled. How did Godric Gryffindor go about his daily tasks while wearing this on his hand? Namjoon was scared he’d knock the rubies out if he accidentally hit his hand somewhere. He shook his head holding the tip of the gloved fingers and pulling his hand out when he felt something.

The touch of cold metal on his fingertips.

That was odd. Did some part of the glove fall inside it?

Namjoon pulled his hand out further and felt the metal slipping into his palm like a rod. He gripped it, and as he pulled the glove out, a shining blade was revealed beneath it. Namjoon stood shell-shocked, holding a sword of smooth silver in his hand.

‘What the heck is that?’ Jin asked, standing on the bathroom rug with his towel around him, face as shocked as Namjoon’s.

‘I have… no idea,’ Namjoon gazed wide eyed at the artefact in hand. The hilt was studded with rubies and on the blade were clear words of who it belonged to.

‘Godric… Gryffindor,’ Namjoon whispered and Jin hurried to him.

Both stared at the sword, totally lost for words as Namjoon slowly turned it this way and that, letting the moonlight shine on it.

‘Do you mean to tell me,’ Jin put his hand on the sword too, to confirm for himself that he wasn’t seeing things. ‘That this is the famed sword of Gryffindor?’

‘Can this be real?’ Namjoon asked, completely perplexed. ‘It could be a hoax,’

‘It was hidden in the glove?’ Jin asked and Namjoon nodded, ‘That was Godric Gryffindor’s method. He would store his things one into the other,’

‘But still, what would this be doing with some thriftster in Knockturne Alley? And he sold it to you for 30 Galleons? This is priceless!’
‘Maybe he had no idea this was there. The sword can only be held by a true Gryffindor, isn’t it? That’s what we learnt in History of Magic all those years ago,’

‘Yeah I remember it. Do you really think this is the real one?’

Jin took the sword, carefully observing it. The make was beautiful and Jin knew how to recognise ‘one of a kind’ objects in all his years. This was no ordinary make, he was sure of that.

‘You know when I bought the gloves, I didn’t think they were fake either,’ Jin said. ‘The possibility of it being real is nearly zero… but, something in me said to just go for it,’

‘So… we’re holding the real sword of Gryffindor?’

‘We’re holding the real sword of Gryffindor. Here, in our room,’ Jin said in disbelief. ‘What the heck are we doing with it here…’

‘Should we… we should rightfully hand this over to the headmaster of the school,’ Namjoon said.

‘Now now headboy,’ Jin took the sword from him. ‘Hold on a minute,’

‘Jin, this doesn’t belong to us! It’s Gryffindor’s! I don’t want his ghost to come and haunt us,’

‘Are you forgetting the fact that this sword shows itself to a true Gryffindor who’s in need? It knows we might need it. And… and I saw this, in my vision! The silver and the rubies. This is it! This is what we’ve been looking for!’

Namjoon looked at him with unsurety, but his eyes fell on the sudden goosebumps on Jin’s body. And that’s when he realised, suddenly, the room felt too cold.

‘Do you feel the chill?’ Namjoon asked and his breath came out foggy. The wonder in Jin’s eyes was replaced by fear as his breath turned foggy too.
In Noctem Part 2

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Jungkook grabbed his spare clothes from his room as quickly as he could and slipped from the party towards the prefect’s bathroom. He would miss this huge pool so much during the holidays. Nothing made him happier than a nice, fragrant bath.

‘Hyacinths,’ he spoke the password to the door on the fifth floor and entered. The chamber was beautiful, moonlight making the space glow like a rainbow from the colorful glass windows. The mermaid on the mural wall was sound asleep, her scales shimmering blue and green.

Jungkook got the water running and turned on his favourite scents for the bubble bath. He took all his clothes off, opened his hair and let some water run over him in the shower to cool down before jumping into the pool.

From the deep end, he swam to the shallow, then rested against the cool, tiled wall and sighed in contentment, a smile on his face.

But the peace was interrupted with sharp knocks.

Jungkook’s brows furrowed but he kept his eyes shut. ‘It’s occupied!’ he called out to the door. ‘Come after an hour!’

‘An hour?!’ The voice replied. ‘Jeon Jungkook I didn't know you shower that long!’

The voice made him sit up and open his eyes.

‘What are you doing here?’ he called out with a grin.

‘I need a bath too!’

Jungkook pulled himself out of the water. His hand was about to grab the towel he kept on the pool side but he decided not to. Fluffing his wet hair a little, he opened the door just a peep, pushing his head to the gap to see the visitor who’s purple eyes were regarding him with interest.

‘Yes, what do you need?’ He asked Laura.

‘I said I need a bath,’ Laura said coolly but her eyes travelled from his hair to his bare shoulder, the muscles looking shapely. A scent caught her attention and she sniffed the air. ‘And are you using my perfume for the bath?’

‘Maybe,’ Jungkook said. ‘I’ll let you in as long as you don’t occupy the whole pool for yourself,’

Laura chewed the inside of her cheek, ‘Is that so?’

Jungkook nodded and then moved away from the door. Laura opened it further and saw his naked backside jump back into the pool, splashing water everywhere.

She stripped in the dry area while Jungkook was swimming to and fro. She tried to make her mind whether she should be naked or not. Finally, she picked her deep purple bath robe and put it on herself, but not without some alterations.
Jungkook watched her walking towards the pool and sitting by the shallow edge, legs dangling in the water. He swam closer, only his eyes and nose visible over the water surface. She sat there, tantalisingly in that robe which plunged till her navel and then separated again at her hips. He eyed those exposed plump thighs which had now become his favourite thing to leave soft bites on.

‘You’re on my side of the pool,’ Laura said and flicked some water with her leg on him. Jungkook tried to duck away and grinned as he caught her leg, teeth nipping at the outside of her foot.

‘Hey!’ Laura laughed, feeling his teeth tickle her and tried to set her leg free but Jungkook came even closer, taking space between her knees and pushing himself up to her eye level, his strong arms pressed on the floor on either side of her thighs, dripping water everywhere.

‘Are you going to bathe with this robe on, Miss Dracwyn?’ he asked with a cocky grin.

‘No,’ Laura bent forward slightly, lips an inch away from his, ‘Of course not,’ she pulled her robe open and let it slip down her shoulders.

Whatever clever remark was next on Jungkook’s mind vanished with that. He felt out of breath and suddenly very hot in this cool water. Laura brought her hand to his chin, grabbing it and tracing her thumb over his wet bottom lip.

‘Are afraid to look?’ she asked and Jungkook bit her thumb, eyes looking into hers more fiercely.

Laura chuckled and pushed him back with her leg on his chest. Jungkook pretended to fall back dramatically and flicked the cool water on her. Laura’s body jumped slightly at the change in temperature but both were giggling. Before she could do anything else, Jungkook pushed up again and grabbed her by the waist, pulling her into the water with him.

Bodies pressing against each other and their lips joining, Jungkook’s hands caressed her thighs to her ribs. Laura moved her hands along his waist, grabbing his firm ass and pulled him closer, feeling his hard cock press on her stomach. Her hand trailed in front, wrapping around the base of it and stroking up. Jungkook groaned on her lips, his breath warm and cheeks completely flushed. Laura smiled, increasing the pressure of her strokes.

‘Fuck…’ he breathed, digging his fingers into her waist. ‘Wait,’ he managed to say, grabbed her wrists and pinned it behind her head.

‘What happened?’ Laura was a bit startled.

‘I think you are underestimating the effect your touch has on me,’ his voice was coarse. His eyes travelled down her body at the last few words which sent more flutters in her stomach. He was eyeing where the water lapped against her nipples, hiding them under the surface every now and then. He pushed her back until she was pressing against the wall of the pool. Wrapping her legs around him, he lifted her up and started to kiss the column of her neck, open mouthed, tongue pressing on her hot skin, ravishing every inch of her. Laura was gasping in breathy moans, her chest rising and falling heavily, the sensations of his tongue were electrifying. She gripped him hard by the shoulder, nails digging into his beautiful back as he lifted her even higher, mouth now leaving a marked trail to her breasts. Jungkook darted out his tongue, licking off the water droplet that trickled down her nipple and then wrapped his wet lips around the nub. Laura’s legs gripped him tight and her back arched, it was all too much, his mouth alternating on her breasts and palms squeezing her ass. She could feel the muscles in his arms rippling beneath her palms as he kept her up.

Jungkook knew how to use his teeth, ever so gently nibbling on the soft skin, then rolling over it.
with his tongue. Slowly Laura pulled his head up, hands mischievously knotting in his beautiful dark locks and he looked at her with parted lips. She bent down, her open mouth closing on his, tongue pushing between his lips which had him moaning into the kiss.

They separated slowly, wet and red lips still chasing each other’s mouths.

‘I brought something,’ Laura said. ‘Stole it from the common room,’

Jungkook grinned and they swam to the shallow end made for lounging comfortably in the water without any hard edges. Laura summoned the bottle of elfmade-wine and goblets from where she had left her clothes. She shifted and sat astride Jungkook’s lap, pecking his lips before handing him the bottle.

‘Ah, my favourite!’ Jungkook read the label.

‘Is it? I’ll bring you some when we come back next year,’ Laura poured the rose colored drink into their glass goblets. ‘I don’t feel like going back home this year,’ she pouted slightly.

Jungkook sighed, winding the free hand around her waist and tugging her closer to his chest, ‘Please, please come see me. Come with Ash or Jimin. I don’t know how I’m supposed to not meet you for four whole months!’

‘If only we could run away,’ Laura clinked her goblet with his and both took a long gulp, the liquid feeling warm slightly sweet as it went down their throats.

‘But you have to come!’ Jungkook whined adorably.

‘But Jungkook I-’

He started to animatedly shake his head side to side, water dripping from his hair over her face.

‘Kookie!’ she exclaimed but she had a smile on her face, eyes scrunched shut. Jungkook gave her a chaste kiss without warning, ‘You have to come,’ he muttered on her lips. ‘Or I’ll stand outside your bedroom window with a boombox like they do in muggle movies,’

Laura rolled her eyes and giggled, ‘One could’ve never guessed you were such a hopeless romantic,’

‘Yes, and I’m going to annoy you with it,’ his hands went to tickle her and they ended up having a play-fight again.

But that didn’t last long, their play-fights always used to end in them kissing heatedly with roaming hands. Both often wondered how they used to resist doing this during all their arguments over the years before they finally got together.

‘Maybe that’s why we kept fighting,’ Jungkook said. ‘If you would’ve kissed me right after our first fight, I wouldn't have become your dreaded archnemesis,’ Jungkook said cockily.

‘And when was that? Our first fight?’

‘When your cat tore my notes at the start of the second year,’ Jungkook said. ‘Gosh, Snape almost gave me detention for that!’

‘I’m sorry,’ Laura put her arms around his neck and resumed kissing him. They seemed to not be able to pull away for long because of which the bath was cut short and both half-giggled, half-
They sneaked their way to the Shrieking Shack.

The clothes they had flimsily worn were all out by the time they entered the abandoned house and Jungkook had her pinned against the wall again. His mouth moved down on her body until he was kneeling in front of her.

‘There’s something I’ve wanted to do.. since a while,’ he whispered darkly again.

‘What is it?’ Laura ran her fingers through his dark hair. Jungkook didn't speak the answer. He kissed her on her inner thigh, and sucked on the skin as he drew closer. His fingers caressed the back of her thighs and she felt him gripping her knee from the back. She looked down at him curiously and he pushed her leg up, placing her foot on his back while her soft thigh rubbed his cheek. Jungkook looked at her, mouth coming closer and then she felt his lips touch her folds softly. Her eyes fluttered shut and she shivered with a gasp, holding his head and Jungkook pushed his tongue between her folds. Laura was gasping, breaths getting shorter and hold getting tighter, so he slowed down and brought her lower. He kissed her stomach and trailed up to her breasts, burying his face in them and tickling her with his lips.

‘Should’ve known you were gonna do something acrobatic,’ Laura chuckled, her hands back to feeling his arms. From the heated look on her face, Jungkook knew she enjoyed it whenever he would lift her and carry her so that’s what he did, moving their act to the bed.

It had been a while since they were here. Laura had resumed using this place as her getaway in the past few months. They remember the first night all of them were here, too drunk from Hogsmeade to return to the castle. A few momentos of that day remained, from the scorches on the wall and torn pillows.

Their eyes met as he lay her on her back and all of a sudden, he flipped her over roughly and pulled her waist up so that she was on all fours and all Laura could do was gasp in surprise.

Jungkook hummed from behind, lips kissing her ass. She felt him grab her butt with both hands and stretch them and his face was buried in her again. His tongue on her wet hole, he massaged her butt to the rhythm of his tongue lapping on her clt. She moaned deeply, pushing her head into the pillow and moved her hips, pushing them on his face so he could reach where she wanted him to. Jungkook groaned and moved his fingers from her waist, trailing them between her buttcheeks, finally pressing them on her sensitive, heated spot.

Laura arched her back, her head turned to the side for some air in the heat she was feeling. Jungkook kissed a trail up her spine, finally wrapping his arms around her torso as he kissed her shoulders.

Slowly, Laura turned over, eyes on his face, fingers stroking his cheeks. Her other hand reached for him, slithering from his stomach to his chest. Jungkook shivered slightly feeling her thumb running over his hard nipple, rubbing it in circles.
Laura propped herself up slightly and pushed him back until she was straddling him. Her hands travelled down his chest, taking his member in her palms. He bit her neck at the contact, startling her a little. She sat down, a devilish smile on her lips and whispered in his ears. ‘Don’t stop me again, I wanna make you come this time,’ and felt his erection throb. She took his left hand and placed it on her breast, giving it a squeeze while her other hand stroked him again.

Jungkook licked his upper lip, eyes watching her, wanting to taste her again while she made him feel this ecstatic. She sucked his neck, running her tongue up and down. Jungkook held her hair and pulled her face in front of his. Both were breathing closely and Laura felt his other hand push between her legs. She pressed her forehead on his, moaning as he rubbed her clit again. Her hand gripped him tighter and she increased the speed of her strokes.

‘Mmhh,’ Jungkook closed his eyes, his finger trailing forward and pushing into her hole. He pushed them in and out, in sync with what she was doing to him. He knew he wouldn’t last too long because of the way she was moving on him, the sounds she was making and how wet she felt on his fingers. He pushed a second finger in and felt her tighten around him. She moaned in his ear, feeling him inside her and pulled at his hair. He jerked his head back at the pull, letting her have her way as his fingers moved faster. She bit him, her nails raking the sides of his neck, but he only enjoyed that burn. His lips were at her ears, moaning and that was the final thing for her. Crying out, the euphoria took over her shaking body. She held on to him tightly, every inch of her being in pure pleasure and then slowly, she came down from her absolute high, gasping for breath.

Jungkook held her firmly but gently, his arms enveloping her and supporting her as her knees gave up their strength. He let her breaths settle and kissed her lightly on her temple. After a while, she looked up at him, her face sweaty and pink. Her eyes were twinkling as Jungkook pushed the locks of hair sticking on her forehead. He smiled curiously, ‘What?’

She answered him with a kiss on his lips, pulling away with a wet sound. Her eyes were still looking into his until her head disappeared below his neck, tongue laving over his heated skin. It tingled him, sending blood pumping to his hard arousal. A sudden suck on his nipple made him cry out but she didn’t stop there. She pushed him down on the bed till he was flat on his back and sat astride him.

‘Laura what- ahhh,’ he was silenced by her wet lips back on his sensitive nubs, pulling, sucking, and then her warm tongue rolled over it, over and over again making him writhe in pleasure. ‘I like doing this to you,’ she bit him lightly. As his hands went to hold her head she moved lower, peppering kisses on his stomach and he felt her hot breath on his erection.

He opened his eyes and looked at her. She was looking at him, his cock in her hand and softly pressed her lips on it, tongue peeking out from between her lips and licking his length. He extended his hand to her face, stroking her cheek softly. This sight was too good to bear. Her mouth moved to the top of it, already wet with his pre cum and he closed his eyes when he felt her lips graze over it and then her mouth sheathed his cock, warm and wet.

‘Fuck…,’ he gasped, holding on to her head to help ground himself. She watched him, face contorted and lips parted in incessant gasps. Her hands travelled the expanse of his muscular thighs. They were smooth and strong and she wanted to feel them locking her in place, stopping her from moving while he pleased her. The thoughts sent her mouth running wild on his length, sucking hard and as deep as she was capable of.

‘I’m close,’ he cried, barely able to speak. ‘Come here…,’ he gulped. ‘Please… come here,’

She came up, covering his body with hers, the ministrations of her hand replacing her mouth on his throbbing cock. He let out with a loud, hoarse moan, and she could feel his release hot and wet on
her hands. Jungkook drew in long breaths, still unable to open his eyes from the orgasm. Laura carded her fingers through his hair, watching his breaths settled down and before she could shift, he kissed her lips softly once again.

Laura laid on his side, lips touching his shoulder, gazing at his sweaty face expectantly. He looked beautiful… wet lips parted, pink marks like ribbons on his neck, he looked so beautifully hers. She let her gaze travel over his naked form, too beautiful for her to not get turned on in a moment. His lean chest glistened with his sweat, nipples wet from the work of her tongue. Her fingers traced the pelvic line on his hips. When her eyes returned to his face, he was smiling and turned his head to her side, opening his eyes slowly.

‘Laura…’ he said.

‘Hmm?’

But he couldn’t form his feelings into words. He turned to her side, cupping her face, tracing her jawline with his thumb. He was looking at her adoringly, like he couldn’t get enough of watching her. Laura’s eyes were curious and sparkling.

‘Tell me,’ she asked again.

‘I don’t know how to say it,’ he said. ‘I don’t know,’ and he kissed her deeply and softly, hoping that would make her feel what he wanted her to know and she returned it equally, not able to bear the fact that she won’t see him for a while now. She hadn’t even realised when she had grown so immensely attached to him, it was painfully tugging at her insides.

A sound from the floor startled both of them and they looked to where their belongings were carelessly thrown. Something was peeking out of Laura’s cloak pocket. She looked at it and went to inspect.

‘What is it?’ Jungkook asked.

‘My locket,’ she said, looking at the four petalled locket she shared with Taehyung move on its own. It raised up a few inches into the air and the bottom petal was pointing in a certain direction like a compass, pulling the rest of the chain with it. Laura tried to hold it but it was burning hot, the way it had precisely a year ago when Taehyung was being tortured by Gwen in the dungeons. She turned around sharply and looked at Jungkook with wide and fearful eyes.

‘Something’s wrong,’

*Mood Video (Don't forget to open in a new tab) Half Blood Prince - In Noctem*

Taehyung walked through the lonely and dark corridors of the castle. The faint din of students celebrating could be heard in certain corners of the school but Taehyung was impervious to it. He walked into the white moonlight filtering through the tall glass windows of the south wing. His hair turned silver as the light touched him, skin turning cold and pale. The stone that hung on a chain around his neck seemed to get a life of its own, the red smoke inside it swirling faster. His eyes that were bright blue sapphires started turning red from the rim of the pupils, like red ink infiltrating him. He looked like a radiant being, more than human, an enigmatic celestial entity.

He reached the stairs of the west tower and started to ascend. The paintings next to him woke up from their slumber.
‘A student? So late in the night?’ One skinny old wizard in the portraits asked. ‘Are you lost boy?’

‘Sshh Mervin! Let us sleep!’ A woman in a portrait few frames away quipped. ‘It’s the last day of school. You know they don’t sleep tonight!’

Taehyung’s hand stretched out from within his black and yellow Hufflepuff robes and his fingers turned hard and white, into sharp icicles. He jammed them into the nearest painting, piercing through the wood and canvas. Both the man and woman gasped before screeching at him and the rest of the painted inhabitants woke up.

‘What are you doing boy!’

But Taehyung seemed to be enjoying their shock. He smiled, dragging his dagger like fingers along the wall, splitting open every canvas and frame that it touched. The paintings started to yell and scream, moving out and running into other frames for safety. The frost spread from where Taehyung cut through, turning the wall to ice. The boy smiled gleefully and looked towards the light at opening to the tower, ascending steadily.

*

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab) Ramin Djawadi - The Night King

Where is Taehyung? Hoseok’s eyes looked over all the students jumping and dancing to the music in the common room. ‘Hey Bogum!’ he called Taehyung’s roommate, ‘Have you seen Tae anywhere?’

Bogum shrugged, but another student answered, ‘I saw him walking out of the door,’ and they returned to their dancing.

Hoseok cursed under his breath and walked out to find him. It was the last day of school and Taehyung still didn’t want to spend time with any of them? The least Hoseok wanted was to have a talk with the boy before they all go home for the holidays. He needed Tae to know they still loved him as a friend and his behaviour was hurting them.

When Hoseok got out and started looking for Taehyung in the corridors, he found someone sobbing in one of the paintings. Expecting it to be some internal drama of the portrait folks, Hoseok tried to ignore them but the woman called out.

‘You there! Go get that student!’

Hoseok looked at her confused, ‘What student?’ His eyes adjusted to the darkness and he moved closer to the painting with his lit wand.

The woman was sobbing, a part of her long gown split. ‘The one who’s destroyed all the paintings on the west wing! What kind of a joke is that? Dumbledore ought to expel the lot of you- hey! I’m not done talking!’

Hoseok sprinted the moment he heard the location and his suspicions were right. An entire wall was frozen and the staircases were frosted too, as if they were in the peak of winter and the castle was made of ice. Hoseok prepared himself and walked up, eyes glancing at the frozen portraits to his left. The ones who hadn’t managed to escape looked terrified, paused in time with horrified eyes and gaping mouths beneath the layer of ice.

When he reached the top, he saw Taehyung standing at the end of the tower, facing the sky. Hoseok planted his feet firmly on the wooden floor, all smile wiped from his face.
‘Taehyung, what have you done to the paintings?’

There was no reply for a while. And then Taehyung spoke in a light-hearted tone, ‘Who is this?’

‘Don’t play games Taehyung! Turn around and tell me why you destroyed all those paintings!’

Slowly the boy turned a little, ‘Oh… it’s you… the insignificant one,‘

Hoseok was taken aback, ‘Wh-what do you mean?’

‘Where’s Kim?’

‘Which Kim?’

‘Kim Seokjin, who else? I don’t have use for any of the others,’

‘Taehyung, what are you saying, I don’t understand,’ Hoseok slowly took a step closer.

‘The people I want are avoiding me,’ Taehyung said, sounding like he was mockingly hurt. ‘Seokjin hides from me. Dumbledore seems to have forgotten about me,’

‘What are you getting at exactly? Why do you want Dumbledore?’

‘I need to see him alone. Without interruptions,’

‘Why?’

‘To tell him all that Grindelwald told me,’

Hoseok looked hard at Taehyung. His eyes seemed to change to a darker shade… a shade of red.

Hoseok’s jaw hardened. ‘Where is Taehyung?’ he asked clearly.

The boy in front of him chuckled, blinking once, ‘He’s right here, don’t worry,’

‘Get out of him,’ Hoseok’s hand tightened the grip on his wand. He was about to quickly lift it when he felt something prick the center of his throat and his vision focused on a long spear of ice, emanating from Taehyung’s forefinger.

‘Don’t think you can win from me,’ Taehyung said. ‘Instead, let’s try and make you useful,’

‘Taehyung!’ A third voice joined them. Taehyung’s red eyes focused to the tower entrance and saw Jungkook standing there, along with Laura. But Taehyung’s sinister smile only seemed to spread wider.

‘A Dracwyn, now it’s getting interesting. Hello there, little girl,’

Laura had her wand pointed at him, ‘Taehyung… what…’

‘Is Dumbledore back?’ Taehyung asked. ‘I wish to speak to him,’

‘Let go of Hoseok,’ Jungkook spoke again. ‘Taehyung can you hear me?’

‘Dumbledore’s office is right below, isn’t it?’ Taehyung said, glancing at the ledge behind him. ‘Will you fetch him for me Dracwyn?’

Before anyone could answer, Taehyung raised his hand and a wave of ice was drawn from him, all
the way towards Laura, enclosing her body within it. He pulled her towards him and the structure of ice dangled her over the ledge.

‘TAE DON’T!’ Both the boys screamed and Jungkook pointed his wand at him again. Laura’s body was turning cold, her chest compressing and all air being pushed out of her.

‘Go on Jungkook,’ Taehyung spoke. ‘You want to attack me? You want to harm your friend? I thought we were best friends,’

‘You are not Taehyung so stop talking like that!’ Jungkook yelled back.

‘But this is Taehyung’s body. Are you sure you want to harm it Jungkook?’

Jungkook looked at Laura’s bluing face, how she was unable to breathe. Even if he attacked Tae, that would make him drop her. There was no winning here.

‘Please let her go. She’s your friend Taehyung, she protected you, so many times!’

‘If you say so,’ Taehyung said and the ice shattered. Laura fell from their sight until they heard her body crash on the surface below.

*

*

*

Jungkook was frozen in shock for a few painfully slow seconds before he ran without thought towards the ledge. As Taehyung’s concentration turned to him, Hoseok rolled to the side, away from the sharp icicle at his throat and shot Reducto from his wand, shattering the long icy projection to some extent. Taehyung’s head snapped to the front, back on Hoseok.

‘What do you want!’ Hoseok yelled at him. ‘Why are you doing this?’

‘Bring me Kim Seokjin,’ Taehyung said. ‘I need nothing from any of you, I just want him,’

*

Dumbledore removed his half-moon spectacles, humming to himself light heartedly. He picked one of the colorfully wrapped chocolates from the bowl on his coffee table and popped one in his mouth. The feast had gone well and he decided to retire for the night, finally able to rest well after all the tedious tasks of two weeks. Tomorrow was an important day, the students would be going back home, while Dumbledore had to oversee that Jimin and Taehyung reach their homes safely.

A thud made him pause his footsteps towards his bedroom and instead turn them towards the balcony doors. He put his glasses back on and reached the tall gold gilded glass doors to see something like a human shape on the ground. He quickly rushed out, and found a black haired girl in green robes unconscious, lips blue and skin cold, covered in frost.

‘Dracwyn,’ Dumbledore muttered and looked up to see where she had fallen from. He saw another student, form familiar to the Ravenclaw prefect peering down and screaming the girl’s name in horror.

Dumbledore stood up, pulled the sleeves of his robes up and touched the red and white beads on the string around his wrist. He took his wand out, muttering a spell and a silvery white bird flew
out of thin air.

‘Alert the staff to keep every student inside the common rooms. No one goes anywhere to inspect anything,’ he said to his patronus and the silvery phoenix flew out of his chambers.

Dumbledore picked up the fallen girl and carried her into his study. The atmosphere was definitely colder than it had been for months, but why would Kim Taehyung attack his own friend this way? What was happening?

The oak doors opened and the head matron came rushing in.

‘Dumbledore, what-’ Pomfrey’s eyes zeroed on the unconscious student on Dumbledore’s chaise.

‘She fell from the west tower, body has undergone extreme cold temperature,’

Pomfrey dashed to Laura’s side, checking her skull and ribs for cracks, ‘I need to examine her thoroughly for any internal bleeding,’

‘I need to head to the west tower,’ Dumbledore said. ‘Alert your entire staff and keep them ready to treat conditions like frostbite and bleeding wounds,’ And the Headmaster rushed out.

He passed by Snape who was rushing to make sure all Slytherins stay put and he casted Dumbledore a questioning glance.

‘Keep the students safe, I’m handling this,’ Dumbledore spoke as he passed. His feet almost slipped as he reached the frozen staircase. Dumbledore looked up at the open doorway, eyes piercing and serious and he proceeded to head up.

*

Jungkook watched Dumbledore pick Laura up from his balcony and finally a wave of relief washed over him. He turned sharply to his side and his hands fisted on the collar of Taehyung’s robes.

‘How could you! Taehyung! Come to your senses, what the hell are you doing!’

The younger boy just smiled eerily as Jungkook shook him, even though Jungkook was nearly rattling his frame within his clothes.

‘Taehyung come back, stop listening to Abraxas!’ Jungkook was nearly crying now. ‘Come back would you! Can’t you hear me?’

The words came out strained and low ‘Get away,’ he heard the boy say, ‘Please. Away.’

Jungkook looked through furiously teary eyes at Taehyung. He was so confused about what was going on. For the first he heard some resemblance to the way Taehyung would speak, a tone without pride, but when he looked at the boy, he was still smiling, eyes red, not blue. Taehyung was somewhere deep inside, and they had to get him out anyhow.

‘What do you want to do with Kim Seokjin?’ Hoseok asked from the front. Taehyung lazily turned to him.

‘He is to be my new vessel,’ Taehyung’s hands spread out and he spoke without hesitation. ‘I’ll take him and give your friend back to you. So bring him to me, if you value Kim Taehyung so much,’
‘No, we won’t,’ Hoseok said. He was stalling, he didn’t know what for exactly. He could just hope Dumbledore would get here soon and would know how to drive a soul out of someone’s body. ‘You won’t get Seokjin and you will get out of Taehyung. He’s not as weak as you think. I know you can hear us Tae, don’t let him take you over!’

‘Ho-bi,’ Taehyung spoke in a hiccup. Finally that smiling face of his broke, like his expression was struggling to find the right one to portray. ‘Get-away. Bring me Seokjin,’ it was a mixture of words from the two entities inside that body.

But whatever progress Taehyung had made seemed to vanish the moment the white haired wizard stood at the door behind Hoseok. Taehyung’s red eyes locked on him and he smiled.

‘Dumbledore! I’ve been waiting!’

‘What’s happening here?’ Dumbledore gripped his wand, though he didn’t lift his hand yet. He looked at Hoseok, ready to launch into attack, Jungkook with hands still gripping Taehyung’s cloak like he was pulling, pleading. And Taehyung… red eyed, grinning maliciously. Within a moment Dumbledore knew the boy wasn’t himself.

‘Do you recognise me, Dumbledore?’ Taehyung grabbed Jungkook’s hands by the wrist and wrenched him away effortlessly.

‘I recognise the face, not the voice,’ Dumbledore said. ‘When have we met before, enlighten me?’

‘I thought you would’ve caught on to these children by now,’ Taehyung took slow steps towards the wizard. ‘But you’ve become blinder than you were in your youth,‘

Dumbledore slowly lifted his wand, ‘Who are you?’

‘You came looking for me, but got Hohen instead. And you thought I was dead,’

It took a few moments for Dumbledore to understand. ‘Flamel?’ Dumbledore asked perplexed.

‘Yes and no,’ Taehyung drawled. ‘The irony is that… you told me, face to face that you always wanted to meet me… the real me who everyone thought was extinct. Yet, when Hohen tried to tell you, you didn’t listen to him,’

Dumbledore’s jaw hardened, ‘Taehyung, listen to me-‘

‘Taehyung is gone!’ the boy sneered, teeth showing. He put his hand forward, daring Dumbledore to shake it. ‘You’ve forgotten me already? After asking so much about the Red War?’

The realisation hit Dumbledore like a brick on the head. He stood perplexed and wide eyed at the red eyed boy in front of him. *How was it possible? No one can live for 800 years.*

‘Grindelwald had a lot to say about you to me. You’ve created quite a god like image for yourself haven’t you? The entire school reveres you. The Ministry of Magic depends on you for all their decisions. It’s like you have everyone in your palm dear Albus,’

‘You’ve… you’ve met Grindelwald?’

The two students had never seen Dumbledore stutter. They stood unmoving, staring at the two ancient beings in conversation, unsure of what is to be done.

‘He was my friend,’ Abraxas said through Taehyung. ‘He wanted to be by my side, our goals
matched. But you… you betrayed him. You locked him up in a prison when you promised you wouldn’t go against him,‘

‘I did what had to be done. Grindelwald cannot take over the Ministry,’

‘He trusted you till the very end. Even after what you did to your poor little Ariana, he still loved you,’ Taehyung clasped his hand over Dumbledore’s wrist and the man seemed to go into some kind of trance. Dumbledore gasped, eyes vacant like he was seeing something else. He started to tremble, he wanted to speak but nothing came past his lips. With a grunt he pushed Taehyung away but the boy knew the damage was done. Dumbledore shut his eyes, covering his face with his wrinkled, bony hands and a low cry of pain could be heard from him.

‘What are you doing to him!’ Jungkook roared.

‘Sending him to his worst memories,’ Taehyung said. The boys glanced at each other feeling utterly helpless. If Dumbledore couldn’t defeat Abraxas, how were they to do anything?

‘Abraxas!’ Jin’s voice joined them. All looked towards the door again and saw their two Gryffindor friends. The moment Taehyung saw Jin, waves of ice burst from his hands, ready to capture him. But Namjoon, Jin and Hoseok, all took their wands out, sending blasting hexes towards the ice while Jungkook shot Taehyung’s back with a curse. Taehyung froze for a moment, but the hex didn’t last. Turning back in anger, he caught Jungkook by the neck and raised him up into the air.

‘Do you want to fall down like the girl too?’ Taehyung spoke through gritted teeth. His voice had changed now, it was thin and cold, every tiny hint of Taehyung erased.

Jin moved closer to them through the partitions of ice, ‘You need me not him, put him down right now!’

Taehyung looked towards Jin and he released the grip on Jungkook’s throat. The Ravenclaw fell on the floor, coughing and wheezing in his breath.

‘I told you,’ Taehyung walked towards Jin too. ‘I told you what I would do if you don’t submit to me,’

‘Jin get back!’ Namjoon called from behind them. ‘Don’t do this!’

‘Are you ready?’ Taehyung asked Jin and held his hand out again, ‘Join me,’

Jin shivered, taking one small step back. He could feel the vibrations under his skin, Abraxas trying to push into his mind, trying to envelope him.

‘It’s the locket!’ Someone else screamed from behind them. Jin turned back to see Yoongi had arrived at the scene too, and though he looked shocked beyond all wits, he was pointing towards Taehyung. Jin turned but Taehyung had already lounged forward, his palm on Jin’s face, pushing him to the floor. A searing pain shot through Jin’s body, hammering on his head, crushing his lungs. He felt like he was being crumbled and splintered everywhere. He pushed back with his hands and punched Taehyung who fell to the floor. Jin stood up and kneeled over the boy who was coming out of the daze from the punch. Taehyung’s eyes were still wild and hungry as they turned to Jin and he grinned maliciously again. He was about to get up but Jungkook hooked his hands under his arms and pulled him away from Jin, who’s face was cracked even further.

‘Get the damn locket!’ Yoongi called again, running forward through the slippery ice but falling. Taehyung was kicking and turning, trying to break free from Jungkook’s grasp but the boy wasn’t
letting go even if they fell down the tower together from the struggle. Seeing that it’s host was locked, a red smoke emerged out of the glowing stone on Taehyung’s neck. Jin crawled back, remembering this red smoke from the vision Abraxas had shown him. He could fight Abraxas in Taehyung’s body but how was he to fight smoke?

‘Get back!’ Dumbledore threw himself between Jin and the floating red fumes that were starting to take shape.

‘What do we do professor?!” Jin called from behind him but Dumbledore was speechless too. He had a protective shield between them and the red vapoury form, but beyond that, he didn’t know what was the right thing to do.

‘Do you know what that thing is?’ Dumbledore asked.

‘I- I’m not sure,’ Jin replied. ‘I think it’s a part of Abraxas… his presence. Like a part of his soul,’ Dumbledore’s eyes widened, but he was still no closer to a solution.

‘Let me go!’ Taehyung cried, almost breaking free from Jungkook’s grasp but now Jimin joined in, pulling him back. Hoseok had caught on by now and he grabbed the stone hanging from Taehyung’s neck, pulling it off harshly. The red smoke seemed to form the shape of a massive face that opened its mouth in a shrill, haunting cry. Dumbledore’s feet were being pushed back by the force, he was keeping the shield charm up with all his might. The smoked face now turned towards the other boys, knowing they were the ones responsible for pulling it away from it’s host.

‘GET BACK! GET BACK!’ Jin yelled at them. The red form towered over them, like it would push into Taehyung’s body directly, and that would be permanent.

Dumbledore shot at the smoke, making vacant spots appear in it’s form but not able to cause any lasting damage. ‘Destroy the locket!’ Dumbledore called out. Yoongi threw the locket to the ground and shot at it with a spell. The hex ricocheted from the stone, leaving the object unharmed.

‘What the fuck!’ Yoongi shot at it again, now joined by Jungkook. It was a moment of utter chaos, Jin holding his crumbling body with Hoseok at his side, Dumbledore now trying to get Taehyung back, who seemed to be in a trance, eyes glazing over as he stared at the red smoke. Jimin shook Taehyung, screaming in his ear, calling out to him. Jin saw the smoke finally take Abraxas’ form and turn his eyes towards Jin. And he was rushing closer.

‘NO!’ Jin screamed, shielding himself.

‘MOVE!’ Namjoon yelled at Yoongi and the next thing they knew, there was a silver blade, slashing over the stone. The white stone surface cracked and the sword cut all the way through, shattering the stone. Abraxas and Taehyung both shrieked at the exact same time, seeming to be in the most terrible pain. Taehyung convulsed, falling on the floor. Namjoon shielded his face as the red smoke swirled all around them, finally disappearing into the atmosphere.

Taehyung’s shrieks died into a state of unconsciousness as his hair returned to the brown it used to be, body now limp and unmoving on the stone floor.

‘Taehyung,’ Jimin immediately kneeled beside him, taking his cold body into his lap. He tapped the boy’s cheek but nothing happened. Fear gripping him, he placed his hand over Taehyung’s chest, where his heart should be. He couldn’t find the heartbeat. Frantically, almost sobbing, he pressed in harder, trying to be patient, feeling, listening, searching. Finally, he felt the softest thump and exhaled in relief. Dumbledore kneeled in front of Jimin, checking on Taehyung’s vitals
too. He pulled the boy’s eyelids. His eyes had almost rolled over, but thankfully, they weren’t red anymore… they were brown.

‘He’ll be fine,’ Dumbledore said, more to himself than to the others. ‘Bring him to my office,’

‘Is Abraxas gone?’ Yoongi asked, looking around, wand still out.

‘He’s gone,’ Jin breathed.

Namjoon rushed to Jin, holding the other’s face, observing the damage, ‘Are you okay? Does it hurt?’

Jin shook his head and then squeezed his eyes shut, ‘I don’t know. I’m really… dizzy,’ he breathed out and put his head on Namjoon’s shoulder, almost passing out.

‘How did you know it was the locket?’ Hoseok asked Yoongi.

‘Tae told me it was a gift from Abraxas,’ Yoongi said. ‘It had the red smoke inside it,’

Laura and Taehyung were laid on beds next to each other in the infirmary. The six boys, along with Ash and Dumbledore stood at the foot of the beds. Laura was awake, propped against a pillow. Bruise marks peeked at the neck of her hospital gown, skin raw where the ice had enclosed her. She looked at Taehyung, he looked like he used to, with his brown hair and innocent face, lashes lining the closed eyelids calmly as if he hadn’t created an ice storm and brought the great Dumbledore to his knees a few hours ago. It had been a surreal sight when she had seen Taehyung last night, with his silver hair and red eyes. That wasn’t Taehyung at all...

‘I cannot believe none of you told me,’ Dumbledore said and his eyes went to the Gryffindors. ‘None,’

‘We were trying to help Taehyung,’ Namjoon answered. ‘He had been feeling claustrophobic since the Wizengamot trial. We didn’t want to push him further away,’

‘What was in that locket?’ Jungkook asked, ‘How was he controlling Tae through it?’

‘You said only Abraxas’ soul is alive?’ Dumbledore asked and several of them nodded. ‘Then that stone… was a horcrux. It’s a form of extremely dark magic where you split your soul and store it in something,’

‘So does that mean… we killed Abraxas?’ Hoseok asked hopefully but Jin shook his head.

‘This wasn’t his only form. He is still alive, inside that raven. I saw it,’

‘Do you think he’ll come again?’ Ash asked.

‘I’m sure he will,’ Jin said. ‘He hasn’t gotten the two things he wants. We’re not going to fall for this trick again, that he wants to help Taehyung,’

‘But what about Taehyung?’ Jimin asked, sitting at the foot of the boy’s bed. ‘Will he now believe what Abraxas truly is?’

‘Taehyung knew what was going on,’ Hoseok said. ‘He tried to break to the surface, he told us to get away more than once,’
‘If we trust in the Taehyung we knew, he will never go back to Abraxas,’ Namjoon said.

‘And what now?’ Laura asked Dumbledore. ‘The Hogwarts Express leaves in… 8 hours. Do you still want Tae to go back home?’

‘If I don’t know what we’re dealing with,’ Dumbledore said, ‘How am I supposed to protect Taehyung whether he’s here or at his house?’

‘Don’t forget about the Ministry,’ Yoongi said. ‘I’m sure they haven’t forgotten their agenda,’

‘They haven’t,’ Jimin said. ‘My brother sent me some letters during the exams. They certainly have an eye on us,’

‘Then we will move as planned,’ Dumbledore said. ‘I have assigned some people to escort and watch over both of you,’ he said to Jimin. ‘Jiyeon is one of the finest Aurors. She will fiercely protect Taehyung. The two of you,’ he looked at Hoseok and Jungkook, ‘Will drop Taehyung home and the two of you,’ he now looked at Namjoon and Ash, ‘Will drop Jimin and Jin home. Taemin and another auror will be with you until all of you are under the protective charms of your homes.

‘Professor, will you be there too?’ Namjoon asked.

‘I won’t be at Hogwarts,’ Dumbledore said. ‘I can’t sit here, so far away while the danger is chasing you all out there. But I can’t be seen at King’s Cross either. Don’t worry, I’ll keep an eye on you somehow;’

Pomfrey entered then. She had her lips pursed and there was clear anger on her face as she set down the tray of medicine. She handed a potion to Laura and then checked on Taehyung’s vital.

‘Poppy?’ Dumbledore enquired about her mood but the head matron did not give him a glance.

‘Sorry for giving a bad start to your vacation,’ Hoseok said apologetically and Pomfrey straightened up, giving him the fiercest glare she had ever given anyone.

‘I will treat you all a thousand times over,’ she said. ‘But I don’t understand… why. Why are members of this group in this infirmary every three months. What are you all doing to be this way,’ and now she glared at Dumbledore. ‘Like I said Albus, this is a school. Not a training field for Aurors,’ and she walked out briskly, leaving them guilty and sheepish.

Laura picked up the roll of parchment on her bed side table and read it, ‘I’m discharged!’ she said with some energy to her voice. Ash helped her out of the bed and took her to change into her regular robes.

‘I’ll stay with Taehyung,’ Hoseok said. ‘The rest of you should get some sleep,’

‘I’ll stay with you,’ Yoongi said and both pulled up chairs beside Taehyung’s bed while the rest left, giving a last glance to Taehyung.

‘How’s your wound,’ Yoongi held Hoseok’s chin gently and checked his neck. The wound was fortunately healing.

‘Clean cut,’ Hoseok said. ‘Thank god you came at the right time, with the right answers,’

Yoongi intertwined their hands and leaned on Hoseok’s shoulder. Hoseok rested his temple against Yoongi’s head and closed his eyes to rest.
The others were heading back to their common rooms, hoping to sleep and finish packing their things.

‘Kim?’ Dumbledore called when they reached the turn to his office and both Jin and Namjoon turned. Dumbledore’s eyes went to the sword in Namjoon’s hand. ‘May I know how you came to possess that?’

‘Umm… We… We didn’t steal it,’ Namjoon chuckled nervously.

‘Long story,’ Jin chuckled too. ‘Someone was selling Gryffindor’s belongings in Knockturne Alley.’

‘Knockturne Alley?’ Dumbledore asked suspiciously.

And Jin went on to explain how this came to be.

‘We don’t mean to keep it Professor. It belongs to the school,’ Namjoon laid out the sword on both his hands for Dumbledore to take, but the Headmaster shook his head.

‘I thought… this sword was lost,’ Dumbledore said to them. ‘It hasn’t been seen in the castle over a hundred and fifty years. But, it showed itself to you for a reason. And till you and your friends are in danger, maybe the purpose of it hasn’t been served yet.’ He looked at Namjoon. ‘You’re right, this sword belongs to the school. But right now, two Gryffindors need it. So keep it. Once it’s purpose is served, may it find its way back to its home,’

Namjoon nodded, ‘Thank you, professor.’

*

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

Ramin Djawadi - You Have A Choice

Ramin Djawadi - Truth (Taehyung’s Theme)

The bright sun rays were heating up Taehyung’s skin. He opened his eyes a slit and tried to adjust to the luminance around him. As soon as he got the sense of space and time, he sat up with a jolt. His chest hurt for some reason and he clutched where his heart was, trying to breathe deep. To the side of his bed, he saw Hoseok and Yoongi sleeping, bodies rising and falling in uniform breaths and now he remembered everything.

The guilt that took him over was absolutely crippling. He needed to get away, needed to get as far as possible from his friends who he didn’t deserve one bit. He remembered what he did to Hoseok, how he cut his neck. Hoseok would have bled to death. But he was still here, watching over him. Taehyung clamoured out of the infirmary bed and went to the nearest window.

He had done it yet again. Years back, he almost killed his father. Now, he threw Laura down a tower, he hurt Hoseok, Jungkook and Jin. How was he to live with so many misdeeds, so many sins.

He didn’t even deserve to ask for forgiveness.

He would give his everything to reverse all his errors and save his friends from the pain.

He started to silently cry, muffled sobs coming from him, tears lining his eyes.
He could feel the missing weight around his neck and he felt this lingering pain where the locket used to hang. How was he so naive, he really had thought he wasn’t so stupid as to be swayed by Abraxas’ sweet words. In the beginning, he was careful, he remembers it. He was questioning Abraxas, analysing pros and cons in his brain… but when did it all fade away? Why did he stop questioning Abraxas’ motives? Why did he behave like such an obnoxious prick to his friends, showing off and thinking he didn’t need anyone anymore?

Taehyung was losing all faith in himself as the thoughts and memories passed by his mind.

He looked back to Yoongi and Hoseok who were asleep. Some of his belongings were on the bedside table, including the locket he shared with Laura. He didn’t pick it up and silently, he exited the infirmary to go back to his room. He would take whatever was coming his way, he had no energy to fight. If he was to return home to his mother, he would do so. He had lost all strength and motive.

Taehyung reached the messy common room, paper cups, food and various things just lying all over the floor, along with students passed out from last night’s celebration. Some dim light balls still floated around the room, their power diminishing slowly. Taehyung carefully crossed over and went to his dorm room to pack.

‘Tae!’ he heard Hoseok’s worried voice and saw both him and Yoongi enter the room. ‘Oh thank god you’re here! Why didn’t you wake us up? How are you feeling?’

Taehyung’s fingers dug into the scarf he was holding and he caught his breath, eyes quickly averting from his friends. He shook his head, unable to speak and the two seniors rushed to him, carefully stepping over Bogum who was sleeping on the floor.

‘Tae, are you okay? Pomfrey should see you,’

‘I’m fine,’ Taehyung said and from his voice they knew he was trying not to cry. ‘Please, don’t… you shouldn’t help me anymore, after what I did,’

‘Hey,’ this time it was Yoongi who caught his hand and turned him around. ‘You know what, I’m not going to whitewash what you did. Yeah, what happened was terrible. You behaved worse than half my house, and trust me I’m used to a lot of condescending and snooty pricks. And if you want to make up for it, you better not give up, because we aren’t giving up. Can you do that for us?’

‘I- I don’t know,’ Taehyung said and shut his eyes, tears leaking again.

‘Are you going to try and make up for it by being with us? It’s your last chance,’ Yoongi said. ‘Or are you going to hurt us more by giving up? Because Jin, Jungkook, Jimin, everyone is still waiting for you. Are you going to hurt them again?’

Taehyung shook his head.

‘Honestly, we aren’t mad at you, not anymore. What happened, happened. Though Laura might yell at you for a bit. So give me your answer, are you with us?’

Slowly, Taehyung nodded, crying out an apology and Yoongi patted his head, telling him to stop with that and they helped him pack, until a memo came for them. They were all to assemble in Dumbledore’s office immediately. And the breaths stopped in Taehyung again. He wasn’t ready to face Jin or Laura at all.

*
‘Come Taehyung,’ Hoseok ushered him into Dumbledore’s office. Taehyung couldn’t even lift his eyes up to look at the people in the room. He walked to where Hoseok led him, eyes on the floor and then on the edge of the table where Hoseok halted. He was aware of people standing around him, circling the table. He was aware of every eye on him and he wanted to vanish from the face of the earth.

‘How are you feeling Tae?’ He heard Namjoon ask. Taehyung clenched his teeth, trying to make himself stay in this room and not turn and bolt out. He could feel his heart crushing under the pressure of the guilt.

Someone’s warm hand wrapped around his wrist and he identified it as Jimin’s.

‘Tae, you’re with us now, you don’t have to be scared,’ Jimin said.

The tears were coming back. They had never really left. Taehyung had just tried his best to not let them roll down his cheeks. But now, from both sides he could feel the friends he didn’t deserve placing their hands on him, Hoseok trying to lighten to mood with something he said, Jungkook’s hand on his back, and Jin… he could hear Jin speaking to him, not a trace of anger in his voice. How was that even possible?

Taehyung didn’t know when the full force of the tears came rushing back. He only got some sense of it when he realised he was squatting on the floor, head buried under his hands. Jimin’s tiny hands snuck in and lifted his face up and were wiping his cheeks. Jungkook squeezed his shoulders, saying something to cheer him up. Taehyung was probably muttering that he’s sorry because suddenly Jin was squatting in front of him and saying if he said sorry one more time, he owed Jin a hundred galleons.

‘C’mon, stand up now,’ Jin held his hand out fearlessly. It was his right hand, the hand that didn’t have cracks. He couldn’t show the damage that had happened to his body to Taehyung. Not when the boy was in the deepest pits of guilt.

When Taehyung hesitated to touch him for fear of what’s happened, Jin wrapped his hand around his wrist and pulled him up.

‘Abraxas is gone from you Tae,’ Jin said. ‘You are with us now, you are you. So be the Taehyung we remember. Last night, that wasn’t you. So don’t think I believe you intentionally did any of the things that happened,’

‘Shall we discuss what has to be done?’ Dumbledore asked from the front. ‘We don’t have much time,’

The nine turned to Dumbledore who started with telling them his plan.

‘There are two of my trusted friends who will be present in the Hogwarts Express. The Ministry doesn’t have eyes here so they’ll board at Hogsmeade but will stay in a compartment near the engine. All of you proceed as usual. When you reach King’s Cross, Jungkook and Hoseok, you two will take Taehyung home. Jiyeon will meet you as soon as you step down,’

His eyes turned to Jimin now, ‘Taemin will be there to receive you. Ash, Jin and Namjoon will accompany you till your home. A friend of mine will be with you, his name is Remus Lupin. You will first drop Jin home and then Jimin. Lupin will help you settle in and explain the things you need to take care of. Which leaves you two,’ his eyes now turned to the Min-Dracwyns.
‘Are you sure we shouldn’t help?’ Laura asked. ‘I think I’ll feel more at ease if we know what’s happening.’

‘It’s going to look suspicious to anyone who’s keeping an eye on us, that you’re accompanying… a different kind of crowd that what the Ministry thinks you keep. Besides, didn’t you tell me your Grandfather was unexpectedly at the station to receive you last time?’

The two nodded.

‘What if he shows up again. You won’t be able to help then would you?’

‘You’re… right,’ Yoongi agreed. ‘We’ll stick to what you decide,’

Jimin looked at Taehyung, asking him if he followed the plan. The boy just nodded weakly.

‘We need to move carefully,’ Dumbledore said. ‘Be vigilant, I will have Poppy give some invigorating potion to all of you. Once the three of them are in their houses, under the protective spells, we can breathe a bit easier. But for now, keep your eyes and ears sharp,’

Dumbledore dismissed them and they exited his office in a line. When they got to the corridor, Yoongi walked forward and held Jin by the elbow.

Mood Music (Don't forget to open in a new tab) Ramin Djawadi - The Greed of Man (Yoongi’s Slow Theme)

‘Jin I wanted to say something,’

Jin turned around and nodded.

‘Hoseok is coming to visit the Min palace this summer. I request you to come with him,’

Jin’s eyes widened in surprise, ‘But Yoongi… I’m a Kim. I’m pretty sure I’m banned from entering the Min territory,’

‘You’re my friend. I don’t care about the past,’ Yoongi said.

‘People in that palace think my great uncle tried to kill you. That’s technically attempted regicide. Are you sure this is a good idea?’

‘That palace is mine… or will be mine when the time comes. They cannot stop me from bringing you there,’ Yoongi’s lilac eyes burned and Jin knew he was serious about this.

‘Why do you want me to come?’

‘We have good healers there. They can… take a look at the harm Abraxas has caused you, maybe find a cure,’

Jin smiled, ‘That’s kind of you. But… I’m alright for now and I don’t want you to trouble yourself because I know this is not going to be easy,’

‘You don’t worry about that,’ Yoongi said. ‘Just… come with Hobi, I’ll take care of the rest’

Yoongi held Jin’s hand and patted it. But Jin instead pulled him for a hug. This was the first time they were hugging each other properly and in that moment they realised how much their relationship had grown, from hidden respect for each other masked under what their family names demanded of them, to a relationship of dependable friendship. When both separated and looked at each other, they knew they were bonded by the need to protect their younger friends and that they
could lean on each other for support.

‘Thank you… Yoon,’

‘It’s going to be okay,’ Yoongi assured him and then departed to join his housemates going towards the Slytherin dungeons.

Chapter End Notes

To all who voted Abraxas will help Taehyung, how you guys doin’ ? :P (I love you all though)

[edit] So the next chapter, will be uploaded in 3 short parts, over the course of 5 days. (1 chapter every 2 days, is my math right?) I will post the chapters on 1st Nov, 3rd Nov & 5th Nov (HOPEFULLY. But if there is a change I'll post it on twitter or over here)

Why I inform you guys about this is, I wanted to try and see if a majority of us can read around the same time frame, just for these 3 parts of the next chapter. I would love to know your immediate responses. Of course, there's no compulsion and you can read whenever you're free. I thought I'll try this out because I was hoping, the very last chapter of this entire series, we all could read together as well :) I don't know to what extent this will work but it was just a thought because I love the reactions you all have!
Hi all!

As this is a 1/3rd part of a chapter, its not going to be very long. (I think its 5k words)

Once you finish reading, do hit me up with your thoughts as comments here or on twitter! I would love to know your instant reactions <3

'The Downfall' chapter has been on my mind probably since the first few chapters of the entire series so it's been a long time holding it in for me and I'm happy I'm finally able to share it!

Looking forward to what y'all think!

Happy reading! See you day after with part 2!
THE DOWNFALL I
GOLD
HOUSE OF CARDS
08 NOV 2019 | 2300 HRS KST
Serafin shifted in her bed as the moonlight momentarily disturbed her sleep. She turned the other way from the window and curled her fists in. Hers was one of the grand rooms in the castle, complete with an ornate domed roof of intricate gold patterns, beautiful windows with painted glass and a massive bed, though they were without the kind of bedding a palace deserves. When she first came here, Abraxas had apologised that though they were in a castle, they were without the expensive silks and golden lamps. Serafin and shook her head and said it wasn’t riches she’s after, it’s freedom. Money and other beautiful dazzling things will come as they achieve their first goal.

A high pitched shriek blew her eyes open and she got up with a racing heart. Her hand turned into a fireball and she ran into the dark stone corridor. Her first instinct was to check on Abraxas and when she emerged in the master’s chambers, she found the bird writhing on the floor with Doreen kneeling helplessly beside it.

‘Abraxas!’ She ran to him, picking up the bird carefully and placing him in her lap. ‘Master! What is it?’

‘M-my s-soul,’ Abraxas hiccuped. ‘They… they destroyed it,’

‘Who!’ Serafin looked around as Doreen pulled her sword out, eyes on guard.

‘Some boy… Taehyung’s friend. I almost had him! I almost won!’

‘Master, are you okay? Do need any replenishment?’

‘Nothing can be done… a soul doesn’t come back,’ Abraxas seemed to be wheezing for breath, the red flickering in the raven’s eye. ‘I knew the risks… I took it anyway, giving the boy a part of my soul,’

‘How did they do it? That locket is indestructible!’ Serafin was in disbelief. It was a foolproof plan, yet they failed.

‘I don’t know… it happened fast, the boy had a weapon I’ve never seen it before,’

‘You must rest master. That was a small part of your soul. You still have to go on,’
‘I… I can’t use my powers for now. I can’t spend myself, not unless I have the Philosopher’s Stone to strengthen me,’

Serafin watched the bird’s eyes drooping with exhaustion, the red in them getting dimmer.

‘We are close master, you know we are! And you must go on, for all our sakes. We are lost without you,’

‘I did not plan to harm Taehyung’s friends… I don’t have anything to do with them. But now… I want that boy who dared to kill a part of me, I wish to return the favour. How dare he… how could he!’

‘You’ll get him master. Once we have the stone, we’ll fulfill all that we seek,’

‘He has too many powerful friends on his side,’ Abraxas continued to wheeze in wrath. ‘I have sought revenge on the four families that put me in this state since 800 years. I will end the Min-Dracwyn line. I will take Kim Seokjin and Taehyung for myself. And I will kill that boy who shattered my soul,’

Serafin laid the bird on the cushions below his perch, telling him to rest and not exert himself. By now the entire castle had woken up, everyone enquiring what was going on. Serafin instructed Doreen to tell no one and keep Abraxas’ chambers locked while she had a talk with Torrhen.

‘A part of his soul?’ Torrhen asked as both sat in Serafin’s chamber. ‘Does he have any left then?’

‘Abraxas is not like a mere human. He’s stronger than any of us. His soul can endure for a long time,’ Serafin explained as she walked to and fro, twirling the gold locket with the fire stone around her neck. ‘He will survive till we create the philosopher’s stone,’

‘Is his current body alright?’

‘I don’t know,’ Serafin closed her eyes and sighed. ‘I wish he was hosting something stronger, like a human,’
'Did he… did he ever ask if he could host you?’ Torrhen asked, ‘Back when he was still able to take human bodies?’

Serafin looked at him sharply, ‘He had subtly suggested,’

‘And you refused?’ Torrhen raised an eyebrow. ‘You’re his oldest follower. You could’ve kept your master strong. You too, after all, are not a mere human. You’re an elkyre, your life span is longer, your soul is stronger,’

‘I followed him to attain freedom. I would do a lot of things for what he’s done for me, but giving up my body is not one of them. Where would be the freedom in that?’

Torrhen nodded understandingly, ‘I would’ve done the same as you,’ He looked towards the open window that had the view of the vast Medditerranean sea, ‘You think Martaeus heard the scream?’

‘I doubt it. The underground cells will keep the noise out. In any case I’ve sent more guards to watch over him. He’s barely conscious, the stones are keeping him drained,’

Torrhen looked back her, crossing his arms over his chest, ‘I know how those stones feel. He’s in a lot of pain… constant pain,’

‘Torrhen I know he was your friend but he’s not on our side. If you want to attain your goal, you have to watch him suffer for a little while,’

‘Little while?’ Torrhen asked incredulously. ‘You said he’s not on our side. You’re going to use his blood for the Philosopher’s Stone and then you’re going to kill him for fear he’ll revolt. There’s no freedom for him after this,’

‘He’ll not be in pain anymore though,’ Serafin stated. ‘Torrhen, he made his choice, and trust me, we gave him the benefit of doubt over and over again. He let us down every time. He does not understand that all of us need to make some sacrifices in order to achieve our end goal. He does not trust Abraxas. All he cares about is his son’s happiness at the current moment, but what about his son’s future? An elkyre has no future. We live like shadows, a nameless life. So tell me, are you ready to go through with it?’
Torrhen looked at her hard with his hazel eyes and then finally nodded, ‘So what’s our next move?’

‘We need a vessel for Abraxas, the vessel he wants. But Abraxas said this Kim Seokjin has powers which doesn’t allow Abraxas to take him over. So we need to find a way to make it happen,’

*

All students were packed and aboard the Hogwarts Express. Settling into their compartment, Taehyung’s group watched the tall castle disappear from view as the train curved around the mountain passes, taking them from the green countryside towards the city of London.

Yoongi and Jungkook had briefly informed Vanessa and Emina of the happenings after their worried faces seeing Laura and Taehyung in the infirmary and Hoseok with his neck wrapped in a bandage.

Taehyung was still quiet, sitting next to the window and gazing out of it. When they would enter a tunnel, his reflection would be visible and everytime Taehyung wondered why his eyes were brown again. Before leaving his dorm, he had pondered upon it, wondering if the brown eyes meant his powers were gone. It scared him, but summoning his powers to check scared him even more. What if Abraxas sensed that and came back? It made no sense but nothing was making any sense to Taehyung. Everytime he thought of the Alchemists and his powers, he felt like a vile creature. If his powers were no more, maybe that was a good thing. It was a curse to him, it never brought anything good.

‘Hey,’ Laura sat across him and shook him by the hand. ‘How are you feeling?’

Taehyung shifted uneasily ‘I’m ok,’

‘Do you miss home? You didn’t go back for Christmas so you must be wanting to get back?’

Taehyung didn’t answer. He just stared at his hands on his lap. Clearly the guilt hadn’t completely left him even after all the talks and reassurances.

Laura was at a loss of words. She was exhausted from last night’s ordeal, and she genuinely did not know what more could be said to Tae to console him. He had to find his way back by himself now.
She removed Taehyung’s half of the locket from her robes and put it on top of his hands, ‘You didn’t take this back from the infirmary.’

‘Maybe… you should keep it, or give to someone else,’ Taehyung said.

‘This belonged to our mothers. And now it belongs to us, no one else,’ Laura opened his palm and put the locket inside it.

‘How did you know I was at the tower? Was it the locket?’

Laura nodded, ‘It’s always told me when you’re in trouble. And where to find you,’ she smiled.

Jin had watched Taehyung from the moment they boarded the train. He wished he could do something for the boy, wished he could touch his hand and for once read a friend’s thoughts so that he knew exactly what to say to make him feel better. But he hadn’t used his powers ever since his first encounter with Abraxas. And opening up his mind to any measure will put all of them in danger again.

The train journey was surprisingly too short. All of them felt like they had reached King’s Cross in the blink of an eye. The group got up to get their luggage down. Jin and Namjoon stood on one side of the compartment, hauling their trunks and Jin’s owl down from the top bunk. Jin tugged on Namjoon’s jacket and the man looked at him with his soft brown eyes. The two never really displayed much affection publicly, except a hand on the shoulder or knee, quick pecks on the cheek or lips. But right now, Namjoon looked at Jin so endearingly, knowing they would have to somehow spend a month or two apart, that Jin kissed him and Namjoon reciprocated with equal heat, both locked in the closest embrace, from their lips to their hands at each other’s waist, and they didn’t separate for a while.

Jungkook pursed his lips looking at the kiss that didn’t seem to be ending, ‘Stop showing off you two! Acting like you practically haven’t lived together for the entire year!’

The two Gryffindors separated with a shy smile.

‘Don’t interrupt me while I’m saying goodbye to my boyfriend,’ Namjoon said to him with a chuckle. Both sensed Jungkook was slightly upset about something. They knew it wasn’t them exactly, but the fact that he has had to spend most time away from Laura, being in different houses, and now with no hope of seeing her in the holidays. Laura chuckled at his pout as one by one, the
others exited the compartment.

‘Wait,’ she stopped Jungkook with a palm on his chest as she rolled down the screen on the window. The hand on him pushed him back against the compartment wall, blocking the second window as well and she kissed him, and not in the quick and soft way they sometimes would, in front of their friends.

This surprised Jungkook, though it wasn’t unwelcomed in the least. His eyes on instinct darted to the open door and the passersby were taken aback at this sight too.

‘People are looking,’ he muttered on her lips.

‘I don’t care right now, do you?’ she asked, eyes looking into his. They shined a little, like a deep pool of purple.

‘No,’ Jungkook answered and she resumed kissing him, pressing him further to the wall. Her hand cradled his face gently, a contrast to the heat of her kiss, like they were continuing where they left last night in the Shrieking Shack. Those thoughts came back to them, the emotions they weren’t able to put a name to, but knew that it was something strong. They wanted to remember and store it in their memory, what it felt like to hold each other this way.

‘Laura, we’re waiting!’ they heard Yoongi call from outside the window and had to unwillingly pull away from each other.

‘I’ll come see you, I promise,’ Laura said. ‘I am anyhow going to convince grandfather that he cannot dictate me what to do anymore. I’m a Dracwyn, the core principle of our lineage is we don’t bow, we live the way we want so I ought to practice that,’

Jungkook smiled and cupped her face, bending down to peck her nose, ‘You little dragon,’ he grinned and the two walked out hand in hand, separating once they were on the platform. Laura joined Yoongi and Vanessa and they bid farewell to Ash and Jimin who were getting into the enchanted cars with Taemin, Jin and Namjoon. Out of the corner of their eyes, they saw Jiyeon hugging Taehyung, looking like she was almost in tears.

*  

‘Shall we start back home?’ Taemin held the car door open and Jimin got in with Ash. A man Ash remembered from nearly 9 months ago was in the car as well, a humble face with brown hair and
brown eyes.

‘Hello Park, I’m Lupin, Remus Lupin,’ he held his hand and Jimin shook it.

‘I remember you!’ Ash said. ‘You came to see Jimin many months ago, in the infirmary,’

The man smiled at her, ‘Ah, you remember that. Yes, Dumbledore had requested me to come see him, if I could assist Snape in any way. But well, your potions master doesn’t like to work as a team,’

‘Everyone settled?’ Taemin looked back from the front seat and they nodded. In front of them, the Kim’s car with NamJin and Jin’s own personal driver and attendant started to move.

The first car stopped at Jimin’s house and the Kim’s car proceeded to Namjoon’s muggle location.

‘You should be dropped first,’ Namjoon argued in a low whisper. ‘Want to see you reach home safely,’

Jin chuckled, resisting the urge to hold Namjoon’s hand. ‘I have people with me, I’ll be fine, you don’t have to worry,’

‘Still…’ his voice dropped even lower. ‘It’s… you he wants, you should be safe,’

‘And I am safe. Besides, if he’s as smart as I think he is, you’re not safe either. You’re the one closest to me. So let me see you home safely. Dumbledore has enchanted your house with protective spells, so let me see you back in safety,’

And so Jin dropped him off in the muggle locality. Namjoon’s parents almost made Jin stay for dinner but he had to get home to his dreaded ceremony. Jin promised them he’ll drop by later for a proper summer vacation at his boyfriend’s house.

‘You fed me so well for Christmas that you’ve spoiled me. Now you’ll regret you ever made the offer in the first place,’ Jin teased. Mrs. Kim laughed, giving him a kiss on the cheek and telling him to fulfill the promise soon.
Jin got back into his car, waving at the family, eyes on Namjoon becoming smaller and smaller as the car moved away.

Soon the vehicle zoomed through the traffic and slowed around a compound with tall walls. They entered ornate golden gates, into the lush and carefully maintained garden, decorated in beautiful golden lanterns amongst the flowers and a running fountain. The sun had just set and the sky was darkening, making the lit garden look warm. Jin’s white mansion was ridiculously big. His car stopped below the tall arch of the driveway and Jin got off, climbing the short staircase lined with marble sculptures of two haetaes. His guards opened the tall oak doors and soon he was in the familiar hallway with the domed ceiling that had a painting depicting an ancient victory ceremony of the Kims.

‘Ah! Jin is home!’ Hyunseok exclaimed, hearing the excited voice of his wife. The elves seemed to be bustling about, carrying crockery, vegetables and meat. His mum came down the gold gilded grand staircase and hugged him.

‘We’ve been waiting dear,’ she kissed his cheeks.

‘Mom I said not to have a grand celebration,’ Jin whined, looking at the mansion ablaze in lights.

‘You have finished school,’ his father joined in. ‘You have come back as a grown wizard! It’s a great moment in anyone’s life. We ought to celebrate it,’

‘Thank you father, but there really was no need-’

‘Ah don't start with that now,’ Hyunseok put his arm around his son. ‘Come on in. You need to get ready for the party,’

‘How many people are coming in?’

‘Well, all the important people and close friends. Now get dressed quickly, the sun has already set,’ his father sent him off to his room. Jin reluctantly kept his hand bag down and took off his cloak. He had just returned home… and now he was to entertain guests? Couldn't this have been done another day?
The elves laid out one of his finest suits, a deep red doublet with intricate thread work in gold, paired with dark trousers and a deep red cloak. Looks like his father was not joking when he said he had invited some important people. It was time for Jin to put his complaints aside and be the son of the house. He opened his trunk to get the basic necessities out and found Namjoon’s blue scarf, making him smile instantly. He felt the wool between his hands and it sent him back to the more comfortable setting of their cozy dorm room. This scarf was mnemonic of their first date without it being a date, their warm dinner at Hogsmeade.

‘Master Jin are you ready?’ He heard an elf outside his door.

‘Not yet Godrey,’ he said and got to the task at hand.

When he walked out of his room, he found out his extended family had come to stay over. They were already in the great circular hall that looked grand with candles floating above and the light reflecting off the crystal chandeliers. Beautiful flower arrangements were in place too, in cream and red.

One of Jin’s older cousins greeted him with a hug and hard pat on the back. They walked around the hall, reminiscing the summers spent in the Kim palace, and the cousin and had interesting tales of his travel to relay to Jin.

Jin then met his grand aunt, frail but still moving around in a wheelchair. Her skin wore more wrinkles than anyone could count and eyes turned so baggy that people wondered if she could still see anything. Jin kissed her cheek, greeting her and the aunt spoke to him as best she could, words merging into another. She took his hand and gave him the traditional gift on coming of age - a golden ring with a Haetae in the center, forged at the Kim palace from the gold mined at their mountains. It’s value was nearly priceless.

‘Jin,’ his father called out to him, ‘There’s something important I need to tell you. I haven’t informed you about your ceremonial gift yet,’ he held out a hand, beckoning him.

Jin nodded and turned to the aunt, ‘I’ll see you again soon,’ he kissed her hand and left.

Hyunseok wound a hand around his son’s shoulder as he fell into step with him. Everyone seemed to be in quite an affection mode with Jin tonight.

‘I should warn you, the press will be here for a short time. The Daily Prophet is sending Rita
Skeeter,’ his father whispered in his ear as both climbed the staircase. ‘Do not engage with her unless I'm with you. Be extremely careful of what you speak to her,’

‘You invited her?’ Jin was appalled. ‘Hope you remember what she did,’

‘What did she do?’ Hyunseok feigned.

‘She was the one who wrote that article about me and Laura Dracwyn. Stop acting innocent father, you don't forget anything,’

Jin had expected his father to give him a killing glare for his use of words but Hyunseok just chuckled. What was going on?

‘Oh that,’ he said. ‘That was so long ago. She is the most popular reporter right now. When the Ministry asked if they could send their press, I said yes. I didn't know who they would send,’

‘Why call the press for a family party in the first place?’

‘Because this is an important party. My son is about to step foot into the world, the world must know of it then.

Hyunseok had called his closest friend and his family lawyer into his home office along with Jin before the party started. The four men were in the wooden room, the conversation still on about some Ministry drama. Jin immediately felt out of place. He sat on the sofa, staring at the painting that hung behind Hyunseok’s desk - The Fall of the Rebel Angels, painted in the 16th Century. He stared hard, looking how the rebels were depicted as chimaeras, eating one another.

‘I think you should tell the important news before your son dies of boredom,’ the lawyer chuckled and Hyunseok nodded with a slight laugh. Jin’s attention snapped to them and he gave a polite smile to them.

‘Well, all our plan has finally borne fruit,’ Hyunseok said, coming to the centre of the room. ‘And I could not have done it without the support of each person present here in this room right now,’
Jin looked at him quizzically.

‘Lord Kim,’ the lawyer said. ‘Perhaps your son is wondering what we are talking about. We had kept it a secret and he has just returned home,’

‘Ah yes,’ Hyunseok looked at his son. ‘Seokjin, I hope this makes you proud of your father,’

‘What is it father?’ His curiosity was brimming. What had his father done? Is this why he was in such good spirits?

‘I am running for Minister of Magic,’ Hyunseok announced with pride. ‘The election period start soon. I know Fudge is immensely popular but I don't think he has it in him to win another round,’

‘Especially with you against him Lord Kim,’ one of the men said. ‘The people love you. You have helped so many wizarding communities,’

‘And Jin, you play a very important role in my future plan,’ Hyunseok said.

‘How?’ Jin’s voice carried fear, and even a hint of a threat.

‘I am appointing you as Assistant Chief of Law Enforcement. It's the best position anyone can ask for, straight out of school. And soon you will be promoted to Chief, once you get a bit older. You are a man of the family now, you have to take after me so I can go on to my next step without worry,’

Jin blinked twice, feeling everything move too fast, ‘My NEWT results aren't out yet,’

‘Are you telling me that you won't be scoring well enough?’ Hyunseok chuckled but only Jin sensed the underlying threat.

Jin looked around. He was surrounded by people he didn't really know or care about. His father had turned a deaf ear to every single word he had said to him about not wanting a Ministry job. About his every request, every plead, every tear.
His father stood there, smiling and laughing with the two other men, pouring a toast. Jin was handed the champagne, and he took it, back to functioning like a machine. The men spent some more time talking, laughing, discussing campaign ideas, dissing Fudge because he was the enemy now, after faking friendship with him for the past years. Finally, the two others left, leaving behind just the two members of the Kim household.

Jin silently sat on the sofa. His champagne untouched, eyes blankly staring at the maroon carpet.

‘Did you not drink your champagne? You're supposed to sip it after the toast or it's bad luck,’

‘I don't like champagne,’

‘A sip won't kill you’ Hyunseok shook his head.

‘I don’t want it,’

‘Fine, suit yourself-’

‘I mean, I don’t want his job you are offering me,’

Hyunseok paused and turned to him. ‘Son, I’m securing your future… why are you saying no to this?’

‘Since the past three years I’ve been telling you, I don’t want to work at the Ministry. Why are you still hell bent on it?’

‘Jin, this was meant for you. Our ancestors came to this country 300 years ago to be a part of the most important pillars of the Ministry, and you have to take that position like I did and all our ancestors before us since 300 years. I want to see you succeed me as Minister for Magic in the next 20 years and for that I need you to find your place in the Ministry as soon as possible,’

‘Like I said, I don’t want that,’
The anger and annoyance was creeping back into Hyunseok’s mood. He kept his empty champagne glass on his work desk behind him rather harshly, ‘What do you want then?’

‘I was going to tell you this later in the holidays, once I’ve had some time to actually sit and talk to you and mother. But you’re rushing me to say it,’

‘Say it then!’

Jin took a deep breath, blinking his eyes, trying to calm his nerves. He remembered Namjoon’s smile and encouraging words and hoped it would give him strength. ‘I don’t know what profession I want to go into. I want to try out some things, maybe have a small business of my own. But I certainly do not want to join the political scene of the Ministry,’

‘A small business?’ Hyunseok spoke like the words gave him disgust. ‘What are you going to do? Sell those photographs you keep taking?’

‘Maybe, I don’t know yet, that’s why I want to try my hand at different things,’

‘I’m not having my son live under this roof and be a redundant bloke while I have to answer for what you’re upto-’

‘I won’t be in this house,’ Jin said plainly.

‘For someone who doesn’t know what job they want, you’re very confident on living on your own. Where do you plan to go?’

‘I’ll find a place,’

‘I am not giving you a nickle for any of this bullshit,’ His father pointed at him. ‘You need money to rent a house and buy food. How are you going to get money without a job in the first place,’

‘I won’t be unemployed forever. And I have someone with me, we’ll manage something. But I
want to do this myself-’

‘Who? Who’s embarking on this madness with you?’

Jin grit his teeth before answering, ‘Father, Namjoon and I-’

Hyunseok already looked away in disbelief, holding his hands up in a gesture for the same, ‘I can’t believe this. I just cannot. After ALL that I told you? What is it, what is so special about that boy that you can’t separate from him! School is over Jin! He’s getting on with his life and so should you. You two were schoolmates, you can’t keep following him around even after school. Stop that and start your own life!’

Jin furrowed his eyebrows slightly wondering if his father was actually oblivious or if he was in utmost denial. ‘Father, I and Namjoon aren’t just schoolmates. I’m with him, we’re in a relationship,’

‘What are you saying,’ Hyunseok looked at him in fear.

‘I’m saying that we’re dating, we’re boyfriends, we’re together, whatever term you prefer. He’s not just a friend, he’s the one I want to spend my life with,’

‘Jin!’ the fury returned to his father. ‘Jin how could you! You weren’t supposed to- how…’ he was breathing hard and fast. It seemed like all wits had left him at the reality of his son. All he could think of was how his son was now going to tear down everything he had built, by being in an unyielding relationship.

‘Are you giving up everything you have here for that muggle born boy? He is nowhere in our social status. He… Have you even thought of the implications to the future? You are my heir, my only heir, a true pure blood. And the line is supposed to end with you?’

‘I did not ask to carry the Kim name, it’s being thrust on me. What is the point of this pure blood lineage? Who’s going to remember me as a God? It’s all pointless!’

‘Jin, you can’t just…’ Hyunseok was panicking, trying to find the right words. He breathed hard, taking a few steps to and fro, a hand holding his head. Everything was spiralling out of control for him. He couldn’t let that happen. He had worked too hard for this, he wasn’t going to let it go
'Well… alright,’ he paused and looked at his son. ‘How about we come to a compromise? You two can be together as long as you stay and do your duties as a son of this family,’

‘Be together?’ Jin asked him, thinking he heard wrong. ‘You mean, I can publicly declare we’re together?’

Hyonseok seemed to be trying to put his thoughts in diplomatic words, ‘You don’t have to rush to any public announcements, we’ll see how it goes,’

‘What do you mean how it goes? And what about the problem of a true blood heir that you mentioned?’

‘Well that’s something for the future-’

‘You’re hoping we’ll break up,’ Jin said bluntly. He knew his father well enough now to calculate his line of thought. ‘You think I’ll get bored of Namjoon, you think he’ll not fit in this society and get embarrassed and leave,’

‘I meant a compromise Jin! You can have that boy as long as you fulfill your duties!’

‘You mean in secret? I be the son you want me to be, produce heirs with the wife you pick for me and keep Namjoon a secret. You're too much of a coward to say anything face to face aren't you?’

‘Seokjin!’ Hyonseok’s voice carried a warning. ‘Watch what you are saying,’

But Jin knew he had caught on to his father’s plan. His father would do all in his power to break them if they were here under his roof. That’s why he suggested a compromise. And Jin had never felt more disgusted in his life as he watched and heard his father. The anger inside Jin surpassed his level of patience and the words surfaced, ‘You are the most dishonourable man I’ve ever met,’

A sharp sting of pain reverberated through the left side of Jin’s face as his father’s hand struck him. Jin’s face was blown to the side. Hyunseok was completely enraged, standing there, wide
eyed and breathing hard. Jin clenched his fists, closed his eyes and then turned to face him again.

‘Apologise for your unthoughtful words,’ his father said.

‘They were not without thought,’

‘You are a fool Seokjin, you don’t know anything about the world,’

‘I don’t want to be a part of your family anymore,’ Jin finally said it. The left side of his face was red now. He caught the ring his aunt had presented to him a few minutes ago and pulled it out of his finger. ‘I don't want any of it,’ he threw it on the table behind Hyunseok.

‘No…’ Hyunseok’s voice was a shaken whisper. ‘No… don’t… you can’t…’ his white face was staring horrified at Jin taking a step towards the door.

‘Goodbye, father,’ Jin looked at him one last time and left the room. He headed downstairs, wand out.

His mother had heard it all and halted him in the corridor. ‘There’s no time to gather your things. If you want to leave, leave now. Or you stay and be the son this family needs,’

‘Mom-’

‘I understand how you want to live your life. It is not wrong. But you are abandoning the responsibilities you were born with,’ she said as they heard Hyunseok’s lawyer rush into the home office urgently and hoped whatever Ministry urgency had come up would buy them some time. ‘Leave quickly, before your father locks the mansion and you,’ she patted him softly on the side of his reddened face and then moved out of the way.

‘Come with me,’ Jin said to her. ‘I'll take care of you,’

His mother shook his head. ‘I am a lady of this family. I chose this, you don't have to feel guilty about leaving me behind. Run now,’
Jin tore his eyes away from his mother and walked to the door. And as soon as he was near the front door, he could hear his father calling from behind.

‘No you cannot leave!’

But Jin quickly opened the door. The guards were instructed to stop him but Jin looked them in the eye to dare lay a hand on him and something just disarmed them, not knowing which master to obey, Hyunseok or Seokjin. He stepped out of the courtyard and disapparated.

*Mood Music (Open in a New Tab) Epiphany Instrumental*

When Jin took his first breath again after apparating to the muggle locality he had been in just a few hours prior, it felt like he was breathing for the first time in a while. Rain had started to pour down across London. For a few moments he couldn’t believe he had actually done this. He looked around, suspecting his father to show up in pursuit of him and then remembered his father didn’t know where Namjoon lived.

Jin spotted Namjoon’s house at the end of the row of suburban houses. The light of one of the upper room was lit and he knew that to be Namjoon’s. Jin smiled and felt like the thing that constricted his chest all this time was loosening and falling away from his body. Maybe their plan of Godric’s Hollow would need to be pushed up to earlier. Till then, he hoped he could spend the night at Namjoon’s house. He was finally free. He did not have one spare clothing or any possessions in hand but he was free. With that relief in mind and a smile on his face, he headed towards the house of the one he loved.

*
The moment Taehyung stepped down from the Hogwarts Express, he was greeted with his mother’s smiling face and enveloped into a hug.
'I’m so happy to see you coming back home!’ Jiyeon said to him, embracing him tightly. She looked at Jungkook and Hoseok, giving them a welcoming smile and then the four headed towards the exit on the muggle side.

‘Dumbledore and I discussed our possible transportations,’ Jiyeon whispered to Taehyung. ‘I suggested side-apparition but… you don’t look so well,’ she eyed him with concern.

Taehyung swallowed thickly, feeling a lump form in his throat, ‘Dumbledore must’ve told you what happened last night,’

‘He did, briefly. He didn’t want to discuss much over a letter. But if you’re feeling weak, side-apparition can splinch you. You have no experience in apparitions,’ Jiyeon briefly looked back at Jungkook and Hoseok who were talking amongst themselves as they pushed their trunks in the front. ‘And neither do they. Thanks to Twycross turning out to be a Death Eater, their apparition classes have been pushed to next year. I heard Hoseok splinched himself quite badly on his first try,’

Taehyung nodded, ‘It was quite bad. But Hobi told me it was because the Death Eaters shot him with a spell to create a distraction. Pomfrey’s regular healing potions didn’t work on him,’

Jiyeon rubbed circles on Taehyung’s back, ‘Let’s go by the Floo network. You’re more familiar with that aren’t you?’

The group crossed the busy main street, Jiyeon keeping a sharp eye all around her. She glimpsed Dumbledore’s friend Edgar Bones walking around the street too, who had volunteered to help Jiyeon reach home safely with her son. They walked a few blocks and at the end of the lane reached what looked like a run down pub, much like the Leaky Cauldron- If you weren’t looking for it, your eye would certainly miss it amongst the more colorful muggle window displays.

‘Four tickets please,’ Jiyeon handed 8 sickles to a grubby man at the end of the street, who someone would’ve taken for a homeless man.

‘It’s all full inside,’ the man gestured to the door. ‘All studen’s waiting to get back,’

‘How long is the wait?’
The grizzly haired man removed a bronze pocket watch from his run down olive jacket, ‘Not much. Five minutes maybe,’

‘Ok, we can do with that,’ Jiyeon nodded, even though, at a time like this five minutes felt like a long time. She looked at Taehyung, reconsidering their apparition plan. But her son already looked like in such internal pain that she wondered if either of them were ready to risk seeing him splinched. There was a reason Apparition was taught, and taught only to wizards of older age. It was risky to do it without experience or magical strength, she knew that very well. Your magic has to transport your entire body over a hundred miles. It wasn’t a broomstick or green flames that carried you.

Jungkook watched the Min-Dracwyn’s fancy car drive past them. Yoongi and Laura both waved at them from the window. They crossed the red light and then were not to be seen amongst the honking muggle vehicles.

‘I swear, London traffic just gets worse every year,’ Jungkook said. ‘Can we get a magic car too?’ He pouted. ‘That would be cool,’ His eye caught the movement. A man on the pavement next to them, dressed like an ordinary muggle but he was removing something from his jacket sleeve. Jungkook immediately tugged Blueberry’s cage close to his chest and called out to Jiyeon. And what ensued was a blur.

Silent shots were fired and Jungkook felt gravity disappear when a car next to them jolted up and toppled over. Two windows next to them burst loudly, fire and glass exploding forth. There was a shot of red light and he heard Taehyung scream in pain and saw someone’s arm come to grab him but Jungkook kicked that beastly hand away as Hoseok cast a shield around them.

* * *

_Mood Music (Open in New Tab) Ramin Djawadi - Kill The Boy_

‘Ah! It’s burning again,’ Laura said, holding out her locket. They were moving fast in their car. ‘It’s… it’s pointing towards north, Taehyung is in trouble!’

‘We have to get there,’ Yoongi said. ‘Micheal, take our luggage back to the house,’

‘Master Min, what are you-’
And the cousins got out of the car, holding hands and hoping they were skilled enough to apparate to the correct location.

The spot was easy to identify- tons of screaming and jammed traffic with smoke rising.

The cousins ran to the scene, trying to fight their way through the screaming muggles running the opposite direction. And there she was, Bellatrix Lestrange sneering at Jiyeon, both with their wands out. Jiyeon was shielding Taehyung and dueling a wolf-like man which they suspected to be the sadistic werewolf Fenrir Greyback. But that was not all. They were surrounded in a circle by 10 more death eaters, some who had even apparated into the muggle shop Jiyeon was backing up against. Taehyung was bleeding, a gash on the junction of neck and shoulder. He clutched it fearfully and glanced around him, there were bodies on the floor, eyes wide open, dead. Muggles lay dead around him.

Bellatrix’s eyes found the Min-Dracwyns and the anger in her multiplied. She screeched and hurried towards Laura, sending one hex after another in rage.

Shots of red whizzed all around Laura who blocked them and she saw Bellatrix’s lips move right in time.

‘Avada Kedavra!’

The green light shot from her wand. Hoseok pulled Laura down on the ground and in return, Yoongi’s hex hit Bellatrix on the arm.

‘Focus Lestrange!’ One of the masked death eaters yelled and Bellatrix shook her head as if trying to focus again. She grunted at the Min-Dracwyns and turned back to Taehyung shielded behind Jiyeon. A few feet away, Edgar Bones was duelling with two Death Eaters at once as they backed him into an alley.

Bellatrix looked back at Taehyung, ‘Get him!!’

The skirmish began again. All of Taehyung’s defenders, now joined by the Min-Dracwyns sent hex after hex at the death eaters and got green shots of the killing curse in return which they barely managed to miss. Taehyung’s vision was blurring, body getting heavy as he got jostled around, wound still bleeding profusely. He saw Yoongi fall down in pain and Hoseok shield him from a curse. Poor Blueberry was clutched in Jungkook’s arm, half hidden in his jacket and the boy sent a
red wave towards 3 death eaters in front of him that cracked the concrete platform. The muggle police could be seen trying to intervene, there was utter chaos.

‘The ministry will be here any time now,’ Jiyeon said between her shots of stupefy towards Bellatrix, ‘They cannot see Taehyung here,’ She felt her son grasp on her arm for support. He was falling unconscious from the bleeding.

Bellatrix got closer now, sending a curse towards Jiyeon that hit her hard in the chest, knocking the breath out of her. The dark witch lunged forward to grab Taehyung and Jiyeon managed to push her son towards Laura.

‘Take him and go!’ Jiyeon yelled, choosing to tackle Bellatrix with her hands now.

Laura knew there was no time to argue. In front of them Ministry Aurors apparated and the Death Eater’s attention snapped to them. More hexes were shot while Jiyeon And Bellatrix still tackled arm to arm. Momentarily, Jiyeon managed to pin Bellatrix down for a second, ‘Leave now! All of you!’

Yoongi glanced at a shot from the famed Auror Alastor Moody, hitting Bellatrix hard and square in the chest and the dark witch finally fell. The Aurors grew closer, eyes now focusing on the Hogwarts students. Yoongi grabbed Hoseok and Jungkook as Laura caught a falling Taehyung and they disappeared from the battle at King’s Cross.

* 

It was thundering heavily, lightning splitting the sky into an eerie white for a few seconds. The preparations for the Dracwyn mansion’s grandchildren were complete. The elves had prepared a feast and the mansion was lit with a hundred lanterns, a strong contrast to the horrendous weather outside. Charles Dracwyn was seated in his study, a book propped open on his lap while he leaned back on his armchair, sipping his tea. The voices of the elves and the shuffling of feet took his attention from the book to the door. Expecting his grandchildren back, he waited for them to come to him, but many minutes passed and there was nothing. Curious at this change in tradition, he got up from his chair and headed downstairs to see three unexpected arrivals with his grandchildren. Charles’ questioning eyes swept over the 5 Hogwarts students, especially since one of them was lying on their chaise, clutching a bleeding shoulder. The one in blue robes had a bleeding wound on his cheek. And Yoongi seemed to have splinched himself while apparating by the look of the wound on his forearm. The nervous Hufflepuff boy who had testified for their case was here too. Just what was going on?
‘Take him to Ser Baron,’ Laura could be seen handing what looked like a scared small black cat to their house elf. ‘Check for injuries and take care of it,’

Charles descended the last few steps of the white marble staircase. His two grandchildren’s eyes snapped to him nervously.

‘What is this?’ Charles enquired. All of them except Taehyung stood up.

‘Grandfather,’ Laura started and looked at the youngest. ‘He is a friend. He’s injured and needs help,’

Charles looked at the youngest boy more carefully, and of course he recognised that face.

‘Kim Taehyung,’ the name left the old man’s thin lips like it was a curse and he glared back at Laura. ‘He is still your friend,’ Charles stated.

The simmering anger could be seen in the breath Laura took in. ‘Can we not talk about that right now and focus on what's important? We need to help him,’

‘I will send him to St. Mungos and nothing more,’ Charles said, crossing his hands behind him. ‘He will not stay in my house,’

‘This is my house too,’ Laura asserted. Jungkook’s eyes nervously went from the younger Dracwyn to the older, worry within him increasing a hundred fold at seeing how fearsome Charles Dracwyn was. Whatever Jungkook had read about this great man in the papers was not false. He indeed made you feel like you’re a sheep in front of a mighty dragon.

‘Do you know what that boy has done to your family?’ Charles roared. ‘I don’t have a daughter. You don't have a mother and father, because of that boy. He took my first born child from me!’

‘We both know he has no fault in what happened,’ Laura said, trying to shield Taehyung who looked pale and blue. Taehyung had gone through enough, he did not need to hear words that added to his drowning guilt.
But Lord Dracwyn wouldn’t have it. ‘My family fell to protect that boy. Not anymore. You will not make the same mistakes your mother did.’

Yoongi moved, knowing they were wasting precious time when they should be trying to hide and protect themselves. ‘Alright then,’ he stood between Laura and Charles. ‘We’ll take him and leave from here. But remember grandfather if I step out, I’m not stepping back into this house again.’

Charles looked at his grandson with shock and fury, wondering how both his grandchildren had become utterly imputent. Where had he failed in bringing them up the right way?

‘We’ll see to that,’ Charles responded and Yoongi smirked lightly as if accepting the challenge. ‘And where would you leave to?’

‘To my home. My ancestral home. Where no one can find us,’ Yoongi said. ‘C’mon let’s go,’

By then the elves had brought in the healing potion and Yoongi grabbed it to dab it on Taehyung and Hoseok tied the bandage around the bleeding wound.

‘This should hold it for a while,’ Hoseok said to Tae, trying to revive him.

Laura was giving some of the potion to Jungkook who returned a worried gaze to her, and that caught Charles’ attention.

‘And who might this be?’ There was a tilt to Charles’ tone.

Laura looked at him. Her Grandfather knew very well who he was. She knew he wouldn’t have forgotten Jungkook’s face from the photograph.

‘This is Jeon Jungkook,’ she said but couldn't say anything more and it was as if her lack of explanation and her proximity to the boy explained everything to her grandfather. His hard jaw worked, eyes going from Laura to Jungkook who was also looking at him with resolute eyes even though he looked in immense pain from the bleeding wound on his forehead and cheek.

‘I am calling the healers here. These three will leave with them and you two will not move out of
this house, not till I have corrected all these wrongs you both have done,’

‘You can't stop me,’ Yoongi said.

Charles’ eyes glared hard at him ‘Yoongi, know your place,’ he roared and it sent a shiver down everyone’s spine but Yoongi tried to stay unfazed. ‘I will not have my grandchildren getting involved with Death Eaters. They will come for that boy,’ Charles pointed at Taehyung. ‘And you both want to offer yourself up as sacrifice when that happens?’

Yoongi did not answer him. He went to Laura and whispered something in her ear.

‘Stay here. Keep him away,’ he said to her and turned to Jungkook.

‘Take Taehyung,’ Yoongi said and Jungkook lifted Taehyung up in his arms. Yoongi took Hoseok’s hand, grabbed some of the potion for his own splinched wound and the three of them walked to the fireplace. Yoongi grabbed a handful of floo powder from the mantle.

‘Yoongi!’ Charles roared but Laura stepped in between them.

‘Let them go!’ she roared back and soon enough Charles saw the 3 boys disappear into green flames.

Charles looked down at his grand daughter, fuming beyond all limits, lilac eyes wide and burning. He turned away from her, taking his wand out.

‘What are you doing?’ She cried as he flicked his wand once and a silvery white light emerged, taking the form of a mighty panther. Laura’s eyes widened in shock and wonder. She had never seen her grandfather’s patronus. It looked as royal and intimidating as it’s caster. Charles just nodded at his patronus and the conjured form leaped through the windowpane and onto the night.

‘Where are you sending it?’ She asked again.

‘To your aunt. So that she is better prepared for the stupidity her son is going to pull when he gets there,’
‘Grandfather please!’ Laura begged. ‘Please, support us instead of going against us,’

‘It’s ‘us’ now?’ Charles turned to her and asked. ‘You, your brother and the whole lot of muggle blooded rebels think they have a chance to defeat the Death Eaters,’

‘We have a chance if you support us. Do you really want the Dark Lord to return?’

‘The Dark Lord cannot return Laura. He’s dead. Don't tell me you are one of those foolish believers who think he’s still out there,’

‘Why else would the Death Eaters want the philosopher’s stone?’

‘The Philosopher’s Stine?’ He asked incredulously, wondering where that came from. ‘The Stone is a myth!!’ He yelled. ‘And you believe their stories like an imbecile,’

‘It’s not a myth! They are gathering and-‘

‘They will be dealt with by the Aurors. You don’t need to put your life in danger for conspiracy theories,’

‘Is that all you care about? Your legacy? The one who carries on your family name should be safe, no matter whatever the hell is happening around them,’

‘There are people out there who are jealous of us and they are just waiting for a moment to tear us, swoop down and take what's ours,’

‘And what is ours? All we have is some empty money,’

‘We used to be one of the greatest dynasties this world has seen! We are one of the most ancient bloodlines Laura. There’s power in our blood, power to which the greatest predator on earth submits. Why do you think the Dark Lord wanted us so badly? He was recruiting giants and creatures of all kinds. He wanted us to bring in the dragons, he wanted it so badly,’
Laura scoffed and shook her head, ‘That power belonged to our ancestors. It’s been 10 generations since our ancient bloodline had that kind of power. It doesn’t exist anymore. And if this is your argument, why did you let mother and father get pulled in their circle then? Tell me!’

‘You know nothing about this world Laura, and how power works. We were forced to give up our power because the world wanted to change the way it functions. The Ministry came in, making us submit to them, abolishing all monarchy because their idea of peace was different than ours. All you know right now is how to let your emotions run high. You let your feelings control your mind. Well let me tell you, if you keep living this way, you will not survive this world. If I kept my emotions first, we would have had nothing left,’

Charles looked away from her, ‘You were barely 2 years old when the Dark Lord started commanding every Slytherin family to join him. He wanted the most powerful families at his side. The Blacks, the Malfoys, Rosiers, Lestranges, and us, the Min-Dracwyns. And I could never really tell you why I did not try to stand against the Dark Lord at the time,’

Laura looked at him and Charles beckoned her into his study.

‘I have tried to show you how cruel the real world is, except this… this I couldn’t show you. But you are hell bent on plunging head first into it, without realising the consequences,’

‘I know the consequences-’

‘Oh really?’ Charles uncovered the pensive and retrieved a bottle from his study shelves. ‘I don't think you do,’

*Mood Visual (Open in New Tab)* [House of Black]

*Mood Music (Open in New Tab)* Rupert Gregson Williams - Future King

He poured the contents of the bottle into the pensieve and motioned Laura to go into it. Laura pushed her head into the basin and soon fell through the memory, landing back in the very same study room. Except it was day time and her grandfather looked less wrinkled and healthier than what he was now.
‘16 years ago…’ she heard her grandfather next to her and turned to see the present him standing beside her. ‘I received a package. It was signed ‘from your friends’. But the contents were far from what I could've ever imagined,’

Laura looked to the front where the carved ebony desk was. Her Grandfather stood there, staring at a note in his hand. In front of him, on the desk was a large wooden box, the metal plates on it lined with green gemstones. He carefully kept the note on the desk and unlatched the box.

‘Go,’ the present Charles said to her. ‘Go see what's in that box,’

Laura glanced nervously at him and then went towards the desk to stand next to the younger Charles from 16 years ago. She saw him carefully and slowly lift the lid of the box. As soon as it was open halfway, he dropped the lid in horror, realising what was inside it. She looked at him and was stunned to see her grandfather, the mighty dragon, completely shaken. His face was white as a ghost and lips trembled, pupils contracted in his wide lilac eyes. When he lifted his hands again to open the box, they were shaking, shaking so badly that the latch rattled when he touched the box.

Slowly, again, he lifted the lid, this time all the way and Laura saw what was in it. Her breaths stopped and she just stared at the contents with a horrified mind. It was a severed head, it's dead and empty eyes open like it's staring into your soul. The papery skin looked drained of blood, purple bags under the eyes, veins showing at the temple. There was thickened blood on the base of the box. She faintly recalled this face, which had the same heavy lidded eyes as her grandfather.

‘My younger brother,’ Charles said from across her and she saw his younger self shut the lid heavily, breathing out and closing his eyes. The younger him covered his face with his hands and moved away from the table, going to stand near a window. Laura looked back at the box and the note next to it.

*We thought you needed a reminder. So except our humble gift.*

*Your friends*

It looked like it was written in blood. Someone with a maniacally sadistic heart must’ve executed this task.

What she just see? Her grandfather's uncle was brutally murdered by the death eaters?
‘Darius, my younger brother,’ Charles said. ‘We never speak of this incident. I forbade it. They killed him, his wife and their only son. They killed him because we did not listen. Both of us did not want to join them, I did not listen when they repeatedly invited Amelia and Averil into The Dark Lord’s circle. They died because of me. I bear that burden everyday,’

‘And then you made my mother and father join the dark lord out of fear? You could've taken the Auror’s protection! You have enough money-’

‘The Ministry refused me!’ Charles said. ‘They thought this is a ploy to round up and kill Aurors. They didn’t care about my family’s lives. That conniving bastard Kim Hyunseok convinced them we are on the Dark Lord’s side, citing reasons like the associations we keep and the Dracwyn principles of being pure blood, as if his family marries muggles. They said all Slytherins worshipped the Dark Lord. He said we were power hungry, wanting to overthrow the Ministry and establish our rule again, while I just wanted to keep my family safe. I urged the Malfoys to stand with us and seek the Ministry but he betrayed me too, running to the Dark Lord and telling him we were plotting with the Ministry to capture them. No one believed us… we had no side we could fully turn to,’

Charles was shaking, in fury, in hurt, at the painful memories of the past. ‘Do you still think what you’re doing is right?’ he asked her. ‘Do you still want to protect that boy? We’ve lost our power bit by bit with each generation. First our reign, then our status, and now our own blood. Will you let our family get annihilated because of that one boy?’

Laura did not know what was the right thing to do or say. She realised her grandfather must have gone through a great deal to keep their house still standing.

‘Grandfather, I know it wasn’t easy but your ways haven’t worked either. Kim Hyunseok will not listen to us but his son-’

Charles closed his eyes in rage, ‘You disappointed me four months ago, and you’ve disappointed me tonight. I was right, you’re not ready to bear the responsibility of keeping this house safe from the rest of the world. Being a Dracwyn is not easy and you’ve failed yourself a second time!’

His words stung Laura the same way they had back during the Christmas holidays. She felt like crumbling within herself, why was it so hard to explain anything to her grandfather? Why could he not see how much she worked to be the heir the Dracwyn name deserves?

In the memory, she saw the room’s door open and a dark haired woman enter. Laura’s eyes widened, seeing herself wrapped in a swaddle and being carried by her mother.
‘Father, you weren’t at dinner,’ her mother said and her voice just twinged more pain in both Laura and Charles’ heart. They had indeed lost almost everything in this war against the world. They had hidden their dragons, they had done all they can to keep Taehyung safe from the Dark Lord. They were on the verge of being reduced to nothing.

Mood Music (Open in new tab) Ramin Djawadi - The Bells

Like a reflection of their inner turmoil, they felt their surroundings shake and the memory started to dissolve. Laura was pulled away from the pensieve. She steadied herself, hands on the basin. She felt like her legs would give away but Charles had his wand out and there were loud bangs and sounds of things crashing. Laura looked with wide eyes to the sound and both ran towards it, finding the meeting room blown open, a part of the ceiling crumbling down. In front of their eyes, one of their house elves lay dead on the cracked floor. The portraits of the Dracwyn rulers had collapsed to the floor. Laura saw the portrait of her parents lying against the opposite wall, tilted to a side.

‘Stay back,’ Charles had a protective arm in front of Laura.

Five masked and black hooded persons had apparated into the room. The anti-apparition charm on their residence had broken with the severe damage to the mansion. They walked through the dust and broken furniture, towards the two Dracwyns.

‘Where is the boy?’ One of them spoke.

There was no reply, except Charles waving his wand and sending a hex at the five. It hit three of them but the other two ducked it.

‘WHERE IS HE!’ one of the two roared.

‘LEAVE US!’ Charles roared back. ‘There’s no one here!’

One of the fallen Death Eaters recovered. He stood up, taking his mask off with the hood.

‘Lord Dracwyn,’ the tall man spoke. His shoulder length red hair made him almost glow in the
moonlight falling from above as it illuminated the dust around them. ‘I know the boy was here,’
his blue eyes moved to Laura. ‘She brought him with her, I saw it,’

Charles seemed to be shaking in rage at the sight of that man.

‘You dare come to my house, Mulciber,’ Charles’ voice had dropped to a dangerous octave that
made the hair on your skin rise. ‘I thought you knew, that if I saw you, I’d kill you, after how you
betrayed us,’

‘Aren’t you getting too old to make these threats?’ Mulciber’s thin lips pulled into a smirked.

Laura got a good look at this Mulciber. She remembered the name. The Dark Lord himself had
spoken this name, to her own mother, she remembered it from Jiyeon’s memories. She remembered
Mulciber senior, the grey old man in a hut deep inside some forest, who had sealed Taehyung’s
powers for the first time, who his mother had trusted so much. This Mulciber standing in front of them was the reason the Dark Lord tortured her father and questioned her mother. This Mulciber
told the Death Eaters about Taehyung, the last elkyre, the last ingredient to the philosopher’s stone. The night of her parent’s death, it all happened because of the Mulcibers.

Before her anger could make her send a curse towards this man, Charles lifted his wand.

‘Avada Kedavra!’ The green light shot from Charles’ wand but maybe Mulciber was expecting
that. He ducked and all the Death Eaters started their assault. Charles cast a shield in front of them
and turned back to Laura.

‘Run, run to your aunt’s mansion,’

Laura looked at him horrified, ‘I am not leaving you here. You can’t take on five of them! I can
fight grandfather!’

They didn’t have more time to argue, the hexes started to break through Charles’ shield. Laura
stepped forward, whipping her wand with beams of red light.

‘Master Dracwyn!’ Laura heard their second house elf behind them.
'Get Taemin! NOW!' Laura yelled in her direction.

The collapsing mansion looked like it had burst into fireworks. Both sides sent shot after shot. Charles managed to decapitate two of them. They lay immoving on the floor, unconscious or dead, Laura didn’t know.

‘Tell us where the boy is and we’ll leave you,’ one of the Death Eaters spoke.

‘I told you we have nothing to do with it!’

‘Where’s your other grandson Lord Dracwyn?’ Mulciber sneered. ‘I saw him leaving with the boy too,’

Charles sent another killing curse towards the man but life seemed to be giving Mulciber a second chance as the man ducked behind a toppled chair. But the force of the curse on the furniture blew him towards the wall.

Now they were left two on two.

Charles shot one of the Death Eaters with a crucio and the woman cried out, crumbling to the floor.

‘Incarcerous!’ Laura shot the binding curse but the death eater twirled his wand, taking control of the ropes.

‘Serpensortia!’ he shot back and the ropes turned into a snake that coiled around Laura’s neck, strangling her. She caught on one end of the snake, pointing her wand at it, erupting it to flames. The conjured snake lost it’s strength and Laura pulled it off her neck as it turned to ashes. She noticed the chair that was shielding Mulciber move.

‘Intus Amortuis!’ Mulciber seemed to have thrown something shining towards their direction. If it was a curse, it had no beam, but Laura remembered the incantation. He had heard it from Gwen’s mouth. She knew what this meant.

Laura’s vision caught the shining silver blade for a split second before turning back to see it lodge
right into her grandfather’s chest.

Words and breath left her as her grandfather collapsed and fell on his back.

She didn’t know if she was screaming, but she ran towards him, falling to her knees beside him.

‘C’mon! The boy is with the Min!’ Mulciber called out.

Laura shook in rage, wide, teary eyes turning to the Death Eaters as she pointed her wand at them.

‘Let’s move before they block the Min mansion!’ Mulciber yelled.

Laura yelled, mindless spells shooting from her wand into the two death eaters apparating into dark smoke. It was so full of rage that she ended up hitting the crumbling mansion walls, breaking them further, the furniture splintering, stone splitting, pieces flying in the air.

Her breaths heaved heavily, as the black smoke rushed out of the broken roof. Her teary eyes snapped back to her grandfather. He was bleeding from the mouth, the dagger lodged deep in his chest. Laura’s shivering hands were trying to hold him, lift his head up but he coughed more blood.

‘Grandfather,’ she hiccuped, feeling her own chest compress like it would collapse on itself. ‘Please, please…’ she begged.

Charles was barely able to speak. He tried to lift his hand but he couldn’t. His eyes looked at Laura like he was trying to say something.

‘Grandfather I’ll call help, I’ll-’ Laura took her wand but she didn’t know how to cast a full patronus yet. She had never felt this utterly helpless. Charles managed to catch her wrist, bringing it down.

‘Forgive… me,’ he choked out.

The words scared Laura more than anything else. Charles Dracwyn would never apologise. Never.
Her horrified wide eyes looked at him pleadingly, he can’t be doing this, he can’t be giving up.

The grip on Laura’s wrist loosened and her grandfather’s body fell limp, his laboured breathing ceased.

‘No no, please, please grandfather,’ Laura muttered, her own body losing all heat. ‘Please, please!’

She put her head down on his chest, muttering the plead like a prayer, hoping if she pleaded enough, her grandfather would wake up. But Charles’ lilac eyes lay wide open, gaunt and lifeless just like his dead brother’s.

End Music Ramin Djawadi - Rains of Castamere

*
Jimin saw his father smiling from the main door of their house. The car stopped in the driveaway and Jimin almost jumped out, going in to hug his parents.

‘It’s so good to see you!’ his mother sounded utterly relieved, hugging him tightly. Jimin had inherited her beautiful smile and eyes and now they were like a reflection of each other. ‘Thank god you’re home safe and sound,’

Ash, Taemin and Remus Lupin entered behind him. The Parks had an early dinner ready and after the introductions, they settled into the cozy dining room. Ash looked around Jimin’s house that was much like her own, a small cozy mansion, mostly mahogany furniture and structures mixed with brown bricks. His mother seemed like a Herbology enthusiast and they had all kinds of aromatic herbs and soft flowers decorating the house.

‘It’s not been easy,’ Mr. Park explained as he poured them some pumpkin soup. ‘Ever since Taemin told us about Jimin… We worry so much about him. But now that I see he has people ready to support him,’ he looked at gratitude towards Ash and Remus, ‘You don’t know what a relief that is, truly,’

‘She’s been amazing,’ Jimin extended a hand and squeezed Ash’s palm resting on the table, making her cheeks heat up just the slightest. She smiled, feeling slightly embarrassed by the attention she was receiving from Jimin’s grinning parents and concentrated on the soup in front of
‘Mr. Lupin,’ Taemin called him and the man looked up from his soup bowl, ‘You had something to tell us, it’s better we finish the important talks first,’

‘Yes,’ the man nodded. ‘Jimin, the full moon is coming in less than two weeks,’

The youngest Park nodded.

‘Dumbledore told me you transformed last month. How did it feel?’

‘I don’t remember much… I was in the dungeon the whole time… I just remember the blinding light from Snape’s patronus. It almost burned my eyes. I tried to push and open the dungeon… kept banging at the door, I remember that,’

‘You remember a lot for someone who’s involuntarily transforming into a beast,’

‘So you mean… you don’t…?’ Taemin asked Lupin, referring to his lycanthropy.

‘No…’ Lupin shook his head. ‘From the moment the moonlight hits a lycan infected human and his bones start to change, the human loses memory in almost all the cases. They don’t remember a shred of what they do in their wolf form,’

‘But I’m different you say?’ Jimin asked. ‘Is it… is it because of-’

‘Skoll’ Lupin answered. ‘It’s his venom, it has a different structure due to his metamorphmagus gene like he’s another species of the lycans. Do you know the things that happened amongst the werewolves when Skoll was in power?’

Jemin shook his head, ‘I only know how he became a werewolf, and then he left his pack and started his own,’

‘Yes. He left because he felt too powerful. He wanted to be the leader. He left with the people he transformed, got more people into his pack and became the most powerful alpha in werewolf history. But too much power never brings any sort of peace. Fights started within his own pack, where the lycans he had bitten and trained started to have thoughts like his, of being the leader. That was the downfall of his reign. He himself put an end to it by killing the werewolves who opposed him… his own lycan brothers. That is why there are only 3 of Skoll’s directly sired werewolves left, including you,’ Lupin removed a notebook from his jacket, opening to a page where he had stuck portrait sketches of 2 grizzly people, ‘Dromon and their alpha Roderic,’

Jemin took the notebook from him, looking at the faces. Pain twisted inside him at seeing Dromon’s square and scarred face, who had tortured him as well as Ash in the Forbidden Forest. He shut the notebook and gave it back to Lupin.

‘The ministry has been trying to get them alive. They have no information on this species of Lycans. And that’s why you are… sought after. Skoll’s wolves cannot afford to let the ministry have you. Skoll didn’t intend to infect you that night, and somehow, you survived, while professor Roland didn’t. That shows you are stronger than others,’

‘How many are there in this pack?’ Jimin asked.

‘We don’t know. But there’s another pack that has started to draw the Ministry’s attention, Fenrir Greyback’s pack. And, they are in some ways worse than Skoll’s. Skoll had imbibed his pack with rules to follow, rules that if broken can be punishable by death. They are stronger than Greyback’s
pack and they are more organised. But Greyback... he’s a sadistic maniac. Though smaller in number, his pack runs wild, attacking whoever it wants, feeding, kidnapping, it’s been terrible. There is no order. Apparently he did it all to impress You Know Who. Now Bellatrix leads them. Greyback, though a mad dog greedy for power, still needs a master;'

‘Bellatrix is nothing short of a sadistic maniac herself,’ Taemin said.

‘My theory is that both packs are with Bellatrix right now. I don’t know if they’ve united,’ Lupin said. ‘They have a common goal, all three groups are power hungry, and want the ministry gone. They’ve united to help achieve this, aiding in each other’s tasks. Skoll was known to aid You Know Who on several occasions. He was the only werewolf to be given a seat in his inner circle. It’s understandable that his sired successor follows suit;’

‘So… what do we do about me?’ Jimin asked. ‘Can I go through the full moon here in this house? I don’t think that’s safe;’

‘I will go through the full moon with you,’ Lupin said. ‘There is a forest Dumbledore had told me about, far from any human dwellings. You can fully transform there and... be yourself;’

‘Are you sure that’s safe?’ Mrs. Park asked. ‘Are you absolutely sure?’

Lupin took a breath in and then exhaled, ‘Mrs. Park, I can’t give you absolute surity of anything. We are considering the best options from what we have,’ He looked at Jimin, ‘Your wolf side shows some potential Jimin. It may not be as beastly as a regular werewolf’s. I say that you don’t take your wolfsbane dose of this month. We need to know how much sense you have of your surroundings when you transform. I can be with you, though I will be a complete wolf, with wolf like instincts. But it helps to have company... I know that from experience;’

Taemin’s auror badge lit up and he pressed it, hearing a message from his fellow junior auror.

‘Aurors of all ranks, report to King’s Cross station at once;’

‘King’s Cross!?’ Jimin and Ash looked at each other horrified. Something had happened... one or all of their friends were under attack.

Taemin immediately stood up, taking his wand out and putting more protective spells around the house.

‘Taemin! What’s happened!?’ Jimin placed a hand on his brother’s arm. ‘I need to know Taehyung is alright;’

‘If the Death Eaters or alchemists are on the loose, I cannot leave you unprotected!’ Taemin said. ‘You have to understand Jimin, they can attack us here, this is our home, there are too many people in danger right under this roof. I have to stay here, that was the plan! That is why we travelled in groups, so that each one of us has some form of protection;’

Jimin sat down in defeat, clasping his palms on the table and resting his forehead over it. It cannot be... he can’t sit here and stick to the plan when-

Taemin’s badge lighted up again.

‘Park!’ the junior auror’s voice spoke. ‘Park where are you!’

‘Tonks, I’m with my family,’ he spoke. ‘They need me here Tonks, I can’t-’
‘Good news,’ she cut him off excitedly, ‘We caught Bellatrix Lestrange,’

Every face in the room looked up at Taemin with wide and wondrous eyes, a smile slowly spreading on their lips.

*

The tall doors of the Dark Tower opened and Alastor Moody walked in, one hand clasped around the bound, gagged and petrified Bellatrix Lestrange. This second wizarding prison, more accessible than Azkaban, was made of black stone, going several feet up and below the ground, giving it the name Dark Tower since the medieval ages. The place was lit in incandescent balls of light. The entering floor was the work space, with desks for Aurors and guards lined in, row after row. At the end of the room were the line of elevators to take them up or down. Everyone from the upper floors leaned down the ledge to see the new arrivals. The prison guards at the entrance, dressed in light blue uniforms stood up from their seats with stunned eyes as other Aurors brought in 4 more Death Eaters. They looked at Bellatrix, finally in the grasp of wizarding law and their faces lit up, hands starting to applaud.

Moody glided her through the cheering crowd, towards the elevators which will take them several floors below, into the extremely secure holding cells until he gets the arrangements in place of sending her to Azkaban.

The floors zapped past them and the group of Aurors reached a line of caged cells, separated by thick enchanted walls. Moody took Bellatrix to one, where she was chained, neck, wrists and ankles to the wall. He released the petrifying hex on her and opened the seal on her mouth with a flick of his wand.

‘Brave of you,’ the Auror said to her. ‘Brave of you, and stupid, to think you could attack in the open and not be caught by one of us,’

The woman just sneered at him in return. ‘You can catch us, but that doesn’t mean we’ll fail,’

Moody’s unpatched eye twitched, wondering what was Bellatrix’s plan after all. She had recruited many new death eaters. He was not familiar with the other four they had captured right now. Why had they chosen to attack Jiyeon, and where had Jiyeon fled to? She simply disappeared from the scene of attack. She was a trusted Auror but her actions were not making sense. And a member of his team reported that he saw Jiyeon’s son there as well. That would make sense because Jiyeon had gone to get her son from the Hogwarts Express but at the same time, it was eluding him. Bellatrix has been after that young boy since the Wizengamot trial. He eyed her carefully, feeling in his gut that something is amiss.

Rufus Scrimgeour, the chief auror walked towards the cell, peering in to take a good look at Bellatrix and then the other four death eaters.

‘Come,’ he called Moody out and towards the exit.

‘How many were there?’ Scrimgeour asked once they were out of the row of cells.

‘Ten,’

‘We should’ve caught more,’

‘We have their leader. Without Lestrange, they’re likely to be headless chickens,’ Moody stated.

‘Fudge wants to see her with his own eyes,’ Scrimgeour said. ‘Everyone is… in a state of
disbelief that Lestrange is finally caught… finally,’ he looked at Moody with some regard. ‘Good
job, Alastor,’

Moody nodded in return.

A junior auror came running towards them, her pink hair bouncing. ‘Sorry to interrupt,’

‘What is it Tonks?’

‘There’s a dire emergency, at the Dracwyn Mansion,’

‘Dracwyn Mansion?’ Scrimgeour asked in surprised. ‘Charles Dracwyn is asking for our help?’

‘It was his granddaughter. She contacted Park Taemin with a distress call,’

‘And where is Park Taemin? I told all Aurors to return to duty at once,’ Scrimgeour said.

‘He’s on his way to the Dracwyns,’ Tonks said.

‘On who’s orders!?’ Scrimgeour glared at her and started walking towards the elevators to head
to the said place. ‘Just because he is close to that family doesn’t mean he can skip protocol.
Moody, you stay here, keep an eye on Lestrange. I’ll handle whatever this is,’

* 

‘Where are we going exactly?’ Jungkook asked as he balanced Taehyung on his back. They had
emerged in the Min mansion fireplace, a few miles away from the Dracwyn mansion. The house
was dark wood and as fine as the Dracwyn house, but apart from that, both Hoseok and Jungkook
didn’t have time to observe. Yoongi rushed them from the fireplace room, into the hall and towards
another. The room was sparsely furnished and had one fireplace on the wall across the door.

‘I can’t tell you where,’ Yoongi said, taking a handful of floo powder from over the mantle. ‘It’s
the rule. I can’t tell the location to you. All I can tell you is, it’s the Min castle. Now hurry and step
in before my parents come,’

This fireplace was slightly different. It had engravings around the borders that none of them knew
how to read. Long serpentine dragons were carved out of the stones on the edge.

Hoseok stood on the rug before the fireplace, feeling his chest growing colder by the minute.
Everything was happening in a blur and now as they filed into the fireplace, he felt like his body
was suddenly giving away, the nerves making him shake.

Yoongi looked at Hoseok and caught his shivering hand, ‘Hobi, are you alright?’

He didn’t answer. He just blinked, staring at the floor, trying his best to not have a panic attack
right now. The skirmish at King’s Cross felt too familiar. The screams, the pulling, the flying
hexes, the mother screaming for her son.

‘Hobi,’ Yoongi cupped his face, trying to turn it up to face him. ‘Hobi, do you need anything?
Please, we need you to hang on, just a little longer. Tell me what I can do for you,’

Hoseok had been on edge since last night. The adrenaline rush from the fight with Abraxas was
fading away now, getting replaced by cold dread and paranoia, making him feel physically and
mentally drained. His eyes darted to the windows, expecting Death Eaters to burst in at any
moment, their voices seemed too close, like they were hiding in the shadows and would pounce at
him right now. He won’t be able to fight them one more time.

‘Hobi, remember our training,’ Jungkook said from under the fireplace. ‘Remember what you have to focus on. You’re not weak!’

‘We have to get to safety now, everything will be alright,’ Yoongi pulled him into the fireplace and kept him close. ‘Your trip to my castle is earlier than we planned,’ he looked at him with apologetic brows. ‘Sorry, it's not a fun one,’

Hoseok looked at him, squeezing his hand as the green fire engulfed them. The heat felt good, tingling all over their skin like hot wind and when they opened their eyes, they were in a dockyard.

**Mood Music (Open in New tab) Ramin Djawadi - Captive Heroes (Min Theme)**

Jungkook and Hoseok slowly opened their eyes and stared wide at this foreign land. In a few seconds, they had travelled as far from home as they had ever been or perhaps will be. The moon was high in the dark starry sky with fog all around the wooden huts and dark water that divided the village in front into two halves, eventually opening out to the sea. They felt like they had appeared in a watercolor ink painting. Yoongi stepped out of the fireplace at one end of the dock and walked towards the one old man sitting at the edge of it, his feet dangling over the water.

The place was chilly and it looked like the entire village was asleep. Yoongi pulled his right sleeve up and showed the man a bracelet that bore a steel coin. The man gasped, stood up hurriedly and bowed deeply. Yoongi spoke to the wrinkled man in their native tongue and the man nodded profusely. Out of the fog, he seemed to have conjured a rope that pulled up a boat from underwater. Surprisingly, the boat wasn’t wet.

‘Get in,’ Yoongi said to his two friends and they silently did as they were told, completely in awe of everything. Hoseok held Jungkook’s hand, guiding him into the boat as the boy balanced Taehyung on his back and tried not to topple the boat over.

The old man touched the boat with his staff and looked at Yoongi, who in turn looked at his friends.

‘Take a deep breath in,’ he said and the man pushed the staff, thrusting the boat underwater.

Hoseok shut his eyes tight, feeling a change in the sensation around him. After a while, Yoongi patted his shoulder and Hoseok opened his eyes to look at Yoongi who’s blonde hair lay as usual on his hair instead of floating in waves. But they were underwater, with the moonlight filtering through the surface, illuminating the rocks, sand and seaweed around them like they were silver.

‘You can breathe, don’t hold your breath,’ Yoongi spoke and Hoseok heard him clearly. He dared to breathe and sighed in relief when the water didn’t enter his lungs. Yoongi smiled through his exhaustion at Hoseok’s reaction.

‘I’ve never seen an enchantment like this one,’ he said. ‘To breathe so normally underwater,’

‘It’s the boat,’ Yoongi patted the wooden edge of their vessel. ‘If you for some reason fall out of it, you’re going to be back in the water,’

Jungkook was listening to all of it silently. The rest of his attention was in observing all that lay beneath the water surface. It looked like they had entered another dimension altogether. Fish swam around them, their scales glittering like iridescent diamonds. He even glimpsed some colourful water snakes and saw an abandoned merfolk colony, the houses made of stones and broken wood and rope that they probably took from sunken ships and torn fishnets.
‘Tae, are you awake?’ Jungkook asked softly to the boy on his back. ‘You have to see this Tae, it’s out of the world,’

Tae groaned weakly, opening his eyes a little. He was completely disarrayed, he had no idea where they were or what he was seeing.

‘Ok, we’re surfacing,’ Yoongi said. ‘Hold on,’ he grabbed on to the boat and so did the rest looking at him.

The boat picked up speed, zapping past fish and eel colonies and towards what looked like a whirlpool.

‘Yoongi!’ Jungkook looked visibly doubtful if this was safe enough, ‘Are you sure—’

Before he could finish, they were sucked into the current, vision blacking out. And just as suddenly, they felt the world turn upside down. Once Jungkook felt the coolness on his skin that can only mean air, he opened his eyes. They were in a massive cave from the looks of it, with the sound of water rushing at a distance. The whole place still carried that cool deep blue light. The boat slowly and smoothly drifted on the foggy water. The roof of the cave was so high that it was covered in fog. Long stalactites hung from them, with what looked like scratches and Jungkook glimpsed an ivory colored claw and a pointed head of a creature peeking from behind it. He wiped the wet hair off his eyes to get a better look.

‘What!’ Jungkook’s eyes turned even wider, registering the form of the creature. ‘Was that—’

‘A dragon, yes,’ Yoongi nodded. ‘They are the smaller breeds, this is their home to rest during the day. They like going out on moonlit nights,’

Jungkook’s jaw was hanging open now, head turning in every direction to see if there were more.

‘Don’t get your hopes too high, they’re terribly shy,’ Yoongi explained. ‘They will try to hide from you,’

The fog around them got thicker, turning everything cloudy and after a moment, Hoseok blinked as he looked up, trying to focus his vision.

‘Are we still in the cave?’ he asked in a shiver, feeling his nose go cold.

‘No,’ Yoongi said with a chuckle.

‘Then… where…’ Hoseok looked around. He could see stars above him, dotting the midnight sky. Everything below was too foggy and misty and then he remembered that Yoongi’s castle was known was the palace on the clouds. He didn’t know if they were floating on water or air, but they were definitely several hundred feet high, Hoseok could feel it in the crisp air. Even Taehyung looked like he had gained some energy as he pushed his head up to look at what was in front of them.

They floated into a dock again, but this was nothing like the village they had boarded the boat in. A tall stone arch, taller than any arch they’ve seen greeted them, blue flags hanging from it. The dark sky was lightening just the slightest, they were heading towards dawn. A huge bell hung at the center of the arch that rang with a low rumble as they crossed below it. The smaller holds of the castle came to view on their sides, with the same blue arched roofs as the flags with silver dragons lining the edges of the roofs. They each seemed to be built on individual tall and narrow mountains,
connected to each other and the castle by hanging brides that were barely visible in the fog. The boat reached the end of the long water stream and in front of them were several wide stone steps. Yoongi tied the boat to the dock’s edge and got out, helping each one of them to get to the stone platform. He turned to the top of the stairs where an old man was descending.

‘Yoongi?’ the man called out, squinting through his grey brows and wrinkled face. ‘You’re here early! We weren’t expecting you for a few weeks!’

‘Grand uncle,’ Yoongi greeted him with a bow, ‘We’ve come here with urgency. My friend,’ he gestured towards Taehyung on Jungkook’s back. ‘He’s injured, please, bring some healers,’

‘We’re hardly left with any healers,’ his uncle looked slightly disappointed. The corner of his eyes that bore the same shape as Yoongi’s, turned down with remorse. ‘But I’ll call who I can. Where is your father? He didn’t come with you?’

‘I’m guessing he’s still at work,’ Yoongi replied, climbing the stairs with his uncle. He wondered how long would it be until one of his parents arrived here on his grandfather’s orders to give them all a good scolding.

His uncle rushed up the stairs and the boys followed. The main castle, several storeys high, came to view between the clouds, cut into the stone of the mountain that formed it’s fortress walls. The sigil of the dragon over a crescent moon was carved on the intricate stone doorway that Yoongi’s uncle pushed open and they entered.

His uncle spoke in the native tongue, ‘Take him to the throne room. The elixir pool will help him,’

Yoongi nodded and guided the rest through a corridor and into a massive hall. Several long pillars rose on either side of the hall, lined with lanterns. Hoseok and Jungkook were in utter awe, turning their heads in every direction with wide eyes. They had never been in a castle before, especially not one so far east. The roof was a shade of blue, like the prussian sky. At the end of the hall was a pool, at the center of which rested a stone platform. The Min dragon sigil was carved in stone on the wall behind this, and on either side of it were two circular windows, overlooking the sky outside. It was even colder inside this stone chamber.

Yoongi led them to pool with dark water that glimmered. He ran his hands along the silver rim of the pool until he found a silver cup.

Hoseok’s eyes fell on the raised platform over this water and that space definitely looked like a place to sit with the clan’s sigil was directly behind it. ‘Is that… the throne?’ he asked.

Yoongi nodded.

‘Have you ever… sat on it?’

‘I haven’t,’ Yoongi chuckled. ‘We aren’t kings anymore, are we,’ He eyed the floating throne and the dark waters beneath it, that was rumoured to hide the greatest weapon and treasure of the Min dynasty. Those were myths to entertain him when he was a child.

‘You think Laura is alright?’ Jungkook asked as he lay Taehyung at the end of the pool. Yoongi brought the cup of elixir to Taehyung’s lips, urging him to drink.

‘She should be,’ he said. ‘I know they’re fighting but my real worry is if the Death Eaters show up. But we know she can duel. And grandfather is with her. He won’t let any harm come to her,’
Yoongi’s grand uncle came in at the time with a healer.

‘Explain the injury to him,’ the old man said. ‘I’ll light a fire, it’s a chilly night. The boy needs to keep warm,’

‘Can the Death Eaters find us here?’ Hoseok asked.

‘Impossible,’ Yoongi shook his head. ‘Only a Min can come here. Others don’t even know the geographic location of this place. Apparition spells are blocked,’

‘So we’re completely safe?’

‘I should think so,’

‘You think the Alchemists would be looking for Tae too?’ Jungkook asked. ‘After all, even they know the Death Eaters want him,’

‘The alchemists…’ Yoongi thought for a while and then his eyebrows furrowed. He heard the cackling of fire and turned around with wide eyes to see his uncle light the nearest of the several torches on the stone pillars.

‘No uncle! Put that out-’

All of a sudden, the fire spread to every torch on every pillar with a whoosh and rose up in fiery tongues. Half of them backed away towards the pool and Yoongi took his wand out. The tongues of flame swirled in front of them, finally taking the form of a woman, taller and larger than any they had seen.

‘Who is that!’ Jungkook yelled.

‘Serafin…’ Yoongi bit through his teeth.

* 

*Mood Music (Open in New tab) Ramin Djawadi - Chaos is a Ladder*

Bellatrix was bound neck to ankle to the chair in front of Alastor Moody. The auror’s gaze was hateful at the grin on the woman’s face.

‘You’ve come out from hiding after many months. Looks like you have been planning this attack since you last failed in taking the boy from Hogwarts,’

Bellatrix grunted, nostrils flaring.

‘You should’ve known it’s over for you Lestrange. Tell me where the rest of your group is. Maybe then I won’t send you to the hood of dementors in the core of Azkaban,’

The woman licked the top row of her teeth, ‘Don’t be so confident Mr. Moody. Or I might just slip from your fat palm,’

‘What do you want from the boy?!’

‘Why didn’t you listen to poor Gwen when she yelled it out to the entire court! The boy is a threat to us all! He’s worse than an obscurus!’

‘And you want him for the power he holds?’
Bellatrix chuckled and didn’t answer.

‘I said answer me!’ Moody roared. That feeling in his gut remained that something wasn’t tying up. And then he realised, Bellatrix hadn’t mentioned the dark lord since she had been caught and throughout this half hour interrogation. How could she not?

‘You think I’ll go easy on you? There’s no escape for you Bellatrix,’ Moody stood up and leaned closer to her face. ‘Do you remember? Do you remember when you killed my brother? You think I won’t take my own revenge on you? Ministry rules be damned,’

Bellatrix didn’t answer back, and Moody saw the passing fear in her eyes.

‘You tortured him,’ Moody said. ‘I’ll do the same to you,’

‘He was a blood traitor and so are you!’ Bellatrix yelled. ‘There’s still time Moody… you’re not going to win this. The Ministry is going down and you can either go down with it or join us,’

‘Enough!’ Moody yelled, pointing his wand at her. ‘I want to hear you scream the same way he did,’

Bellatrix’s jaw worked, eyes staring hard at Moody.

‘And one more thing,’ Moody said. ‘Did she not brief you properly?’

Bellatrix’s eyes narrowed, trying to figure out what he just said.

‘Did Bellatrix not tell you, I don’t have any siblings?’

The woman’s eyes widened and Moody’s spell hit her face.

‘Revelio!’

Her face started to shift and move like she was made of clay, hair turning blonde from the roots to the tip, lidded eyes going smaller, irises turning green from black, cheeks getting fuller.

Moody chewed his inner cheek, seeing Bellatrix’s face transform into the 17 year old girl who had dragged the entire Min-Dracwyn family to court some months prior.

‘Gwen Osburne…’ Moody gritted his teeth and the girl started to laugh, a maniacal reflection of her master.

‘Do you really think you can catch her Mr. Moody? Did you lose your senses when you lost your eye?’ she threw her head back, still finding the whole situation laughable. ‘I told you… we will not fail,’

Moody glared at her and walked out of the interrogation room, cursing, to be met in the face with Dumbledore.

‘I hear you have Bellatrix?’

‘Dumbledore! What are you doing here?’

‘Alastor I need to speak with you privately, and urgently,’

The auror took him to one of the few rooms that had a door and cast the muffliato charm around them.
‘We don’t have Bellatrix,’ Moody bit out. ‘That was your expelled student Gwen Osbourne, transformed to Lestrange with Polyjuice,’

Dumbledore’s eyes widened the slightest.

Moody’s one eyed gaze pinned him with scrutiny, ‘What is happening Dumbledore? Why is Auror Jiyeon’s son so important? And where the hell is Jiyeon? She’s acting extremely strange by disappearing,’

‘Alastor,’ Dumbledore looked away for a moment. ‘That is not your fight, but I want to know that I can trust you,’

‘Trust me with what?’

‘Don’t hold any search operations for Jiyeon. The Ministry wants her son the same way the Death Eaters do. You know as well as I know the corruption within this institution. Fudge, Malfoy, Kim, Dracwyn, all are pulling strings for their advantage. Taehyung is just a boy. Please, keep the Ministry’s Aurors away from him,’

‘Two worried parents have called me Dumbledore. Jung from the Department of Mysteries and a witch named Jeon. Their sons haven’t come home and the news of this attack has sent them spiralling into paranoia. I need to give them some answers, we need to find those boys,’

‘I am on it,’ Dumbledore said. ‘I may know where they are and I’ll handle that situation,’

‘And you can’t tell me anything about it?’

‘Whoever knows of it has fallen in deeper danger and I think you’re better off without that,’

‘Dumbledore, this better be worth it,’

‘There are young lives at stake Moody, it is worth it. I have to leave now. Thinking Bellatrix is under your grasp, I took a breath of relief but not anymore. I need to find Taehyung,’

* 

Min Yeonjae arrived home after his day’s work. He stepped out of the fireplace, dusting the ash off his feet on the rug. They had to leave for dinner to the Dracwyn mansion soon and bring his son Yoongi home with them.

It had been a somewhat unexpected day. First the Ministry issued a lockdown, and then released it shortly but told everyone to stay on alert. Yeonjae found out there was an attack at King’s Cross and there was a rumour about Bellatrix Lestrange being involved. He hoped that wasn’t true. Nothing involving Bellatrix had ever been any good.

‘Ave? Averil? Hon, are you home?’ he called out to his wife.  

‘Looks like she got late at work too.’ Yeonjae set his briefcase down in his home office and opened the tie on his blonde hair, fluffing it out before heading towards the shower. He heard the fire blaze and the familiar clink of his wife’s heels on the wooden floor.

‘Yeonjae!’ she sounded angry and worried. ‘Yeonjae, I have to rush to the Min castle, come with me,’
The man looked at her quizzically, ‘Min castle? What’s wrong?’

‘Father’s patronus explained the situation to me. I’ll tell you on the way, we have to hurry!’

Their doorbell rang and Yeonjae headed to check who it was. From the enchanted mirror that hung over their door, he saw the silver haired famed wizard and turned back to Averil feeling utterly confused.

‘It’s your headmaster,’ he said.

‘Dumbledore??’ Averil walked to the door too, to make sure it was him. ‘Ugh, why is he here right now? Ok, you stay here, talk to him about whatever this is. Don’t tell him where I’ve gone. And once you’re done, come to the Min castle,’

‘Ave, I’m so confused right now-’

‘I have to hurry,’ she gave him a quick kiss, ‘Don’t take too long,’

Yeonjun sighed, watching Averil disappear into a room and the doorbell rang again. He turned around and opened it.

‘Mr. Min,’ Dumbledore looked quiet grave. ‘Something terrible has happened-’

Both heard some noises and Dumbledore quickly took his wand out, casting a shield around the house.

‘What’s happening Mr. Dumbledore?’ Yeonjun looked at the silvery shield forming outside his porch from Dumbledore’s wand.

‘Death Eaters, they are here,’

Yeonjun whipped his wand out too, both standing on guard, eyes looking carefully at the hedges around the garden. There was a movement again and then they saw black smoke apparate away from the boundaries of his house.

‘They’re leaving. Why were they here in the first place? What is happening!’ Yeonjun looked at Dumbledore, demanding some answers.

‘We need to go to the Dracwyn Mansion. Your niece needs you,’

* 

**Mood Music (Open in New tab) Ramin Djawadi - Against All Odds**

The three boys backed towards the pool, shielding Taehyung behind them. Serafin rose a foot higher, bringing out a long hand of fire.

‘Give me Taehyung,’ she spoke. ‘He belongs with us,’

‘No he doesn’t!’ Jungkook yelled. ‘He doesn’t want anything to do with you! Leave him alone!’

The hand of fire extended closer.

‘Aguamenti!’ Jungkook waved his wand. The gush of water met fire and steam hissed out of it. The others followed, casting a shield to block Serafin’s attacks, but then the Elkyre turned her attention to the castle, setting fire to the wooden structures above and silk flags that hung from it.
Taehyung opened his eyes again, pushing himself up on his hands.

‘S-Serafin…’ he spoke, eyes focusing on the ruckus in front of him. The pain returned to his heart, seeing how much destruction is being caused for his sake. Others are suffering again because of him.

‘Yoon! We have to get rid of her, she’s burning the castle down!’ Hoseok said.

From the other side, Yoongi’s grand uncle shot her with spells, but how were you to defeat fire.

‘Uncle stay back!’ Yoongi yelled. ‘Don’t fight her!’

Serafin’s flamed fist punched at the shield the boys had created ‘Taehyung is an elkyre and he belongs to us. You can’t win this fight,’ The shield burst, turning into a million shards of light. The boys fell to the side and Hoseok tried to pull Taehyung with him but Serafin caught hold of him, her body turned back to human flesh and bone. Her other hand slapped Hoseok with fire and the boy pulled away just in time.

‘No!’ Yoongi ran head first, bumping Serafin in the chest with his shoulder. She fell back, losing her grip on Taehyung and in her anger, fire erupted from her hand to enclose Yoongi.

Yoongi closed his eyes, screaming but heard the hiss of steam. He opened his eyes to see a familiar hand holding a wand out, a stream of water flowing through it.

‘Mum?’

‘I am so mad at you, I can’t even begin with it,’ his mother spared him a glare and quickly went back to fighting with Serafin. ‘Everyone, surround her!’

The boys positioned themselves around her quickly, dodging the ropes of fire she sent their way. A part of the roof fell, burning firewood scattered on the stone floor.

‘Aguamenti!’ Averil conjured water and the others mirrored her, trying to enclose Serafin in a ball of water. But their enemy was no ordinary witch. Serafin fought back, forming herself into a ball of fire instead, beating the water. Serafin looked from the corner of her eye to see the boys panting, she could tell they were growing tired. They were growing weaker, the power of their magic was at the last brink, they had been fighting since the last 24 hours.

Serafin closed her eyes, hand enclosing the fire stone locket on her neck and yelled out, bursting like a bomb. All of them were thrown back, skidding on the floor of dust and ash. Embers of burning wood fell on them, scorching their skin.

Yoongi fell into the dark pool from the force of the explosion, right in front of the throne. He coughed, feeling the elixir enter his nose and throat from the fall and slowly opened his eyes. His vision was blurry with the heat and smoke. He saw the fire elkyre frantically looking around for her target and she found Taehyung trying to crawl away from a burning lamp that had set one of the silk flags on fire. She ran to grab him but a spell hit her back.

‘Enough!’ Averil roared. Her clothes were singed but she still had some power left in her. ‘Leave that boy and get out of here,’

Serafin raised an eyebrow at this unfamiliar woman’s foolish courage. She grabbed Taehyung by the back of his collar and at that, Averil glanced at the pool of elixir, wishing it was water and not a potent liquid. She conjured water from her wand instead, forming a ball of it but Serafin was quicker.
Yoongi’s eyes widened, seeing Serafin thrust a hand in Averil’s direction, her water shield coming undone.

‘NO!!’ Yoongi lunged forward with his wand but Serafin whipped a tongue of flame at him, thrusting him back into the pool of liquid. He saw the flame go over him, like a line of fire.

They were losing. There was no beating Serafin… She had Taehyung, she was too powerful and now they were losing-

Yoongi’s hand touched something in the pool, a long curved object. Yoongi felt for it and closed his palm around it, pulling it out of the pool to see a bow, a long white bow, made of the bone of the moon dragon.

He was too stunned to move.

He heard the whooshes of fire and yelling and he jolted up to see the most horrific sight in front of him. There was fire everywhere. No clear path was left for them to run and fight the enemy. Hoseok, Jungkook and his uncle, all lay barely conscious, their clothes catching fire. Hoseok was closest to him and somewhat conscious, turning his eyes to look at Yoongi, but the hope inside them was giving away.

He heard his mother scream and saw Serafin clasp his mother’s throat with hands that looked like molten lava. The scream he heard was the most bone chilling and terrifying thing in the entire world.

‘SERAFIN!’ Yoongi’s hands moved on it’s own, holding the bow in front of him. But he had no arrow… no arrow…

*This weapon doesn’t kill. It dispells dark power.*

Yoongi took a breath in. He looked at his friends, his mother, on the verge of losing her life and moved his hands on instinct like he was holding an invisible arrow.

His lilac eyes widened at what swirled from his fingertips. He had conjured an arrow of light.

He stretched it, his finger plucked the bow string and the arrow shot towards Serafin, through the wall of fire, dispelling and clearing it out and hit her right in the torso.

Serafin fell back, her hand releasing Averil who’s hair and clothes were burned. Averil’s skin was burnt raw from the jaw to the chest and she fell down limply, like she had lost all life.

The fire elkyre looked perplexed at what had hit her as she rubbed her side. Yoongi rushed towards his mother, his face pale with fear and Serafin was already gearing to attack again.

‘No,’ Taehyung crawled and caught her ankle. ‘Leave them,’ The horror of the sight in front of him was too much to take. How much more destruction will take place in his name? The entire chamber was burning down, and all his friends inside it. People were dying for him, and he was not worthy of any of it.

He looked at his defenders, with just Yoongi able to hold his strength. But Serafin was not going to listen to him. She eyed the bow lying to Yoongi’s side and Taehyung saw her hand move, fire already erupting from the tip of her fingers.

Serafin shot the flame to burn and kill Yoongi and everyone else after him. But there was a crackling sound and her fire hit a wall of ice ascending from the floor in front till the burning roof.
‘What?’ she looked down to where Taehyung had spread his palm on the floor, icicles spreading from it.

‘I… said,’ he could barely speak, irises flickering from blue to brown, ‘Leave them,’

Serafin grunted and picked the boy up. She had enough of a fight for today and now she had what she needed. She needed to leave when she had the opportune time.

From inside her robe, she removed a small oil lamp, carefully keeping it on the floor and taking her hand away from it.

‘Portus,’ she spoke to it and the wick of the lamp lit once before going out again. Serafin grabbed Taehyung tightly and she was grateful that the boy didn’t resist.

‘You’re better off with us Taehyung, you’ll know that soon,’ she said and touched the lamp turned portkey, disappearing from Min Castle forever.

*

Jin could see Namjoon’s house, the light of his bedroom lit up. He smiled, feeling warm and light, an excitement coursing through him about the life to come, a life of freedom, with Namjoon.

He walked towards the house, wondering what would Namjoon’s reaction be when he would tell that he’s left his home.

A few blocks away from the front lawn of the Kims, Jin halted, the smile fading away from his face. He looked ahead where the road met another lane, the street lamp above it flickering. Jin was not familiar with electricity but his instincts didn’t lie to him, there was an ominous presence lurking around here. And after a few moments, he heard a familiar laughter that made his blood run cold.

‘It’s little Kim!’ He heard the woman’s high voice and Bellatrix Lestrange walked under the light of the street lamp. ‘Is this a miracle!?’ Her round dark eyes watched him excitedly.

Jin pointed his wand at her, trying to know if there were more death eaters with her. There had to be, if she was here to do what Jin suspected.

‘Now let’s not get violent right outside your boyfriends home,’ Bellatrix said. ‘You know him, he’ll jump right in to save you! And leave his weak family unprotected,’

Jin gulped, knowing it all to be true. He didn’t know how many death eaters were here, if things turned bad, Jin and Namjoon would have to protect themselves as well as Namjoon’s family. How could he risk that? Those three innocent people who had no part in this war at all. He had no idea what lengths Bellatrix would go to get her way. There were things worse than death that she could inflict on them.

Bellatrix walked closer. ‘We could fight you and that Kim Namjoon, right here and now, and defeat you. But you should know how good we are at the killing curse. His family will fall in seconds,’

‘What do you want?’ Jin asked. ‘I don’t have Taehyung, I have nothing to give you,’

‘It’s you I want! After all, you are Abraxas’ new prize,’ she smiled gleefully and clapped her
hands. ‘Come now, or you want this mudblood family to die first before we capture you? I’m fine either way,’ she casually spread her hands to the sides.

All the heaviness and compression returned to Jin. He was so close to freedom, before it was mercilessly snatched away from him. He couldn’t believe he was doing this… but he couldn’t put Namjoon’s family under Bellatrix’s threat. Jin lowered his wand and immediately felt someone snatch it away from him. His hands were pulled back and bound but his eyes stared hard at Bellatrix in front of her. He watched her walk closer, hands coming up to his eyes and then there was darkness. Jin felt something wrap around his eyes, something smooth and dark blocking out all the light, sitting snugly like a second skin.

‘Good boy,’ he heard Bellatrix whisper in his ear. ‘Let’s go, we have lots to do,’

He felt hands strongly grasp his arms on either side and the compression that came with apparition.

It felt like nothing mattered anymore. His entire world was dark.

Ending Theme - Claire Wyndham - Kingdom Fall
A Dragon's Wrath

The darkness pressed on Jin from every direction. He could feel the floor swaying and knew immediately that he was in a ship. He had been here before, in his vision of Bellatrix and Gwen.

Now he was bound hand and foot and thrown into what he thought was one of the small holding cells below deck. It was cold here and it was seeping through his skin, till his bones.

Voices screamed in his ears, urging him to open his third eye, but he was afraid, afraid of Abraxas finding him in this metaphysical realm and trying to take over.

Yet there was another fear, the fear of what had happened to his friends.

If Bellatrix had come to abduct Namjoon, it meant that they were actively planning something. What if his other friends were also being faced by death eaters?

The two fears clashed in his mind, one urging to see that his friends were safe, the other wanting to keep himself safe from Abraxas.

But through that struggle, a scream broke through, and it was as if Jin’s third eye flared open on its own.

He saw Taehyung in a dark dungeon, much like the one he was currently in, bound and tied like a prisoner, just like him.

Taehyung was getting pierced by a bright yellow stone straight into the chest and the boy screamed in pain. Jin burned with rage and hurt seeing his little friend in this kind of agony.

Serafin was the one doing this to Taehyung, muttering that it will be over soon. Jin inferred they were probably in the castle where Abraxas lived.

‘We hoped you would be on our side Taehyung,’ Serafin said and Taehyung looked at her through his dark locks, eyes unfocused and head dizzy with fatigue. ‘We counted on you,’ she said sweetly. ‘Why did you betray us at the last minute?’

‘You… you said I had a choice… that you won’t force me,’

‘We hoped we didn’t have to force you,’ Serafin stated. ‘It makes no sense that you should not side with us. That’s the wrong decision,’

‘That-is-not the definition… of a choice,’

‘I don’t enjoy this, Taehyung. That is why we didn’t just bind and get you here even though we had plenty of chances to do that. We thought, of course you will agree with our views because you’re an elkyre like us. But we forgot that you’re still a child. A silly child who doesn’t know what’s good for him, or the horrors that the people will inflict upon you for who you really are. I wish I didn’t have to force you, but I know my goal. And I’m willing to do my share of unpleasant things to achieve that goal. Maybe one day you’ll thank me for it. So it’s better you stop resisting,’

‘I have stopped… resisting,’ Taehyung shivered through the pain. ‘I just want you to stop harming other people. They have no part in it,’
'Stay put and I won’t have to,'

Taehyung slowly lifted his head to look at Serafin properly, her face lit up in the ball of fire she held. ‘Where is he? Where is Abraxas?’ the boy hissed through his teeth in anger.

‘You won’t see him yet,’ she answered. ‘You’ll see him on the day we create the Philosopher’s Stone,’

‘And when is that?’

‘Soon,’ she smiled slyly. ‘Be good Taehyung, and we will let you reap the rewards,’ Saying that she walked away, locking the cage behind her. Taehyung was in complete darkness again. The boy had given up his last ounce of energy, falling unconscious.

Jin didn’t realise he had been biting his lip so hard until he tasted blood in his mouth. They had failed in protecting their friend. And this drove up his fear. He wondered if Jimin was safe and tried to look for the boy, people and visions running past his mind until he found Jimin standing in his house with a horrified look on his face.

‘What do you think could’ve happened at the Dracwyn mansion?’ Jimin asked Ash

‘She wouldn’t call for help if she didn’t absolutely need it,’ Ash bit her lip in worry.

‘I wish we could go with Taemin,’ Jimin said. ‘Bellatrix is behind bars, we should okay then shouldn’t we?’

‘No,’ Lupin gave a look of warning to Jimin. ‘Even if Bellatrix is caught, Greyback or Dromon might he looking for you. We should stay here, it won’t do well to put ourselves in danger too. Let him return from the Dracwyn Mansion,’

* 

Taemin stepped over the debris, waving his wand to clear the broken glass and wood out of the way. An entire section of the Dracwyn mansion had crumbled down, leaving dust and ash in it’s wake.

The young auror saw Charles Dracwyn lying on the floor, blood pooling beneath him. On his side was a dark haired girl, head on Charles’ shoulder and arms spread over his torso lifelessly. Taemin ran to her and pulled her up, half of her face was smeared in blood from the stab wound on her grandfather’s chest. Her eyes were open but lifeless, looking at nothing in front of her.

‘Laura,’ Taemin shook her. His eyes went from her to Charles who was motionless with the same lifeless eyes. If Taemin’s inference from his Auror studies were right, then Charles Dracwyn was dead, loss of blood and severe puncture to the lungs, and he could see something like dark ink spreading on his skin, from his chest to his neck. He turned his attention to Laura.

‘Laura talk to me, can you hear me?’

There was a slight nod from her, almost like a fraction of a fit. Her lifeless eyes went to the side to look at her grandfather. Other aurors were rounding up around them now.

‘Is she ok? Take her to St. Mungos,’ Nymphadora Tonks said.

‘I will decide that Miss Tonks,’ said their head of department Rufus Scrimgeour. ‘Why are junior Aurors here? This is a sight of murder. I can’t have any of you inexperienced numbwits messing up
‘Sir she is in shock, she needs help,’ Taemin said, holding Laura’s shoulder to give her some kind of physical support.

‘She was the only one present at the scene. Take her to Mungos and get her talking soon,’

‘I'm not leaving,’ Laura’s low voice reached their ears.

‘Laura,’ Taemin tried to reason with her. ‘You need to get checked. Please listen to us-’

‘This is my home and I am not leaving,’ she said again and her posture was getting aggressive. She pulled her arm away from Taemin and went towards the healers who were taking her grandfather’s body. ‘I am coming with you,’

‘Miss you can’t. We have to take the body to-’

‘He is my grandfather and I'm his only family. Do you think I'll leave him alone after what happened?’

‘Laura,’ Taemin gripped her shoulder. ‘There's nothing more you can do for him now,’

‘You're lying! Take him to Mungos, you can do something, bring him back!’

Taemin was at a loss for words, what was he to say to calm her down in this situation. He summoned his patronus, and a cheetah conjured out of his wand.

‘Go to the Min Manor and inform them of the attack. Tell them to come here immediately-’

Laura was walking towards her grandfather again when Taemin stopped her for the second time, ‘Laura you cannot go with them,’

‘And why not? I am his family. I don't trust anyone here, I need to be with him,’

‘You need to be here, you need to see a healer. I will go with them, do you trust me?’

Laura looked at Taemin, into his grey eyes with a fierceness he had not seen before and nodded slightly.

He nodded to her and then left with the healers.

‘Miss Dracwyn,’ Scrimgeour came to take her statement. ‘I know it's not an easy time, after losing-’

‘Let the healers do their work before any further words leave your mouth sir,’ Laura said. She did not believe her ears when she could not hear his heartbeat inside his chest. When Taemin had shook her and she took in the surroundings again, when she saw the healers, she hoped… she hoped with every inch of her heart that they will bring him back… they will. There were ways… maybe his heart just slowed down… it could be made to beat again.

‘Miss Dracwyn did you see who threw the dagger?’ Scrimgeour started the interrogation.

‘Mulciber. It was that… wretched Mulciber. Grandfather attacked him and he was thrown to the opposite end of the room. He grabbed whatever was next to him. And... he threw it,’

‘Who all were the attackers? How many were there?’
‘There were 5 of them… two escaped, Mulciber being one of them,’

‘Why were they here? Did they want to steal something? Or someone?’

Laura gulped and didn’t answer.

‘Miss Dracwyn?’

‘I… I really don’t know. Bellatrix and the Dark Lord before her have wanted my family to join
them. I think this was related to that,’

‘Are you sure that was it? Why would they be trying so hard even after all these years?’ the Auror
looked at her with doubt.

‘I don’t know what goes on in Bellatrix’s mind Mr. Scrimgeour. But we all know she loves to
create chaotic violence, without reason and just for her whims. When they came here they stated
no reason for the attack, except calling us blood traitors. They said we should join their true cause
of blood purity if we really are an ancient house,’

‘And how do you feel about that? Their invitation?’

‘If it felt welcoming would they have destroyed my home and family?’ Laura’s gaze pierced him.
‘Is that all Chief Auror? Because I need to be with my Grandfather,’

Scrimgeour nodded and Laura walked away from him to find where her Grandfather had been
taken.

‘We will catch them Miss Dracwyn, I give you my word,’ Scrimgeour called behind her.

Laura turned, ‘Seeing how they’ve roamed free all these years, I doubt it,’

In a cracking sound, Min Yeonjae appeared in the fallen chamber of the mansion, looking at the
damage and destruction around him with horrified eyes. He found Laura a few feet away and ran to
her, holding her by the arms.

‘Laura are you alright?’

Laura didn’t say anything, trying to hold back her tears. Her face twisted and she looked away. Her
uncle gently put his arms around her, patting her head.

‘I’m so sorry, so sorry,’ he muttered.

‘Are they safe?’ Laura asked in a whisper.

‘Who?’ Yeonjae turned his head down and asked her.

‘Yoongi and the rest,’

‘They’ve gone to the Min castle. They’ll be safe there. You need to rest now Laura… I want you to
be okay,’

Laura stared at the spot in front of her, where the aurors were bagging the dagger and lifting the
bodies of the other three death eaters. She was not going to be okay. Nothing was going to be okay.

*
Yoongi stared at the wall of ice in front of him. The fire still burned on the roof and some corners of the throne room. He looked down to his mother who lay limp on the floor.

‘Yoon-Yoongi,’ he heard his uncle crawling from between the burnt firewood. ‘Yoongi take her to the pool, quickly;’

Yoongi lifted her up gently, seeing the skin burnt till her jaw. The sight made him dizzy, the red flesh looked like it would tear up and her body would just fall to pieces. He took her to the pool, trying to find the lost cup to make her drink some of the elixir.

‘Is there any healer here!’ he cried out loudly, ‘Anyone!’ Looking down again, he tried to gauge his mother’s heart beat, but it was barely there. Yoongi felt utterly helpless. ‘Anyone!’

From the corner of his eye, he saw Hoseok stretch himself towards the fallen cup, picking it up with shaking hands and crawling back to Yoongi. Yoongi quickly grabbed it and took some of the elixir, pouring it down his mother’s throat.

‘I don’t know…’ Yoongi’s eyes were leaking tears, ‘I don’t know why she isn’t waking up,’

Hoseok didn’t speak, having no energy to do that, he caught Yoongi’s wrist, trying to reassure him, give some kind of strength to him.

In a few more minutes, the remaining dwellers of the castle came in. It took a while for them to cross over the wall of ice, trying to find a weak spot to break or climb over from. It looked like Taehyung had given his all to block Serafin from harming them further. All the injured were lifted and carried to the inner rooms. Yoongi’s uncle powered through, getting them all the elixir and other remedies. To his uncle’s dismay, the burns on the boys were not healing the way he expected it to. The old healing spells weren’t working, and all he could do for them now was apply something to soothe the skin. They were given new robes to wear, their burned clothes discarded. Hoseok was still on the bed, not speaking to anyone. Jungkook sat up, knees pulled to his chest, regret and despair filling him, seeing how they had failed to keep Taehyung safe. His hands where bandaged, knuckles to elbow to keep the burned skin from chaffing further on his clothes.

Yoongi was in his mother’s room, the dragon-bow resting near the door to the room.

Averil was unconscious on the bed, Yoongi’s uncle still working on the severe damage that marked her jaw to chest.

‘Why isn’t it working on her?’ Yoongi demanded, like he often would when his loved one was injured, a thing that unfortunately seemed to have happened too frequently over the past year. ‘She isn’t even waking up!’

‘That woman,’ his uncle said. ‘That fire woman, she was no ordinary witch. We’ve not seen this kind of magic before, she burned your mother with a power so potent it’s unheard of. I am trying everything I can Yoongi,’

‘Tell me she will be healed,’ Yoongi said but his uncle gave him no answer. ‘She will wake up, won’t she?’

‘Yoongi, I’m trying. Her heart is barely beating, I don’t know what to tell-’

‘No!’ Yoongi said sternly, looking at his mother’s face. Her blonde hair turned to crisps of hay, burn marks all over and the worst of all, the marks of Serafin’s fingers when she had grabbed his mother’s throat. ‘She has to live. You have to wake her up!’
Yoongi’s father barged into the room, rushing to Averil’s side who was hanging to her life. ‘I’m sorry I couldn’t come sooner. I’m so sorry, I should’ve been there,’ he muttered to his wife.

Yoongi looked in surprise from his father to another man at the door.

‘You…’ Yoongi narrowed his eyes in anger at Albus Dumbledore.

‘Yoongi, please tell me what’s happened? How did they take Taehyung?’

‘Serafin took him professor,’ Yoongi bit through his teeth. ‘Guess Taehyung was right about one thing after all. You don’t know anything about elkyres. Your brilliant plan fucked us over! Why did we ever trust you,’

‘Yoongi,’ Yeonjae said to him sternly. ‘Now is not the time for this. We all need to stay united and calm-’

‘No father! I won’t stay calm! I-’

‘Your grandfather is… he’s dead Yoongi,’ Yeonjae said gravely and Yoongi was stumped for a few moments. ‘I am just coming from the Dracwyn Mansion,’

‘And Laura?’

‘Thankfully she’s alright,’

Yoongi turned back to Dumbledore, the wrath in him amped up and walked out of the room. Dumbledore nodded at Yeonjae and followed after the young man.

‘Yoongi, there was no better way to send you all home,’ Dumbledore tried to explain.

Yoongi swerved around, ‘Just shut up!’ he glared at the aged wizard. ‘You underestimated the enemies! You’re too worried about the ministry, worried what they will do and what you’ll be accused of!’

‘I should be worrying about the ministry Yoongi! If they label any one of you as dangerous or a criminal, there’s no turning back from it!’

‘Did you not think the alchemists would come after Taehyung?’

‘I didn’t know of Serafin’s ability to travel miles by fire Yoongi. I realise I’m at fault-’

‘Look at the consequences,’ Yoongi pointed to the fallen throne room. Dumbledore could see his eyes blaze with rage, he could feel the restlessness in his aura, like his magic would burst out any moment. ‘Look at what it’s done to my family! My mother and my grandfather. This is all your fault. Your fault!’

Dumbledore was silent for a few moments, watching Yoongi breathe in anger.

‘Yoongi, I realise it’s my fault. Let me help you now-’

‘No,’ Yoongi held a hand up. ‘I don’t think we need you anymore professor. At least I don’t, so please, leave,’

Dumbledore’s jaw was set hard. He didn’t say anything further to Yoongi and saw himself out of the castle, preparing to head back to the dock.
When Yoongi went back to the healing rooms, he was met with Jungkook’s worried face.

‘I heard everything,’ Jungkook said. ‘I can head back and be with Laura, I know you want to stay here with your mother,’

‘No, I must speak to Laura too,’ Yoongi said. ‘She needs her family and no one is there right now. I don’t know what must be going through her mind,’

*

Mood Music: Ramin Djawadi - Atonement

Laura did not speak to anyone, not even to Taemin as she was taken to St. Mungos where Ash and Jimin arrived shortly on Taemin’s request. She was pacing outside the room where her grandfather was being examined after outrightly refusing to let the doctors check her up. Their family lawyer was not here yet.

‘Laura!’ Ash called and ran towards her with Jimin. She hugged her, wiping something off her forehead.

‘You’re hurt, you need to-’

‘I’m fine,’ Laura put Ash’s hand down.

‘Laura,’ Jimin came forward and Ash cast him a nervous look. They had spoken to Taemin before coming, they knew the truth. ‘Laura, you have to accept it,’

‘Jimin… you weren’t there, when it all happened. There might be a possibility. People have survived stab wounds,’

‘You know the truth too Laura,’ he said again. ‘You told Taemin that Mulciber muttered a spell as he shot the dagger. And… now the reports say the insides are decaying,’

‘It was the same spell that was used on you by Gwen,’ Ash said. ‘You know it’s consequences,’

‘I’m waiting to hear from the healers… don’t say anything before that,’

‘And if you don’t hear what you hoped for?’

Laura looked at Jimin with anger. She gulped, and couldn’t say anything because she knew he was right. His repeated words were like stones which finally broke through the wall in her head, the wall of denial her fear had created. She had seen his hand fall lifelessly to his side. She had seen his bleeding chest. Even her grandfather knew what was coming… or Charles Dracwyn would’ve never spoken a word of apology from his mouth. The doors opened and she looked to the front. Three healers emerged, she could see her grandfather on the bed behind them, almost hidden under the sheets. The healers had solemn faces and Laura felt like ice was spreading through her chest.

‘Miss Dracwyn,’ The chief healer said. ‘We are sorry but, we confirm now that your grandfather has passed away,’

Laura was still, so still that she wasn’t even breathing. Ash held her from one side and Jimin was on the other. She was not alien to death. On the contrary, she was quite familiar to it. People can cease to exist in the change of a moment, never to be heard from again. But why did it always hurt so bloody much. Why were they always taken away from her. Her grandfather often spoke of a time when he won’t be there… telling her to always expect the worst so that she could do her best.
Was this that moment? Yet she did not know what to do.

‘Miss Dracwyn?’ The chief healer called her with concern. ‘Miss Dracwyn?’

‘I need to see him,’ she said.

‘Perhaps later, it may distress you,’

‘I said I need to see him,’ she glared at the healer and then walked into the room. Her grandfather’s body was on the bed, lifeless, naked, but for the sheets on him. She had never seen him this way, she could’ve never imagined him to look so... frail. His skin like paper, white, wrinkly and dry. His eyelids purple, his lips disappearing into his mouth. She extended her hand and touched his shoulder. His flesh was cold and soft... not hard like they always were. Was this really Charles Alexander Dracwyn? This weak and fragile man?

‘Miss,’ one of the nurses came to her. ‘His belongings,’ she brought a tray with the last possessions of Lord Dracwyn- his pierced doublet and cloak, his boots, the ring he wore on his finger. Laura took the ring, enclosing it in her palm.

*Dracwyns aren’t weak.* She could hear his voice

She looked once at his face and then looked away again.

‘Get out,’ she said to the nurse. ‘Leave us,’

The nurse looked taken aback at her bluntless but she knew people reacted differently in grief, so she left them. Laura sat on the chair next to his bed and cried, face in her hands, the silver dragon ring fallen on her lap. She lost all three of her guardians. First her parents, now her grandfather... all dead for the sake of Kim Taehyung.

Laura had been adamant about bringing her grandfather’s body back to the mansion and after spending nearly 18 gruelling hours in St. Mungs, they were back home now.

‘It’s scaring me,’ Ash said, seeing the destruction of the room where Charles Dracwyn was killed.

‘Maybe the worst is over now,’ Jimin squeezed her hand.

‘No...’ Ash shook her head. ‘Laura’s behaviour is scaring me. I can’t comprehend what she’s feeling. She hasn’t looked at either of us in the eye since we arrived. She hasn’t spoken much, she hasn’t expressed her sadness,’

‘She’s closing up,’ Jimin inferred. ‘Yes... that is scary,’

‘She’s been rude to everyone who’s tried to console her. If this goes on, she’s going to snap. This is not healthy Jimin,’

‘Let’s just be there for her now,’ Jimin pulled her closer and kissed the top of her head.

‘That’s all we can do,’ Ash said and felt Jimin snuggling his nose into her hair.

‘You smell nice,’ he said. ‘Comforting,’

‘Comforting? That’s a first,’ Ash chuckled lightly.
I think my sense of smell has gotten stronger... now that I’m not taking wolfsbane and the full moon is two weeks away,

His ears twitched in the direction of the sound of quick footsteps and he turned around to see Yoongi walk in with Hoseok and Jungkook.

Two of them ran to Jimin and Ash and hugged them in relief but Yoongi’s steps were halted, eyes wide at the blown up room in front of him. It was a shocking sight, like a reflection of the destruction caused to his own castle, the paintings of his ancestors torn with broken frames, lying on the ground, the sky visible from the broken roof, all furniture scattered everywhere.

‘Where is she?’ He asked his fellow Slytherins.

‘In your grandfather’s room,’ Jimin said and they followed Yoongi to the first floor.

They approached the open door to Charles Dracwyn’s chambers, his body dressed in dark purple robes was in a casket, under the protection of spells that stopped anyone from touching the body and preserved it till the funeral. Laura had her back to them, standing by the window at the end of the room, dressed in plain black robes. She turned back at the sound of their footsteps, her hard eyes went from one face to the other and landed on Yoongi.

‘Taehyung?’ She asked and even Ash and Jimin’s eyes turned to Yoongi at the burning question.

Yoongi looked disappointed, head hanging lower in response and Jimin was the first one to burst out in shock.

‘Where?! Where is he??’

‘We don’t know,’ Jungkook said. ‘Serafin took him,’

‘How could she?’ Jimin asked, eyes wide in shock and anger, he was almost about to cry and he turned Yoongi by the arm. The older boy winced in pain feeling Jimin’s fingers tugging at the burns. ‘You said your castle is a safe place! You said no one can apparate there!’

‘We weren’t as prepared as we should’ve been,’ Yoongi said regretfully. ‘We weren’t as strong as we needed to be,’

‘No, we weren’t,’ Laura said, hands squeezing together, jaw setting hard. ‘And they took everything from us once again,’

Yoongi walked to the casket, seeing a sight he had perhaps never imagined to witness, at least not like this. His grandfather’s body pale and bloodless... lifeless. One couldn’t imagine him to be like this, weak and unresponsive. It was like this wasn’t his grandfather at all, but some stranger.

Yoongi walked to his cousin, his hands on her arms, ‘Who did this?’ He growled.

‘Malciber,’ Laura spoke with vile, her eyes holding the same burning rage as her brother’s. ‘He is the cause of it all. He betrayed my parents, and now he...’

‘Mister Min,’ the junior auror Tonks knocked on the open door and called from behind them. ‘Will your father be coming back soon?’

‘I don’t know,’ Yoongi answered. ‘Probably not,’
'It would be helpful if he’s present here—'

'He needs to be at the Min castle. My mother needs him,'

Laura cast a worried look to Yoongi.

'How much longer is the work going to take Auror?’ Laura asked. ‘We would like some time alone, with what’s remained of this family,’

‘Yes, of course,’ Tonks nodded. ‘Sorry for bothering you now and then. Thank you for your cooperation. Auror Park will update you on the case and we’ll take our leave then,’

‘Tell him we’ll meet him in the home office,’ Laura glanced at her grandfather’s body and then looked back at Tonks. She would prefer this room keep some sort of sanctity till the funeral. Tonks nodded at her and left.

‘What has happened to aunt?’ Laura asked Yoongi immediately and his expression changed to that of fear and rage.

‘Serafin burned her. She’s not waking up,’

That news hit Laura like another crashing wave of despair.

‘The Mins are known for their healing abilities,’ Laura said. ‘They will heal her—'

‘They aren’t able to. Not so far,’ Yoongi said through gritted teeth. ‘If anything happens to her, I will personally hunt Serafin down and…’ He looked away, taking his hands from Laura and clenching his fists.

‘She will wake up,’ Hoseok said from across them. ‘Have faith Yoon, please. Her heart is still beating, which means she will pull through,’

‘We should head down and meet Taemin,’ Jimin said, before Yoongi fell deeper into his despair.

Taemin was already in the study room when the six of them entered. All faces turned to the Auror looking for a glimmer of hope.

‘Yoongi, I’m so sorry,’ he shook the boy’s hand while Laura took her place, standing behind the desk.

‘Thank you,’ Yoongi gave a small nod. ‘And thank you for always coming to our aid. You don’t know what that means to us after all that has happened,’

Taemin nodded back at him, squeezing Yoongi’s forearm reassuringly.

‘Any news?’ Laura asked curtly.

Taemin turned to her. ‘There has been some death eater activity in Diagon Alley. They blew up a bookshop,’ he said. ‘The aurors are tailing them, looks like the death eaters are heading east. We still don’t know why they’re doing this, just for the sake of chaos?’

Laura looked appalled. ‘You haven’t caught anyone yet? Mulciber can be among them. He HAS TO be among them. I want him brought back here,’ she planted her fingertips on the surface of the table. ‘I want him to pay for all the crimes he’s committed against my family!’

‘The ministry won’t let him go—’ Taemin tried to assure her but he was cut off.
‘Don’t talk about the ministry and it’s efficiency. You said that the Bellatrix who Moody caught was a hoax? It was Gwen all along? How could they be so naive!’ Laura was screaming now, voice filled with rage at every word. ‘I don’t trust the ministry to do anything useful, they haven’t even made any progress in capturing the criminals who broke my house down and killed my grandfather!’ She banged the table with her fists and glared at Taemin. Her voice turned to that of cold fury, a reflection of when Charles Dracwyn was at his most dangerous, ‘I should burn him to the bone for what he’s done,’

Everyone looked taken aback, everyone except for Yoongi who walked over to her and held her wrist gently. ‘Laura, it’s not in Taemin’s hands,’

‘I know it’s not,’ Laura pulled her hand away from him. ‘But that doesn’t make me have any patience for the Ministry. We’re not going to get any justice there. You know how this feels Yoongi,’ she glared at him. ‘We’re never going to get justice here,’

‘You have me on your side this time Laura,’ Taemin said. ‘Have some faith, and patience,’

‘I’m almost out of both,’ Laura said, moving away from the table and walking to the door. ‘I want Mulciber begging for his life, not to the Ministry, but to the family he’s murdered,’

Once she was out of ear shot, Ash looked worriedly to Jimin, ‘This is what I meant. She’s falling into a pit of bloodlust,’

Jungkook was staring wide eyed at the empty doorway through which she had gone, ‘I’ve seen her angry plenty of times… but not like this. This is…’ he looked worriedly at Yoongi. ‘Will she be okay?’

Yoongi ran a frustrated hand through his blonde hair, ‘I don’t know. I don’t fucking know anything anymore,’ He was also running out of both patience and faith. For a year they had tried to somehow keep it all together, only for it all to fall down like a house of cards.

‘I’ve informed Namjoon and Jin about what happened here,’ Jimin said. ‘But only Namjoon wrote back. He’ll be here soon. I hope Jin received his letter and his father didn’t intercept it,’

The Dracwyn Lawyer, Mr. Hawkworthe walked into the room, looking shocked at the gathering in the room.

‘Now if you tell me this has nothing to do with that Wizengamot trial, I’m not going to believe you Mr. Yoongi,’ he said to the boy, recognising almost every face here. ‘From my memory you’re missing two key people. Where’s that young Hufflepuff boy and Mr. Kim Seokjin?’

‘It’s better you don’t know Mr. Hawkworthe,’ Yoongi said. ‘Are all procedures done at the Ministry?’

‘Yes,’ he nodded. ‘The press is… giving us all a hard time. Too many events that seem to correlate except no one really knows how,’ he sighed, pressing the bridge of his nose momentarily. ‘Before we are caught up in any more atrocious and meaningless rumours, I would suggest we hold something like a memorial. Many also want to come and offer condolences and it’s important that we make our bonds stronger with the community at this point,’

‘What exactly do you mean?’ Yoongi asked.

‘This is a moment of weakness for this family. Your late grandfather ran the family business and was one of the most prominent figures in the wizarding world for 80 years. His death has left a gap. You cannot look like you’ve disappeared into nothingness after his demise. Your grandfather was a
prepared man. We have had countless conversations about what is to be done after his death, what stature he wanted maintained of this family name. He gave instructions and expects me to act as per my judgement of them,

‘And you think we should hold a memorial?’ Yoongi asked. ‘Because there is no way we can have the funeral without my mother,’

‘Yes, I understand. I would never even think of a funeral without Lady Averil. And I am aware it’s a difficult time for you and Laura. But show the world that you’re the new face of this family now, and Dracwyns aren’t going anywhere to hide, now that their grandfather isn’t there to shield them,’

Yoongi didn’t give any response because there was no choice in this. Grandfather’s last orders he thought. He would obey them this time, he couldn’t refuse it, not after the last thing he had said to his grandfather was that he would never return here. The regret of it was slowly filling him up.

*

Jin heard the locks of his prison open with a clank. Shortly after, he felt someone pushing cold metal towards his mouth and something like a porridge touched his lips.

‘Eat up pretty boy,’ Bellatrix sneered.

‘Why did you take me? Why does Abraxas want me?’ he asked her, trying to gauge how much she knows.

‘I know he wants to take you as his vessel, take over your powers. I’m so curious, I never knew there were two special ones in your little friends group. So what is it that you do? Anesbek was never clear,’

Jin gulped. He had to play his cards carefully. He couldn’t tell the extent of his powers, but he couldn’t make himself look useless, or they’ll not keep him alive.

‘I cannot control it,’ Jin said. ‘But sometimes, I can see the future or the past,’

Bellatrix snorted in laughter, ‘We have a prophet here is it!’ She grabbed the back of Jin’s hair and pulled his head back painfully. He heard her voice right at his ear, ‘Are you telling me the truth boy?’

‘I am. If you don’t believe me, ask your informant,’

‘And how did Abraxas know of you?’

‘Taehyung must have told him. He used to talk a lot with Abraxas,’

‘Talk? How?’ Bellatrix shook his head slightly with his hair fisted in her hand.

‘Abraxas can reach people in their minds,’

‘Has he ever spoken to you then?’

‘He’s tried. And I know he’ll try again,’

Bellatrix grunted, pushing his head away and the force made Jin painfully bang the side of it on the wooden wall. He scrunched his veiled eyes in the pain. He hoped they wouldn’t inflict any real kind of pain on him, not if their goal was to hand him over to Abraxas without any blemishes.
‘Madame Lestrange!’ A new voice entered the cold brig.

‘Malciber,’ Bellatrix stood up from next to Jin. He heard the bowl of food clatter to the side. ‘Where’s the boy?’

‘You know it was a 50 percent chance,’ Mulciber was trying to play it cool, Jin could hear it in his voice. ‘You said so yourself. If we have one of the boys then we win,’

‘That is NOT A REASON FOR YOU TO BE SUCH AN INDOLENT!’ Bellatrix raged. ‘I wanted both of them here, I wanted to trade them both!’

‘They escaped with that Min boy. And then Dumbledore showed up. We couldn’t risk that now could we?’

Jin heard Bellatrix grunt in frustration again.

‘I have some news for you though,’ Mulciber said gleefully. ‘Charles Dracwyn is dead,’

From the silence that followed, Jin knew that the news surprised Bellatrix.

‘He’s gone. That looming protective figure of that house is dead, by my own hands. His poor grandchildren, you can do whatever you want with them now,’ he sniggered.

‘You killed him?’ Bellatrix asked. ‘How did you manage to do that?’

‘While he was busy killing some of our comrades, I shot a dagger to his heart, and whispered my favourite curse,’

Jin could feel the grin on his face by the tone of his words.

‘We should keep the search on for the ice boy,’ Bellatrix said. ‘I’m sure he’ll come to console his dear friends who just lost their grandpapa,’

‘They already have him,’ Jin spoke quietly and the two death eaters turned to look at him in shock. ‘Serafin took him away. Abraxas has him,’

‘You’re lying!’ Bellatrix slapped Jin, turning his cheek red. Jin huffed and smirked, ‘Why would I lie. Ask your informant Anesbek,’

Bellatrix sharply turned to Mulciber, ‘Where is Anesbek? He was supposed to meet us today,’

‘I don’t know,’ Mulciber shrugged. ‘There’s no news from him,’

‘It’s because he cannot leave that castle anymore,’ Jin said. ‘They’ve locked themselves, no one comes in, and no one runs away. No one can find them, not until they want to be found,’

‘How do you know all this, I swear to you boy if you’re playing a game’

‘You disguised Gwen as yourself and they attacked Taehyung at King’s Cross. You told her... this is a worthy sacrifice knowing she’ll be caught. You said this was her way of correcting her mistakes,’ Jin said calmly.

‘What is this?’ Bellatrix asked in disbelief.

‘I told you, sometimes, I can see things,’
'What else can you see then? What is Abraxas doing right now?'

'Gathering an army,' Jin said. 'Are you sure you can defeat him?'

'I don't need to defeat him, I need to make a deal with him,' Bellatrix said.

'Why should he make any deal with you if he doesn't fear you? A few death eaters are no threat to four elkyres. His earth elkyre has created an army from the earth. Abraxas has the power to infuse them with life. He will have soldiers in the hundreds, an army of the undead. And his group of alchemists, the most skilled in the world,'

'I have the werewolves with me. They'll tear apart the guts of these alchemists,'

'But you haven't given them what they want, not yet. Skoll's last sired wolf. So why should they be faithful to you. You don't have an army Bellatrix, just a small group of people screaming for what they want. You won't survive if you try to fight Abraxas in this state. You'll gain nothing, not even if you present me as an exchange for some power. They'll just snatch me right out of your hands,'

Bellatrix grunted and banged the door of the prison shut with a loud clank. She stomped up to the deck angrily.

'He's not wrong. We don't have that wolf pup yet,' Mulciber said. 'And the dementors and giants aren't loyal to us, they were loyal to the Dark Lord. They will not join us on his suicide quest. And without Anesbek, how are we to know the exact location of this place?'

'Get out of my face and let me think,' Bellatrix headed to her chambers. They needed more power, they needed something that will lead them to this castle on an island. They needed to get that Park Jimin here and gift him to Dromon. They had exhausted most of their strength in trying to capture Taehyung and Jin. And then she remembered something Gwen had told her more than a year ago and realised that was the solution to all three of their problems.

* 

Namjoon stood in front in the Great Hall of the Dracwyn mansion, looking at the grandeur of it all. He couldn’t shake the uneasy feeling from his chest about the absence of any news from Jin. No one had heard from him yet. Was his father keeping him away? Had he had some kind of temper outburst upon reaching his home? Jin was an adult now and Namjoon wondered what were the chances of Kim Hyunseok respecting that and giving him his freedom. He wondered if his house was attacked by the death eaters too, or by any alchemists, but if that was the case then Auror Taemin would’ve gotten the news of it. He looked to the side where the rest of his friends were gathered.

Where had Serafin taken Taehyung? Namjoon kept racking his brains, trying to remember some clue… something that would tell them were Abraxas is. He remembered Jin telling about a castle on a sea, a castle made out of limestone. That was hardly anything to go by.

‘Mr. Kim,’ the Dracwyn family lawyer called him to the side. ‘We should be beginning the memorial soon, can I request you to wait here with your friends?’

‘Sure,’ the tall boy nodded, ‘Mr. Hawkworthe, have you received any response from Kim Seokjin?’
‘I’m afraid not,’ Hawkworthe said. ‘We did send him an invitation on the request of Mr. Min and Miss Dracwyn, but he didn’t write back,’

‘And from his father?’

Hawkworthe’s lips set in a hard line. ‘It’s better if Kim Hyunseok never steps foot in this house,’
He looked at one of the remaining house elves passing by. ‘Teemy, could you please get Miss Dracwyn down here? We should start soon,’

The elf nodded, her huge ears flapping and headed upstairs.

‘My lady, we are ready to begin,’ Laura heard the elf call the door. She sat in front of her dressing mirror, staring at her own reflection blankly. Finally she tore her eyes from the mirror and nodded, getting up to leave.

‘Here,’ the elf held her black cloak for her. It was the one bearing the sigil of her house, a silver dragon, white on black, a mark of mourning. She wore the cloak and clasped it on her chest with pins shaped like dragon heads.

‘My brother?’ She asked the elf, stepping out of her room.

‘He will join us shortly,’ the elf said. ‘My Lady, your uncle and aunt are here, The Rosiers,’

‘Oh,’ Laura said. She hadn’t seen her father’s family in ages. The Rosiers were a dying line… after her father died, her relatives had once suggested she be brought up in the Rosiers house, where she would have an aunt, uncle and cousins. But they wouldn’t dare ask Charles Dracwyn a second time after his extremely firm ‘no’ to their first request. Now they were here again, of course they ought to here for supporting their extended family at this most dark time. But Laura wondered if they would bring up the matter again. This was her home, the Dracwyn Mansion. She had lived here for 17 years, from the moment she was born. And she was Laura Dracwyn, not Laura Rosier. All those years of mentoring was so that she could take the Dracwyn legacy forward, it was all on her shoulders and she would not give that up for anything.

She saw their lawyer patiently waiting below the white marble stairs.

‘Laura,’ Hawkworthe gave a nod. ‘How are you?’

Laura did not answer that question because she didn’t even know what she was supposed to say. ‘I heard the press need a statement. I am willing to give them one Mr. Hawkworthe,’

‘Forgive me, but I didn’t think you should be under any kind of distress. The press is not kind, they’re literally crawling up the mansion walls to get their answers. I’ll handle them,’

‘But don’t you think as the representative of the Dracwyn family, I should at least say a few words? I am not going to have a break down in front of the cameras if that’s what you’re worried about. What I’m worried about is all those wretched people thinking I’m hiding myself in grief. My grandfather was hard as steel, if I am to take his place now, I cannot be cowering in the shadows,’

Hawkworthe looked like he wanted to say something but diverted the talk to something else. ‘We’ll deal with the press later. Some friends of your grandfather, and extended family have come to offer their condolences. You should speak to them instead,’

‘How many people have come?’
‘About 8 head of families and some Ministry officials,‘

‘Are we ready?’ Yoongi descended down the stairs, clasping his own black robes with a dragon pin.

‘Any news from your father?’ Laura asked her cousin who grimly shook his head.

‘Her heart rate is the same… extremely weak,’ he muttered. ‘I’m… I’m losing my mind Laura, I don’t know what I’d do. Junki doesn't know what's happening. He doesn't even know grandfather's gone. And he thinks his mother has a slight fever so she's sleeping it out. Uncle told me he's been crying at night because he misses her. He won't tell anyone but he's crying. He knows something's wrong. Mum has to wake up,’

‘She will. Believe in her power. I know aunt is strong,’

‘Are you alright?’ Yoongi asked her in a whisper.

‘I don’t know,’ Laura said in a rather emotionless tone. She thought she should be better since two days had passed, but she was only getting better at hiding her grief. Inside, she was feeling worse than ever, a hopeless feeling had taken hold of her heart and mind, and she felt there was no escape. Of course she did not want to burden Yoongi with that, he was equally distressed. She had to be strong on her own, she had to act better.

Today, Yoongi and Laura were the sole representatives of what was supposed to be one of the most powerful families in the wizarding world. This was the strength of the Dracwyn family now, two teenagers.

We must mirror the fearless dragons.

Her grandfather’s voice would still resonate in her mind like it always did in tense situations.

Laura was determined that even though they were just teenagers, she will live by the responsibility her grandfather wanted her to take. It was slightly nerve wrecking, to now be the face that will greet and talk to all those men who her grandfather described as cunning foxes and vultures, waiting in the shadows for a weak moment.

Mood Music: Rupert Gregson William - The Letter

The doors opened and close friends and family entered one by one to pay their respects and condolences. After a while Laura was getting restless. Yoongi’s restlessness was starting to show already. Of course he didn’t want to be here, listening to the formalities of people he barely knew, who barely cared for him. He was never one to do namesake acts. The whole ordeal of a death in the family was already weighing on him. He wanted to be alone. He wanted to go see his mother, and just be in her presence to feel like he’s home again. He didn’t want to be here, standing in this gloomy room, looking at faces he didn’t care for. But he had to be here, first and foremost for his sister, who had once again lost a member of her immediate family. And second of all, for his grandfather. The last moments he had with him, had been of strife and disagreement. He had disappointed him. There were plenty of things that he didn’t agree with his grandfather, but he could not deny that he was inspiring, and worthy of awe.

Cornelius Fudge made a grand appearance, followed by Lucius Malfoy at his side, who’s thin lips twitched when neither Laura, nor Yoongi paid him a second glance. Only Narcissa Malfoy looked like she was genuinely concerned for how the children must be feeling. She looked guilty of her sister’s acts and said she has broken all ties with her. Their son looked aloof and Laura wondered if
there should be an age restriction imposed on mourning occasions just so she could be spared the stupid, smug faces of children who don’t know basic courtesy.

Jimin and Ash’s entire family had come. Hoseok’s father came in, saying how immensely thankful he was for the funding the Department of Mysteries would receive from Charles Dracwyn. Snape, had come as well, bearing a look of ‘I told you so’ behind his otherwise stoic expression.

And then the most surprising visitor stood in front of Yoongi and Laura.

‘Miss Dracwyn, Mister Min,’ Kim Hyunseok held out his hand to take theirs. ‘I am so very, very sorry for your loss. It is indeed a great blow to the entire wizarding world,’

The Min Dracwyns eyed him with aversion. ‘We are grateful for your kind words Lord Kim,’ Laura said icily, ignoring his hand. ‘How benevolent of you to come,’

Hyunseok awkwardly retrieved his arm back. ‘I know, your grandfather and I have our differences, but that was between us, I don’t want to start a family feud again…. Besides,’ he noticed how Laura’s eyes had briefly looked around for signs of Seokjin, ‘with a new generation being the future of our houses, its best to put a friendly hand forward. I competed with your grandfather, but I respected him and his wisdom, which I’m sure he imparted to you in great measure. I hope we all will be amicable in the days to come,’

Laura wanted to say something back at him, something snarky enough for his sweetly venomous words, but she had nothing and Hyunseok moved away with a victorious smirk. She leaned close to Yoongi’s ear. ‘Where is Jin?’

They looked at Namjoon who looked confused as well, that Hyunseok arrived without his son.

‘I don’t know,’ Yoongi said ‘Probably didn’t want to be a part of his father’s pretense,’

There was some commotion outside the mansion gates, the noises reaching them faintly. Laura and Yoongi looked out the door and saw Hawkworthe talking to the press, not letting them past the gate.

‘I told Hawkworthe I’m ready to give a statement to the press,’ Laura whispered. ‘Why can’t he agree to it and just get over with it?’

‘Maybe he thinks it’s not the best thing to do,’ Yoongi said. ‘He’s our family lawyer after all, this is part of his job,’

‘Making me look like a scared little girl is part of his job?’

‘Laura,’ Yoongi had noticed the change in her demeanor since he arrived. She had been angrier than usual, which was only understood from the grief she was going through, and now it was crossing over to being unreasonable. ‘You have your entire life to face the ugly press. For now, let him handle it,’

Kim Hyunseok’s eyes were following Namjoon throughout the ceremony. Finally he rounded the boy at the end of the room.

‘Kim Namjoon,’ he said sternly. ‘How are you?’

‘I’m… fine,’ Namjoon said, wondering where this conversation was going to lead to. He tried to maintain eye contact with Lord Kim, tried to not let him intimidate him.
‘You came here alone?’ Hyunseok asked him.

‘Yes. As you know my parents are muggle. They have no association’

‘Cut the bullshit, where is my son hiding? He’s at your house isn’t he?’

Namjoon’s mouth hung open in shock and panic crept into every nerve of his body. Jin wasn’t home? Then where the hell was he?!

‘You’re smarter than him, aren’t you Namjoon?’ Hyunseok said. ‘Tell him to come back home. I already accepted you two, I told him you two can live with us. You can live an amazing and comfortable life at the Kims. You can see why that’s a good idea isn’t it? Will you talk to him?’

‘Mr. Hyunseok,’ Hawkworth had caught up to the man by now. ‘Forgive me but I don’t recall inviting you for this event meant for close family and friends only,’

Hyunseok cast the man a distasteful look, ‘You dare question me? You’ve become a slave to this family haven’t you?’

‘This is a place of mourning. We all know this is a joke to you but the members of this family have been through a lot so please be respectful and leave the premises immediately,’

‘I think he’s right,’ Namjoon said. ‘Please leave Mr. Kim,’

Hyunseok looked appalled, never in his life had he be spoken to this way. He curled his lips in and swiftly walked out of the door. As soon as he was out, the panic jumped out of Namjoon and he ran to find his friends.

The crowd started to thin out, with only the close family remaining. Laura saw one of her aunts from the Rosier side gesturing at her to come sit beside her. She had no option but to comply.

‘Laura,’ her aunt placed her hand on her knee. ‘Why don’t you come stay with us?’

‘Thank you Aunt Margaret, but I would like to stay here,’ she said flatly.

‘Here? In this lonely, cold Mansion?’ Her uncle joined in. ‘Don’t you think you’ll be happier in our home? With your cousins?’

‘I’ll be starting school again in a few months so I don’t think it should be a problem uncle,’ she said, trying to get up but her aunt pulled her back down.

‘Laura we are worried for you, you should stay with your family. Averil and Yoongi can’t stay with you, they have their own home. Why do you want to be alone here?’

‘My friends can stay with me if they like,’ Laura said, glancing at the sofa opposite them where Ash sat with Jungkook and Vanessa.

‘Oh right…’ they glanced at Jungkook, whom they had never seen before this mourning. ‘Your friends… who is that boy?’

‘He’s Jeon Jungkook,’ Laura said, trying to not sound angry at her aunt’s tone.

‘Oh.. Jeon,’ The aunt turned to her husband. ‘Which family is that? Is he a not from here?’

The uncle shrugged. ‘Never heard of the Jeon family,’
‘That’s because it’s a muggle family name uncle,’ Laura said, an eyebrow cocking. She wanted to laugh at the shocked looks her relatives gave her.

‘Oh… a muggle… a muggle family?’ Her aunt asked her like she felt she hadn’t heard her right.

‘Thank you for coming aunt Margaret, Uncle Philip,’ Laura this time pushed her hand away and stood up.

‘Please Laura, take some time and think about it,’ her aunt was relentless. ‘You’ll be happy with us. Besides, you are all that’s left of my late brother,’

‘No, I’m staying here where I belong,’ Laura said. ‘I am the head of the Dracwyn house now,’

At that, she saw Hawkworthe walk towards her, bearing that same look like he needed to tell her something. ‘Miss Dracwyn, we need to have a word,’

‘We?’

‘Yoongi and yourself, with me,’

Laura looked at him with doubt but nodded, leaving everyone in the hall and headed upstairs.

‘What is this about Mr. Hawkworthe?’

‘I saw how tenacious the press was today,’ their family lawyer said. ‘And they will continue crowding you all with questions until they have all the answers,’

‘We will simply not answer them,’ Yoongi shrugged.

‘It’s easier said than done Mr. Yoongi,’ Hawkworthe said. ‘These journalist can really drive someone up a wall, especially that roach, Rita Skeeter. No one knows where and how she obtains her information. It’s like she has invisible ears planted everywhere. They will constantly follow you around, ask you uncomfortable questions and it is quite possible that one can lose their cool and explode at them, something which will only show very negatively on us,’

‘Alright, what’s your solution to this?’ Yoongi asked.

‘There is no solution, other than to keep ourselves away from the public eye till this dies down. But.. there is another thing which I urgently wanted to discuss,’ Hawkworthe removed a purple envelope from his robes. They all saw the silver seal of the Dracwyn dragon on it.

‘By tradition, and out of respect I would wait a week to discuss this matter,’ Hawkworthe said. ‘But seeing as this situation is being poked at from the outside world, it’s best everything is in the light for the people concerned,’ his eyes lingered on Laura.

‘Hawkworth if this is about the succession, it can surely wait,’ Yoongi said. ‘Laura still has to finish school and then we can have a formal ceremony for her-’

‘I’m afraid it’s more complicated than that,’ Hawkworthe said. ‘It’s best you two know,’ he handed the envelope to Laura and had a sorrowful look on his face. Laura did not understand what was going on. What could possibly be in the letter.

She unsealed it, her hands slightly shaking out of nervousness and opened the letter. It was written by her grandfather. It’s was a letter to her aunt Averil.

‘But,’ Laura looked at Hawkworthe. ‘This is for aunt Averil,’
‘It concerns you,’ Hawkworth said. ‘Go on.’

Laura took a deep breath and put her eyes back on the parchment.

Dear Averil,

I write this to you because you will be wondering why I have sent all those documents to you, and why this step was necessary.

In the past few months, your niece, grows up to be stronger and more determined, something I would be fiercely proud of, but unfortunately she has chosen the wrong path to exhibit those qualities. I’m afraid she is straying away from what I have brought her up to be, from what I have envisioned the future of our family to be. Our ancestors have worked hard, it is not an easy path, we all knew that from the very beginning but it is the path that has been laid out for all of us.

Laura is perhaps still young blooded. I had hoped she would be more like you at 17, but perhaps it will take a little longer for her to understand the importance and responsibilities of our noble house.

That is why I do not feel it wise that she should succeed after me in this unprepared manner. Her mother before her, let her emotions come in the way and tangled herself in a spiral that led to the demiseful state our bloodline is in. I cannot stand by and watch as another generation does that as well. Why has their priority changed from preserving their own blood to saving that of an outsider who should mean nothing to us, I fail to understand to this day.

Among all this, you have appeared wiser than most. And therefore, I submit this responsibility in your hands, that you, should the situation arise, act as my successor, until you see Laura as thoroughly fit to be the head of this house.

She has to fill in all the requirements needed of a head of the family, you are well aware of it all. She cannot compromise our social stature, she has to remain above her emotions, she has to keep this family as first priority before all her other beliefs. Only then can I trust her to carry this legacy forward.

Yes, the documents bearing this letter, is my altered will, which I find important to be shared right now, should my old age take over me soon. We Dracwyns never sugar coated our words, and even though it strains me to say this, but I am not as strong as I used to be. My youth is far behind me, and I like any old man am approaching closer and closer to the end, something we all will come to one day. It is as plainly as I can put it. I cannot leave matters to chance. If I am not there, I want you to be there to assure this family’s future. This is your greatest responsibility, though I pray things get better before you have the chance to act on it.

Father

Laura blinked, the cold hole in her chest was spreading… it was spreading so fast she felt her lungs would collapse. She threw the paper on the table and sank back in her chair. What did this mean? She had failed the Dracwyn name? She had failed her grandfather? Will she never inherit what her mother intended her to?

Yoongi read the letter in the meantime.

‘What?’ Yoongi said after finishing. ‘This… what exactly is this?’

‘This means,’ Hawkworth the said. ‘And I’m going to put it plainly, I do not mean to be insensitive. This means that Charles’ Dracwyn’s successor is his daughter Averil Min Dracwyn. Until Lady
Averil herself decides to name it all on Laura Dracwyn,’

‘So…’ Laura spoke finally. ‘So… I am not the heir. That’s what it is, isn’t it? May I ask when he made this change?’

‘Just after your Christmas Holidays. He was planning to tell you when you return home for the summer,’

Now she knew what had triggered her grandfather to do this. That group photo he found, of Laura with Jungkook, Jin, Taehyung, he despised all of them. She remembered his harsh and cruel words when he said she wasn’t fit to be a Dracwyn... and now she knows he actually meant it.

Forgive me. Her grandfather's last words resonated in her ears. This is what he was asking forgiveness for.

‘But this is not permanent,’ Yoongi said. ‘I’m sure mother will set things back in the same order-’

Hawkworth spoke. ‘It is fair to say that you know your mother but it would be unwise for any of us to assume what decision she would like to make. As her father’s last wish, I’m sure she would be more inclined to follow his instructions. But there’s another issue which has arisen from this. Our situation right now is extremely weak. Lord Dracwyn never anticipated a situation were Lady Averil would be incapacitated. He did not account for a situation where both he and the Lady would not be present. There is unrest amongst in the Dracwyn business. Kim Hyunseok… is in talks with some of the board members… he will be ready to buy most of the companies under the Dracwyn name, and if the board members see there is no one to lead them, they will give in, to secure their own business. We have to anyhow assure them that we are still heading towards profits and not losses,’

‘There must be some solution to this! If my mother cannot be present, someone else can be there, along with you. Send Laura-’

‘In Lady Averil’s absence, her heir is to take over,’ Hawkworthe looked hard towards Yoongi. ‘That is the procedure that is followed-,’ he paused seeing Laura push the chair back and stand up. She didn’t say anything and turned to leave.

‘Laura,’ Yoongi called her. ‘Where are you going?’

‘I am not needed here,’

‘But you should be here-’

‘Why? What do I have to contribute to all this? I’ll take my leave,’ and she exited before they all could say anything.

‘Maybe we should give her some time alone. So much has happened, she needs rest, she will be fine after that,’

‘No,’ Yoongi shook his head. ‘No it’s not about needing rest. Yes, she is upset. And shouldn’t she be?’ Yoongi picked up the letter, ‘After an entire lifetime of being told what she is meant to be, grandfather decides to just take it all out of her hands? She kept a strong face through these two days, because she knew it was her responsibility now, all of it. Can you even comprehend what she might be going through? This is the second time she’s lost a guardian, at the hands of the same enemy. She put her entire trust into grandfather’s hands, and now she gets to know that he doesn’t think she should succeed?’ He threw the letter on the table the same way she had. ‘Mr. Hawkworthe is there no way this will can be nullified? This is insane, we shouldn’t have to abide
by this,’
‘Wills are sealed by an unbreakable vow Mr. Yoongi, there’s nothing to be done except follow it, no matter how much we want to change it,’
‘I’ll go talk to her,’ Yoongi got up from his chair.

After knocking several times, Laura let him in. Their friends from the living room curiously glanced at what was happening.

Yoongi entered the room to find her Hogwarts trunk pulled out and she was throwing things in.
‘What are you doing?’ He asked.
‘I’m going back,’
‘School doesn’t start for a few months,’
‘Doesn’t matter. I’ll beg Filch to let me in,’ she locked the trunk hastily.
‘But why? Why do you want to leave in such a hurry,’
‘Because at this point Hogwarts might be more of a home to me than this mansion,’
‘You don’t meant that Lau-’
‘I don’t mean it? Or am I simply stating a fact? At least my name is still written on the students of 7th year. I’m going to be an adult in 10 days, which means this place will no longer be my home, unless it’s named to me. And it’s not named to me,’
‘We will change the name-’
‘Why? Grandfather certainly doesn’t think I’m worthy of this house, or anything else for that matter. Then I don’t want it. Maybe I was right all along… that I’m not truly a Dracwyn. That’s why the dragons didn’t come to me. Mother had to help call them… they didn’t come to me, they came to her. Meanwhile you found some all on your own. I guess it’s going how it should go, you are much better than me at handling all this,’
‘You are angry and upset-’
‘I need to leave this house,’ Laura said, dragging her trunk out of the room.

Yoongi didn’t stop her… he didn’t know what he could say to make her stay even if she was acting absolutely crazy and unreasonable, for now it looked like the best thing would be for her to get away from all this, maybe she’ll feel happier in Hogwarts.

‘Besides, there are other important matters at hand,’ she said.

Jungkook, Ash and Jimin saw her taking the trunk down the stairs with aghast faces, and so did the Rosiers.
‘What’s happening?’ Jungkook asked her.
‘I’m going to Hogwarts. I can’t stay here any longer, and Aunt Margaret is not going to leave me alone,’ she muttered as her dramatic aunt already started loudly questioning what was happening.
‘Wha- Ok, ok I’m coming with you,’ Jungkook said, choosing to ask an explanation later. Yoongi gave him a grateful look. Maybe in Jungkook’s company she wouldn’t slip further into her madenning sorrow. Laura walked out of the mansion, ignoring the calls from the Rosiers, avoiding the painting of her grandfather that was displayed for the memorial. She didn’t look back at her home even once as she stepped on the porch with Jungkook. She called her chauffeur and they sat in the car towards Kings Cross station. They rode silently for a while, taking the curve away from the Mansion. Jungkook folded his fingers over her hand and squeezed it lightly, while his other hand draped itself over her shoulder and his fingers softly stroked the side of her head. She slowly relaxed, leaning on his shoulder.

‘You’re in the eye of the storm now,’ Jungkook said. ‘Things will get better, I know it,’

‘It’s difficult to see that they will,’ her voice was scared. She was finally tired of fighting and putting a brave front. Jungkook’s presence melted her.

‘What happened exactly?’ He asked.

‘Grandfather has removed my name from the succession. He’s named my aunt as his successor,’

‘Why?’

‘He says I am not fit to be a Dracwyn. I don’t have what it takes,’

‘That can’t be true,’

‘It is true. I can see the signs didn’t lie,’

‘You mean the dragon ceremony when you were 7? That doesn’t prove anything,’

‘It does… it proved that the magic of my ancestors isn’t strong in my blood. It proves that my mentality is not the one that is required of a Dracwyn. No wonder my grandfather thinks my actions aren’t worthy of the family name,’

‘What actions?’ Jungkook asked. Laura tensed up a little again. What was she supposed to say? The truth was that he was the reason for her to removed from being the successor, it was because she refused to leave him.

‘Tell me?’

‘Because I’m friends with people my grandfather doesn’t like, including Taehyung and Jin, his enemy’s son. All these years, I have done exactly what he wanted. Behaved the way they said I should, speak the way they dictated. People think I have wealth for beautiful clothes and house elves to do all the chores but no one saw that we aren’t free. Yoongi struggles with it, I struggle with it, so does Jin. But we can’t let anyone see it. I did everything I could to be worthy of a Dracwyn… except this… this one thing. Was this one choice of my own heart so bad that he did this to me? He suddenly blanked out my future, told me I am not what I thought I was my entire life? Now I know why he apologised. In that last moment, he knew what he was doing to me,’ She blinked several times, getting teary eyed. Jungkook kissed the top of her head.

‘Your choice was not wrong. You have nothing to feel guilty about,’

‘Then why is this happening… I feel so… betrayed. Nothing I ever do is enough, then what is the point of it all’

‘It will be fixed. Your Grandfather was a great man but great men make mistakes too. And I think
he made one this time. It’s not your fault,‘

Laura sniffled, wiping the corners of her eye, 'It was not his time to die... not when we had such unresolved issues. It was not his time yet! I will not feel any kind of peace until I see Mulciber paying for what he's done,' she gritted her teeth.

'If you trust Taemin, know that he will do his job,' Jungkook said. 'You need to stop thinking about Mulciber. I know it's an impossible thing that I'm asking, but do it for me, please?'

Laura didn't respond to that.

'I wonder where Taehyung is,' Jungkook decided to divert the topic. 'I can’t stop thinking about it,'

‘You agree we should talk to Dumbledore and convince him to look for him don’t you?’ Laura said. She fiddled with the locket around her neck, it had burned her so badly that fateful night that she had a mark of it on her chest. Now it lay unresponsive, like Taehyung had disappeared. ‘I wish… I wish we could somehow spy on the enemy, know what their next move is-’

It happened too fast. Too fast for any of them to realize. First came the impact, forcing the breath out of their chests, then the screech of metal on tar and then the heat, unbearable, life consuming heat. All Jungkook saw was a bright yellow light blazing at him before passing out.

When his senses slowly came back to him, he could feel the hot, hard surface below him. He could feel sharp, intense pain shooting all over his body. He opened his eyes, everything was upside down. In front of him was debris, plates of black metal, and fire. Between all of it, he saw two women standing and talking, Laura had her back to his, the other, he could see her face, dark curly hair and hooded black eyes, hand pointed that crooked wand directly at Jungkook.

No...

He wanted to speak, to scream, to shout. But his throat wouldn’t function. His body wouldn’t move. He tried desperately, he knew he didn’t have much time. But nothing was working.

Laura’s voice faintly reached his ears as he saw her push Bellatrix’s wand down gently.

‘There’s no need for that,’ Laura said. ‘I’ll come with you if you give me a gift,’

Don’t go... stop...

But Laura took hold of Bellatrix’s arm and both disappeared into black smoke.

End Music : Jenny of Oldstone
Winds of Despair

Chapter Notes

Reminder warning of explicit violence, blood and gore.

Watch this if you wanna get some mood vibes Death Eaters - Everybody Wants to Rule the World

Mood Music Audiomachine - Rise of The Black Curtain

The cold draft from the deck blew towards Laura, making her wavy dark hair tickle her neck. She could hear the voice of the one she seeked coming from above and it made her heart thud in her ribcage.

‘Dracwyn,’ Bellatrix called her from top, ‘Your gift is here,’

Laura adjusted the sleeves of her black cloak and headed up the short wooden stairs.

All the death eaters were gathered on the deck, about 20 of them. It was dusk and everything was an eerie shade of blue in the last dying light of the sun. Below the main mast, she saw the tall and skinny frame of Mulciber, his red hair lying open on his shoulders, damp from the sprays of the sea. She gripped her wand tightly in her sleeved hand and calmly walked over to him. Mulciber was sneering at her, like he found all of this very entertaining and that boiled her blood.

‘Hello little Dracwyn,’ he grinned. ‘Run away from home is it? I heard your dear grandpapa’s ghost kicked you out of the house. Should I even call you Dracwyn anymore?’ he started to laugh.

Laura looked towards Bellatrix. So the dark witch had told him? Laura had expected her to play her mind games, but she wished she could get a peek at her schemes.

It doesn’t matter. Laura thought, not when Bellatrix promised to give her what she wants.

‘Amon Mulciber,’ Laura called his name and the man slowly stopped laughing, wondering how much longer they’ll play with the girl. ‘How dare you talk to me this way,’ she asked of him, to which Mulciber tried his best not to guffaw. ‘You, who should be begging for forgiveness from my family,’

‘Really now,’ the man ran a bony hand through his hair, ‘You need to get out of your imagination. You are nobody to me,’

‘I am the daughter of the two people who were killed because of you. You betrayed my mother’s trust, did you not?’

‘Yes I did,’ he smiled through his thin lips. ‘My grandfather told me of her little visit, with the silver haired boy. And so I asked your mother about it. I still remember how absolutely frightened she was when I confronted her, shivering and begging me on her knees that I don’t tell anyone. And I lied to her that I would oblige her dire request,’

Laura could feel her temples ache from how hard she was gritting her teeth. She took a deep breath.
in and tried to get her focus back. She would have what she wants soon. ‘Who killed them that night? My mother and father,’ Laura asked.

‘I don’t recall little girl,’ Mulciber teased. ‘There was so much chaos! And the Dark Lord was so angry at your mother,’ he babied his voice, looking down at her. ‘Might have been him, might have been me, because the moment the Aurors burst through the door, your mother dared to turn against us? She thought she could go free? No she-’

His wand whipped out of where he tucked it on his waist band and was in Laura’s grasp. Mulciber looked shocked for a moment but then started to chuckle again. ‘Oh, you think you can duel me huh?’ His gaze turned dangerous and he slowly took a step towards Laura. ‘You little-’

‘Incarcerous,’ Laura said and quickly waved her wand. The ropes hanging from the main mast whipped down and wrapped them around Mulciber’s middle. Laura pulled her wand down and the rope pulled Mulciber up a few feet, until he was hanging with his back arched, his upside down face looking at Laura in shock. Those panicked eyes now looked at Bellatrix.

‘Lestrange!’ He yelled, ‘This is not what you told me!’

‘She lied,’ Laura said in a dead-beat tone. ‘Just like you,’

‘Bellatrix you’re making a mistake!’ Mulciber yelled again.

‘Muldicer,’ Laura spoke to him. ‘You threw a dagger to my grandfather and murdered him, you killed him in his home. You betrayed my mother and father, you have a direct hand in their murder. It’s time for you to pay for what you’ve done to my family,’

Mulciber watched Bellatrix grinning at Laura, the madness shining in her eyes, like she was rejoicing in the violent turn the girl had taken. Laura’s face was that of cold rage, her purple eyes burning. But no… she wouldn’t have it in her to kill him, she was just a girl.

‘Go on,’ Bellatrix said to her, ‘Show me you mean it,’

Laura’s eyes slowly turned to Bellatrix. ‘Give him a clean death? That would be mercy. I didn’t come here to offer mercy,’

‘Bellatrix you can’t!’ Mulciber shouted. ‘Carrow! Avery!’ he looked around frantically, ‘End this right now! This joke has gone too far!’

But the rest of them wouldn’t go against their leader, and he could see some of them curiously looking at Laura, waiting to see what actually unfolds.

Laura pointed her wand at him.

‘Sectumsempra,’

Mulciber screamed as the flesh on his body tore open, from the side of his shoulder to his hip, a diagonal split to his torso. Bloody guts spurted out through the bone deep gash and blood through his mouth, but Laura didn’t stop yet. Her wand moved again, duplicating the gash two more times until his entire body ran with crimson lines. Mulciber continued to screech through the pain and Laura pulled the rope higher, letting him hang in the air. The blood dripped down in drops, seeping into the wooden floored deck.

‘P-please,’ Mulciber’s hoarse voice begged of her. ‘Please, I’m sorry, let me go, please,’
Laura looked at him unflinchingly, ‘I wanted you begging me for your life,’
‘I beg of you… I’ll do anything,’ Mulciber was barely able to speak.
‘And then I wanted to burn you to the bone,’ Laura said, wand pointed at him again. ‘Incendio,’
The Death Eaters looked with awe at Laura and then back at Mulciber. His body caught the
flames, making him a ball of fire in the purple sky and his ear wrenching screams resumed, sending
chills down everyone’s spine. Laura’s eyes were still on Mulciber’s bleeding and burning body
hanging off the mast.
‘Very good Dracwyn,’ Bellatrix smiled at her, ‘Very good indeed,’
Once the screams died behind the fiery orange flames, Laura turned around to walk back below the
ship.
*
Kim Jiyeon waited in the corridor outside Hogwarts Great Hall, wringing one hand over the other
in anxiousness while Filch looked at her suspiciously.
‘Miss I don’t think the Headmaster is set to return soon,’ the caretaker said as he stroked Mrs.
Norris in his arms.
‘He has to. Send him an urgent memo, you have one of those don’t you,’ Jiyeon said.
‘Not unless you tell me what the emergency is,’ Filch raised his eyebrows but to Jiyeon’s
momentary relief, she saw the white haired headmaster walking into the main corridor.
‘Jiyeon, I thought I’d find you here,’ he said, ushering her in and dismissing Filch with a wave of
his hand. The caretaker grimaced and left.
‘Dumbledore, tell me you know where he is!’ Jiyeon immediately cried as she ran towards him.
‘I know who took him,’ Dumbledore said gravely. Jiyeon felt her blood run cold.
‘Who?’
‘The alchemists,’
‘No… no!’ Jiyeon halted. ‘You said you would protect him Dumbledore!’ she yelled, ready to
shake the headmaster in fury. ‘Where is he? I will rescue him from there, I will go and-’
‘The location is hidden Jiyeon,’ Dumbledore said. ‘I’m trying my best to find out. I was at
Nicholas Flamel’s old house, hoping to find some clue about alchemists’ headquarters. But nothing
so far,’
‘And what about his friends? Where are they now?’
‘In their homes. You are aware of the danger that Park Jimin and Kim Seokjin face. They need to
stay under the protection of their homes,’
‘And Laura Dracwyn?’ Jiyeon asked. ‘She’s in her house?’
‘Yes,’ Dumbledore nodded. ‘Her grandfather was killed in a fight with the Death Eaters who came
for your son. Her family is in shambles right now, we must-’
'But she might be able to figure out where my son is!' Jiyeon said with some hope.

Dumbledore’s eyes narrowed, ‘How would she know?’

‘She and Taehyung share the locket that I and Amelia used to wear. It works like a compass to the one it belongs, alerting one of the other. We need to go to her Dumbledore! It’s the only way,’

* 

_Mood Music Ramin Djawadi - You Have a Choice_

Taehyung could hear faint noises. He didn’t know what it was, he didn’t know night from day or dream from reality as he slipped into unconsciousness more often than he stayed awake. His body still burned with pain, his every breath laboured.

The noises drew closer, maybe he was awake indeed.

He saw an orange light and shadows formed outside his cage. Slowly, he tried to move towards the metal bars but his chains wouldn’t let him, they rattled and pulled him back painfully. His eyes adjusted to the light and he saw Serafin unlocking his cage. He moved back to the wall and she entered, elegantly sitting across him and Taehyung noticed what was sitting on her shoulder.

‘Hello Taehyung,’ the raven’s eyes shined red in the light.

Taehyung couldn’t help the anger that rose inside him. But even with those strong emotions, his body had no strength.

‘I’m sorry we are keeping you this way,’ Abraxas’ sweet voice spoke to him. ‘I wish things were different,’

‘You l-lied to me… a-all along,’ Taehyung’s voice shivered in exhaustion. ‘Y-you used me,’

‘I did,’ Abraxas said plainly. ‘I had to get what I wanted, what I’ve waited for, for 800 years,’

Taehyung knew it was useless asking, but he had to… as a last ray of hope. ‘You will have y-your stone…’ Taehyung’s teeth gritted in the pain. ‘But c-can you promise me one thing?’

‘What is it?’

‘L-Leave my friends… and family. Don’t harm them, please… I’m b-begging you,’

‘Well, poor Taehyung,’ Abraxas sounded almost apologetic, ‘I’m willing to give that to you, in the capacity I can. If your friends and family choose to rise against me, I will have no choice but to trample them down. If they stay out of my way, then they are safe!’

‘And… what about Jin?’

‘Ah…’ Abraxas’ voice was suddenly happy. ‘Jin… Kim Seokjin. Him, I cannot let go,’

Taehyung felt his heart clench.

‘You will help me bring him here you know,’ Abraxas said. ‘I made a clear and profitable offer to him, and he refused. So instead this is the deal I gave him, your body and your freedom, for his,’

Taehyung felt himself break even further, as if he hadn’t already been broken into a hundred shards.
'Please… don’t,’ he cried. ‘Let him be. You have me,’

‘I cannot grant this wish of yours Taehyung,’ Abraxas said, his tone clearly showing that he was enjoying this torture. ‘I wish I could, but I cannot,’

Taehyung hung his head low, fists clenching.

‘But your father wants to speak to you,’ Abraxas said. ‘I can grant that much to both of you,’

Serafin looked out of the cage and nodded at two guards who wound Taehyung in more enchanted chains and a collar and took him out of the cell.

He was dragged over some distance and the barred gates were opened again. The guards placed him on the floor. From the ball of fire in Serafin’s hand, Taehyung could see the face of his father, almost unrecognisable with exhaustion. His cheeks had sunken in, leaving his face bony. His grey eyes looked up at the sound and some life came back to it when he saw his son.

‘Taehyung… you’re here,’

‘I am,’ Taehyung said and looked at Serafin. ‘Can I please have a moment alone with him?’

‘I don’t think so,’ Serafin said. ‘Speak whatever you need to in front of us,’

‘Please…’ Taehyung begged again. ‘He’s my father. Give us this much, please,’

‘Let them be Serafin,’ Abraxas said. ‘They’re too weak to act. Besides the guards will be here at a distance to keep an eye on them. He knows what can happen if he upsets us again,’

Serafin nodded and moved away, leaving the ball of fire in the middle of the father and son.

Martaeus lifted his head up, ‘They caught you huh?’

‘They did,’ Taehyung tried to smile apologetically. ‘I should’ve listened to you. I’m sorry for all that I said that day…’ Taehyung looked at how Martaeus was bound, how many stones were punctured into him and knew exactly how much pain he was in. ‘You’re in this state because of me, aren’t you,’

‘No… this is all my fault. This is all because I couldn’t be a better father. A better human. You were right, I can never be your father, I don’t deserve that,’

‘Your heart was in the right place,’ Taehyung said. ‘You tried to protect me more than once, like a father would,’

Martaeus felt a little warmer hearing those words. Taehyung had still not called him his father directly and how could he? Their relationship wasn’t anywhere near that of a parent and child. In their entire life, they hadn’t spent even 15 minutes together without it bursting into a violent fight. Still, Martaeus had cared for Taehyung in his own way, and maybe the boy could finally feel some of it.

‘What is going to happen to us?’ Taehyung asked.

‘They’re going to create the stone. We have to submit to them Tae,’ he said. ‘We cannot escape the Alchemists anymore, but that doesn’t mean you can’t have a future. Make a future with them,’

‘With them?’ Taehyung asked incredulously. ‘All these years you tried to keep me away from them-’
And I failed. I failed terribly. Looked at the state we’re in. If we fight, our family dies… your mother… Jiyeon, I know she will come for you but she is not strong enough to face so many of them. If you submit, you’ll live, she’ll live. Be with them and see that they don’t make this world worse than what it is now. Be the voice of reason in this new world Abraxas builds,’

‘And what about you?’ Taehyung asked.

‘I don’t know how much life I have left in me,’ Martaeus chuckled. ‘Creating the stone might just use the last of the life force from me,’

‘No!’ Taehyung struggled against his chains. ‘You can’t… don’t say that, please,’

Martaeus knew the truth. He knew he had no future. Abraxas was not going to give him fourth chance. He will either die creating the stone or will be executed right after. He wished he would somehow die before all of it but Abraxas was cruel. That being made sure Martaeus would live until he had what he wants from him.

Mood Music Ramin Djawadi - Be With Me

But maybe his son didn’t need to know that. He needed his son to live, to see more of life, to see new places. He knew that if Taehyung played by their rules, they will give him some share of their power, a second chance. Serafin had convinced him that much. His son looked utterly broken right now, Martaeus didn’t know what had taken to bring him here, what Taehyung had lost. He couldn’t give any further despair to his son.

‘Well, maybe I’ll live,’ Martaeus smiled. ‘We can live together here then. Under Abraxas, be the voices of reason together,’

‘Do you mean it?’ Taehyung’s eyes were wet and a thick tear leaked down his cheek. ‘Please, you have to stay strong, and stay alive. Don’t disappear a second time, please,’

‘I promise,’ Martaeus lied. ‘But for that, you need to promise me something too,’

Taehyung sniffed and looked at him ‘What is it?’

‘You’re blaming yourself for something aren’t you?’ Martaeus asked. ‘What is it?’

‘I…” Taehyung exhaled. ‘I always put the people who protect me in danger. Serafin destroyed my friend’s home, nearly killed his mother, because she wanted me. I don’t deserve all the things my friends do for me, I don’t deserve any of it. I attacked my friend Jin, almost killed others because I let Abraxas take me over,’

‘Those weren’t your actions Tae, that was all Abraxas. Stop blaming yourself for any of that,’

‘No… All I’ve brought to people, including you, is pain. I am not worth anything and people still put themselves in danger for me,’

‘They do that because they’re right, and you are wrong in this matter,’ Martaeus said. ‘You are worth everything Taehyung. Remember when I told you I kept an eye on you over the years? You have such good friends because of your pure heart. Or they wouldn't be risking it all for you. They know you, perhaps better than you know yourself right now. They see your kindness, they love you for the friendship you’ve given them. So promise me this,’ Martaeus shifted an inch closer. ‘You will not blame yourself for what happened. Blame Abraxas, this is all his doing, not yours. You will live with hope, I want to see you make something of yourself, and know that you deserve whatever your friends and family are doing for you,’
Taehyung looked at him with tears in his eyes. He wished with all his might that he could hug his father just once.

‘Do you promise me this Taehyung? Promise me all of this,’ Martaeus asked.

‘Yes,’ Taehyung whispered, feeling like he had seen a ray of hope after an eternity in the form of his father’s support, ‘I promise,’

*

There were distant noises… incoherent words, clatter of metal on porcelain, footsteps coming in and going out.

‘I think he’s waking up,’

He knew that voice…

‘Get the healer. Quickly,’

He knew that voice too.

Jungkook tried to open his eyes. They felt so heavy… like they were glued together. It was so difficult… maybe he should go back to sleep… maybe he should-

The images came back to his mind like a forceful wind. The shattering of glass, the fire, the heat on his face. He was tumbling… tumbling with her… and the next thing he knew, she had gone away with Bellatrix.

Jungkook forced his eyes open, the white bulb overhead making him squint immediately. He looked to his side and saw his mother’s relieved face. She looked like she was going to cry. Behind her the windows were dark. How much time had passed? Another woman in white robes came in, immediately checking on Jungkook’s pulse, his breathing, his eye motion. His friends were lining up behind the healer, Yoongi right in front of them, the dragonbone bow hooked on his shoulder like he was ready for a fight if anyone tried to attack them again. As soon as the healer left after nodding to his mother, Yoongi came forward.

‘What did you see?’ Yoongi asked earnestly. ‘What happened? Where did she go?’

Jungkook tried to speak, his throat was still as dry like when he had tried to call her back. Slowly, his chapped lips moved and he spoke in a croaked whisper.

‘Bellatrix,’

Yoongi shook his head violently, he looked like he would cry too. He let out a frustrated yell as he kicked the nightstand.

‘How are you honey?’ His mother sat next to him before anyone else started to pester her son with further questions. ‘Here, have some water,’

Jungkook drank thirstily from the glass of water he was offered.

‘Are you hungry? How’s your head? Any pain anywhere?’

‘My body hurts,’ Jungkook said, ‘but it’s nothing unbearable,’

‘Jungkook,’ Jimin came to him. ‘The aurors want to talk to you. Please be careful of what you say
to them. You can request to delay the interrogation if you aren’t up to it,

Namjoon stormed in then, bearing a foreboding look.

‘What’s wrong?’ Ash asked but Namjoon stopped short seeing Jungkook’s mother. She was already immensely worried seeing Jungkook’s condition and he didn’t want to make the situation worse.

‘It’s nothing, how are you Jungkook?’ Namjoon walked towards him.

‘Mum,’ Jungkook looked at his mother as if he sensed Namjoon’s hesitation. ‘Can I talk to my friends alone please?’

‘But sweetheart you’ve just woken up, it can wait-’

‘Please mum,’ Jungkook tried to keep a firm tone. ‘This is important to all of us,

His mother’s doe eyes looked worried but she left them momentarily.

‘What is it?’ Everyone was dying to know from Namjoon.

‘Jin…’ Namjoon said in panicked fear. ‘He’s missing,’

They all burst into various exclamations of disbelief.

‘He ran away from home, the night we all got back. His father thought he’ll come to me but… I have no news from him since he dropped me home from King’s Cross. He hadn’t even replied to the memorial invite Laura sent him,’

‘So we have 3 of us missing. One is with Abraxas. One is with Bellatrix and we have no idea if Jin is safe or not,’ Jimin looked like he’ll pull his hair out anytime. ‘What the fuck are we supposed to do now?’

‘Listen,’ Hoseok glanced towards the door. ‘I know how the ministry works… they want complete control over any situation. It’s been two days and none of the Aurors have come close to catching any death eaters even after 3 attacks. Have you seen the Daily Prophet? The people are furious, demanding results or Fudge’s resignation. And it’s not possible that they’re going to ignore the absence of Taehyung’s mother. It doesn’t take a genius to at least have a suspicion that we all are trying to hide something,’

‘What are you saying?’ Ash looked at him thoughtfully.

‘Everything is too twisted right now. They can drag Yoongi and Laura into a death eater scheme. They are going to hunt down Tae’s mother. And I think the Ministry’s first step would be to put us all under lockdown,’

‘Are you serious!’ Ash has goosebumps over her skin.

‘I think Hobi is right,’ Namjoon nodded. ‘They’ll say we all need to be under the Ministry’s protection. Any attempt that Tae, Jin or Laura make to contact us, they’ll know of it. I don’t want the Ministry finding them without understanding the truth and harming them,’

Yoongi was silent throughout. He felt he had lost the ability to process anymore further information. His mother was battling for her life, his grandfather murdered, his sister missing. Nothing made sense to him anymore. Life made no sense.
‘We… we have to get away then,’ Ash spoke up. ‘If they keep us under their watchful eye, they’ll find out about Jimin’s lycanthropy. The full moon is less than a fortnight away,’

‘Yes we have to. We have to get away from the public eye,’ Namjoon nodded.

‘But…’ Jungkook looked towards the door, ‘You… you saw how my mother was right now. I can’t do this to her. If I disappear… and if we don’t come back for a while, what are our parents going to do? They are already worried sick because of the Death Eaters running lose. We aren’t going on an easy journey. We’re going to get our friends away from You Know Who’s minions and centuries old powerful alchemists,’

‘We either go, or we sit helplessly under the ministry,’ Namjoon said. ‘It’s not an easy decision Jungkook, I know how you feel-’

‘I’m going.’ Yoongi finally stood up and spoke, his lilac eyes burning on his pale face. All eyes turned to him. ‘I understand if any of you don’t want to, but I’m going. Alone if I have to. They killed my grandfather. They burned my mother. I need to get Laura away from them. And… if we don’t intervene, don’t forget what happens. They’ll be successful in creating the stone. Taehyung may have gone with them but I know he doesn’t want this,’

‘Jungkook there are only two ways to do this,’ Ash said, coming to the point even if it was bitter. ‘Either you disappear right now, or you meet your mother… and obliviate or confound her strongly,’

Jungkook looked at her, his big doe eyes slowly turning dark, hard and resolute and he got off the bed, ignoring the pain his injuries shot through his back. ‘Where do I meet you all?’

‘Dracwyn mansion gate,’ Yoongi said. ‘We all know the location. We should be able to apparate there and then I can take you all to a safe house,’

‘I’ll apparate there when they take me back home,’ Jungkook said, ‘Please send my mom in?’

Hoseok turned to him, wrapping his hand around the younger’s wrist, ‘You sure you can do this?’

Jungkook nodded, ‘I have to,’

And they left the room.

When Jungkook’s mother came in, he told her he does not want to talk to the Aurors right now. All he wanted was to go home with her and the Aurors could see him tomorrow. His mother understood, knowing her son must be in trauma after Laura’s disappearance. She didn’t like the ministry officials breathing down their necks either. Luckily, they had a lawyer appointed, thanks to Jimin’s quick thinking and Hawkworthe’s quick connections. And the lawyer won the argument saying they couldn’t risk Jungkook going into a shock by reliving the moments so soon.

On the way back home, a ministry car with 2 aurors followed them, to see them safely to their destination. As Jungkook held his mother’s hand, he smiled, saying how happy he was to come back home to his father and older brother and she hugged him, unaware of the wand pointed towards her head. Jungkook’s heart thudded against his ribs, his fingers cold with fear, dread and the weight of what he had to do. He closed his tearful eyes tight and whispered, ‘Confundus,’

When the car was stopped midway by the Aurors, they found Mrs. Jeon alone on the backseat, telling them she’s getting late for a train to Paris.

*
Laura walked around Bellatrix’ blackwood cabin. Unlit candles stood on the table in pools of old wax next to ink bottles and old quills. She wondered from whom the Death Eaters had taken this ship. She was to stay here, under the watchful eye of the dark witch. something like a black box caught her attention, tucked below Bellatrix’ pillow on the bed by the wall. She slowly walked towards it but before she could lift the pillow to take it, the door opened and Laura straightened herself.

‘That was remarkable,’ Bellatrix said as she entered. ‘I knew you had it in you, like your grandfather. I lost three of my followers that night, Mulciber said your grandfather killed them,’

‘He did,’ Laura said.

‘I wondered if it’s true, that some qualities skip a generation. Your mother was never violent… she used to run away from it, used to say we should talk it out… we should forgive,’ Bellatrix grimaced. ‘She wasn’t like her father. Do you know your grandfather used to use fire as punishment too? Did he ever tell you of his glory days?’

‘You mean Grindelwald’s war?’

‘Yes,’ Bellatrix grinned. ‘My parents spoke of it often, how he supported Grindelwald during the first years of the 40 year old war. It was because of him that Grindelwald secured such a strong foothold and created the Nurmengard Castle. I believe my parents worshipped your grandfather… that was until he married and turned into a coward. You Dracwyns always have one foot in and one out the door, stepping away the moment the heat turns up,’ she stepped closer to Laura, eyeing her carefully. ‘Are you going to do that too? You didn’t fight back when I came for you. I thought I would have to duel you and that mudblood boy to death,’ she whispered in Laura’s ears.

Laura turned her eyes to the witch, ‘I did not fight because there’s nothing left for me there. I tried walking on my mother’s path, and I lost everything. So why should I continue a losing fight?’

‘And what do you expect to gain here?’ Bellatrix circled her closely. ‘You’ve hated us all this time,’

‘I have. But there’s one thing I’ve sought above all else. Power,’

Bellatrix smiled behind Laura’s shoulder.

‘It was taken from me,’ Laura continued. ‘I don’t even have the home I grew up in. The ministry could never catch my parents killers. Here, I served them the justice they longed for,’

‘And you want more of it…’ Bellatrix said.

‘Yes. I want to be able to do whatever I want. And the Dark Lord has always wanted my bloodline to support him,’ Laura looked at Bellatrix. ‘The Dracwyns are as old as the Blacks and the Slytherins. You know that too,’

‘Yes,’ Bellatrix nodded, ‘We come from bloodlines older than the founders of that wretched school. We established empires of magic before everybody else. Don’t you wish things go back to how they were centuries ago? When we ruled the lesser creatures,’

‘I have often thought of that,’ Laura said. ‘Where we don’t hide, we aren’t afraid… but people fear us, as it rightfully should be. Because we are more powerful, not them. The rules are not for us,’
Bellatrix loomed in front of her face, black eyes boring into hers, trying to know her mind. She knew it wouldn’t be of much use, every pure blood aristocrat is trained in occlumency by their parents or personal trainers. They couldn’t afford to roam around with their mind being like an open box. But all she got from Laura was a sense of truth. She was guarding her mind but she wasn’t lying.

‘If you prove yourself worthy,’ Bellatrix said, ‘And loyal, I will make sure The Dark Lord rewards you worthy. A Black and a Dracwyn at his side, it would be the most ideal thing, don’t you agree?’

Laura looked like she was imagining it all and slightly nodded. ‘Do you mean it?’ she asked. ‘Will I have freedom to act as I want with the power I have?’

‘Yes,’ Bellatrix said. ‘We will rule over the filthy mudbloods, we will make the rules… But only if you obey me,’

‘You intend to bring the Dark Lord back?’ Laura asked.

‘Yes, and that is why I seek the Philosopher’s Stone,’ Bellatrix replied. ‘You will help me get it, won’t you?’

‘How will you get it though? I heard the alchemists are strong. They have all four elkyres now, it’s not easy to defeat them,’

‘We need a big, powerful army, and I have something I can use to make a deal with this Abraxas,’

‘What is it?’

‘Before that,’ Bellatrix stopped circling Laura and stood in front of her, ‘If you really are loyal to me, then give me that locket around your neck,’

Laura’s eyes widened slightly but Bellatrix grinned at the sliver of panic in them. She stretched her hand out, waiting for Laura to obey, ‘It will be a gift to me, like the one I gave to you,’

The girl hesitated but slowly took her hands up to pull the chain over her head. Reluctantly she handed the four petalled locket to Bellatrix who quickly closed her palm around it.

‘That was my mother’s,’ Laura said, ‘Why do you want it?’

‘You know why I want it. Then why do you ask me,’ Bellatrix cocked her head to the side. ‘Are you really loyal to me?’

‘I am,’

‘Then tell me what’s the function of this,’ Bellatrix held the locket up.

Laura chewed the inside of her cheek, ‘It will tell you were Kim Taehyung is. He has the other pair, they act like compasses,’

The grin widened on Bellatrix’s face, ‘Good girl. And don’t worry, you’ll have it back,’ Bellatrix put the locket in her own pocket, ‘once you finish the first task for me,’ and she beckoned her to the deck.

It was dawn when they came back up to the deck. Laura saw passengers being pulled up from boats and then she realised they weren’t passengers, they were captives. Some eight of them,
looking young and strong but bound in chains and they looked bruised and feverish. Laura’s eyes widened, seeing identical bite marks on their arms and neck. Behind this line, their captor climbed up, a tall, broad man with matted golden hair and yellow eyes.

‘I grow impatient Bellatrix,’ the captor said. ‘We want the boy before this full moon. I heard what’s happening out there, Greyback has not been careful of his hunts, drawing so much attention to us. I want that boy before the ministry closes on him,’

‘Greyback has recruited thrice the amount you have Dromon,’ Bellatrix looked at the bound prisoners. ‘I’m not worried about him,’

‘We recruit only the best,’ Dromon said. ‘And our condition still stands, if we don’t get the boy, we don’t fight for you,’

‘Well then, I have something to make things easier,’ she gestured with her hand towards Laura. ‘I’m sure the wolf pup will not say no to his friend,’

Dromon looked at Laura up to down.

‘Laura dear, where would the wolf boy be right now?’

Laura gulped, her mind trying to figure out the timeline of events.

‘Last I saw him in Dracwyn Mansion. He may be there, or he would’ve gone home,’

‘Are you sure they won’t go around looking for you?’ Bellatrix asked.

Laura thought for a few moments, of course they would. They were already planning to find out where Taeyung was and bring him back. They weren’t going to sit still. ‘It’s possible,’

‘Since you know your friends best, I think you should lead them to what they seek,’ Bellatrix pushed her towards Dromon. ‘Take them to your friend Park Jimin, and if you don’t manage to bring him here Dromon can hand you over to Greyback, how’s that?’

Laura shot her a hard glare, ‘I’m not a toy Bellatrix. Don’t forget, you and I are not ordinary, that my blood should be wasted by werewolves,’

‘But loyalty is most important to me,’ Bellatrix said. ‘And you need to prove yourself to me,’ she took a step back. ‘First take these prisoners to the brigs below. And then do as Dromon commands you,’

Laura curled her lips in but obeyed. With a smirk, Dromon handed her the bloodied chain that pulled the bitten prisoners forward and Laura lit her wand and took them below deck.

**Mood Music: Ramin Djawadi - Hear Me Roar**

The guards to the cells opened the first few cages and Laura stuffed them into two of them.

‘Please miss, tell us what is going on? Where are we?’

‘Please,’ one of them cried. Laura looked at the boy who spoke, he looked young, barely thirteen. ‘Please, some water, I’m burning,’

‘Shut up,’ Laura snapped at the boy. ‘Don’t make a noise if you don’t want to be scourged,’

‘Laura?’
That familiar voice sent a shiver down her spine. She looked towards the end of the brig where the voice had come from. Was she hallucinating?

Slowly she walked closer, her wand lighting each empty cage until she saw a man inside the last one… a familiar man.

‘Jin…’ she whispered. She saw his eyes covered with something black. His clothes were stained with soil and grease, cracks showing beneath the collar of his expensive shirt. Something like a card from a playing deck peeked from the pocket of his pants. The Ace of Spades. Laura remembered the artefact from when Jin had shown it to them in the clubroom at Hogwarts as they thought of ways to defeat Abraxas. It seemed like a lifetime ago, when they all were naive enough to think they could protect themselves.

Jin smiled, ‘It’s really you,’ he crawled closer to the door on his knees. ‘Laura, you’re here?’

Laura moved a step away from the bars.

‘Laura?’ he called out again.

‘I am here,’ she said. The prisoners cried out again from the front.

‘Shut up!’ Laura clanged the metal bars. ‘Shut up before I sew your mouths,’

‘Who are they?’ Jin asked, ‘I smell blood,’

‘Werewolf recruits,’ Laura said dispassionately. ‘I assume more will be coming. So, Bellatrix managed to imprison you?’

The smile faltered from Jin’s lips. ‘Laura, I saw… I saw your grandfather is dead. I feel like how I felt in my comatose… I can see more now. Maybe because my eyes can’t see anymore,’

‘What else did you see?’

‘I saw where Taehyung is… how much pain he’s in,’

‘Nothing compared to the pain he’s given me,’ she bit out bitterly.

Jin didn’t say anything for a few moments, his mouth moving wordlessly in deep thought. Finally he found his grounding, ‘You’ve… you’ve really turned…’

‘There’s no point fighting a losing battle,’ Laura said.

Jin huffed a little, ‘I should’ve… I should’ve seen this coming. The way you let Tae get mistreated by your house for three years, how every solution of yours included violence. In fact I did see it. I saw you,’ his voice changed slightly, becoming firm. ‘I saw you standing between fire, but you didn’t burn… You revered in it… Those screams I heard some hours ago, was that your doing? That was Mulciber wasn’t it?’

‘Yes, I gave my family’s killer what he deserved. It felt good to watch him burn,’

Jin slumped back, his voice turning hopeless. ‘You fooled us all very well then Dracwyn,’

‘You don’t know what I’ve been through,’ Laura said. ‘I’ve chosen a side. Sadly you have no sides to choose. Abraxas will take you over when Bellatrix gives you to him. Hopefully you’ll see one friend before your mind disappears forever,’
‘Who?’

‘Jimin. I’m bringing him here,‘

‘Don’t do that Laura, please… please I beg you,‘

‘Beg all you want. Do you really think I’ll turn soft?’

‘Then will you do one thing for me?’ Jin asked. ‘When you see Jimin, remind him of what I said,’

‘And what is that?’

‘There is no wrong choice,’

*

Yoongi, Namjoon and the rest apparate out of St Mungos visitor’s lounge and find Jungkook waiting for them outside the Dracwyn gates. Yoongi had no time to retrieve anything, they knew the Aurors would be here soon, seeking Jungkook. All of them held hands, turning into smokes of various dark and light colors and within seconds, they were in an alley of a busy muggle street in south west London.

The quiet atmosphere they had come from was suddenly full of the sound of traffic, cars and buses of the morning office hours honked at a crossing outside the alley.

Yoongi felt around the brick wall, searching for the stone that will open the door to the safe house as he stepped between the mice and strewn garbage. Finally, feeling one of the bricks move beneath his finger, he tapped it with his wand.

Like the pathway to Diagon Alley, the bricks started to shift to reveal a door. Yoongi swiped the tip of his wand over a brass slit next to the door knob and it opened with a creak. The seven of them walked into the dark house that smelled of dust.

‘Lumos,’ Jimin lit his wand. They were in a house, unused since a very long time. The windows were drawn shut. All the furniture lay covered. They could make out some chairs and a piano to the side.

Yoongi didn’t speak to anyone and walked into one of the rooms. The rest were left on their own to figure out how to make the place liveable.

Now that they finally had a moment to breathe, the dread took over Jungkook. He silently sat on one of the dusty couches in the corner, hands clasped together until the tears started flowing down when he thought of his family and how they would never know what happened to him if he never made it back. Quietly, he sniffled, wiping his cheeks on the back of his hand feeling completely overwhelmed by what was happening.

Namjoon tried and failed three times to get the fire burning.

‘Let me do it,’ Ash said and Namjoon gave up, walking away from all of them, as far as possible because he felt like his throat was closing up.

*Where was Jin… Who had taken him? Was he with the Death Eaters… or with the Alchemists?*

The thought was driving him crazier than anything ever had. Namjoon wouldn’t bear it if anyone laid as much as a finger on Jin. He had to find him no matter what it took.
Namjoon clasped his hands tightly around the back of a wooden chair in the dining room. If Jin had run away from home, he just knew that Jin was heading towards Namjoon’s house. That’s what he had done during Christmas. He couldn’t believe Jin was taken from near his own home. It was killing Namjoon, the agony made him want to tear his insides out. He should’ve kept an eye out, he should’ve been alert. It felt to him that this was his fault. Jin would’ve been here, with them if only Namjoon had been more careful… Namjoon needed him here, and needed him safe.

It was a state of restless helplessness. Hoseok silently peered through the crack in the door of the room into which Yoongi had stalked off. The blonde boy sat on the bed there, slumped back facing the room door. He looked defeated, distressed and afraid. Hoseok had seen Laura’s breakdown the previous day and he feared Yoongi was heading towards one too.

He looked back towards the hall where Jungkook sat in a dark corner, crying silently. Namjoon seemed locked in his own despair too. Ash and Jimin were trying to be the functional ones, removing the covers off furniture, checking the kitchen and finding not even a grain of food or a drop of drinkable water. Hoseok quietly walked towards Jungkook and sat on the armrest of the couch. The younger hurriedly wiped the tears off his cheek.

‘When was the last time you ate?’ Hoseok asked him.

‘I don’t know,’ Jungkook said. ‘Yesterday at the memorial I think,‘

Hoseok stood up and went to Ash and Jimin, ‘We should get something to eat before we all faint of exhaustion. We need our energy if we need to be alert,’

‘Ok, some of us can go to the market around here and get some breakfast for the rest,’ Ash said. ‘But does anyone have any money? We’ll need muggle money,’

‘I have some,’ Namjoon broke out of his reverie and put his hands in his pocket, ‘It’s not much really,’

‘Can we sell our Galleons at a pawn shop?’ Hoseok asked, ‘They’re made of gold after all,’

‘Let’s see what we can do,’ Jimin said. ‘You should come with us,’ he looked at Hoseok and Namjoon, ‘I and Ash aren’t familiar with muggle places,’

‘Take Jungkookie with you,’ Hoseok said. ‘It will be nice for him to distract himself a little. I’ll stay here Yoongi,’

They all nodded. Jimin took Jungkook’s hand and tried to give him a reassuring smile. The two, along with Namjoon and Ash headed out to try their luck at some supplies.

Fortunately, their clothes did not look too out of place. They had ditched their long cloaks back at the safe house and now walked in the formal clothing they wore for the memorial.

‘Pawn shop, pawn shop,’ Namjoon muttered, trying to keep himself focused on the task at hand. He felt completely alone for a moment. In all the difficulties they had faced before, Jin had been on his side, like his other half on whom Namjoon could lean on without fail. Now he was alone, the oldest trying to take care of the rest.

‘Now I’m hungry,’ Ash rubbed her stomach. ‘All these places selling breakfast… they smell good,’

‘I can’t see a pawn shop here,’ Namjoon said. ‘We might have to go further. This place looks like it’s for the richer folk, we won’t find it here-’
They heard a blast from nearby and people yelling. All rushed to see a muggle building next to them on fire.

‘Do you think-’ but before Namjoon could complete the sentence, they saw swirls of black smoked moving from the burning building. This wasn’t just any smoke, these were death eaters in apparition.

‘It’s them! It has to be!’ Jungkook was by there side. ‘They have Laura. We have to go and do something, it’s our one and only chance,’

They rushed outside, apparating and following the trail of black smoke. Within seconds they were on the side of the River Thames where countless muggles had gathered. Alarms blared, people were running around in chaos for safety.

‘There!’ Ash pointed to the foot bridge in front of them. A group of dark cloaked and masked people stood in the middle while the muggles scurried around. They saw one of the large cloaked figures grab a muggle running past them and throw her down the bridge with his big muscular arm. The woman went down screaming until she splash into the water. The group hurried towards them, holding their wands out.

Mood Music Ramin Djawadi - Master of War

‘Bellatrix!’ Jungkook yelled out. ‘I know you’re here,’ he observed the group in front, some seemed to be death eaters, but most looked like monstrous half beasts… werewolves. ‘Where’s Laura? Return her to us,’

One of the grizzly large figures stepped forward, nasty blooded teeth grinning at the group of youngsters holding out their wand at him. They looked puny compared to him and his companions.

‘We’re here for the pup,’ the werewolf grinned at Jimin and Ash immediately shielded Jimin behind herself. She shot a hex at him and it hit him in the chest. The werewolf staggered back with a grunt, the spell left a burnt spot on his skin.

Another man stepped forward and the group recognised that werewolf from the dreadful night in the Forbidden Forest. ‘Come now,’ Dromon said. ‘We outnumber you. You can’t win so don’t even try. Unless you want to join us of course,’ he smiled. ‘All of you look juicy, we’re looking for new members to join our family,’ he spread his arms out.

Jimin squeezed Ash’s arm that was shielding him. His body was responding to the presence of other wolves, mind getting pulled towards the ones who were his kind.

But the group squared up, wands at the ready.

Dromon laughed and looked back at his pack, ‘She was right, these buggers don’t know when to give up,’

‘Hurry up Dromon, before Aurors get here,’ one of them said and so Dromon flicked his hand forward like he was calling someone ahead.

A girl stepped forward, her built very familiar. Jungkook slowly lowered his wand, a bit of relief mixed with confusion on his face as the girl’s mask smoked away.

‘Laura?’ Jimin whispered from behind them.

But Laura wasn’t smiling. Her face was hard, purple eyes cold with fury.
She stood in front of the death eaters and her friends were now hesitant to cast any hexes.

‘Jimin,’ she called out firmly. The boy slowly emerged from behind Ash, swallowing thickly. He was shivering, his body and mind fighting to stay or to be with other wolves.

Everyone looked from Laura to Jimin in confusion.

‘It’s time to go,’ Laura said to Jimin.

‘You can’t mean it!’ Ash took another step forward and to her horror, Laura raised her wand.

‘Not a step further,’ she said to her. ‘You know you can’t beat us, so don’t try.’

‘You can’t be serious,’ Namjoon was in utter disbelief.

‘Jimin, do you remember what Jin said? There is no wrong choice here,’

Those words sent a current through them all. Jin was with the Death Eaters? He had spoken to Laura? No one was able to decide if they should attack or not.

Jimin remembered Jin’s words very well. He remembered the conversation, the struggle he had told Jin about. There was no other way out. He didn’t completely understand it, but he trusted Jin with his life.

So he took a step forward, about to place his hand in Laura’s.

‘Jimin don’t!’ Both Ash and Jungkook lunged forward, hands outstretched to pull Jimin back but Laura was faster. She grabbed Jimin’s wrist and whipped her wand sharply. Jungkook and Ash were thrown back with a forceful impact, bodies scraping on the surface beneath them.

‘Good boy,’ Dromon whispered, his claw like fingers wrapping on Jimin’s shoulder. ‘Let’s go shall we?’

Jungkook saw Laura nod to him. This was unbelievable. Without a second glance to any of them, Laura raised her wand again, whipping it around and the whole bridge started to shake.

Ash stared hard at Jimin, and all he did was look back at her with glistening eyes until he dissolved to smoke with the Death Eaters. The bridge started to rise up from Laura’s spell and began to twist.

‘We need to leave!’ Namjoon shouted and grabbed Jungkook and Ash, the three of them apparating out as the bridge split in half and collapsed into the river.
Towards The Storm

View the short clip here

Power is a curious thing, who lives, who dies.

Power resides where men believe it resides. It’s a trick, a shadow on the wall.

And… a very small man can cast a very large shadow.


Mood Music Ramin Djawadi - Mereen

Jimin had asked the question of where they were headed to, but no one gave him an answer, not even his supposed friend Laura. She sat at the front of the boat they were on and heading towards what, Jimin had no idea.

After giving up his wand, he was made to sit between the other five wolves. Jimin could feel their presence pressing on him, he could feel the heaviness of their aura. Yet it pulled Jimin towards them, his mind told him this is where he belongs, like he had some sort of unexplainable (and unwanted) attachment to the other werewolves.

‘Laura,’ Jimin called her again. Only after a few moments did she turn around and look at him with dispassionate purple eyes.

‘We were worried sick about you,’ he said to her. ‘Yoongi, Jungkook, all of us,’

‘I expected as much,’ she said flatly and moved towards him. ‘I wish I had more time to explain to my brother that he’s on the wrong side,’

‘The wrong side?’

‘The losing side,’ she replied. ‘If the Alchemists are rising, we have to stake our claim too. We are purebloods, with magical blood in us for several generations. It’s us who should rule if the Ministry falls, not them. And Yoongi should know he can’t do that while hanging around a bunch of witches and wizards who haven’t even finished school,’

‘You’re back to talking like how you used to some years ago,’ Jimin observed.

‘Are you on our side or not Jimin?’ She asked, sitting beside him on the wooden plank.

‘Do I have a choice?’

‘You do. You can resent this because in some people’s books it’s not ethical. And behave like you’re forced to be here. Or you can own who you are, a pureblood, a werewolf sired by the strongest werewolf known to mankind. Know what’s best for you, for your preservation. We Slytherins are usually good at figuring that out,’

‘And that’s why you’ve chosen to do this?’
'My chances of survival are higher with powerful allies by my side. But… it’s not just survival I’m after,'

‘What else then?’

Laura looked at him. ‘Power. My own power. I wasn’t allowed to exercise it while my grandfather was alive. I won’t be allowed to exercise it while living under the Ministry’s reign. We make our own world now,’

Jimmín’s eyes flared the slightest at that and Laura moved back to the front.

‘Laura,’ he called her one last time and didn’t bother that she didn’t turn back. ‘I don’t think I can walk on the same path as you. Self preservation is not what I hold most important,’

There was a low chuckle from her, ‘Looks like we were right. You really are the stupidest Slytherin,’

After many minutes passed, Jimmín saw the silhouette of a huge black ship standing in the water. As they drew closer to the ship, Jimmín could feel something, like a string in his chest pulling him towards the huge vessel, another heavy presence adding on to the existing ones, but this one was even heavier… dominant. Their dinghy stopped near the ship and they were pulled up one by one over the rope ladder. Jimmín tripped on his own foot as he climbed onto the deck and planted his palms firmly on the wooden floor to hold himself.

‘So the pup is finally here,’ there was a voice from the front and Jimmín felt a shiver down his spine even though he didn’t know that voice.

Bare, rough footsteps came towards him, he felt his head being yanked up from the hair and he saw the man, yellow eyes glowing and a mane of black hair lying on his shoulders. His arm that pulled on Jimmín’s hair was muscular and tanned, various scars running across it.

Jimmín looked hard at the alpha wolf of Skoll’s pack - Roderic the Brave. He remembered the face from Remus Lupin’s diary. Jimmín tried with all his might to look strong and brave. But there was something in the way the alpha looked at you that you felt he could read your mind.

Dromon came to stand next to Jimmín. ‘He’s all yours now alpha,’

‘Defiant, this one,’ the alpha said. ‘Look at that glare, I’m shivering,’ he laughed and the other wolves laughed with him. ‘Don’t look so hatefully on us now little pup,’ he tapped Jimmín’s cheek patronisingly. ‘You’re with us now. By some twist of fate, Skoll’s venom runs through your blood, you are our brother, find yourself lucky for that,’

‘Is that what you call yourselves?’ Jimmín asked, ‘Brothers?’

‘We have the same creator,’ Roderic the Brave said. ‘It doesn’t look like you deserve it but whether anyone of us likes it or not, you’re one of us, Skoll’s sired ones. So you better own that and get used to it. We are your home now pup, and you live by my rules,’

Jimmín looked down. He felt like he didn’t have the energy or the will to argue with the alpha, and that strangely surprised him. Maybe Laura’s words had contributed to his lack of rebellion, and he still remembered Jin’s words. There is no wrong choice.

Fate had brought him here, forced him to be with Skoll’s pack. Now only time could tell why.

‘To the brigs now pup,’ Roderic flicked his head to the stairs below the deck. ‘Your new siblings
are waiting down there too,’

Laura turned to Howard Jenkins the Death Eater who had accompanied her on this task. ‘What
now? We have to move fast and find the Alchemists don’t we?’ She asked.

The man didn’t answer her question. ‘You’ll be told what to do when the time comes. I need to
speak to Madam Lestrange, she awaits a report,’ he straightened his collars and stalked off. Laura
knew her presence on this ship wasn’t welcomed by all, especially not by Jenkins who knew all
about Laura’s past friendship with muggleborns and half bloods like Jung Hoseok. And now the
daughter of two traitors, has come to be a part of their exclusive group.

She headed down to Bellatrix’s chambers to rest when another one of them called her to the
captain’s dining room.

‘She’s called you for the meeting,’ the death eater said. ‘So hurry up. We have had visitors today
as you can see,’ he eyed the werewolves standing by themselves on the deck. Laura nodded and
headed down. When she pushed the wooden door open, to the small dining area, she found Jenkins
standing beside Bellatrix and giving her a report in whispers. Laura was sure her behaviour and
actions were a part of the report too. Bellatrix’s dark eyes found her and she waved Jenkins to stop.

‘Well then let’s be seated,’ Bellatrix said. Jenkins nodded and moved to sit to her right as the other
four death eaters took their places.

‘No,’ she said loudly to Jenkins which made the man looked at her in confusion. ‘Dracwyn, why
don’t you come sit next to me,’ Bellatrix smiled. Everyone on the table looked from Jenkins to
Laura in confusion, wondering how the older Death Eater would take this displacement of position.

‘Madam Lestrange,’ Jenkins started. ‘This is an important meeting. Surely your second in
command should sit next-’

‘Go and fetch the things on my writing table,’ Bellatrix said to him. ‘Those are important things
and I need you to handle them with care,’

Laura saw the panic in Jenkins’s face and it amused her. So she decided to add to it. ‘Besides, it’s
just a chair,’ she pointed with her eyes to the wooden piece of furniture which Jenkins clutched so
tightly. ‘And I’m just going to sit on it. Or are you that threatened by my presence?’

Jenkins’s jaw worked, ‘You’re just a girl. You’re like an infant when it comes to the rest of us here,’

‘My blood is more ancient than any of you in this room. Don’t forget even the Dark Lord respected
that,’ Laura bit back.

‘Off now Jenkins,’ Bellatrix waved her hand. ‘We don’t have all day. The alphas are coming in any
time now,’

Jenkins swallowed his words and curses and left before he was humiliated any further. Laura strode
to the seat beside Bellatrix and took it confidently.

‘You continue to surprise me Dracwyn,’ Bellatrix said. ‘First your punishment to Mulciber. And
now you successfully brought your dear friend here. Jenkins tells me because of you Park Jimin
didn’t put up a fight,’

‘He knows when to give up I suppose,’ Laura said.

‘Did you see him off to the brigs?’
‘No,’ Laura said and her eyes narrowed slightly. ‘But… I know who you have down there. Did you send me to lock up the previous recruits on purpose?’

‘I just thought it would be a nice surprise for the Kim boy, seeing his old friend after so long,’ Bellatrix smiled.

‘We were never really friends. I never liked him or his father. They think they’re too righteous for this world,’

‘You’re really good at pretending then, aren’t you? Made everyone believe you’re his friend,’ Bellatrix said, her tone absolutely unreadable. ‘Tell me more about this Kim boy. Is it true he can see the future?’

‘It is. He often has visions, most he cannot control,’

‘Did he tell you anything about Abraxas or the alchemists? Anything that he saw?’

‘Yes. He said they’re in a castle. And they’re growing stronger. Abraxas has tried to take over Jin’s mind more than once,’

‘How so? They’ve never met, or have they?’

‘It’s a power of the mind,’ Laura said. ‘To be honest, I cannot explain the why and what of it, I don’t possess any metaphysical powers. Abraxas can sense when people think of him, and if the pull is strong enough, he can dive into their minds. He momentarily was able to control Taehyung that way. But Jin has similar powers, so he puts up a resistance,’

‘Which means Abraxas will have to be in a stronger form than Kim to take over him,’ Bellatrix muttered to herself. She blinked a few times and looked at Laura’s hands clasped over the dark table.

‘Where is Mulciber’s wand?’ Bellatrix asked her.

‘With me. I’d like to keep it,’

‘Like a trophy?’

‘Not a trophy. But a remembrance that I avenged my family’s death,’

‘Bring it to me,’ Bellatrix said.

‘I have claimed it Lestrange,’ Laura said firmly.

‘You shall have it back, don’t worry. Like your mother’s locket. When the battle is done with. Now bring the wand,’

And Laura had no option but to go and retrieve it from her belongings in Bellatrix’s room.

Jenkins was leaving Bellatrix’s chambers with what Laura saw was a world map and her locket. She entered as he left and rummaged for the wand under her mattress. When she turned back with the magical artefact, she found Jenkins spying on her, not caring to be subtle about it.

‘Is there anything more that you need Jenkins?’ She asked, walking haughtily towards him.

‘Don’t get too comfortable of the importance that Bellatrix is giving you,’ he narrowed his eyes. ‘Mulciber had the same importance too. And she let him burn so you could be her new plaything,’
‘New plaything,’ Laura chuckled. ‘And what are you? Waiting on her all the time. Were you trained to be a Death Eater or to spy on infant recruits?’ She cocked her eyebrows.

Jenkins straightened his shoulders, looking at her spitefully. ‘I was trained to kill my enemies,’

Laura took a step forward, voice dropping octaves lower, ‘As was I,’ the purple in her eyes shimmered and she walked past him towards the dining room.

When she entered, Roderic the alpha, another she-wolf and Fenrir Greyback had joined the gathering of the 5 other death eaters. She handed the wand over to Bellatrix and sat down beside her. Jenkins came in grumpily, laying the map in front of Bellatrix on the table and giving her the locket. He looked around for an empty seat and sat down discontentedly on it.

‘Your pack is finally complete,’ Bellatrix looked at Roderic and raised her glass of whatever dark coloured alcohol they could procure.

‘We were right to wait till the pup was out of the school’s protection,’ Roderic raised his glass and nodded. ‘Don’t mind if I don’t show the proper etiquette. I can’t remember the last time I sat at an actual table, with… all this,’ he looked at the old plates and scarce cutlery.

‘Do you eat right from the bone then,’ Bellatrix asked.

‘It’s the best way,’ Fenrir Greyback grinned.

Roderic glanced at him in a way that spelled he didn’t like his company. ‘In our wolf form, yes. We eat what he hunt. Otherwise, it’s the nomad life for us. We have our fire pits. But none of this,’ he lifted a plate.

‘I am aware the two wolf packs here have their differences,’ Bellatrix looked from Roderic to Fenrir. ‘But it’s time to put all that aside. You two are from the same… species after all,’

There were words of disgruntlement from Skoll’s pack.

‘Don’t think you’re better than us Roderic the Brave,’ Fenrir said, the name rolling off sarcastically from his tongue. ‘My pack can devour yours in a minute,’

‘Your pack is full of chaotic weaklings,’ Roderic’s yellow eyes burned into him. ‘I pick the best ones. And they know how to follow my orders,’

Fenrir growled and Bellatrix banged the table to get their attention back to the task. None of the alpha aggression display fazed her.

‘Enough!’ She roared. ‘We held the end of the bargain. We,’ she pointed at Laura. ‘brought the pup to you. You’ve given us your word that you’ll help us get the Philosopher’s stone. It would be wise if you kept that word,’ she glared at Roderic. The man heaved out his breath and leaned into his chair.

‘Good,’ Bellatrix’s voice turned high. ‘Now that we’re all on the same page,’ she unrolled the map. ‘We have an approximate to where the Alchemists are hiding,’

Bellatrix look Laura’s locket and placed it somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean. The locket vibrated, turning itself until the end petal of it pointed towards the Mediterranean Sea. ‘Orbis’ Bellatrix spoke, pointing her wand to the locket and let go on the chain. It moved towards an unnamed island, still vibrating like it had some energy of its own.
‘The Alboran Island,’ she said. ‘Anesbek had told me they are on a forgotten and abandoned town on an island in the Mediterranean Sea that lies in the path from Egypt to Spain.

‘Alchemy originated in Egypt,’ Laura said. ‘And the last battle of the Red War was fought on an Aragonian Island, it was Abraxas’ homeland,’

‘So your locket does not mislead us then Dracwyn,’ Bellatrix said and then turned to Roderic. ‘When can we expect you there?’

‘After first night of the full moon,’ Roderic said. ‘It will be when all the recruits fully transform. And to our fortune, the moon is going to be the closest to the earth this time. Our power is going to be at its height,’

‘Very good,’ Bellatrix smiled. ‘This means, we have 2 days with us to make the rest of the preparations. We strike on the third night,’

‘Do you think Abraxas will create the stone by then?’ Jenkins asked, ‘Anesbek said they’re close to it,’

‘We have to wait till the werewolves are ready,’ Bellatrix said. ‘If he creates the stone before that, we will still have our army, and our hostage,’

‘Will that be enough to defeat the power of the Philosopher’s Stone?’ Laura asked.

‘It was defeated once, it can be defeated again,’ she gave her a knowing look. ‘We have to lure Abraxas carefully using Kim. I’m sure his attention will not remain on the stone all the time. Regardless, we cannot sit here and wait while the alchemists take over the world. Like you said to your wolf friend, we purebloods should be ruling, not them,’ she smiled slyly.

* 

Hoseok quietly sat next to Yoongi on the bed. The blonde didn’t respond and continued to sit silently like a statue. Hoseok couldn’t figure out what he could do to help Yoongi right now, to give him a sliver of hope when he himself didn’t feel any.

Voices were whizzing in Hoseok’s ears since a while. Voices that only filled him with fear, making it certain that they were heading towards their doom. Hoseok’s stomach felt like it had a gaping pit inside it.

Sharp and urgent knocks on the door made them yelp and jump up. Both had their wands at the ready until they heard Namjoon’s voice.

‘Open quick!’

Yoongi rushed and opened the door and three of his friends stumbled in, looking dishevelled.

‘Where’s Jimin?’ Hoseok asked, entering the hall with wide eyes. Ash didn’t answer, biting her lip hard and rushed into the room where Yoongi was, slamming the door shut with a bang.

Jungkook seemed to lose the strength in his knees and sit on the floor then and there, his head in his hands. Even Namjoon, the rock on which they all leaned, broke down, moving towards a curtained window, his hands covering his face.

‘Can someone tell me!’ Hoseok yelled. ‘Where is Jimin!’
‘Werewolves,’ Jungkook hiccuped.

‘How?’ Yoongi demanded and then held his forehead between his thumb and forefinger. ‘How could they know we’re here!? No one knows of this place except my family and they’re not even in this country right now-’

‘Your family was there,’ Jungkook said. ‘Laura was the one who took him,’

Yoongi looked more horrified than he had been so far. ‘It can’t be,’ he whispered.

‘It was her,’ Jungkook looked up with red eyes. ‘Do you think I won’t recognise her,’

‘Maybe it was a trick,’ Yoongi said to himself. ‘Polyjuice… or…’

‘It was her,’ Namjoon said, turning towards them. ‘She was in her senses,’

‘No… no it can’t be,’ Yoongi had reached the stage that Hoseok feared. He stalked off to one of the inner rooms, banging the door shut too.

‘Someone should be with Ash,’ Hoseok said. ‘Should I go in?’

‘Let her be,’ Jungkook said. ‘If she wants to cry alone, let her,’

Hoseok heard bangs and thuds of furniture being thrown on the floor, and the crash of glass breaking, coming from the room Yoongi had slammed shut.

They were in utter despair, defeated, broken, famished. All felt like disappearing into nothingness because they couldn’t see any way out.

Namjoon closed his eyes tight, crying out for Jin in his head. He wished the boy would hear him, but it was like the time he had gone into comatose. No matter how much Namjoon called him, he couldn’t feel Jin answering him back. He remembered those times in school when he felt they had some kind of telepathic connection, when he would look up to find Jin and would see him looking right back at him, all the times when Namjoon would find his eyes to smile at the ‘inside joke’ and see that Jin had been thinking exactly the same. Maybe that was all false… just a trick of the mind… because like the stories of soulmates, he wished to have a connection with Jin that was stronger than anything anyone else had. But those were elements of fantasy weren’t they...

‘Please Jin…’ Namjoon whispered in his cries, like a prayer, begging the powers of the universe to send him any sign that Jin was safe. ‘Please… come back. I can’t do this without you… I’m falling Jin… Please…’

Namjoon...

The boy’s eyes flared open. He looked around, wondering if someone had called him or if it was indeed Jin… his Jin.

Joon?

It was definitely him.

‘Jin!’ Namjoon whispered again. ‘Jin you can hear me? Where are you? We’ll come get you, you just tell us-’

_I don’t know where I am. Somewhere in the North of the Atlantic. But I’m alright. The Death Eaters have me._
‘We know… they’ve taken Jimin. I heard Laura mention you,‘

*I was counting on her to do that. It was the only way to let you know where I am.*

‘What do they want from you?’ Namjoon asked. ‘Are they using your powers?’

*No, they don’t know the extent of it. I myself don’t know the extent of it. They’ve covered my eyes and somehow… that’s made my seeing senses stronger. I saw Taehyung but I can’t see him anymore… I don’t know why. Maybe because he’s in a dark cell… There’s something like a block.*

‘Do you think it’s Abraxas? He has powers similar to yours. He could be stopping you from seeing what they’re upto,’

*It could be. The Death Eaters took me for Abraxas. They-*

*Hello Seokjin.*

A third voice joined them, making both Jin and Namjoon shudder in their places.

*You seem to be thinking a lot about me.*

Jin felt Abraxas pressing on his mind again, felt the cracks on his face emerging as he struggled.

‘Jin!’ Namjoon was shouting now and the attention of his friends turned to him. ‘Fuck no! Jin!’

But Jin had to pull back before Abraxas got any more whiffs of him or his friends. He couldn’t let that monster claw his way into their minds and Namjoon felt the connection snap.

Everyone stared at Namjoon standing there like he had been talking to a ghost. Even Ash and Yoongi were out of their rooms, standing at the doorway with wide eyes.

‘What was that?’ Ash asked. ‘Did you speak to Jin??!!’

‘Yes,’ a tear leaked down Namjoon’s cheek. ‘For a moment, yes,’

It was his turn to fully break down, banging the balls of his palm on the wall and sliding down on the floor. ‘We’re helpless. We…’ he buried his face behind his hands. ‘Abraxas won’t let Jin be. We have too much to fight against. Too much…’

Hoseok’s eyes watched all of them scattered around him, like fallen pieces, struggling and failing to gather themselves. He took a deep breath, his grip tightening on his wand.

‘Stay together,’ he said. ‘I’m going to get us some food,’

‘What!’ All of them broke into exclamations. ‘You can’t go out there! Death Eaters-’

‘They’ve taken whatever was valuable to them,’ Hoseok said. ‘If all hope is lost,’ he looked at Namjoon, ‘Let’s go back home. Let’s go back to our respective families and let the Ministry, Death Eaters and Alchemists handle this in whatever way they see fit, because the Aurors sure as hell don’t want us mere students involved in something so dangerous,’ he looked around to the rest. ‘No one would blame you for going back. What we’re doing right now is not easy, and quite frankly, it’s suicide. So what’s it going to be?’

No one had an answer, because even though they knew they were walking towards a storm that could very well kill them all, their loved ones were currently swirling in that very storm and despite their mind screaming to rescue their own selves, their heart was stopping their limbs from moving
towards the exit door.

Namjoon felt the heavy crimson gloves he kept tucked in his jacket at all times. There was a reason Gryffindor’s most prized possession found its way to him. It’s purpose couldn’t be just as simple as turning away from the enemy.

When no one replied with the intention to leave, Hoseok straightened the front of his jacket, ‘Okay then. I’ll get us some food before we faint.’

*

Mood Music Ramin Djawadi - I Need You By My Side

Jimin entered the dark brigs, his eyes taking a while to adjust to the lack of light and the guard took him to one of the cells. The air was heavy with the smell of blood and sweat, he could hear people shivering and whimpering. From the light of the guard’s wand, he saw the cages filled with others, young people, who were sweating with fever, bite marks bleeding on their arms and shoulders. The guard pushed Jimin into one of the cells. Jimin looked around, trying to find some space on the wooden floor and crammed himself between the rest.

‘Jimin?’ he heard a voice from a few cells away and his heart beat fast. He turned towards it, hands clapping the metal bars.

‘Jin!’

He heard the relieved sigh of his friend. ‘Laura said you would be coming,’

‘Are you alright?’ Jimin asked. ‘Did they hurt you?’

‘Not really,’ Jin answered, not wanting to recall the few beatings and shots of crucio he had gotten. A small ayback for what his father had done to some Death Eaters. They couldn’t scar his body too much. ‘They need me spotless if I’m to be presented to Abraxas,’

The thought made both their stomachs churn vilely.

‘Jin, you have to get out of here, anyhow! Please you have to try,’

‘I know…’ the older replied. ‘But… how. I don’t have my wand, I can’t even see where I am,’

‘I don’t have a wand either,’ Jimin said. ‘They took it from me,’ he looked back at the others in the cage with him. ‘How long have they been here locked up like this? They are all under the venom’s fever, they need help!’

‘There’s no one to help them,’ Jin said. ‘There’s nothing one can do right now,’

One of the prisoners clutched Jimin’s wrist. Jimin could tell it was someone smaller than him and from the faint light of the lanterns in the front, he saw the silhouette of a boy.

‘Please… water,’ the boy begged of him. Jimin’s heart churned. He had been through his fever many times before, when the venom burned inside you, pushing your body to turn. Every muscle and bone in your body ached terribly, so bad that you would lose your senses. Jimin took the boy’s hand, placing his own over the boy’s forehead. He was burning like a hot fornace.

‘What is your name?’ Jimin asked him.

‘Philip,’ the boy said weakly.
‘Since when are you here?’

‘They caught us in the early hours of the day,’ someone else replied from the cage, it sounded like a man. ‘Massacred my family… and the families of others here. And for what? You seem to know what’s going on. So tell us! Who are you?’

Jimin felt the turmoil inside him, of needing to give them the answers they sought, but the weight of the sacrifices pressed on him, how many innocent people had lost their lives in Roderic’s quest for a strong pack?

‘I am somewhat like you,’ Jimin said. ‘But I was infected months ago. Since nine months they’ve been trying to catch me,’

‘What’s going to happen to us?’ Another one of them asked, a woman.

‘The ones who caught you and bit you… they’re part of a rare werewolf pack. They’re taking us to where they live. I don’t know where it is, but the full moon is tomorrow night. It’s when we all will transform for the first time,’

‘You haven’t transformed yet?’

‘I suppressed the venom… until now. There’s no point in suppressing it, unless you want it to take your life,’

‘But we don’t want to go there!’ another voice spoke, ‘Why did they infect us?’

‘Because they need an army,’ Jimin said. ‘An army to fight for them,’

‘We will not!’

A light came in from the entrance and they all saw a tall man enter, walking towards them, a lantern in hand.

‘I sensed some restlessness down here,’ Roderic said, coming to face Jimin’s cell. ‘What’s going on?’

Jimin stood up from his place on the floor and went to the bars of the cell. ‘You’ve captured these people, putting them in a war that has nothing to do with them. The least you could do is take care of them, help them survive,’

‘You do not get to speak to me that way pup,’ Roderic spat. ‘It would be best you realise that sooner rather than when I’m ripping your heart out for insolence,’

‘They are all burning with the venom’s fever,’ Jimin stood his ground. ‘At least give them some water,’

‘That is not the way to ask something of your alpha,’ Roderic said. ‘A pup like you should be making their pleas on his knees,’

Jimin’s jaw set hard, fists curling in. And the next words than Roderic spoke sent a current through his body, a current that started to take over his senses.

‘I said, kneel,’

Jimin found his limbs move on their own at that voice. He kneeled, his teeth gritted so hard, but his body obeyed the alpha’s command.
'You may make your request now,' Roderic said smugly.

'Please… give them some water to drink. Or they won’t make it till the full moon,'

Roderic sighed nonchalantly, turning around to leave, muttering how they had put in the effort to procure these new wolves but his subordinates were being lazy about keeping them fed and alive. Once he was out of the brigs, Jimin fell back, sitting on his behind with knees drawn to his face. His eyes burned with tears at the knowledge of what it meant to be an alpha. He could not believe his body could ever be controlled by someone’s words, yet it had just betrayed Jimin’s mind to bend to the will of another.

'The alpha?’ one of the prisoners asked. ‘He… He’s the leader?’

‘Yes,’ the reply came from a few cells away, from Jin. ‘He is your leader, the one who commands you all,’

‘And we have to obey,’ Jimin bit through his teeth.

‘I’m sorry Jimin,’ Jin said. ‘I know you wanted to find a good pack… a pack that stays like a family. But… a pack like that doesn’t exist,’

*

‘Ash, please eat something,’ Namjoon sat beside her, holding a sandwich in his hand. Hoseok had managed to quickly buy a loaf of bread and some ham before the Ministry Aurors started to pour into the area where the bridge collapsed. The girl shook her head, gently pushing Namjoon’s hand away.

‘You have to sustain yourself,’ the older argued.

‘He’s gone,’ she said quietly. ‘They’re all gone, one by one. Did he always mean to leave? I thought… I thought we could find a way out… that we had time,’

‘We’ll bring him back, bring all of them back,’

‘Do you really think that’s possible,’ she sounded hopeless and Namjoon had no answer to that.

From the kitchen, Hoseok took a few pieces of bread and some milk in a glass, heading towards Yoongi’s room.

Yoongi had pretty much thrown every furniture of the room onto the floor in his previous rage. Now he stood with his back to the door, with the dragonbow in his hand. Hoseok watched him lift the bow up, hand motioning the pulling of an arrow and then he heard Yoongi curse under his breath, handing doing the motion again. Yoongi was trying to conjure the arrow of light, but he was failing. He tried another time and yet, nothing happened. The rage filled him again and he was about to slam the dragonbow to the floor as well, but stopped himself in time. He couldn’t do that to the most precious artefact of his family, even if he was unworthy to use it.

‘Yoon please,’ Hoseok called from behind it. ‘You need to eat something. I honestly can’t remember the last time you ate. You’ve been running one castle to another-’

Yoongi turned around sharply, ‘I said I don’t want to eat anything!’

Hoseok was startled, eyes blown wide. He had never seen Yoongi angry like this, angry towards any of his friends. And it hurt. It hurt because Hoseok was trying everything he could to keep
things from falling apart with the last shred of strength and sanity that he had.

‘How do you expect me to eat, to be normal when everything is blowing apart!’ Yoongi continued to yell. ‘My grandfather is dead. My sister gone to the enemies, my mother fighting for her life and I can’t even be there for her! They don’t know where I am, I don’t know if she’ll ever see me again! You don’t know how that feels! You—’ Yoongi stopped himself, lips pursing and he looked away from Hoseok, knowing the wrong he had just spoken.

‘I know how that feels,’ Hoseok said quietly. ‘I won’t bother you anymore,’ He set the meagre meal the bedside drawer and left the room.

Yoongi held his forehead, tears burning his eyes with ragged breaths. Hoseok was struggling, Yoongi could see that. He wanted to be there for him, help him through those voices in his head. But he was barely able to keep himself together, how was he to support Hoseok? He felt like the most useless person to exist.

After a few moments, he ran out of the room, to look for Hoseok but the boy had shut himself in Jungkook’s room.

Jungkook was curled into the bed, the white sheets pulled over him.

‘Kook?’ Hoseok called and the boy looked at him with puffy red eyes. They both lounged in for a hug and Hoseok lay the boy over his chest, wrapping the blanket over both of them. He himself was shaking with silent sobs.

‘I can’t believe it,’ Jungkook said. ‘I can’t believe they’re gone. I can’t believe Laura attacked us… attacked me,’

‘Are you absolutely sure about that?’ Hoseok asked.

‘I don’t know what to think. I don’t want to believe it… but she looked so cold, like she didn’t care… when they sent her here, she could’ve fought, we would’ve fought with her and gotten her away from the Death Eaters. But she didn’t. She looked like one of them. Please… tell me it’s in my head, tell me I saw the whole situation wrongly,’

Hoseok didn’t say anything because he couldn’t and just stroked the head of the younger.

‘I think I’m going crazy,’ Jungkook said. ‘Taehyung and Jin have been gone for nearly a week now. I feel like… I feel like we should’ve started looking for them earlier,’

‘We should’ve,’ Hoseok nodded. ‘But… we’re only human. Yoongi and Laura were in no state to do anything,’

‘I want to be of better help… but I’m not able to,’ Jungkook blinked, his hand wiping the corner of an eye. ‘They’re far more practical than I am,’ he said, referring to the Slytherins and Namjoon. ‘They consider the negatives. I can’t even bring myself to—’ Jungkook couldn’t complete the sentence. He tried to swallow the sob coming through his throat.

‘I know…’ he said. ‘I know how you feel. I feel exactly the same way,’ Hoseok’s eyes were heavy, mind slipping away and soon he was asleep, his mind drifted to the land of nightmares.

Yoongi walked to the where Namjoon sat with Ash in one of the rooms.

‘Namjoon we have to start somewhere,’ he said. ‘We didn’t escape from our homes to remain holed up here. We need to act,’
'But where do we even start? We have no idea where the Death Eaters are, we don't know where the Alchemist's Guild is located,'

'How did Jin describe the place?' Ash asked.

'A limestone castle, on a hill by the sea,' Namjoon said. 'He said it looked Mediterranean, the architecture,'

'There has to be some connection,' Ash said. 'Would the alchemists really choose a random place to make it their headquarters?'

'Wait... Mediterranean you say?' Yoongi asked, eyes narrowing. 'In the Red War, the Red King’s stronghold, his castle from which he started his conquest, that was located somewhere on an island to the south of Spain,'

'You think it could be the same castle?' Namjoon asked.

'The signs match don’t they?' Ash finally looked hopeful. 'That’s where the alchemists could be!

'So do we go there?' Namjoon asked. 'What about the Death Eaters... and Laura and Jin?'

'I’m guessing they’re heading there too, isn’t it?' Ash said. 'The Ministry is on the lookout for them and haven’t found a trace of them yet. And... that’s where Taehyung is too.’

*'

'Here,’ Jimin saw a werewolf thrust in a mug of water through the black bars. ‘That’s all you'll get,'

The prisoners clamoured to get it.

'Careful now,’ Jimin took the mug. ‘We don’t have much, we shouldn’t waste it,’ he took it to the teenaged boy, giving him a few sips of it. The boy was shivering in his fever and laid his head on Jimin’s lap after swallowing the water and the mug was passed to the rest.

'Easy, let everyone get a sip,’ Jimin said. He looked at the boy breathing heavily on his lap and it reminded him of Taehyung. He remembered his best friend’s smiling young face, that box smile, the innocence.

Maybe the Philosopher’s Stone will cure you? I’ll make it for you.

He remembered Taehyung’s promise, though he would never agree to the cost of it. Jimin looked around the brig, at all the people who needed rescuing too. Just healing himself will not solve anything. Jimin could understand the pain and struggles of each and every person here.

'Thank you,’ one of the prisoners said to him. ‘Thank you for standing up to that monster,’

‘There’s no need to thank me,’ Jimin replied. Because he certainly didn’t stand up to anyone. Rather he was begging on his knees, like he assumed he would be for the rest of his life now.

'Is there no way out?’ another one of them asked. 'Is this our life now? To fight someone else’s battles?’

'I don’t know,’ Jimin said. 'I wish it weren’t... and maybe in the future it doesn’t have to be. But right now... that is the boat we’re in. I fought this fate for so long, yet I ended up here,’
They all could feel the effect of the moon approaching full circle tingling all over their skin. The sky was just short of a full moon… and Jimin knew the time for him to fully give himself to his wolf form would come within a day or two. He closed his eyes, praying that he maintained some of his senses and did not turn into a monster when it would happen. If he did… there would be the blood of innocents on his hand that he wouldn’t even remember next morning. It would be better to be dead than to live in such degree of wrong doings.

‘Jin,’ Jimin turned to where he knew his friend was. ‘Jin are you awake?’

‘I am…’

‘What happened? You aren’t saying anything?’

‘I spoke to Namjoon,’

‘What! How? Wha-’

‘But Abraxas found me,’ Jin’s voice sounded like he had been crying silently.

‘Jin, you have to fight through! Tell them where we are, maybe they’ll be able to come and get you,’

‘I’m… I’m scared-’

‘There’s no time to be scared,’ Jimin said firmly. ‘You open your mind and talk to Namjoon or you stay put and let Bellatrix hand you over to him, tell me what’s better?’

* 

A floor above them, Laura and Bellatrix were dining in the captain’s room, each seated opposite to one another on the square table.

‘So we strike them two ways?’ Laura asked as she took a piece of fish in her fork. ‘We attack from front and the werewolves from the back?’

‘We attack from above too,’ Bellatrix said, sipping her rum.

‘Above how?’

‘You need to know every little detail of the plan don’t you?’ the older witch said suspiciously. ‘When you came to the meeting, you made great claims of your ancient blood to all the others. You know you’re not pleasing anyone with those words, rather-’

‘Making them envious?’ Laura cocked an eyebrow. ‘I spoke no lie. The status of my family is quite above theirs. You would agree to it. Only a few of us are from the original pure blood families, we should be treated likewise,’ she held her chin high proudly.

‘You will be treated that way only if your blood is indeed more powerful than the others,’ Bellatrix said and all of a sudden she grabbed Laura’s hand and the girl felt a fleeting burning pain on her forefinger. Bellatrix squeezed the finger to watch red blood ooze of out the flesh.

‘Huh, I was half expecting it to be purple,’ she chuckled. ‘Your royal, ancient blood. But it’s red like the rest of us,’

‘Don’t be ridiculous,’ Laura said, pulling her hand back.
‘But I meant it. You’re blood isn’t special unless you prove your power.’

*

*

*

*

*

The Next Day...

‘Hoseok…’ the whisper was deep. Hoseok could see a familiar grin, unkind and demeaning. He didn’t like this. Somehow the voice he heard and the man he saw in front of him were not making sense. The man extended his hand to grab at Hoseok’s neck and he felt himself shake.

‘Hoseok! Hobi wake up,’

‘Get away!’ Hoseok screamed, flailing his arms.

‘Hobi stop! Wake up!’ the man grabbed his wrists so hard that he wasn’t able to break free and that sinister smile was coming closer.

‘Hobi it’s me Jungkook! Please wake up!’

Hoseok pried his eyes open to feel his body being shaken by a worried Jungkook. The moment he saw Hoseok awake, he sighed in relief.

‘Thank god… thank god you woke up,’

Hoseok looked down on his chest, he was drenched in cold sweat. ‘I’m sorry,’ he apologised to Jungkook.

‘No, don’t it’s alright-’

‘I haven’t slept in days… because of this reason,’

‘Hobi, if it helps to sleep with someone, please sleep with me but get some rest, you can’t-’

‘I should… get a shower,’ Hoseok didn’t listen to his friend and headed to the bathroom. What was he to wear, he didn’t know. He rummaged through the room cupboards but found nothing.

‘H-Hobi,’ Jungkook called him from behind and he turned around to find him holding what looked like a shirt.

‘Where did you get that?’

‘This was one of the sheets,’ Jungkook pointed to the bed behind them. ‘I… I know some sewing spells… I thought I would just… do this since none of us have spare clothes. It’s not going to hold for too long but…’

Hoseok took the garment from him, keeping a hand on the younger’s shoulder.
'Kook… I’m sorry again…'

The boy shook his head, his nose was still red from crying.

Hoseok’s grip tightened on Jungkook. ‘You’re doing a lot for me, I hope you know that, know how much you’re helping me stay sane. It’s irreplaceable,’

‘Then you should know you can share your troubles with me,’ Jungkook pouted. ‘You know I don’t mind that,’

Hoseok chuckled, his hand softly stroking the back of Jungkook’s head and then he headed for a shower.

Mood Music - Alexandre Desplat - Lily's Theme

The house was silent since hours, everyone contemplating in their own sorrow. When Hoseok came out of the bath, he found Jungkook asleep, a piece of bread still in his hand. He walked out of the room, Ash and Namjoon were also sleeping by the fire, probably giving in to their exhaustion mid conversation. There seemed to be a world map drawn in the dust of the floor.

He went into Yoongi’s room but he wasn’t there.

 Probably sulking in some corner of the house, Hoseok thought. His eyes fell on the ivory dragonbow, leaning against one of the wooden tables. Yoongi had been so upset about not conjuring an arrow… will he understand if Hoseok told him he couldn’t conjure it because of the frustration inside him? From what he had learnt so far, the arrow used light to dispell dark energy. It needed good energy to draw strength from… and though it wasn’t Yoongi’s fault, but he had become a bundle of negativity… they all had become that. The entire energy of this house had turned dark and uneasy.

Hoseok shut the door and walked forward, taking the dragonbow in his hands. It felt cold and and smooth to the touch, like marble, but it was heavy. Hoseok wondered how Yoongi carried it around like it was no big deal.

Hoseok felt weak in that moment, both physically and mentally. Why couldn’t he put up a stronger front and bind everyone together? They all had lost some of their friends. Namjoon lost Jin, Ash lost Jimin, Yoongi And Jungkook lost Laura. In this situation, Hoseok wished he wasn’t such a mess himself. He wanted to be able to be dependable and support the others the way they have supported him all these years through his seizures and hallucinations. Why couldn’t he be strong…

Strength comes in different forms.

He remembered those words, spoken to him by Laura during their duel practices.

You managed to remain true to who you are. You aren’t scared to trust people, aren’t scared to be happy, to give happiness and expect nothing in return. You aren’t scared of getting hurt. I think that is immensely brave, I let the difficulties of my past change me, I closed myself out of fear. But you didn’t. So how can you say you aren’t strong?

And it wasn’t just Laura… he remembered the things the others told him, Yoongi finding his suppressed innocence in Hobi. Namjoon depending on him to keep the peace everytime their friends fought, Taehyung following him around like a little brother and often ending up in his bed on the nights he missed home. The reason Ash forgave him without an argument after he almost took her life was because she knew, even from afar of Hoseok’s heart.
He remembered the conversation he had with his mother before he joined Hogwarts 6 years ago… his mother who couldn’t remember anything from the past day still remembered things about Hoseok, about his bravery to be good and do good.

Were those words true? That he indeed was strong? Going through the hardships, he was strong enough to see the light when others see the dark?

*It takes courage to remain hopeful and smiling when you’ve been through things that fill you with nightmares.*

Hoseok felt his hands go warm. He looked down, where he was holding the dragonbow and he saw a glow emanate from the fist closed around the white bow. As Hoseok’s eyes grew wider, the glow elongated itself into something long… an arrow.

There was a knock on the door.

‘Hobi?’ Yoongi called from the other side and his tone easily spelt the guilt he was feeling. ‘Hobi I’m sorry… I should’ve never said that, please can we talk?’

Yoongi opened the door and saw Hoseok standing a few feet away, a light arrow in one hand and the dragon bow in another. And his eyes went wide as well.

‘What…?’

‘Even I don’t know,’ Hoseok replied, equally stunned.

Yoongi slowly walked towards him and Hoseok held out the arrow for him to take.

‘I can’t…’ Yoongi said, his face looking painful. ‘It will die out if I touch it,’

‘Do you trust me? Do you believe we’ll make it?’ Hoseok asked.

‘How will we make it? We are just-‘

‘Because we aren’t going there to defeat the enemy and claim a prize. We’re going there to get our friends back. Friends who are family to us. That motive is more powerful than a group of people scrambling to get the uppermost hand. We know we can trust each other, save each other. I’m not sure the enemy is as united as that,’

Yoongi looked at Hoseok for while, taking those words in, slowly his faith growing stronger because it was true… there was no way he wasn’t going to try and get their friends back. There was no way he was going to simply sit here and not give it his all to see the people he loved come back to him. If he was going to do this, despair had no place inside him.

‘We will bring them back,’ Hoseok said, giving the arrow and Yoongi took it. He took a breath in when he saw the arrow didn’t fade into nothingness.

Hoseok looked at the dragonbow in his hands, the beautiful curves of it and the silver ring clasped around the middle of it, inscriptions running in an ancient text on it.

‘I thought… only a Min could use this weapon,’ Hoseok spoke, feeling confused.

‘My grand aunt… in the Min palace… she used to tell us that magic had a mind of it’s own. We weren’t masters of it, but it was a gift from the forces of the universe to humans. So maybe… the magic in his dragonbow knows what’s best in this situation, that it isn’t just a bloodline that can use
it. It found you to be the correct instrument. Maybe it knew… you’re my family too,’ Yoongi placed his hand on the small of Hoseok’s back, pulling him closer. Hoseok moved the bow out from between them so he could feel the older’s body press against his warmly and brought his face down to where Yoongi seemed to be calling him.

‘I love you Seok,’ Yoongi spoke softly on Hoseok’s lips. ‘I’m sorry for everything I said,’

‘I know,’ Hoseok nodded slightly, ‘I know you never meant to say all that… and I love you too,’

The arrow of light they were holding between them seemed to get immersed by the two as they kissed. They blocked out the entire world for those several moments, holding each other with utmost reverence and love, winding their arms around each other’s torsos to hold their bodies impossibly close.

*

The sun was rising against the misty mountains, bathing everything around it in a red light… it wasn’t warm like a beautiful dawn, it was the color of blood, the color of terrible screams. With every inch the sun rose, its rays travelled further into the earth, soaking it in pain.

When the burning got too much, Jin woke up with a jolt. His mind was awake but his eyes still saw just darkness… but this darkness felt better than the red dawn he had just seen in his vision. He heard whimpers from the cells around him and his friend’s calm voice.

‘The fever is going to burn you,’ Jimin was saying to one of the lycan infected prisoners. ‘And it’s going to be difficult. But you have to fight through, I know you’re strong enough to do that, or you wouldn’t have made it this far. You have to survive Philip, do you understand?’

‘Everyone is burning with a fever Park,’ one of the voices said. ‘So am I, so are you. How long will you keep supporting us all,’

‘I know what you’re going through,’ Jimin said and Jin now noticed that though he was pretending to be calm, his voice carried fatigue. ‘The first fever is always the worst. I’ve been through eight of these… I know what to expect so I’ll support you all as long as I can,’

‘Does it… does it ever go away?’ another asked.

‘You’ll feel better in two days, once the full moon passes us, trust me,’ Jimin said.

‘And we’ll fully become werewolves then,’

Jimin seemed to sound regretful, ‘There’s no hiding from that now,’

‘Jimin?’ Jin called. ‘Jimin I saw something,’

There were sounds of people shifting as Jimin crawled closer to the side towards Jin’s cell.

‘What did you see?’ the younger asked.

‘A red dawn. It was bloody… everything was red,’

‘What do you think it means?’

‘Death… pain… and power,’

‘The philosopher’s stone is red, isn’t it?’ they heard a third voice.
‘Laura?’ both the boys turned to the girl holding her wand dimly lit. She walked from Jimin’s cell towards Jin’s, looking with some disgust at the lycan infected people.

‘Abraxas was called the red king, because of the stone. Does this mean he’s going to create the stone soon?’ she asked.

‘I don’t think I should tell you anything,’ Jin said.

‘Well, you told Bellatrix plenty. You told her Abraxas is building an army and she needs more power on her side. Isn’t that why she brought me and Jimin here?’

‘I never intended for that to happen,’ Jin said and Jimin was utterly confused, looking from Laura to Jin. ‘I told her all that so she would back off and forfeit this plan. She can’t defeat Abraxas, you are all heading towards your death,’

‘And what about your friends?’ Laura asked. ‘Are they in mourning for your absence?’

‘How did you know where to find us?’ Jimin asked.

‘I visited the Dracwyn Mansion. When I saw it was empty, I knew Yoongi must have taken you all to one of our hideouts.

‘Laura… don’t you worry about Yoongi? About Jungkook or Ash?’ Jimin asked. ‘You called them our friends but they’re your friends too,’

‘Of course I worry about Yoongi. He’s my own blood,’ Laura said. ‘But the rest of them… they were mistakes I made this past year. I let myself be fooled by the false notions certain people propagated in the school. We all are not equal,’ Laura started to say, slowly walking towards Jimin. ‘I will make Yoongi see reason. Even my grandfather could see I was straying from the correct path and he punished me in an irreversible way. I will not be making those mistakes again,’

Jimin looked at her hard, trying to read her, wondering if all the trust he had put in her over the past was for nothing, wondering if his judgment lied to himself.

‘Jin,’ she turned to the other boy. ‘It would be wise if you tell us anything you know about Abraxas,’

‘I have nothing to say to you Dracwyn,’ Jin said. ‘Get out of here,’

Laura didn’t speak further, and left, giving a last look to the two of them.

She headed up to her shared cabin but the moment she entered the room, her wand flew out of her hand, catching her completely unaware. She snapped her head back to see Bellatrix standing there, her signature grin on her lips and Laura turned her full body to face her with fury.

‘Lestrange! What do you think you’re doing!’

Bellatrix walked forward languidly, ‘You are a itty bitty baby after all,’ she chuckled. ‘Is it this easy to disarm you?’

‘Why do you wish to disarm me?’
'You were at the brigs just now weren’t you? Missing you old friends?’ she gave Laura a suspicious look again.

‘Bellatrix stop holding me suspicious unless you have some actual proof. I have no love for a Kim. And yes, Jimin was… a friend if you may call him that. My advice to him has been the same from the start, to choose us, the winning side,’

‘Then what were you doing there?’

‘Jin can see. And his powers somehow tend to heighten when tensions are high. And currently, we are in hot waters. I wanted to know if he has seen any visions that can aid us,’

‘And has he?’

‘Yes. He saw a red dawn. I think Abraxas may have already created the philosopher’s stone. The Red King is back,’

Bellatrix’s eyes twitched a moment and she was staring intently to Laura’s as if trying to find her answers there. Laura looked at her with her jaws locked hard.

‘You keep your mind hidden,’ Bellatrix said, face moving closer to her. ‘Why… what do you have to hide?’

‘I don’t like anyone looking into my mind. No matter who they are,’

‘No… I think you have something to hide. CRUCIO!’ Bellatrix pressed her wand to Laura’s chest, a red spark shot from it.

Laura’s shrill screams filled the empty cabin. She writhed on the cold floor, hands twisting maniacally at the wrists, chest curling out.

‘Legilimens!!’ Bellatrix yelled, pointing at her head. Both saw flashes of Laura’s memories. They were in the Dracwyn mansion and Bellatrix watched Laura screaming and shooting curses at Mulciber as he disapparated after killing her grandfather. It dissolved and Bellatrix saw Laura by a boy’s bedside in the Hogwarts infirmary, checking on a wound in his chest. She saw her fighting with her grandfather, saying she will not sell Kim Taehyung to the court. It dissolved again and they were in the Dracwyn Mansion. A younger Laura held her aunt’s hand as they buried her parents. Bellatrix watched a little Laura run into a thick forest, a purple flower in hand, crying, feeling defeated and jealous. And suddenly they were back in the ship and Laura was burning Mulciber’s screaming body.

‘STOP!’ There were tears in Laura’s eyes now, nails trying to dig into the wooden floor in unbearable pain. She felt like every inch of her skin was being peeled and burned. Still, she had to push Bellatrix out.

‘STOP IT!!’ Laura cried with as much force as she could and Bellatrix pulled her wand and mind back to her side. Laura gasped, breathing heavily, coughing as the air returned to her windpipe. Bellatrix looked at her, lying on the floor like a defeated animal, dirt stuck to her tear stained face, her own nail marks on her neck and hands. She was quietly hiccupsing in her sobs.

The woman bent down, her curly hair slipping over her pale shoulders and squatted next to her, ‘Was this the first time you felt the crucius curse?’ She asked in a quiet voice. ‘Grandpa never used it to discipline you?’
When Laura didn’t respond, just lying still with wide eyes and heavy breaths, Bellatrix clicked her tongue and stood up, ‘Looks like you’ve been treated like a little princess. What a good life. No wonder Charles thought you won’t be able to carry on the name… shame… Tell me, are you up to it? Will you really be able to hold all the power the Dark Lord gives you?’

Laura slowly turned her face upwards, trying her best to subdue the anger that boiled through her. ‘Do not think that I’m your plaything. From the time I’ve come here, I have done every single thing you asked me to, and done it successfully,’ Laura stated. ‘I haven’t given you any reason to doubt me,’

‘You haven’t given me any reason to trust you either,’

Laura put her palms on the floor and pushed herself up no matter how much her body shivered with the aftershocks on the pain, ‘I am here. Not at that place I called home. I haven’t tried to kill you in your sleep. I helped you however I could. I’ve even given you the way to find where Kim Taehyung is. I brought Park Jimin and you completed your end of the deal with the wolves. What more do you want me to do?’

Bellatrix’s lips pulled in a lopsided smile. Laura indeed spoke like she was on their side… at least for now. Yet she still hadn’t been able to properly see into her mind. And Bellatrix was considered a skilled Legilimens, the Dark Lord himself had said so.

‘We need more power to defeat Abraxas’ army. Can you bring that to me?’

‘I…’ Laura looked confused. ‘What do you want me to do? Recruit?’

Bellatrix laughed, ‘You think I went to the lengths of getting a Dracwyn here to recruit? Anyone could do that for me… and what makes you think you’re capable of that when in front of the whole wizarding society, your grandfather unnamed you? Who’s going to want to follow you?’

Laura’s jaw worked silently, eyes furious again.

‘No… your purpose is different. You will obey me. You will get me whatever I need. And since you say you are faithful to me…’ she walked closer to Laura, so she could look her in the eye with no chance of escape. ‘...you will make the unbreakable vow,’

Laura’s eyes widened in fear until she finally found her ground, ‘I am not going to make unreasonable promises to you that would lead to my death,’

‘Nothing unreasonable actually. Why do you hesitate Laura? Or do you really don’t mean to side with us? Everything you did so far… was it all a lie?’

Laura gritted her teeth, holding her hand out. ‘Speak. Let me see how reasonable you really are,’

Bellatrix grinned, looking at her through her lashes, thoroughly satisfied. ‘Jenkins!’ she called and the man entered as if he was waiting right outside the doors. Bellatrix had planned it all… she was winning this game.

The two witches kneeled opposite one another and clasped one hand of each over the other. Jenkins stood between them, his wand over their joined hands. He looked from the older witch to the younger, recalling the similarities they had, physically and mentally. He wondered if this young Dracwyn was another Bellatrix in the making… both carried a similar vengeful madness, and unparalleled pride.

Bellatrix tightened the grip on Laura’s forearm, ‘Will you, Laura, to the best of your abilities, aid
me and my army to defeat Abraxas and his army?’

Laura considered her words for a moment, purple eyes boring into Bellatrix’s black orbs.

‘I will,’

A thin tongue of flame, like a red hot wire wound around their hands.

‘And will you,’ Bellatrix continued. ‘To the best of your abilities, do everything in your power to bring the philosopher’s stone to me?’

‘I will,’

A second tongue of flame criss crossed around them, and when these lines dissipated, Laura saw that both she and Bellatrix wore the marks of the flames from their forearms to their wrists, like it burned on their skin, branding them. They stood up slowly and Bellatrix dismissed Jenkins.

Bellatrix was grinning widely now while Laura stood slightly trembling. A wave of panic showed on her face, it was obvious that she was trying her best not to seem alarmed or doubtful of what she had just done.

‘Good… good girl,’ the older witch said. ‘Now I know.. That no matter what is truly going on in your mind, you will fulfill what I need from you. Or I’ll watch you die in front of my eyes. Come now,’

Bellatrix took her to the deck where Laura saw a boat being drawn down for them.

‘Quickly,’ Bellatrix said and pushed Laura into the dinghy.

The two sat into the boat and were lowered into the water. The morning sun had lifted some of the fog around them.

‘Where are we going?’ Laura asked as they rowed towards a safe space to apparate.

‘Didn’t figure it out yet? You are the key to the most powerful weapon known to mankind. That is your real purpose here,’

Laura’s last fear was coming true… and now with the unbreakable vow, all her ends were closed. Laura didn’t know what to say. If she told Bellatrix the truth of her lack of abilities, she would probably kill her right here and now, for being utterly useless in this particular quest. After all… if a Dracwyn cannot summon the beasts they’re known for, what is their use at all?

When the ship behind them disappeared into the fog, Bellatrix grabbed Laura’s wrist and they disappeared into dark smoke.

*

Few Minutes Earlier…

Jungkook awoke to a feeling of numbness in his feet. Slowly he put his foot down from the bed, shaking it to get the feeling back. Tossing the bread in hand to the bedside table, he half-limped to the living room where Ash was sitting awake.

‘Hey,’ she sat next to her.

‘They are somewhere in the Mediterranean,’ Ash said. ‘What the hell are we doing here, eating
Jungkook knew this was probably the last question Ash wanted to hear right now, seeing her swollen eyes and tired face, but he had to ask. There was no point living in fantasies anymore.

‘Does Jimin want to come back?’

He saw Ash’s hands clasp tighter around each other.

‘I don’t think Laura wants to come back,’ Jungkook said. ‘But with Jimin it’s different. He… he has said he wants to know his werewolf side,’

‘But not like this!’ Ash’s lips trembled. ‘You were there in the Forbidden Forest when the wolves attacked… you know what they are! They’re the vilest creatures I’ve ever known,’ goosebumps appeared on her skin remembering how Dromon had broken her wrist, almost choked her to death, and muttered the despicable things he and the other wolves had in store for her after she had lost all ability to fight. That was not a life Jimin had to live… he wouldn’t want to be a part of it… no matter what.

Jungkook tried to soothe her, putting his arms around her shoulders and rubbing her arms. ‘Jin spoke to Namjoon isn’t it?’

Ash nodded.

‘Has he ever spoken to you like that?’

‘No… we’re friends but… it’s barely been a year of close friendship,’

‘Yeah well… he hasn’t spoken to me in my mind either… maybe because he never had to,’

‘But why are you asking this?’ Ash asked sniffling.

‘We have no clue where to start. Since Jin can see and communicate, maybe he can tell us what to do,’

Ash’s eyes widened and she immediately started to shake Namjoon who was sleeping next to her.

‘Namjoon! Wake up! Wake up right now!’

‘Huh!’ the man jolted up, wand at the ready.

‘Don’t worry,’ Jungkook placed his hand on Namjoon’s wand and lowered it. ‘We aren’t under attack,’

‘What’s the matter?’ the oldest asked them.

‘You need to reach out to Jin again,’ Ash said, propping herself up on her knees. ‘You’ve done it once, you can do it again,’

‘Abraxas found us last time,’ Namjoon said. ‘Jin has closed his mind because of it,’

‘Namjoon we have to try! There is literally no other way!’ Jungkook said. ‘Take that risk,’

‘But why!’

‘Tell Jin to see and tell us where to go. That’s the only way to find him!’ Ash said.
‘Are you sure?’ Namjoon asked again.

Ash was convincing Namjoon when Jungkook’s eyes fell on one of the antique pieces in the room. An ornate gold mirror hanging on the wall. And something just clicked in his mind.

‘Joon! What else do you know of Jin’s powers? I remember there was something about mirrors?’

‘Yeah I…’ Namjoon fell into deep thought, eyebrows furrowed. ‘During his comatose, he saw himself in Laura’s room, in the mirror. When he first tried to find Abraxas, he entered that castle from our dorm’s mirror… and… one day, when we were little… during the holidays I thought I saw Jin in my bedroom’s mirror. I dismissed it as a dream but maybe it wasn’t! The both of us were missing each other a lot at the time, he could’ve unknowingly reached me through a mirror!’

‘Mirrors are known to be pathways,’ Ash said. ‘Some mirrors are used to see into another side,’

‘Do you think…’ Jungkook spoke. ‘If Jin finds a mirror there he will be able to cross over to here?’

Those words felt like blessings from heaven to all of them. If that was possible… then Jin would be safe again.

‘Joon, please!’ Ash caught his forearm tightly, ‘Reach out to him!’

‘Okay, alright,’ Namjoon nodded frantically as Jungkook went to retrieve the huge mirror from the wall. Namjoon shut his eyes and tried his best to reach his best friend, his soulmate.

‘Do you know Latin? Fluently?’ Jungkook asked Ash.

‘Uhm, yes, I know it well enough I suppose, but why?’

‘I saw inscriptions on the fireplace at Yoongi’s house, that took us to the Min palace. And I also saw that fire woman Serafin turn a lamp into a portkey with a spell. Maybe if we inscribe this mirror with a spell, we can indeed turn it into a pathway for Jin to travel through… make our experiment more concrete?’

Ash nodded and they called for Yoongi who hurriedly came out with Hoseok.

‘What was written on that fireplace in your house?’ Jungkook asked urgently. ‘Give us a translation of it!’

‘Uh.. um,’ Yoongi tried to recall the right words. ‘It’s a transportation charm… and this is a very… unpoetic translation of it but it basically means, there is no path to the high moon mountains of the east, but through the test of purple flames. Step into me if you hold the right to touch the world that lies beyond the dark waters of Seom,’

‘So…’ Jungkook analyses the words in his head. ‘So it basically zeroes on the location, and sets a condition to enter it. Only the rightful people should travel through it because your castle is hidden to the world,’

‘That’s right,’ Yoongi nodded and Jungkook hurriedly looked for something to write on. Finding nothing, he resorted to the dust on the tall grandfather clock and the tip of his finger.

‘Ash, write this in latin on the mirror,’ he said, moving away to let Ash read it. She narrowed her eyes and told him to bring the mirror to her. Taking her wand, she burned the words into the golden frame.
Ego sum ostium per occultatum novi domum.

Ego sum autem devium ducit ad videntem.

I am a hidden door for a new home.

I am a pathway to the seer.

‘Jin!’ they heard Namjoon say with his eyes shut tight.

* 

‘Namjoon…’ Jin whispered under his breath. ‘Joon it’s not safe,’

*Is Jimin with you?

‘Yes, he’s here. The full moon is tonight, so he’s… you know, not in the best shape. But there are other infected people here too and he’s… distracting his pain by taking care of them,’

*Others? Like lycan recruits?

‘Yes, part of Bellatrix’s army. But we shouldn’t speak anymore Joon, we-,’

Jin! There may be a way for you to escape. Hear me out!’

‘What?’

Is it possible for you to find a mirror? Jungkook here has a plan. Maybe you can travel through a mirror and enter here! You’ve done something like that before.

‘Only my conscious has travelled like that Joon… not my physical body,’

We have to try Jin… I… I think it may work. We have devised a spell that can turn a mirror into a portkey like object. Tell me if you can get hold of a mirror,’

Jin thought for a moment. ‘I can,’

Right now?

‘Soon. The ship will be in a state of movement,’

What movement?

‘The werewolves will be getting off to go to their island,’

And Jimin with them.

‘And Jimin with them,’

He doesn’t want to come back?

‘I don’t think escaping his transformation is wise anymore… for him. If he’s back to you just a few hours away from the full moon… he will suppress his transformation. And we know what happened to Professor Roland with his wolfsbane overdose,’

He heard Namjoon sigh in defeat.
We’ll wait for you Jin. But don’t forget what you have to inscribe on the mirror you find. Ego sum ostium per occultatum novi domum. Ego sum autem devium ducit ad videntem.

‘I’ll remember,’ Jin said. ‘I can see it… the one you’ve carved. Go now, before your thoughts call on someone we don’t want,’ and Jin broke the connection.

He turned his head towards Jimin’s cell.

‘Jimin, are you alright?’

‘Hmmm,’ the boy’s tired reply came. ‘The fever is so high I wish the full moon just came already… I would do anything to not feel like this right now,’

‘If I said there was a way for us to escape, would you come?’

‘Escape?’ Jimin asked in surprise. ‘How?’

‘Only the two of us… for now. Will you come?’

Jimin didn’t answer. Something was pulling him back, binding him to where he is. Something about getting himself out of this situation while many innocents continued to suffer in it did not feel right to him.

‘You said there was no wrong decision,’

‘There isn’t,’ Jin said. ‘What does your heart say?’

‘It says that it’s had enough of running. I’m with my own kind… I know their pain and they know mine. I love you and the others Jin but… I can’t escape this side of me anymore,’

Suddenly they heard a shrill screaming from above them. Both looked up towards the captain’s cabin.

‘What is that?’ Jimin asked, the screams continued.

‘Laura…’ Jin answered him.

‘What? Why! Why are they torturing her? Isn’t she on their side?’

Jin tried to focus, to see what was happening above, but more than that, he knew the reason for why Bellatrix was doing this to her. It wasn’t hard to guess with someone who had a suspicious and sadistic mind like Bellatrix.

‘They won’t trust her so easily,’

‘If this is what they’re doing to her then take her with you with whatever escape plan you have!’

‘I can’t…’ Jin said. ‘I need Bellatrix to be away from this ship when I do it. And… she’s going to take Laura with her,’

‘Are you sure?’

‘I can see them walking on a narrow bridge… on a mountain,’

‘And you want her to go with Bellatrix?’
‘She started this game on her own Jimin. I don’t think she wants me to meddle,’

‘But-’

‘She came here for her own reasons,’

Jimin had rarely heard this definite tone of Jin’s.

‘And how are you going to escape?’ he asked the older.

‘Mirrors,’

‘Jin, you’re blindfolded. And… none of us here have a wand,’

They heard Bellatrix call out to someone on the deck to lower a boat.

‘Jimin we don’t have much time,’ Jin said. ‘Before you leave too, I want you to have this,’

Mood Music Hans Zimmer - Time

Through the faint light from the lantern that burned ahead near the guards, Jimin saw something floating towards him. It landed on his lap, the card of Ace of Spades, the one Jin had gotten from the seer’s shop.

‘How… how did you do that? Without a wand?’

‘Jimin, it’s a fight for survival now. You need to do whatever you can to survive, do you understand?’

‘Jin-’

The prison gates opened and Roderic the alpha entered, followed by Dromon and a few others. They opened the cages and pulled the lycan infected people out, making them stand in a line and taking them towards the deck. In that moment, panic rushed into Jimin. He had come here with Laura but he didn’t know where he was going now… without a single familiar face. What would it be like to transform with no one to take care of you? His eyes watered and he looked one last time at Jin.

‘Jin!’ he cried in a whisper.

‘Be brave. You are stronger than anyone knows. And no matter what, survive,’

Jimin grabbed the ace of spades right in time from his lap before he was pulled out of the prison and made to march up to the deck.

When Jin heard the footsteps recede, he gripped the new wand given to him a few minutes ago. He could feel… he could see who’s wand this was, what it had done. This wand killed Charles Dracwyn. It had belonged to Mulciber. But right now, it’s allegiance was to Laura Dracwyn.

‘Revelio,’ he muttered under his breath and the dark cloth like skin that wrapped around his eyes slithered down, diffusing to smoke. He saw the brig, much like what he had seen in his visions. The werewolves had just walked out and the guards were taking their positions back.

‘Imperio,’ Jin pointed at the two wizards one by one. Instantly both sat down, faces blank. Jin had never used this curse… never thought he would, but given his metaphysical abilities, he was glad he was naturally skilled in this. He eyed the one with the keys to the prison and called him forward.
The guard opened the caged door and Jin walked out. He held the face of the other man, skinny and bearded with round grey eyes.

‘What is your name?’ Jin asked.

‘Gerard,’ the man replied in a daze.

‘And his?’ Jin pointed to the man who stood blankly in front of the prison doors, key in hand.

‘Aron,’

‘Alright Gerard. If anyone asks where Aron is, tell them yesterday’s dinner has him sick,’

‘Yes,’

‘Go, stand at your post,’ and Jin turned to Aron. He pointed his wand at the death eater’s face. He was not the best at transfiguration spells but he had to try. He removed the beard from the man’s cheeks, darkened his hair to match Jin’s shade. He made them switch clothes, giving his expensive but dirty and torn garments to the other man and wearing this worn out grey cloak. There wasn’t much more he could do. The man walked into the cell and Jin covered his eyes with a torn piece of the cloak that he blackened.

The death eater went to the corner of the cell and sat silently on the floor.

‘Sleep,’ Jin said, and the man put his head down.

Jin touched his own face with the tip of his wand, growing a grey beard and changing his hair to the same salt and pepper shade. He pulled the collar of his cloak up and carefully walked on to the steps.

There were people walking on the deck, they were still loading the dinghy with the lycan prisoners. Jin treaded softly, wand at the ready, to fight or to cast more people under his imperious curse.

The captain’s cabin should definitely have a mirror, even if it’s a small one. Jin prayed, his heart thudding a million miles an hour, that no one sees him as he crept towards Bellatrix’s room, hiding behind barrels and lamp posts of the small wooden corridor, wide enough for just one person to pass.

He reached the black wooden doors of the so-called captain.

He tried to turn the knob but as expected, it was locked.

‘Liberare,’ he tried… but this was Bellatrix he was dealing with. She would’ve used anti-charms for unlocking spells.

Jin looked left and right, pausing his breaths to listen if anyone was approaching, trying to hear what his instincts were telling them.

‘Portaberto,’ he pointed at the knob and said. There was a low hiss as the knob started to melt and the internal lock with it.

Once the door was unlocked, Jin slowly pushed the door, creeping in and his eyes immediately found the mirror on the wall adjacent to the head of the bed.

He ran to it, blood rushing to his cold fingers and he ran his hands over the frame of the mirror.
‘Ego sum ostium per occultatum novi domum,’ Jin muttered, running his wand over the top frame. ‘Ego sum autem devium ducit ad videntem,’

He watched the letters burn over the edge of the iron frame and for the first time in days, he felt some kind of hope.

Jin looked deep into the surface of the mirror, until it started to ripple like water.

Namjoon? Jungkook? He searched, furrowing his eyebrows. Is this going to work?

*

The five were huddled in front of the mirror that now rested on the wall again. They sat on the carpeted floor, hands around their drawn up knees.

‘How will we know?’ Namjoon asked.

‘We’ll have to keep watch,’ Jungkook said, ‘Wait!’ his round eyes turned absolutely wide, seeing the spell they had inscribed on the mirror start to glow. The surface of the mirror started to ripple and all of them huddled close to it.

‘Jin!’ They shouted in unison, seeing a familiar pair of brown eyes, though his grey bearded appearance was new to them.

Jin smiled, eyes nearly watering.

‘So this is going to work?’ Jin asked, hand slowly going closer to touch the mirror.

**Mood Music Ramin Djawadi - A Small Pack of Wolves**

‘Jin! Behind you!’ Ash shouted, drawing out her wand. Jin turned around to see about five death eaters in the room, their wands ready.

‘I thought you looked unfamiliar,’ Jenkins sneered. ‘Quiet the clever boy, aren’t you?’

‘Jin hurry!’ Namjoon called and Jin lunged forward but a spell shot past him, hitting Namjoon square in the chest. He flew back and Hoseok rushed to his side.

‘Just cross over!’ Ash thrust her hand into the mirror. Jin caught it and got pulled forward but something pulled him back as well. Someone had caught his leg and now he was stuck, his arm in one location and the rest of him in another.

‘Get off you bastard!’ Jin kicked but more hands grabbed on to him, pulling him back. His friends weren’t able to shoot any more spells, for fear of hitting him.

‘No!’ Jungkook lunged forward, crossing over the mirror to grab Jin by the shoulders. He punched one of the death eaters in the nose and the man fell back, blood spurting out. Namjoon, Ash, Yoongi and Hoseok pulled Jungkook and Jin, inch by inch taking their bodies over to this side as the mirror rippled around them like water that wasn’t wet. With a yell Jungkook pulled Jin and when both crossed over to Yoongi’s hideout home, Jungkook saw a hand still clasped on the Jin’s ankle.

‘Let go!’ He yelled, ‘Reducto!’ he shot a red spark on the hand and it immediately released the grip.

But that wasn’t all. The remaining death eaters were clamouring through, like zombies digging out
of a hole in the earth.

‘Break it!’ Jin yelled.

‘Move aside!’ Jungkook pushed everyone out of the way, and standing in front of them, pointing his wand at the portal. ‘INCENDIO!’

Flames shot out of Jungkook’s wand and the death eaters fell back.

‘Diffindo!’ Ash shot at the inscripted frame and it started to crack. The water like mirror started turning back to glass as the portal started to close, except it started to crack as quickly and soon, the object fell down, disintegrating into a hundred iridescent shards.

Everyone was breathing heavily, fallen on the floor all one over the other.

‘Is everyone okay?’ Hoseok asked, getting up first. Slowly all disentangled from each other and sat up, looking around to make sure they were safe and sealed inside the house without any other portals opening up.

‘Yeah,’ Jin nodded. ‘Yeah I’m okay,’ he looked around to check on the rest.

‘You’re here,’ Namjoon said, tears in his eyes. ‘You’re back, you’re really back,’ he hugged him from the back.

‘Oh thank god,’ Hoseok and Yoongi dived in for a hug too, each on one side of Jin. Jin looked up to see Jungkook crying and chuckled.

‘Stop crying now, I’m back. This was your idea wasn’t it? Your Ravenclaw brain?’ He walked forward to hug Jungkook and Ash. ‘Oh god, I’m… I’m so relieved, it’s like I can breathe again.’

The six of them stood huddled for a long time, crying in relief and hope. All was not lost, yet.

*

Torrhen walked around the flat circular cliff where alchemists were busy making markings on the ground, creating a circle which was nearly 30 feet wide. Each inscription had to be made carefully, every symbol drawn to accuracy. The morning sun glittered on the blue sea. Torrhen enjoyed the view while he could, before everything turned to red.

‘Torrhen,’ Abraxas voice called him and he saw the raven sitting on the cupped hands of the statue he himself had made - the statue of Abraxas’ old form.

‘Yes master,’ he walked closer.

‘Your friend Martaeus wanted to speak to you,’

‘About what?’

‘Maybe he wished to say his final words,’ Abraxas said. ‘Once the sun sets, we’ll begin our process and there won’t be any time for heartfelt exchange of words then,’

‘Are you certain he cannot live?’ Torrhen asked.

‘Even if he is left with any strength after creating the stone, he will not be allowed to live. He’s betrayed us many times now. You are earth, you will bring him here tonight, keep his powers in check. Serafin being fire will being Taehyung, she will neutralize any attempt that the boy might
make of using his powers to escape,”

“You want me to walk Martaeus to his death,” Torrhen said.

“We always told you this is not easy. There’s a price for everything. We are on the last step now Torrhen, don’t let your feet shake. Remember... you will be the most powerful man in the universe once we have the stone,”

Torrhen left from there, making his way to the underground cells with a fire torch in hand. His stomach felt queasy, out of fear and excitement. They were just hours away from creating the stone.

He crossed Taehyung’s cell and halted, tracking back to get a look at the boy. Taehyung was passed out, hands pulled up by chains, a sweaty head resting on his pulled up arm. He was still bleeding where the stones pierced him.

This Torrhen could not deny was cruel. Taehyung was a fifteen year old child… who did not deserve this treatment no matter what.

He looked away, not wanting this to cloud his head because there wasn’t anything he could do about it and headed to Martaeus’ cell. The time for contemplation was up.

“Torrhen,” Martaeus spoke in a croaked voice. ‘I’m glad you came,’

“How bad are you feeling?” Torrhen asked, as he always did with his sarcastic humour.

‘Like death,’ Martaeus said. ‘I wish I die right now…’

‘Your son won’t like that very much. If you die at all. I heard he’s warmed up to you finally,’

Martaeus chuckled deeply, ‘What impeccable timing for that. When both of us are bound in separate cells. You know… I would’ve made you his godfather…’

‘I don’t think that’s legally possible considering he’s legally someone else’s son,’

‘Well fuck that,’ Martaeus said. ‘No matter how nice his… other father is. Torrhen… please promise me something, my last wish,’

‘You’re too sure of dying,’

‘My last wish, Torrhen please. I’m not joking right now,’

The earth elkyre sighed, ‘Okay, tell me what it is,’

‘Take care of Taehyung. Once you all create the stone, no matter what Abraxas does with him, I know my son, he won’t disappear like that. Please, take care of him, for me, until he’s grown,’

‘We will all take care of him,’ Torrhen said. ‘He’s with the guild,’

‘You’re the only one I trust,’ Martaeus said. ‘Please Torrhen, I beg you,’

Torrhen closed his eyes, remembering how frail Taehyung looked just now. He was reduced to just skin hanging to bones, laboured breaths wheezing out of his lungs and sweat and blood covering his skin, much like Martaeus. The two looked nearly identical now in this reduced state.

‘Alright,’ Torrhen said, opening his eyes. ‘I promise you… but... I wish I don’t have to. I wish you
‘I think I can’t run from my mistakes anymore,’ the other man said. ‘They’ve caught up to me, even though I was the wind.’

End Music - Tommee Profitt ft Liv Ash - A Storm is Comin’
CHAPTER ONE

Alboran Island, Mediterranean Sea

‘Taetae?’ Jiyeon called from the door, ‘Tae, why are the crayons lying all over the living room?’

‘Maa!’ Taehyung ran towards her, clutching a purple crayon and a sheet of paper ‘Look! Look, I made the bird I saw in my dream!’ he held a drawing over his head. Jiyeon took it, keeping her briefcase on the floor and looked at what her son had made, a bright purple owl-like bird with round blue eyes and a yellow beak.

‘Tae, I think you drew a Fwooper,’

‘Booper?’

‘No,’ Jiyeon chuckled, squatting down so her face could be on level with the boy, ‘Fwooper. Did you see one flying around here?’

Taehyung shrugged, ‘I remember it from my dream,’

‘Okay now, collect all your crayons from the living room and put everything back on your desk. It’s time for dinner isn’t it? Where’s dad?’

‘In here,’ his father’s voice came from the kitchen.

‘Su, I would’ve helped you out with it, you know it’s faster if I enchant some of the knives to peel vegetables,’ Jiyeon said, walking into the kitchen.

‘Don’t worry Yeon, I came home early today. It’s a muggle dinner tonight for us,’

‘Taehyung, come on, hurry!’ his mother called, setting the plates down on the table. ‘And call your grandmother too!’
'Nana! Nana it’s dinner time!' Taehyung ran up the wooden staircase calling for his grandmother, his hands clutching the railing so that he could hoist himself up the tall steps.

‘Taehyung?’ His mother called again.

‘Taehyung,’

He stirred, eyes slowly opening. Serafin was in front of him, holding a vial with a blue liquid.

‘Drink up,’ she said. ‘You’re becoming too weak,’

‘You don’t say,’ Taehyung said, voice barely audible. She put the vial to his lips and turned it, emptying the contents down his throat. The liquid was thick and bitter, but cooling to his tongue.

‘We create the stone tomorrow,’ she said to him. ‘You need to be awake during the transmutation. And then, once it’s all done, you can visit your mother,’

‘Was I…? Taehyung asked, wondering why she said that.

‘You were calling out for her just now, in your sleep,’ Serafin replied, looking at him with pity.

‘What is Abraxas going to do once he has the stone?’

‘Abraxas sensed that… your friend Jin was not with the rest of your friends,’

Worry crept into Taehyung, ‘What do you mean?’

‘He’s separated from them, we don’t know why… or how. So, I went to question one of our Alchemists, Anesbek. He… he pretended to be in cahoots with the death eaters so that he could tell us what they were up to. He was the one who came to us suspecting you were an elkyre after Bellatrix Lestrange first attacked your school,’

‘And what did this… informant say?’

‘The Death Eater’s already had plans to capture Kim Seokjin. And they were thinking of doing so if they failed in catching you,’

Taehyung grit his teeth. Jin was captured by Bellatrix? There couldn’t be anything worse.

‘And Anesbek also told us that the Death Eaters will attack us. They want the stone from us. And before we plant our footsteps towards the Ministry of Magic, we have to remove this obstacle in our path. The new world cannot have two heads, only one. And Voldemort who they’re trying to bring back… he doesn’t fit into our plan. Abraxas will not rule alongside Voldemort. And Voldemort will not work under Abraxas. There can be only one,’

‘So are you going to attack the Death Eaters?’ Maybe Taehyung could save Jin then… make one right in the hundred wrongs he had committed against his friend who only loved him.

‘There will be no need to go to them. Anesbek said they were planning to come to us. Let us see about that,’

‘Here you are Serafin,’ they heard Abraxas’ thin voice. Doreen the guard entered the cell with the bird on her shoulder. ‘Taehyung, you seem to be better now. The potion worked on you it seems. I must thank the Alchemists for their hard work on creating one just for you,’

All this while Taehyung had tried really hard to give in to his situation without stirring anything.
Even after whatever Serafin had done to him and his friends, he was still speaking to her. But Abraxas…. Taehyung’s blood boiled at the sight of him.

‘Why Taehyung I can sense your fury from here,’ the bird said.

‘You talk about a new world Abraxas,’ the boy said, feeling an ounce of strength returning to him from the potion. ‘But you are an evil being. And that world is not going to be any better than this one,’

‘It’s going to be a better world for us. And you will have the power to change things. The man who calls himself minister of magic thinks he’s sitting in his seat and doing all the good things. There is no good and evil Taehyung. There is only power. This world can never collectively agree on something absolutely good. So are you smart enough to seek the power and do good for yourself, or are you among the weaklings who are afraid of handling it? Who are afraid of their own potential?’

Taehyung stared at him hard with his eyes as hard and cold as ice. Doreen left with Abraxas and Serafin followed them out.

‘Is everything in place for Anesbek’s execution?’ Abraxas asked them.

‘Yes master,’

‘Serafin, I expected better from you,’ Abraxas said. ‘We let him spy on the Death Eaters on your judgement. And he ended up spying on us,’

‘I made a mistake, and I’ll execute him myself,’ Serafin said.

* 

Coast of Albania

Mood Music: *Ramin Djawadi - Qarth*

They were rowing towards the shore. Beyond the thin stretch of sand, the place looked green and thick with forests from this distance. The afternoon sun was high above them, scorching their skin so badly that all the lycans wished death over this torture. Jimin heard some of them bend over the edge of the boat and throw up into the sea, even though they had no food in their stomachs.

Jimin’s skin was burnt and raw, his lips chapped, bleeding at the edges. He touched them with the tip of his calloused fingers. Even a feather light touch stung him. Everyone used to say he had beautiful lips… especially Ash. No beauty left in him now. He was like a torn rag doll.

It would’ve probably taken ten minutes or so but it felt like an hour till they reached the shore and dragged the boats over the sandy beach that burned their naked feet. There were more werewolves here, all moving aside and bowing to Roderic as he walked towards the forest, taller and broader than the rest.

Jimin helped his cellmates to disembark and walk. When the young boy Philip almost collapsed. Jimin, with all his might, lifted him and put him on his back, almost staggering on his way to the forest.

The shade had never been more welcome to Jimin. As soon as the trees overhead blocked the sun, Jimin felt like his body lost several degrees of temperature. They walked over the path of mud and dry leaves, passing by small water streams where dragonflies flew, one place to another.
If it wasn’t for Dromon and Roderic’s overbearing presence, Jimin would’ve thought his place was serene and peaceful, with the green vegetation, colorful berries and flowers, the sound of the sea rushing behind him and smell of fruit trees.

They walked a while until they came to a clearing in the forest where the werewolves lived. There were tents erected, made of old leather and skins of animals. Some of the people were roasting a deer in a fire pit while another looked to be stewing something in an iron pot. As soon as Roderic entered through the boundary line, all stood up, bowing at him as he passed.

‘At ease,’ he waved his hand. ‘Get back to what you were doing,’

One of the werewolves walked forward. She was barely clothed, the skin of a large brown furred animal, that Jimin guessed was some kind of bison, thrown over her naked torso and she wore tanned leather pants that were ripped in several places.

‘How many?’ she asked Roderic.

‘Fifty three,’

‘Fifty three?’ the she-wolf asked, half in surprise, half in a shock that hinted disapproval. Her green eyes looked over all of them, landing on Jimin who was struggling to keep himself up with the weight of Philip. ‘Who’s this,’

Roderic looked back at Jimin and grunted. ‘Skoll’s sired,’

‘Oh, the last of his kind,’ the woman said, brown eyebrows arching for a moment. ‘Tell me pup, was it you who killed our master?’

‘No,’ Jimin answered. ‘The one who killed him is dead,’

‘How?’

‘An overdose of wolfsbane,’

At the mention of the herb, the she-wolf almost gagged, face grimacing. ‘Never coming a feet near that wretched potion. Come along now. You all can bathe and eat before the full moon tonight,’

‘Dromon can take them,’ Roderic said, keeping a hand on her arm.

‘I’m curious to see this batch,’ she said. ‘You two can go get adjusted to your life back in the forest. Seas don’t suit us wolves much do they,’

‘Tell me about it,’ Dromon snorted. ‘I think I threw up everyday we were on that wretched vessel. Who chooses to live on water?’

The woman took them all through a circle of scattered huts, towards the back of this dwelling where a stream ran, it’s water glittering under the sun. The bottom of the stream was shown clearly, a bed of pale brown pebbles.

‘Go on,’ she said to the new recruits. ‘Go bathe, drink, do whatever you want. Though if you want to drink, I’d suggest you go a little upstream for that,’

Jimin tripped over a stone with Philip’s weight but the woman caught him, taking the younger boy off his back and laying him on the ground. Jimin tried to keep his eyes on the ground, not used to people being so scantily clad in front of him.
‘Are you trying to die before your time pup?’ she asked Jimin. ‘Why are you acting a hero?’

‘I’m not acting a hero,’ Jimin said through gritted teeth. ‘I’m just… he’s a child,’ Jimin looked at the whimpering boy. ‘Your lot bit a child and brought him here to die,’

‘This is your lot too now,’ she said. ‘And don’t come at me with that tone pup. This is Roderic’s doing, not mine,’

‘You obey him. He’s your family. You’re as much in this as he is,’

The woman chuckled, ‘He’s the alpha. You’ll obey him too. Then you’ll know what it feels like… I’ve learned to live here. Once Skoll died, I thought things would get better, maybe the pack will break but Roderic rose as the new alpha,’

‘How did that happen?’ Jimin asked as he cupped some water and dropped it into Philip’s parted mouth so that the boy could regain some consciousness. ‘Skoll died in Hogwarts and… that’s far from where we are. Isn’t an alpha chosen by duel?’

‘Usually yes. But Skoll had set some rules. He had prepared Roderic to take over in the minuscule chance that Skoll dies. No one ever thought that day would come,’

‘And then you were bound to him,’ Jimin said. ‘Couldn’t you rebel? Isn’t that how Skoll himself broke from his first pack?’

‘Roderic will kill you if you rebel, just like Skoll did to his sired ones who thought they were too smart. Roderic was chosen to ascend because Skoll knew his boldness. No one dares to challenge him. So stay put little pup. And maybe my brother won’t trouble you too much,’

‘Your brother?!’ Jimin asked surprised and then he noticed that both Roderic and this woman had a similar jaw structure. ‘I hope you mean… just a lycan brother,’

‘No,’ the woman shook her head. ‘Why do you think I haven’t ripped his heart out yet,’ she gave a half smile and left him. ‘Get cleaned pup. You all reek like hell,’

*

**London**

_Mood Music - Ramin Djawadi - Bicarmel Mind_

The six were seated in the living room of Yoongi’s hideout house. The pieces of shattered mirror had been swept to the side and now the inhabitants were huddled in a deep conversation.

‘Oh god, finally a proper meal,’ Jin sighed, taking a large bite of bread and ham sandwich. It was far from proper but Jin gorged on it like it was the best thing in the world.

‘Did they keep you hungry?’ Namjoon asked, a hand resting on Jin’s thigh. The two had been inseparable ever since Jin jumped through the mirror portal.

‘They didn’t. They couldn’t let me starve to death,’ Jin said, his mouth full of food. ‘But I’d rather die than eat from their hands, those bastards,’

‘I hope their ship burns down,’ Yoongi said, glancing at Jungkook who had cast the last spell of fire. ‘Now tell us, what is happening? How are Jimin and Laura?’

‘Jimin was on his way to the werewolf camps when I left,’ Jin said after swallowing.
'You saw the rest of the werewolves?’ Ash asked.

‘Yes. I saw the new recruits, and the alpha… He’s far from kind,’ Jin added, seeing Ash’s curious expression.

‘And Laura?’

‘Bellatrix has taken her somewhere,’ Jin said. ‘I saw them in a vision, walking on a very high bridge,’

Yoongi took a deep breath in, trying to figure out where the two would’ve gone.

‘This isn’t your wand,’ Namjoon said, looking at the dark wood wand tucked in Jin’s pants. ‘Where’s your Silver Lime wood?’

‘Taken,’ Jin answered. ‘Bellatrix has probably given it to one of her minions. This is Mulciber’s wand,’

‘Mulciber?’ Yoongi sat up straight. ‘That bastard… did you duel with him? Did you-’

‘No. Mulciber died two days ago. Laura executed him,’

There was a pressing silence amongst all of them. Yoongi closed his eyes and nodded, remembering the rage he felt at the memory of Serafin burning his mother. Mulciber had a hand in killing half of Yoongi’s family. ‘He deserved it,’

‘But… how did the wand reach you?’ Jungkook asked, hoping to hear what he had been yearning to hear since the past 24 hours.

Jin looked at him, ‘Laura risked her life and gave it to me. Every moment on that ship, she had been treading on death. Your grandfather was a hard hearted man, but what he taught her and Yoongi came into use now. Laura matched Bellatrix in the Occlumency skills,’

Yoongi’s lilac eyes burned, with relief and pride.

‘When she first saw me in the brigs, she tried reaching me through her mind, the way Namjoon had tried from here. Being right in front of me, I could hear her, but to be honest, it was a jumble. Through the mess of fear and rage in her head, I heard her plea to trust her. I had to put the rest of the pieces together, figure out she’s trying to play Bellatrix, win her trust so that she’s there to take Taehyung away when they attack the Alchemists.

‘Laura said she wished we had someone on the inside, to know what the enemies are upto right before our car crashed,’ Jungkook said.

‘I knew it,’ Yoongi breathed out. ‘I just knew it. No matter what, Laura is fiercely loyal to her family. And our family has never sided with the Death Eaters… not even our grandfather,’

‘She came to the brigs, right before you reached out to me,’ Jin looked at Namjoon. ‘She had Mulciber’s wand. Thanks to the brigs being in total darkness except for the faint light from the lantern at the door, one saw when she discreetly left the wand at the bottom of the cage. I heard her thoughts literally screaming over whatever speech of self preservation she was giving Jimin, telling me to crawl to the edge of the prison and take the wand. If her moves were one second late and the guards spotted her, Bellatrix would’ve killed her,’

‘And we don’t know where they are now,’ Jungkook clenched his fists.
‘I saw something more,’ Jin said. ‘A glowing red dawn. I think the philosopher’s stone will be created soon. We have to move right now to where the Alchemists are. And we need Dumbledore,’

‘Dumbledore?!’ Yoongi frowned. ‘Do we really? I don’t trust him to do the right thing anymore,’

‘We need a ship. And we need it without drawing any attention to ourselves. The castle I saw overlooked the sea. And Laura kept saying Alboran Island in her head. Wherever that is, we need to go there. I’m pretty sure the entire island will be under the anti-apparition charm. The only way we can get there is by ship,’

‘You said the castle looked mediterrenean,’ Namjoon pointed to the world map they had made on the floor.

‘And the Red War ended in what is now Southern Spain,’ Jin pointed to the western tip of Europe.

‘And we are here,’ Hoseok created a dot on northern Europe where Britain lay and drew a line from there to the Mediterrenean sea. ‘Can you contact Dumbledore then?’ he looked at Jin.

‘I’ll try my best,’

It took Jin some time. There were moments when Jin felt he was uselessly screaming Dumbeldore’s name as he tried to see where the Headmaster was. But to his relief, the great wizard sensed him when he was sitting in a meeting with the Minister of Magic himself, and to Jin’s dread, his father Kim Hyunseok.

Hyunseok looked grieved. He had never seen his father so tired, the lines around his handsome face looked so prominent.

‘Cornelius, I need you to send more Aurors in the search party,’ he said.

‘Hyunseok, we have given as many Aurors as possible. I have parents of seven other children ready to start an anarchist movement because we haven’t found them yet. Can’t you see the position I’m in? The Death Eaters have created a storm none of us know how to recuperate from,’

‘He is MY son Cornelius!’ Hyunseok roared. ‘I need him back, and I need him safe!’

‘As do the other parents want their kids Hyunseok,’ Dumbledore said. ‘You said your son stormed out of the house. Maybe he doesn’t want to be found,’

‘I’m not listening to you Albus,’ Hyunseok said with loathing. ‘I have made my stance on this very clear, I do not trust you, not since your questionable behaviour during the Min-Dracwyn trial. I’m sitting here with you because Cornelius seems to trust you more than he trusts others in this office,’

‘He did what he had to to safeguard the school,’ Cornelius said. ‘Now is not the time to fight, or else the Death Eaters win. You two are the only ones I can trust, who I know without a doubt will not side with those snakes. So let’s work together here.

Professor?

A shiver went down Dumbledore’s body. He knew that voice. He jumped slightly but tried to remain unperturbed. Hyunseok cast him a suspicious glance but resumed listening to Fudge after a moment.

Professor can you get out of there? We need your help, I’ll tell you where to come.
Within the next 20 mins, the doorbell of Yoongi’s home rang and three wizards walked in when he opened the door for them.

‘I see we are two members less,’ Dumbledore said.

‘Where’s Jimin?’ Taemin asked. The man looked utterly exhausted, cheeks hollow and eyes baggy on his pretty face. Next to him, Jiyeon was in the same condition.

‘We need to get to the Alchemist’s island,’ Jin said. ‘As soon as possible,’ he took them towards the map they had drawn, pointing to a dot in the Mediterranean sea. ‘This is where they are. This is where your son is Mrs. Kim,’ he looked at Jiyeon. ‘And I know Jimin will be coming here too,’ he looked at Taemin. ‘Please professor, you have to get us there, hidden from the Ministry. I’ll explain everything else on the way,’

‘The Ministry has put a search warrant for all of you,’ Taemin said. ‘And since Hyunseok is involved, it’s not looking good for you Yoongi… and neither for Laura,’

‘What do you mean?’ Yoongi asked.

‘They suspect your disappearance means you’ve joined the Death Eaters in their attacks. And the rest of you are to be treated as fugitives as well, making Jungkook break out of Mungos. All your parents are currently in questioning. Including my own. I’m a suspect as well because I seemed to be aiding you all. Dumbledore pulled me out of there right in time,’

‘Hyunseok’s need for power will not let anyone of us live in peace,’ Jiyeon said, casting Jin an apologetic look. ‘Feel like he’s going crazy because of your disappearance,’

‘Everywhere Aurors are looking for six young males and two young females,’ Dumbledore said. ‘So if we step out now, we must change our appearance. I’ll arrange for a ship. Jiyeon, Taemin, take care of their disguises,’

All of them started preparing to leave the mansion, the Aurors got to work, calling each of them one by one.

‘What do you think of dark hair?’ Taemin asked, waving his wand around Yoongi’s head. ‘And maybe slightly longer. They’ll suspect us less if the gender ratio is different from what they know,’

‘Sure, anything,’ Yoongi waved his hand and Taemin turned his hair dark, growing it till the end touched the shoulder.

‘And the robes too,’ Taemin said, turning the robe color lilac and narrowing it at the waist.

‘Am I next?’ Hoseok asked, coming in and stopped abruptly seeing the changed Yoongi.

‘What?’ Yoongi asked nervously.

‘Nothing,’ Hoseok smiled, ‘You’re really pretty,’

Yoongi snorted in a chuckle but his cheeks were turning pink.

‘You too Hoseok,’ Taemin gestured him to come in, ‘Maybe your hair should be blonde, and in curls till your shoulder,’

When all were finally ready, the group consisted of four women, two old greying men and three red headed brothers.
'We look like Charlie and his brothers,' Jin said, looking at Jungkook and Taemin’s freckled faces. ‘Jungkook I swear you’d fit right into the Weasley family,’

‘We apparate to a small port in Coverack,’ Dumbledore said. ‘Hopefully the Ministry’s news hasn’t reached there yet. We won’t get any of the good and fast ships there but it’s the only way,’ He held his arm out, ‘Everybody, hold on tight and don’t let go till you feel your feet on the ground,’

All nodded and closed their eyes before they felt the compression on their bodies as they got sucked into vacuum.

* 

Atlantic Ocean

Mood Music: Ramin Djawadi - The Real North

The ship seemed to be an upgrade from Yoongi’s hideout home. Dumbledore paid the dock operator heavy in galleons and got everything arranged for them, including a pair of new clothes that weren’t soiled with blood and ash and got them supplies of food and water.

They set off from the Celtic Sea, heading south over the Atlantic Ocean. Everyone gathered below deck in the captain’s cabin for their meal but Yoongi noticed Ash hadn’t joined them.

‘Speak to her,’ Hoseok said. ‘You’re her oldest friend here,’

So Yoongi went up the deck. Ash stood at the foremast, facing the wind, her brown hair whipping about her face. They stood there in silence for a while, just hearing the water rush below them.

‘After whatever happens at the island…’ Ash spoke, ‘If we win… can… can Jimin come back?’

Yoongi had no answer to that.

‘If we win,’ she continued. ‘Laura can come back, so can Taehyung. But can Jimin come back? He is a werewolf now,’

‘Didn’t you say you met a werewolf who lived a normal life? Remus Lupin?’

Ash scoffed, ‘That isn’t a normal life he lives. He told us his coping stories, the torture every month, the danger he feels he puts his loved ones into, the social alienation. And each word of that seeped into Jimin,’ she turned towards Yoongi with bloodshot eyes. ‘We wanted to face this together, the two of us. Jimin… he has become a part of me. So many times we came close to breaking up but we didn’t. And that only made me grow closer to him. But now… it feels like the end,’

Yoongi placed his hand over her’s on the railing.

‘You don’t shy away from being honest,’ Ash continued. ‘You’ve always been frank. So tell me now, do Jimin and I have a future? Because I don’t know what will happen to me when I see him on the island… if I see him on the island. If we even recognise each other when he is in his wolf form. He’s going to go away a second time and I don’t know how to go through that again,’

‘You know the most incredible thing about you?’ Yoongi said, squeezing her hand tightly, ‘You don’t walk away. I saw this the first time you joined the quidditch team. Hufflepuff was pushing us to the ground, Gryffindor was winning with double the score, half of the team wanted to quit but
you didn’t. You kept us together, told us to just pull through it. You didn’t have an obligation to do it, but you did it for the greater good of the team, your team. And I know you didn’t really like Jimin in the early years of our school. But ever since the attack on Hogwarts that night, you haven’t left his side, not even wavered once. You again kept us together, you believe in the good, in our unity. And that’s why… even though what I’m going to say now is not going to be easy to hear, I know you are a person who will emerge victorious on the other side;

Yoongi turned slightly so he was fully facing her, ‘There is a high possibility that Jimin will not come back. We have to accept that his life is separate from ours now, his needs are separate. And though the two of you love and care for each other so much, if you two have to part ways, know that it’s for giving the other a better life. And it’s going to crush you for now, but soon you will get up, and learn to live life again. You have that fire in you Ash. That I know for a fact,’

The silent tears rolled down Ash’s cheeks on their own, though she wasn’t sobbing. Yes it hurt like hell to hear those words from Yoongi. But she had to prepare herself for the truth. She had decided to be beside her friends, and Jimin, to whatever extent he requires. And she had to get herself through it. After all this turmoil, nothing would satisfy her more, than to see the people who had put her and her friends through so much pain to be brought down and defeated.

‘Hey,’ a third voice joined them. They turned to the side to see Taemin there, his cloak wrapped tightly around him to protect from the cold wind. He didn’t speak any further, but his face gave away the fear inside him.

Ash rubbed his arms, understanding what he was going through.

‘I just… I just need to know Jimin is feeling better… is happier being away from his family,’ Taemin said.

‘You might see him as a wolf tonight. A full werewolf. Are you ready for that?’ Ash asked.

Taemin nodded curtly once before his eyes started to glisten as well.

‘He’s my younger brother,’ the man said. ‘He… I don’t know how to say it. I’ve been with him since he was a baby. And to see him become a werewolf now… I don’t know how to be truly ready for that,’

The two younger Slytherins huddled around him, trying to give some touches of assurance.

‘Believe in your brother,’ Yoongi said. ‘He may have gone away but he’s still the Jimin you grew up with on the inside,’

*

Jin was trying to take a nap on a real mattress in the common sleeping area below deck but sleep was eluding him. Namjoon was awake next to him, looking out of the window beside their bed, his hand intertwined with Jin’s.

‘Are we there yet?’ Jin asked.

‘Not even halfway,’ Namjoon chuckled softly. He turned towards Jin and bent down to kiss him, turning his ears red.

‘Joon,’ Jin whispered. ‘We’re not alone,’

‘I know. It’s okay,’ Namjoon said. ‘And I’m just kissing you,’ he smiled slightly. ‘Well Hobi is
here but he’s used to much more than this from us,

Jin sighed, a slight contentment coming over him. He wrapped his hands around Namjoon’s torso and pulled him down.

‘It was the scariest feeling,’ Namjoon said. ‘The thought that I would lose you. I can’t do that… I can’t,’

Jin pulled him closer. ‘Namjoon…’ he breathed out. ‘Don’t put yourself in danger okay? We’re going to a field of death,’

‘I know,’ he rubbed Jin’s shoulders and kissed them. ‘And you are the reckless one, not me,’ he teased.

Jin chuckled, ‘I won’t be anymore. I’ll think before I act, like not storming out of my house on a night when all of us were on red alert.’ He looked at Namjoon, their noses nearly touching. ‘Abraxas is going to do whatever he can to get to me. And that includes targeting you. So be extra careful Joon,’ Jin softly pushed a lock of the other’s blonde hair behind his ears. ‘Don’t let Abraxas do anything to you,’

‘After this is all over, we’ll get a home in Diagon Alley, live in the bustling marketplace,’ Namjoon said, taking his hand. On instinct, his thumb was rubbing at the base of Jin’s ring finger, until he realised what he was doing and then stopped. ‘The two of us, our little home with a tiny bonsai garden, and an oven to bake your signature strawberry pies,’

‘Yes, that sounds like home,’ Jin replied, kissing the tip of Namjoon’s nose.

Jungkook walked over towards the table were a world map was spread open. Kim Jiyeon stood, looking over it, trying to calculate when they would reach the Alchemists’ island. It was already evening by the time they had started the journey.

‘Mrs Kim,’ Jungkook said softly. ‘I’m so sorry,’

The woman looked to her side, slightly confused, ‘What about Jungkook?’

‘I was supposed to take care of Tae. But they took him away right in front of my eyes. I’m sorry… I failed both of you,’

Jiyeon gently patted Jungkook’s head. ‘Don’t blame yourself even one bit. I can see the burn marks on you and your two friends even now. I know what you were against. This isn’t your fault Jungkook. I… I should’ve been a better mother,’ a single tear leaked down the side of her eye, drop falling off the edge of her nose bridge. ‘Meanwhile my husband is blaming himself, unable to help even though he wants to so badly. He’s angry at me that I didn’t tell him how bad the situation is. I wonder if I started this whole thing by leaving Martaeus. Maybe… I should’ve trusted that he will take care of Tae. My one mistake fifteen years ago has cost us all so much,’

‘You don’t know that,’ Jungkook said. ‘You did what was best for Tae. He always told me what a wonderful mother you are. He trusts you completely, even if the circumstances aren’t in our favour right now. But he trusts you,’

Jiyeon started to cry more and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand ‘I want my son back. I would do anything… literally anything,’

‘We will bring him back. Dumbledore is with us now, we’re twice as strong with him fighting with us,’ Jungkook assured her.
Jimin emerged out of the stream, having washed his arms and feet and wore his torn shirt again. He looked behind him, at the line of new werewolves now emerging out of the water stream, having bathed and cleaned themselves and were heading towards the camp. The older wolves were handing them plates made of wood, with some of the venison in it. They huddled together on the ground and when Jimin joined them, all looked towards him.

‘What now?’ one of them asked. ‘Is this where we live from now on?’

‘For now,’ Jimin replied. ‘Werewolf packs move to other places if their home gets unsafe,’

‘Unsafe how?’

‘The ministry. They want to eliminate werewolves,’

One of the men’s faces grew graver than the rest, ‘It’s true,’ the man said. ‘I work… I mean I used to work with the Ministry. Department of Magical Creatures. The extinction of werewolves is the only way to stop the venom from spreading because there is no cure,’

There might be Jimin thought. But will it be enough for all of us… Jimin scanned the whole crowd. There were so many of them. Even if the philosopher’s stone could cure lycanthropy, can each of them use it before it gets depleted? Or is the stone a never ending mass of power? That went against whatever they had learnt in their magical studies and in the one year alchemy lessons. Power is drawn from something. It’s not unlimited. It’s not born out of nothingness. It’s not a newborn entity. It’s a transmutation of energy that is within us.

Roderic walked to the circle of the new wolves, taking a seat on one of the tall and broad rocks behind them. Jimin noticed him properly now, sitting beneath a shady tree. His hair was long and dark, with thin braids here and there. He had yellow eyes even in his human state, and skin that looked like supple leather. His muscles flexed when he placed his elbows on his knees and drew his hands near his face. Jimin noticed he wore the largest pelt among all of them, the upper jaw of the animal still attached to the fur… it was of a wolf. And around his neck, hung a string of sharp teeth.

‘Eat up. You will need your strength for tonight. It’s going to be your first transformation,’ he said to them. Dromon walked around the circle, handing one of them a cup that looked like it was carved out the skull of an animal. Inside it was a milky white liquid.

‘What is this?’ Jimin asked when the cup was passed to him.

‘The potion that is going to stop you from going crazy,’ Roderic said. ‘You will still bear some of your senses when you transform into your wolf form. You’ll have the strength of a beast but a part of your human mind will be awake too,’

‘The mind of a beast is what helps us cope with the pain,’ Jimin said. ‘If the primal instincts don’t take over then the pain of the transformation-’

‘So we have a scholar among us huh?’ Roderic jested. ‘Save your knowledge pup. It’s not going to change anything. We are going to war. A bit of your human senses intact will only help you,’
‘And what has Bellatrix promised you?’ Jimin asked.

‘A part of the stone will be ours. And when the Dark Lord comes back, the werewolves will not be shunned, but the worthy ones will join him in his inner circle of death eaters. When he’s ruling the world, you will be fortunate to be under his protection,’

Jemin snorted with a chuckle. ‘You actually believe Voldemort will change his ways and include you-’

Roderic moved fast and Jimin felt a blunt pain on the side of his head. He fell sideways, face meeting the earth and a ringing in his ears as he saw Roderic’s bare feet again, this time walking away from him.

‘I’m warning you again pup. We brought you here so the Ministry doesn’t get Skoll’s venom that’s pulsing inside you. And we’ll pull your heart out and burn every last bit of you here too. I’m already halfway convinced that I should do that,’

Jemin grit his teeth, his face shaking with rage, so much that his vision blurred with tears. But he couldn’t cry right now, not when he was surrounded by these wolves.

When the older wolves left, the others in the circle hoisted Jimin up, checking on his temple but Jimin brushed them away.

‘I’m fine,’ he bit out, getting up and walking away from them. When he looked back, everyone in the circle was watching him go like lost sheep. But he had to get away for a while.

He sat by the stream, feet dipped into the water.

‘Drink it pup,’ the she-wolf was by his side, holding out the same potion, but this time it was in a long cup made of wood, it was her own portion of it. ‘I’m not going to calm you down when you go full wolf tonight. You’re gonna get your heart ripped out,’

‘That’s going to happen anyway I suppose,’

‘I told you not to talk back to him,’

‘I wasn’t exactly talking back. I was just pointing out the truth,’

She shoved the cup in his face so Jimin took it, taking a long gulp. It tasted like bitter tea.

‘Why are you here, talking to me?’ he asked.

‘The others look too scared and lost to speak to,’ she replied. ‘And I told you, you acting hero is bound to catch anyone’s attention,’

‘I wasn’t - Nevermind,’ he sighed. ‘What exactly is going to happen tonight?’

‘It’s a summer month so the night is short. The moon is closest to the earth during this month of the year. Which means this month, our power will be at it’s height,’ she said. ‘And every full moon lasts three days. You all transform tonight, know your strength. Tomorrow, we attack this island my brother talks about. That witch Bellatrix is sending us a ship. We must start the journey as soon as dawn cracks,’

The she-wolf went silent for a while and Jimin looked at her, to see her watching him with deep thought.
‘What?’ he asked, feeling almost offended and that made her chuckle.

‘Don’t worry pup, I’m not checking you out. Well, not in that way. Though there’s something intriguing about you. Maybe it’s the power of Skoll’s venom in you, or the way you glare at our alpha before getting beaten down. And yet you can’t even look me in the eye,’

‘I…’ Jimin coughed, looking away from her. ‘I mean no offence, I’m just not used to… this lifestyle. Of how you all live,’

‘Oh you mean the clothes,’ she chuckled again. ‘Or the lack of it. We are all one here, pup. We don’t take shame in our bodies or hide it. There are no secrets in this pack, nothing which is kept covered no matter what,’

‘I see,’ was all Jimin said.

‘Wait till the mating season comes, I wonder what you’ll do then,’

Jimin went wide eyed and looked absolutely panicked. There was a mating season? Will the wolves go that primal? Will he want to mate? No… no that can’t be. And thoughts of Ash filled his mind, of what it would mean for them. No that can’t be. He wished he could be safe with her right now. With her...

Seeing him shellshocked made the she-wolf burst into laughter.

‘I’m joking pup,’ she patted his back. ‘We don’t have a mating season, we’re still part human, not fully wolves. Though if two or more want to engage in any sort of mating any time of the year, there’s no need to do that in secret either. Just take this as a precautionary warning because you may see that happening anytime, anywhere,’

‘Won’t your brother mind that you’re talking so much to me?’ Jimin asked.

‘He can go suck on his own tail,’ the woman said. ‘Keep your strength up now,’ she patted his back again and started to leave. ‘And… my name is Rae,’

‘Jimin,’

‘I know pup. Roderic has bored me enough about plans of acquiring you,’

**Mood Music**: Ramin Djawadi - *Mereen*

Jimin stretched his legs into the water. It would take some time to get adjusted to this primal life after spending his entire life in a castle like school where food appeared magically on your plates, and his nice house with his family. But he was not alone. There were others who will be going through the same with him. He could only pray things get better now. Under the fading sunlight, he saw something lining his pocket. Putting his hand in, he retrieved the card that Jin had given him… the A inscribed on a black spade.

‘The Ace of Spades,’ Jimin muttered to himself. Symbolically, this card was of highest value in a deck. It was known as the card that is spiritually the highest, connecting everything else. And in some other places, it was known as the death card, able to kill even the king.

‘The king,’ Jimin blinked and looked up, his eyes directly finding Roderic. The Alpha.

Why had Jin given him this particular card. He remembered Jin had tried a lot, and failed to figure out the meaning of this one artefact among all others. Was it because… like the gloves were for
Namjoon, this was for Jimin? He was the Ace?

His eyes found the new wolves, looking away from Roderic, and searching for him. He remembered Rae’s words, that they all lived under Roderic’s tyranny. Some favoured him, some didn’t. In the end no one had a choice.

They were scared of him.

Jimin wasn’t a fool, but he wasn’t scared of Roderic the Brave.

Roderic was sired by Skoll. So was Jimin.

Skoll chose Roderic, but there were other ways of choosing an alpha.

‘Boy!’ he heard another man call him, a man he hadn’t seen before, standing by the circle of new wolves. As Jimin drew closer to him, he saw that the man was older than the rest, his face weathered and wrinkled, numerous lines running across his forehead, beady eyes hidden behind folds of tanned skin. His grey hair lay on his shoulders, as long as his beard.

‘Bow to him,’ Roderic said. ‘He’s the Gamma of the pack. The oldest one to have survived, who joined the pack with Skoll himself,’

Jimin slightly bowed to the elder wolf, noticing the pelt on his back was that of an actual wolf too, a greyish-white beast. The Gamma wore black marks on his forearm, like tattooed rings and Jimin wondered if they showed how many years the Gamma had spent as the elder of the pack. Jimin glimpsed 2 on one hand and 3 on the other.

‘Decades boy,’ the Gamma answered for him, seeing where his eyes lingered. ‘For 50 years, I have been a Gamma of this pack,’ he looked at Jimin intently, ‘Watch out for this one,’ he said to Roderic. ‘He’s a curious pup,’

‘The sun will start to set in a few minutes’ the Gamma announced to everyone. ‘We meet at the clearing, below the high rock. Make sure you’re there by sundown for the transformation. If you’re not, the rest of the pack will hunt you and wear your skin on our backs. There’s no place for weakness and outcasts here. We stick together or die alone,’

Once they dispersed, Jimin had to find the one acquaintance he had made in this new home. Many of the older wolves gave him suspicious looks as he entered their area. To his relief, he found Rae’s tent near a fire pit.

‘Oh, it’s the pup! I thought I annoyed you enough for the day,’

‘Rae…’ he asked lowly. ‘I need to ask you something,’

‘Go on,’

‘That pelt Roderic wears, and the necklace of teeth, does it have any significance?’

‘Yes,’ Rae nodded, moving from her bed of furs to sit on the ground near an old mirror. ‘It’s the mark of an alpha. That fur belongs to a rival pack, Roderic had slaughtered their alpha and then his pelt and teeth as a mark of what an alpha wears in this pack. Should another rival pack arise, Roderic must kill their alpha and replace the fur and teeth with the ones from his alpha kill,’

‘And… how much of my senses will I keep when I transform?’
‘You’ll pretty much know what you’re doing,’ Rae answered. ‘You will still be able to think and make decisions. The difference you’ll feel is your extremely heightened senses of hearing, vision, instincts, taste buds, smell. And a closer connection to the others in your pack, the one that you lightly feel right now. Because of this connection, Roderic can command you. And talking verbally is difficult but not impossible. But we prefer to communicate through thoughts and instincts,’

At that moment, they heard the sound of a longhorn, drawing out till the last encampment.

‘It’s time,’ Rae stood up and moved towards the exit of her tent. ‘Do you feel it pup?’

And Jimin could… he felt the goosebumps on his skin, each hair raised. They were in twilight and the forest appeared to be in various shades of violet and pink. All the wolves were moving to where the clearing was. Jimin reached there with Rae but chose to join the new wolves on one side of the pack gathering. The full moon was rising behind them and they could all feel the tension in their muscles.

Roderic walked up to the high rock.

‘My army,’ his voice boomed over till the distance as he looked down at them with glowing eyes. ‘My new wolves. Today you will realise your full strength, what vicious weapons you are, predators that rule the forest. And tomorrow, we will stake our claim on another weapon, and become even stronger! A weapon with which we won’t be bound to the full moon, but can transform whenever we want!’

There were shouts of cheer from the older wolves.

‘Let me see the strength of my pack at the battle,’ he roared over all of them. ‘Are you strong enough to defeat that wretched Fenrir Greyback?!’

The cheers turned primal, into angry growls of dominance.

‘Let us show them the only true werewolf pack,’ Roderic continued. ‘Pups, do you hear me? You will fight for your alpha! For the pride of your pack!’

The new wolves looked afraid and hesitant.

‘There is no place of fear here,’ Roderic’s voice vibrated through all of them. He was summoning his alpha voice and the effect was growing stronger than ever as the moonlight hit their backs, starting their transformation.

Jimin looked at his hands, feeling the shift in bone, muscle and skin. His fingers were growing longer, muscular, heart rate quickening in fear. It was painful like his previous full moons but Jimin was determined not to cry like he always did. He felt himself rise on his feet as his limbs elongated and a coat of black fur started to grow on his forearms. To his side, Philip was whimpering. Jimin looked at him, seeing him on all fours, struggling to stay upright as his bones shifted. His spine seemed to be growing, the joints turning thicker. It was scarier to watch than to feel it happening to oneself. His whimpers changed from a human’s to that of a dog-like cry. Philip’s clothes tore away and a brown coat covered his skin and when he lifted his head up, he was no longer human. His jaw protuded to the front, canines visible and nose changed to a brown snout.

All around him, everyone changed, some crying in pain, some experienced in it and just reveling in the increased power. Jimin looked to the front at the grey alpha wolf, standing on muscular legs and the alpha howled loudly.
The howl started to resonate among the other wolves, each one of them lifting their heads to answer their alpha’s call. And Jimin found himself doing the same. Their call was heard by every living creature of the forest, from deer to wildcats to the bats. And with this sound, Jimin felt the pain leave his body, his transformation now complete of a tall monstrous wolf with human like mannerisms.

Roderic looked down at them and the betas moved to the front line of the pack, dividing them into groups.

Rae ditched her duties as a beta to join Jimin’s group, which Roderic would be leading himself. She made for a rather pleasant monster, Jimin noticed. Her fur was a nice shade of brown that reflected gold. And she didn’t look like she would eat you right here and now.

Philip stuck to Jimin and was roped into the group. Roderic jumped down from the high rock and walked between all of them, accessing their state, seeing who’s done well from the transformation. If he spotted anyone being weak, writhing on the ground, he kicked them away to the corner of the circle.

He instructed each group, where to go and what to do. Each new wolf had to make a kill. The more dangerous the hunt, the more you prove yourself worthy. Roderic nodded and the rest of the groups left, each running into a certain direction in the forest.

Things seemed to be moving on their own now… simpler, straight forward. The constant conflict of emotions that Jimin usually felt was absent, replaced by just a single simple goal - to hunt and feed his pack.

The four wolves were joined by the Gamma and a few other older and newer wolves and they set off into the forest as well, paws digging into the soil as they ran forward.

The forest was thick and treacherous. The wolves had camped near the shore, which was far away from the actual wildlife and vegetation of the forest. Jimin heard owls hooting, the flaps of bat wings that flew overhead, insects creaking over the small pond and buzzing around the trees. He even heard the snake slither between his paws over the dried leaves and the heartbeat of his fellow wolves. And no matter if the moon was hidden behind a thicket of trees, Jimin saw everything. The outlines of shapes glowed in the darkness and he could trace the movement of each insect.

They stalked into the forest for a long time, trying to sense where they might find prey. With careful silent footsteps, they spotted the first prey and one of the new wolves immediately jumped on it. It was a beaver… not something to be extremely proud of and Jimin was glad he didn’t jump at the first chance.

Few hours passed by, and they went even deeper. Jimin had lost track of how further in they were. The forest had an array of terrains, the beachy lands were behind them, and now they were in the grassier plains, ahead of which lay the mountains, rocky and foreboding. Another two wolves made their kill, one caught a deer and another a wild boar.

They were now at the bottom of the rocky hills, thirsty from all the exertion and they could hear water gushing nearby.

Jimin sniffed the air… yes, he could smell it… the warm flesh of an animal, it’s hooves landing on the soil as it walked towards a stream to drink some water. And the other wolves seemed to sense it too because they glanced at each other and proceeded to make a formation, Philip tailing behind them.
They hid themselves well, on the opposite side of the stream, amongst the tall grass and saw an elk by the bed of the stream, lapping up the water. Roderic signalled and Jimin made the jump before anyone else could. He dug his hind legs into the ground and lunged forward, over the stream, digging his claws into the animal. He opened his jaw wide and latched it around the animal’s neck, right at the pulse. The elk gave a cry of pain, trying to yank the werewolf off it’s back but the life went out of it soon enough.

Just when Jimin was feeling proud of his first and successful hunt, something changed. There was a feeling of fear and panic spreading inside him and he saw something move in the tall grasses.

One of his wolf mates was missing… the smallest one.

Philip.

*  

PART II

Mood Music - Hans Zimmer - The Crown (Dracwyn Theme)

Carpathian Mountains, Romania

After a few moments of dark compression, Laura caught her breath again. She felt the wind on her face and opened her eyes to a familiar place.

They were no longer on the little dinghy in the Celtic Sea. They were on top of a mountain, surrounded by other smaller ones, their green edges lining the blue sky all around them.

She looked to the front and a towering grey castle stood in front of her, the path towards it was a narrow stone bridge that she had once crossed before.

‘Go on then,’ Bellatrix pushed her forward and Laura did as she was bid, making her way to the ancient Dracwyn castle.

This tall, three towered fortress filled her with the same awe that it had nine years ago. She had read that the throne room did not have walls, because at times the ruling monarch’s dragon would sit with the king or queen. The towers had strong stone roofs so that dragons could perch on them without their claws breaking them in. In the ancient days, dragons circled around this castle, showing the world the power of the Dracwyns.

Now it was a castle of ghosts. Empty stone and dust, in the middle of nowhere.

They reached the great iron doors with dragon wings and long serpentine spiked dragon heads carved into it. Laura slowly turned to Bellatrix who seemed to be slightly awestruck too. The younger witch was hesitant to touch the castle doors, she had unintentionally set off a dangerous series of events. She looked at Laura’s tensed face and grinned. ‘Why I thought you would be happy to be back at your ancestral home,’

‘There’s nothing here,’ Laura stated. ‘The castle is in ruins. We can try to look for money or gold… or sell some of the artefacts but that’s the only valuable thing you’ll find here,’

‘And beyond the castle walls? In that forest as old as time?’ Bellatrix looked from Laura and towards the foggy forest behind the castle that stretched as far as the eye could see, engulfing hills, valleys and all that there was. ‘It’s time to complete my army with the most powerful beast,’
At that Laura looked alarmed and so Bellatrix grabbed her hand again and pushed the castle doors open.

‘Bellatrix you can’t do this! There’s a ritual to interacting with a dragon! I can’t control it on my will! They’ll kill me on sight!’ Laura twisted her hand, trying her best to break free from Bellatrix’s claws but the woman had an iron grip. Laura should’ve snatched her wand back when she had the chance. She was dragged into the ruined castle, Laura wondered why the protection charms weren’t working. Did they not work if a Dracwyn was present?

‘That’s disappointing!’ Bellatrix acted like this was all a game to her. ‘You Dracwyns really exaggerated your powers over dragons in all your records then, didn’t you?’

‘Who’s there?’ A voice echoed into the hall which the two witches had entered and Laura’s heart stopped. Florin, the resident goblin walked in, but before he could register what was going on, Bellatrix had her wand out.

‘Avada Kedavra,’

Before Laura could even move her arms, the goblin was dead on the floor. She stared wide eyed and horrified at the small fallen body of the creature. Her breaths were still, Bellatrix’s actions seeping into her skin inch by inch.

‘You…’ Laura’s lips trembled. ‘You killed him. You killed Florin,’

‘Having feelings for a goblin now, are we?’ Bellatrix said.

Laura turned her eyes to her, shaking in rage. ‘He was a servant of the Dracwyn family, not a street elf for you to hunt,’

‘A resident goblin…’ Bellatrix thought deeply. ‘Can only mean you designed a lock and key from him,’ she strode towards the dead body.

‘No! Stop-’

‘Stay right there!’ Bellatrix pointed her wand at Laura and well enough, Laura could feel a choking sensation in her throat. The bands of the vow burned around her wrist and she felt her eyes water, like something was pressing on her lungs, expelling all hair and not letting her breathe in. When she stopped resisting to whatever Bellatrix planned to do to the Goblin, the compression released her.

Bellatrix unceremoniously started to search the goblin’s pockets and felt the key beneath the layer of his blue shirt. She ripped the collar open and snatched the chain from around the goblin’s neck, an ornate silver key hanging from it.

Her dark eyes found the door at the end of the hall and she started to walk towards it, beckoning Laura.

‘Bellatrix, there’s a flower that’s needed to help bond with a dragon. If I just walk in, I’m an outsider in their territory and-’

‘And these territorial dragons will kill you. If they do, it means you never were a true Dracwyn. It means your grandfather was right. You have to earn your place in his inner circle dear Dracwyn. You refused when I invited you with an open heart. You insulted me to my face. Now you want it, show me you’re worth it,’
Saying that Bellatrix put the key into the keyhole in the middle of the two massive doors.

Laura remembered Yoongi had told her so many nights ago and this was the tallest door he had ever seen where he couldn’t see the top edge of it when they stood close to it. In honesty, that was still the case. She looked at the door, below the keyhole was a space with the imprint of a hand.

‘Only a Dracwyn can open it,’ Bellatrix said. ‘Go on,’

*Mood Music - Rupert Gregson Williams - I Have No Choice*

Laura carefully placed her palm in the space. She felt a slight vibration eminate from it and the curved metal work started to move, locks slowly turning and the door separated. Laura pushed one of the doorways and took a step outside, into the afternoon sun.

This was a suicide mission. She remembered her last time in that forest, she had repelled all dragons. None came to her. She had even lost her bonding flower. She wasn’t meant for this… her brother Yoongi was. She wished Yoongi was here, he would’ve emerged victorious and alive.

‘You’ve made the vow now. If you truly have it in you, you will summon a dragon and bring it to fight Abraxas. If you can’t, then die here by the hands of the same beasts that your ancestors controlled. I don’t have any other use for you so don’t bother returning if you fail.

Laura gave her one last look. She watched the doors close behind her and now there was nowhere to go but into the forest. She had come here nearly a decade ago and hardly remembered the correct way. She walked further in, trying to spot any other living being, but all the creatures of the forest had gone into hiding at the presence of this human who they probably thought is a predator. Except when the real predators come, they’ll think she’s a prey.

The forest stretched for miles ahead, thickets of trees covering the foggy mountains with no path tread on. Even standing on the fringe of it, Laura could feel the mysterious power in the atmosphere, of the various creatures that lived here, creatures that other humans probably didn’t even know existed. She glimpsed a pair of fairy dragons in the distance, clawing into red berries and eating the pulp. Laura ventured further, the sound of crickets and insects getting louder as the sun’s light got dimmer. She crossed trees with trunks wider than she had ever seen in her life. The ground was growing treacherous now, thick roots hidden under fallen leaves and vines. Predatory plants moved their heads to look at her, she could hear their breaths as the trap of their venomous mouths inhaled her scent. Without a wand, she could probably deal with a predatory plant… but what if something with legs and claws finds her? Nocturnal animals would be waking up now, hungry from their slumber and prowling about to hunt a meal. And then there was the greatest predator of all, to which this forest was a home. She wondered what she would do if she encountered a dragon. She didn’t have the flower needed to bond with the beast. They will consider her a threat and kill her on the spot. If she didn’t fulfill Bellatrix’s wish, she would die of the unbreakable vow. And if she tried to fulfil it, she’ll die of dragonfire. Dragons were the least friendly beasts. She should’ve known this was Bellatrix’s true intention of keeping her.

A few hours passed and Laura saw the sky through the canopy of tall trees turn from orange to a deep blue. The sun was close to setting.

The forest air was thick with the scent of leaves and soil. Insects buzzed in her ear, biting wherever they saw exposed skin. Laura was hungry, thirsty, itchy and trembling with fear.

Another kilometre of walking and the last rays of sunlight had left her. Now the world was turning pitch black. Laura had to tread her way, placing her legs softly to avoid tripping. She didn’t know how long she had been walking now, feeling almost faint. She wanted to apparate away from here,
except that even with a wand you wouldn’t be able to… this entire forest was enchanted to be concealed, there was no way to go in or out. Laura didn’t know if she was imagining it in her hunger, or if it was really happening but she could hear creatures growling around the forest, hidden behind thick bushes. Their predatory eyes could see her but she didn’t share the same vision. She gulped dryly, wondering if a beast would rip her throat out and feast on her. If she were to die today, she prayed to was a quick death-

Her feet fell through a patch of leaves and she was falling, where, which direction, she had absolutely no clue. In the darkness, she couldn’t make sense of anything except that she was rolling on hard cold ground. Stones and roots poked painfully at her back and her legs. Her ankle got caught in something while her body hung lower. She pulled herself free only to roll further down. Was this at the edge of a cliff? Would she fall to her death or into some pit of no escape?

She bumped hard on something and her face hit the ground as her body finally stopped rolling. For a long time, Laura was still. Still like a dead person on the ground except for the heavy breathing. She could see her hands now, the moonlight from above made everything blue around her.

What was she doing here? What had her life come to? Lying beaten down all alone in the forest of death. There was an ache and burn on her forehead and she imagined she was probably bleeding. Twigs stuck to her clothes, she had more scratches on her limbs than she could comprehend. Pain bobbed at her back, below her left shoulder blade like a bludger had hit her with full force.

Laura’s eyes watered, sobs now escaping her lips. She shut her eyes tight, fists clenched and body curling in. She hadn’t cried since the night of her grandfather’s death. And now all she could do, all she was capable of, was cry here silently as the stars above her watched.

She felt like she had lost everything. She lost her guardian, lost her family name, lost the boy that her mother swore to protect, and lost her friends. She never thought she would be defeated this badly. She cried, the soil beneath her getting wet and sticking to her cheeks but she didn’t care anymore. The critters and insects were growing louder and she didn’t know if she would survive till morning. But she had no strength to get up.

*

Mood Music: Rupert Gregson Williams - Your Majesty (Laura’s Final Theme)

Laura had lost track of the hours that passed in darkness. She didn’t know how many times she had been in and out of sleep. But this time, the sounds were getting louder, the low screech… a guttural growl moving around her. Laura snapped her eyes open as her heart thudded in her chest. It was still dark, the fog around her reflected some of the light, but concealed everything. She felt like dawn was slowly approaching but the true light of the sun was still away.

Laura sat up, wiping some of the dirt off her face and turning this way and that to catch a glimpse of this monster, the rumbles coming from its throat were getting closer.

She knew that sound… the most dangerous predator that walked this earth had found her.

In the filtering light of dawn, she saw a five petalled purple flower slowly come towards her. It looked damaged, but it still had some life in it. Confused, she looked harder and with astonishment saw a silver tail wrapped around it.

Laura hurriedly stood up, adrenaline giving her some strength and the tail brought the flower to her height. Laura breathed hard and fast and looked up, craning her neck up… up and up, until she saw the head of a silver dragon emerging from the mist and gleaming in the dawn’s first light.
‘The… silver dragon,’ her lips moved inaudibly. She couldn’t take her eyes off it’s majestic appearance. The dragon looked at her, the growl becoming like a purr. It’s eyelids widened, showing the beautiful purple eyes that sat like huge amethysts. It’s wide nostrils flared a moment and it brought it’s head lower. It was looking at Laura intently, like it understood what was going on in her mind, like it knew her. And the girl wondered if this was the first time the dragon was seeing her… because nine years ago, when she had fallen in the forest and lost her bonding flower, she had felt a similar presence, heard this same growl. Laura looked down at the flower again and wondered… if this was the same flower. She extended her hand, mind completely overwhelmed with what she was seeing in front of her eyes.

When she took the flower, the silver dragon moved closer, putting it’s head to the ground, a mark of submission. Laura wanted to cry, out of relief, out of amazement, she didn’t know.

This dragon, from mighty species the dragon queen Crina rode… was alive. It was this ancient beast that growled in the forests instilling fear of death in people for centuries.

Slowly, she extended her hand to touch the wide mouth of the beast, between it’s nostrils, feeling scared and thrilled at the same time. The beast looked magnificent as the first rays of dawn fell on its iridescent body, scales flashing like a rainbow where the light hit it a certain way. It looked like it was made of an armour of diamonds, but its skin was tough and leathery.

The moment Laura’s hands touched the dragon, she couldn’t help but feel proud, prouder and surer than she had ever been of herself, like the dragon was lending her its energy… or awakening the strength Laura always had within her. She was a Dracwyn. No matter if her grandfather didn’t deem her worthy, no matter if the other dragons didn’t come to her. But here she was, in front of the mightiest dragon known to mankind.

She walked forward. There was a sense of understanding the dragon was passing to her by the touch and it understood what she wanted, what it needed to do for her and dragons have helped the Dracwyn bloodline for centuries. They won’t break faith today.

Laura stepped carefully on the dragon’s front leg, grabbing a part of it’s neck and she climbed over it, the thrill replacing her fears little by little. She caught her grip on the spikes of it’s back and settled herself. The dragon slowly moved and Laura couldn’t believe it, couldn’t believe what was about to happen. She was about to ride her first dragon.

The dragon raised itself up to it’s full height and Laura felt like she was on top of a mighty tower. She could see so much of the forest and saw other dragons come out of hiding at the sight of the mighty dragon awakened again. The silver dragon spread its massive wings and growled loudly, a sound that would echo till the ends of the forest, and Laura heard another dragon respond to it’s call from behind. She looked back, seeing a black dragon, as big as her silver one. It walked forward, planting it’s clawed feet into the soil and flapping its wings. Laura felt the wind beneath her and then the dragon was jumping into the air, and Silver followed behind the ebony beast. The two dragons flew over the Dracwyn castle, crossing it in a circle, roaring to enforce their strength again before flying into the red dawn. This was beyond anything she could’ve ever imagined. They soared higher and higher, flying forward. Wind flew through Laura’s dark hair, and she felt like it was cleansing her of the baggage of emotions she was carrying since days. Feet by feet, she left lighter as the dragon flew higher. All she felt now, was power.

* 

Irish Sea

‘What is happening here!’ Bellatrix yelled, seeing the utter commotion when she reached her ship.
There seemed to have been a fire, judging from the burned wood in the back deck. Jenkins has holding a half burnt face and another man was dead.

‘I ASKED WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE!’ she shouted in rage. ‘JENKINS! TELL ME RIGHT NOW!’

The death eaters shivered in fear and Jenkins mumbled several times before forming coherent words.

‘M-Madame Lestrange… The boy… Kim Seokjin ran away,’

The way Bellatrix’s eyes widened in rage, it looked like they would pop right out of her socket.

‘GUARDS!’ She yelled for the two prison guards. They were pulled and brought to the witch and she saw one of them wearing Seokjin’s clothes.

‘They say he used the Imperius curse on them. They don’t remember what happened,’

‘HOW CAN HE USE THE CURSE WITHOUT A WAND!’ Bellatrix yelled and then something clicked in her mind. She ran down towards her cabin, seeing that there was a strip of ash next to her bed and her mirror was completely broken. She unlocked a drawer in her dresser, pulling a dark wood wand from within it.

‘Finite Incantatem!’ she pointed her own wand at it and cast the reversing spell. The wand disintegrated in her hand, vanishing like smoke and Bellatrix yelled out.

‘THAT BITCH!’ She whipped her wand around, ‘THAT BLOOD TRAITOR I WILL KILL HER!’

‘Madam Lestrange,’ Jenkins came in, ‘Was it Dracwyn?’

‘She fooled us all you bastard! The Mulciber’s wand she gave me was fake! I will pull her guts out right in front of her eyes!’

‘I told you not to trust her,’ Jenkins said. ‘Daughter of two generations of blood traitors. But she’s under oath now,’ Jenkins tried to pacify the raging witch, ‘You will have your revenge by making her do what she’s promised you,’

‘I’m removing the anti-apparition charm on this fucking ship. It’s time to call the whole lot. Have you arranged for the ships to reach Albania by night? And to Frenrir’s pack too’

‘I’ve already sent for them. They’re on the way,’ Jenkins said, wincing slightly with the jolts of pain he got from the burnt side of his face.

Bellatrix waved her wand, muttering the incantation to remove the anti apparition jinx and then pulled the left sleeve of her robe, to reveal the dark mark on her forearm. Jenkins looked at her hesitantly. Previously only the Dark Lord would summon them this way. But Bellatrix often thought she was an extension of him, his right hand. She took her wand and pierced it on the snake tongued skull and every dark mark across the world felt the burning call towards this ship.

* 

**Southern Coast of Albania**

They heard the young wolf’s yelp coming from some feet away and each one of them started to chase the predator that had picked their youngest while they had been busy zeroing on their kill.
The wolves ran through the flat grassland towards rockier terrain, sniffing on the blood of the little wolf. As soon as their feet touched the rocky grounds, Roderic stopped and the others with him. Jimin ran ahead but paused and looked back, wondering why they had halted.

_Not our territory._ He felt Roderic say. _Another beast… dangerous._

_We have to get him back._ Jimin said back to them. _We can defeat whatever is out here._

There are too many of them. The Gamma said. And they started to appear, wild cats, as black as the night itself, and nearly as big as the werewolves. What was most striking about them, was the long canines that extended beyond their upper jaw, reminding Jimin of the sabertooth lions of the ice age.

Now the situation wasn’t as simple as before. And their human thoughts started to come in.

_A fight isn’t worth it right now._ Roderic said. _We have a battle to prepare for by dawn._

_We can’t leave Philip here!_ Jimin argued.

_The boy is right._ The Gamma said. _We can’t let these animals feast on one of our own. We lose the upper hand then._

Roderic couldn’t argue with that. They were top most on the food tier of being predators. That will not change today. And so, Roderic slowly stepped forward, ears standing up and listening to everything around him. The wildcats drew closer, growling at the back of their throats. The other wolves flanked their alpha, going deeper into the cat’s territory. They could smell Philip in a cave straight ahead but before they could get any close, the wild cats attacked them, jumping from the rocks above, claws out and teeth bared.

Mood Music - _Carter Burwell : A Wolf Stands Up_

All the wolves rounded about, attacking back. Rae and Roderic made sure to shield the Gamma. Jimin felt the wildcat’s long nails almost scratch his eye out but the wolves were collectively stronger. Together, they fought the six wild cats, biting down on their necks and tearing up their belly until each one of them was dead.

_Looks like we can have a grand feast tonight._ Roderic said and then signalled them to go into the cave.

Rae went in, picking the pup and bringing him out. He was laid against one of the trees and Rae looked visibly sorry for him.

Philip, the little wolf was panting, breathing fast. There was a massive bite mark on his shoulder, bits of flesh missing, from where the wild cat had hooked his teeth into him and dragged him. His right leg was horrendously, with a bone jutting out broken and he had scratch marks all over his muzzle. Jimin heard him whimpering in pain, unable to stand on his feet.

_What do we do? Gamma, do you have a potion for him?_ Jimin asked.

_He’s lost too much blood._ The Gamma said. _Recovery won’t be fast…_

_Then it’s not worth it._ Roderic said. _Kill him and be over with it. We don’t have time or resources to recover him._

One of the wolves moved forward to snap Philip’s neck but Jimin jumped in front of him.
No! You can’t do that! He’s a child!

He’s weak! Roderic said, his anger shooting up. He couldn’t even fight an animal, how will he fight the Alchemists’ army! Look at him, so pathetic that he can’t even move. Death is better for someone like him.

You bit him and brought him here! Jimin spoke back. This isn’t his fault, it’s yours!

Roderic changed his stance, placing his legs firmly on the ground and sneering at Jimin with his teeth bared.

How dare you... This was the last time you talked back like that pup. And for your punishment, you will kill this pathetic weakling yourself.

No! Jimin was defiant.

Roderic stalked closer to him, continuing to sneer and growl, forcing Jimin into submission, making him lower his head. I said... you will kill him. Right now.

Jimin was losing his ground as the effect of the alpha voice spread through him. He was being lowered to the ground, head being pushed down by Roderic’s domineering aura. It just felt so natural, Jimin thought in his head, to obey the words they heard from Roderic. Like it was meant to be. But this is not what he wanted... this wasn’t it. And gathering his willpower he felt the first string snap.

Slowly, each of the hundred strings left him, he felt a connection break, he could no longer feel his companion wolves. He felt all alone, like he was in a void and slowly, Jimin rose up from his knees.

‘Roderic!’ Jimin roared out loud and the alpha looked at him with glowing yellow eyes. Everyone else turned to look at Jimin, wondering what he was upto, why did he sound so defiant.

Jimin had wished for a pack that lived like a family. If that pack didn’t exist, he would have to make one himself.

He growled, raising himself little by little, eyes glaring into Roderic’s and the hair on his tail and body rising. Now everyone knew that was happening.

Jimin had just challenged Roderic to an Alpha duel.

Pup! Rae tried to stop him. Are you insane?

But Jimin continued to growl, his snapping jaws coming closer to Roderic. He was not backing down. Maybe... he could be the ace... the one who kills the king.

Roderic roared, and Jimin saw the six foot tall brown wolf at his full height, sharp teeth bared as he sneered.

Mood Music - Ramin Djawadi : Bastard

The moon had passed it’s zenith, dipping towards the western side of the sky, a massive white orb that looked like it would swallow the forest. Jimin watched the alpha circling him and he stood up taller too, muscles rippling. With a roar, he jumped high and at Roderic, letting his instincts completely take over his body.
With a curled hand, Jimin struck the alpha, his long sharp nails leaving four bloody trails on the wolf’s chest. But Roderic was fast to recuperate. He snapped his jaw forward, teeth latching on to Jimin’s shoulder. The young wolf howled in pain and kicked the older one on the stomach. Roderic went flying and hit his back on the base of a tree. Jimin stood there, panting and clutching his bleeding shoulder. He couldn’t believe he had just sent Roderic the brave flying through several feet.

Primal instincts completely took over the two werewolves. They went at each other again and again, letting their intuition guide their attacks and defenses. The other wolves cleared away, all coming to one side for their own safety. Roderic stood up and ran towards Jimin on all four legs. His head knocked into Jimin’s chest and both rolled on the ground, dust flying in the wake of their trail. They rolled down the slope, landing haphazardly on the ground below. There were other sounds nearby, more wolves approaching as they sensed what was going on. Jimin found his footing faster out of the two and got the upper hand, pinning Roderic down on the ground, his hands clutched around the alpha’s neck, squeezing hard.

Roderic punched his fingers into the side of Jimin’s torso, nails hooking into the fleshing and tearing at his ribs. Jimin howled, the pain loosened his grip and Roderic threw him away, quickly standing up to launch an attack again. Jimin clutched at his bleeding side and stood up, looking at Roderic with enraged golden eyes. Both the wolves growled through their bared teeth. He had still not inflicted the alpha with any major injuries. Roderic came running to him again and Jimin stood his ground, like he was ready to take his tackle, but just as Roderic was about to make contact, Jimin turned to the side, and jumped on Roderic’s back, one arm around his neck and sunk his teeth into the junction of Roderic’s neck and shoulder, tearing that flesh out with his teeth. The taste of the werewolf’s blood filled Jimin’s mouth.

Roderic pushed backwards, slamming Jimin into the base of a boulder once, twice, thrice, until Jimin felt each bone in his body rattle. Jimin dropped down, the ache searing through his back. All the air had been knocked out of him.

Roderic stalked in front of him on all fours, sneering, until he saw Jimin’s eyelids drop of exhaustion. And then he got on his hind legs, neck pushed up to howl into the night. The other wolves joined him in his victory and all of it was faintly audible to the panting wolf on the floor who was bleeding from the shoulder.

*Not yet... not yet. This wasn’t the wrong decision.* Jimin thought to himself.

He pushed his front paws on the ground and jumped at the alpha. Roderic caught him and tried to yank him off. The two of them then started to circle, jumping every now and then with their snapping jaws, trying to get their teeth into the other’s neck. Sharp claws stung everywhere, Roderic tore more of Jimin’s skin, from his arms, his thighs, his chest and Jimin did the same, leaving such deep scratches on Roderic’s torso that he could see the rib bones beneath.

Roderic thrust his arm forward, to stab through Jimin’s chest and grab his heart, the ultimate fatal move, but Jimin bit down on his forearm, yanking his head side to side, in hopes of breaking Roderic’s arm. The alpha then pushed himself below Jimin, lifting him over his own back and throwing him even farther away, down a slope of jagged rocks. Jimin’s body bounced painfully from the force of the throw, the rocks stabbing him in countless places and he rolled down further.

This time, his body was motionless from the fall, bleeding everywhere, eyes fallen shut.

Roderic did not take his eyes off of him this time, sniffing, growling from the back of his throat. It seemed like victory was his again, but he was going to make sure of it.
He ran down, ready to tear Jimin’s head from his body, his foot sending the smaller rocks rolling down as he descended.

A small stone fell on Jimin’s head and his eyes flew open, just in time for him to roll over to his back and brace himself for Roderic’s assault. His arms and legs held the alpha at a length though Roderic continued to dangerously snap his jaws at Jimin. Gooey saliva mixed with blood dripped from the Alpha’s mouth over Jimin’s muzzle and Jimin half punched half scratched the alpha’s face. And this time, it was the most fatal blow, Jimin’s claw cutting through Roderic’s left eye, slashing it through the middle, skull deep.

The alpha wolf cried in pain for the first time, and Jimin didn’t waste any time. He thrust his front paw forward, pushing into Roderic’s chest, breaking through his ribs and grabbed his heart.

He turned their positions and stood up, his hand jammed into Roderic, raising him up. The alpha was wheezing for breath, his tongue lolling out and body bloody, lungs taking his last breaths.

Dawn was cracking over the horizon, the forest turning a light shade of red as the first rays of light filtered through the fir trees.

The wolves’ bodies were slowly changing back to human, becoming smaller and the fur going back inside the skin.

Jimin saw Roderic turn back to his human form and yanked the heart out of the werewolf’s chest and the body fell dead on the ground.

Mood Music - Ramin Djawadi : Finale (Jimin’s Final Theme)

He felt the shift within him, like a hundred strings connecting to his mind, pushing, pulling, unsettled thoughts and emotions which weren’t his own. Blood dripped on his forearms and though it was a victory for his freedom and the lives of his friends, he did not forget the weight of it, the weight of what he had done.

It’s a fight for survival. You have to take a stand between your life and death. He remembered Jin’s words.

It was a bloody fight. And Jimin had won.

Jimin stood up straight, holding the blood dripping heart in his hand. The werewolves burst into whispers, shocked at the sight before them. Jimin was breathing hard, the deep gashes on his chest bleeding but his flesh was closing up, healing itself. He felt dizzy from the blood loss and exertion, he had not expected to survive at all. But he had. And now was not the time to show even a sliver of weakness, as he looked at the pack, his pack with the eyes of their Alpha for the very first time.

Jimin swallowed hard, preparing to speak his next words.

‘Roderic, the one you called the brave, lies dead at my feet,’ Jimin proclaimed. ‘I claim his title by right,’ he held the dead alpha’s heart up high for all of them to see. The red sun steadily ascended, bathing them all, shining upon Jimin like he was heaven sent for the werewolves. ‘Challenge me or spare your life and bow before your new alpha,’

The werewolves glanced at each other nervously. Did they really want to challenge one of Skoll’s own? Someone who had defeated Roderic the Brave? Dromon was working his jaw. His nature compelled them to bow down, unless one of them dared to challenge him right now, and seeing Rae, the third wolf who shared Skoll’s venom, Dromon felt like the odd one out.

Jimin’s eyes watched the fresh wolves, stolen from their homes and families, made to obey
Roderic. They saw Jimin for what he was, a strong Alpha, but maybe not a cruel one… and they all got to their knees, stretching out their necks and bowing their torso’s to the ground, arms spread in front of them in surrender. And then Rae followed with a smirk. Seeing her, slowly, from one end to the other, everyone followed, submitting to the ground.

The Gamma walked forward, having to act on tradition, removed the necklace of teeth and the alpha wolf pelt from Roderic’s back and put the two over Jimin. And that’s when they heard another sound from far behind them, growing closer than their wolf ears could imagine a beast approach. The sound was nothing like they had heard before, a guttural growl, followed by a rumbling screech. And then they saw it, eclipsing the risen sun, bathing them in its shadow.

Jimin craned his neck to look at it, and his golden eyes realised what it was, and a new determination washed over him.

He saw a humongous black dragon fly over them, wings spread wide as it soared over the sea, followed by another. A majestic silver dragon followed, it’s wingspread swallowing the entire area in it’s shadow. And the speck of a dark haired girl on the back of it.

* 

Yoongi woke up with a jolt, gasping hard for breath, pupils constricted in his lilac eyes.

‘Yoon!’ Hoseok was awake at once, catching him by the shoulders. ‘What happened?’

Yoongi looked around, he was on the ship, sleeping in a cabin below deck, but he had just felt like he was soaring through the sky, high above the clouds, with nothing but mountains and sea beneath him.

‘I saw…’ Yoongi gulped, feeling this dry throat. His hands were trembling when he lifted them, his skin was sweating.

‘A nightmare? What did you see?’

Yoongi shook his head, it wasn’t a nightmare. It was a call… a message, an awakening.

‘Dragons. I saw dragons,’

‘Dragons… ?’ Hoseok looked at him in question. ‘Were you dreaming?’

‘I…’ Yoongi ran a hand through his hair. It had felt so real, those black scales, purple eyes, ‘I don’t know,’

‘Okay, they’re calling us up. They want to have a talk,’ Hoseok said, pulling him up.

Yoongi got out of the makeshift bed, moving to the deck of the ship. The sun had risen over the horizon of the sea and it was red, just like Jin had predicted. The entire sky had a red glow and the sea reflected it too. Yoongi felt like they were trapped inside a red stone.

The others were looking at the strange phenomenon as well, heads slowly turning to every direction.

‘How much farther?’ Jiyeon asked, coming beside Dumbledore who stood below the foremast.

‘We should have crossed the Bay of Biscay,’ the old wizard answered, checking his pocket watch. ‘We will reach the island before sunset,’
‘Seokjin,’ Taemin called to the man, ‘I think you know the enemy the best amongst all of us. Do you have any clue of what we should expect once we reach?’

*Mood Music - Ramin Djawadi: The Great War*

Jin was hesitant for a moment but then stepped forward seeing all eyes on him. ‘We are about to face forces that are stronger than anything we have ever seen. But our enemy, has more against them than just us,’

‘You mean the Death Eaters,’ Jungkook said, suddenly feeling fearful. They will meet Laura when they reach the island. She will be there, standing amongst the enemy.

‘Yes,’ Jin nodded. ‘There might come a time where we have to work with them, no matter how much we hate them,’ he looked at Hoseok. ‘It’s our only chance at survival,’

‘I understand,’ Hoseok nodded back.

‘We will face the werewolves too,’ Jin said. ‘We don’t know what Jimin will be required to do. At that moment, we can’t make him feel emotionally weighted towards us,’

‘And what do we know about the alchemists?’ Jiyeon asked.

‘Almost nothing, except that they are powerful. And there are four elkyres, Taehyung, his father Martaeus, Serafin the fire woman and an earth elkyre. And then we have Abraxas,’ Jin said. ‘His powers are beyond my understanding,’ he looked at Dumbledore.

‘Beyond mine as well,’ the wizard answered. ‘He’s a mind manipulator, the likes of which no one has ever heard of. He plunges into your mind and transports you into another reality. You completely lose sense of what’s real, like you’re in a dream and you don’t know you’re sleeping,’

‘I tried opposing his powers and it’s done it’s damage on my body,’ Jin said, referring to the cracks hidden beneath his shirt. ‘But the one advantage we have is that Abraxas is in his weakest form right now. A bird, unable to jump his soul from one body to another. We must destroy him before he gets more powerful,’

‘Do we have an attack plan?’ Ash asked.

‘More than an attack plan, we need a rescue plan. We need to get Taehyung away from there. The key to defeating them is defeating the elkyres and Abraxas. But… Abraxas wants me. He is going to try to take me and that’s when we have to strike him,’ Jin looked at Namjoon. ‘The sword destroyed his soul once before. It can do it again, and end it forever,’

Namjoon’s eyebrows were furrowed in concentration, and he nodded. Jin, his Jin was the prize Abraxas coveted. He was the bait, and it was in Namjoon’s hands if this plan worked or not. The price of failure was too high to be paid.

* Alboran Island, Mediterranean Sea *

The doors of the cell opened with a creak and Serafin stood there, along with two other alchemists.

‘It’s time, ice prince,’ she said, beckoning him and the alchemists unhooked the chains from the wall. Serafin stepped forward, pulling out the stones embedded inside him, holding the arrow and yanking it out and Taehyung shrieked in pain.
‘Soon. It will be over soon,’ she said and all Taehyung could do was grit his teeth through the pain. It wasn’t as painful as when they pierced these stones into his skin but still, it stung like hot knives.

He was taken to a chamber a floor above, empty stone rooms with a bucket of water, benches and wash clothes. The alchemists washed him clean, running the wet washcloth over his wounds, using a salve to close the skin. His head was bathed, washing away days of blood and dirt. One of them brought new robes for him, black and grey in color. After they made him wear it, Serafin came into the stone chamber, wearing a blazing red robe. Internally, Taehyung was screaming. He wanted to run away, if only he didn’t know it was useless to run.

They walked another flight of black stone steps and Taehyung saw his father, similarly bathed and dressed in silver robes, but he looked utterly weak, leaning on Torrhen for support. Serafin smiled at the earth elkyre, eyes glittering like amber. She was brimming with excitement. They had been waiting for this since nearly a century.

The group of alchemists and elkyres took the stone steps and went upwards until they came to the round cliff in front of the limestone castle. Three alchemists were checking on the symbols they had drawn on the ground. Abraxas’ statue stood in the middle of it, the black raven perched on it’s open cupped hands.

‘Welcome, my most cherished friends,’ he called out, eyes shining red. Even the sun was casting a red glow today. All the alchemists had said it was the best omen. They couldn’t have asked for a better day to create the Philosopher’s Stone.

‘The hour is finally here, to begin our trail of breaking the old and creating the new. For 800 years… I have waited. But the patience and effort have borne fruit. Everything has finally come together. The process is not going to be easy on you. Are you four ready for it? ’

‘We are master,’ Serafin replied and Torrhen nodded.

‘And you Taehyung?’ the bird asked.

‘I am,’ Taehyung replied. He had to be brave.

‘You will feel like your energy has depleted when the transmutation starts, but once the stone is created, you will feel more powerful than ever before. Now, stand where you see your mark,’

The circular platform was marked in concentric circles. The two outermost ones were inscribed in ancient runes. Only Abraxas knew of those spells. The innermost circle, about an arm’s length from the statue of Abraxas was marked with the elemental symbols. The symbols for earth, wind, fire and water were triangles, each oriented differently from the other. They all stood on four opposite points on the inscribed circle, Taehyung facing Abraxas and his statue and all kneeled.

The alchemists standing behind came to each of them with an obsidian knife. The blade looked like it was made of a shiny black stone. Taehyung saw Serafin and Torrhen voluntarily take it, but Martaeus and his own right hand was pulled forward and a cut made in the palm. The four placed their palms into the symbol of their element in front of them and the alchemists hurriedly moved out of the circle, before the blood of the elkyres mixed with the soil and activated the spells.

_Mood Music - Ramin Djawadi : The Army of The Dead (Abraxas Final Theme)_

The symbols started to glow, and the elkyres felt the blood drain out of them. Taehyung immediately looked to his side, towards Martaeus. He knew his father did not have much strength left in him… will this kill him? Abraxas knew! He knew all along that his father won’t survive.
‘Martaeus!’ Taehyung called but the wind elkyre was already faint, on the verge of collapsing. ‘Martaeus please! Hang on, you have to hang on!’

‘Son…’ the man was barely audible, now planting his other hand down as well, unable to stay upright.

‘Father please,’ Taehyung called to him. ‘You promised me,’

At that, Martaeus slightly smiled through his fatigue. ‘I thought the day would never come, when you call me your father,’ his eyes were closing.

Taehyung started to call out to him again but he himself was feeling faint. Blood from the four elkyres flowed through the circle, getting drawn in by the statue in front of them. The raven screeched, high and painful, spread it’s wings as its eyes glowed a brighter shade of red. Its wings stretched forward, growing larger and wrapping Taehyung with it. Taehyung got engulfed amongst the black feathers and he felt it poking at him, pushing in like needles and he screamed, just like the raven had. The entire circle was glowing red now, one by one each elkyre fell to the ground while Taehyung struggled. He could feel Abraxas pushing into his mind, his heart, his very being. He felt himself being pushed back into a vaccuum, like he had felt on that night in Hogwarts, in the South Tower. Taehyung’s head jerked back, each vein in his neck turning purple and pulsing. He dug his fingers into the soil, scraping it, crying for relief as Abraxas continued the assault.

Everything glowed red in front of his eyes. And Taehyung drowned under the cocoon of feathers, his mind fading into black.

Abraxas felt the wind on his cheek, an ache in his limbs that he hadn’t felt in decades, for he had no human limbs before. He slowly opened his eyes and stretched his hands. The robe the alchemists had put on this body had turned, merged with the feathers. He looked at his hands, and between them, he was holding a red stone, the size of his fist. Long elegant fingers wrapped around it.

‘Beautiful,’ he spoke. His voice was deep. He liked it.

Abraxas pushed himself on his palms and stood up to his full height. The alchemists around him looked at him in awe… and fear.

‘I’m curious,’ he said. ‘How do I look?’ he asked Doreen.

‘Beautiful master,’ she bowed. ‘You look ethereal,’

‘Do I,’ he smiled and moved his hands to the front to take the obsidian blade from her. The dark shiny stone reflected his image, silver hair framing the handsome youthful face, absolutely perfect features, a small mole on the bottom of his nose and… red eyes.

‘His beauty was worthy of this,’ Abraxas said and then looked around. Serafin and Torrhen were stirring awake, eyes widening in awe at the sight of Abraxas now hosting a human body… Taehyung’s body. He was tall and broad, all the weight that the boy had lost in exhaustion now replaced as strength. And hauntingly handsome, to an extent that it intimidated you. He looked like an ice prince indeed, with this silver hair and skin tattooed with swirls of frost. Except his eyes burned red… just like the stone he held in his hand.

‘Ab..Abraxas?’ Serafin blinked, slowly gaining some consciousness.

Abraxas smiled and then looked to the side, ‘Doreen, bring Anesbek,’

The bearded alchemist was brought in, bound hand and foot and made to kneel in front of the silver
haired raven.

‘Hello old friend,’ Abraxas raised his hand and caressed the top of Anesbek’s head. ‘What did you say about our enemies?’

Anesbek was shivering in the presence of this ungodly being, ‘They—they’re coming. Bellatrix said she has ways to find this place, she’s going to bring the army of death eaters and werewolves,’

‘Lovely,’ Abraxas’ hands slithered from the man’s head to his neck, nails piercing into his skin. But his voice was as calm as a light breeze, ‘Serafin, take care of our friend,’

He walked away, leaving Anesbek’s throat lined with frost marks. Abraxas moved towards the edge of the cliff, looking to the sea and the alchemists gave him way, bowing their heads as he drew closer. His aura itself emanated a mysterious power.

‘We’re going to have many visitors soon. Dear Taehyung’s friends will be coming too, Seokjin among them. How foolish of them,’ he smiled. ‘Let me see what they’re capable of,’ he stretched out one hand, palm spread open while the philosopher’s stone glowed in his other hand. Something seemed to swirl through the length of his arm and then he clenched his fist. The sea waters seemed to stir. It drew in, forming a wave, going higher and higher, towering even above the cliff and castle, like a dome without a roof. Everyone around him stared in marvel with hanging open mouths. They had never seen power of this extent, to change the face of the sea itself. Abraxas was pulling the sea water into the island, making them stand up like a wall of water all around them. And then the stone glowed once more. Abraxas opened his clenched palm and the patterns of frost moved on his skin. The lifted water started to freeze from the bottom, the crackling sound of it sending chills down everyone’s spine. Soon the temperatures dropped several degrees and the sun hung low in the sky, it’s red light coming in pale through the thick and tall wall of ice around them.

Abraxas smiled, almost in awe of what the stone was capable, turning this untrained elkyre’s powers into something so powerful. He looked at his creation with shining red eyes, feeling proud and powerful.

‘Let them come with their armies. They will all crash and die before they can even touch us,’

_End Music - Indigo & the Sirens : The Dragon and The Wolf_

Chapter End Notes

So.... thoughts? We've reached the end, and I wanna know how the journey and this particular chapter has been for you.

And here is the very last trailer, just for you reader! Let's prepare for the battle!

_House of Cards - The Final Chapter Trailer_

(If it's not opening for you then just drop me a comment / message / tweet here or on
tweet}
Chapter 17 [Hidden Title]

Chapter Summary

The last war is here.

Chapter Notes

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN!

When I till you this has been one of the hardest things I've done... but I made it through my writer's block and other various struggles! You all gave me the push I really really wanted!

This chapter has honestly been extremely difficult to write. It isn't perfect... but I did the best I could. I was supposed to end this with just 1 chapter but the chapter got too long so I've split it. Part 2 will be updated tomorrow, and House of Cards will then finally be over.

*** If you like listening to the music I add, please don't skip it in these last few chapters.
And hope you saw the last trailer for this series! I had posted it last time but a refresher is always fun > House of Cards - The Final Chapter Trailer***
HOUSE OF CARDS
A BTS x HOGWARTS AU

THE END
Note: Geography of the Isle of Alchemists - The island is small, area walkable by foot over half a day. It is slightly oblong with the castle built on a cliff on the west side, overlooking the sea. The cove lies to the south and to the north is the abandoned town, now overgrown with trees and shrubs. The castle on the cliff occupies most of the island area. The castle has a dome in the center with towers rising on all four sides. A wide circular open area stretches in front of the castle where melees and tournaments used to be held. The alchemists converted this area into the place where they would create the philosopher’s stone.
A lot of the things on that island are happening simultaneously, so the events written are not one after the other but nearly at the same time.

---

**Chapter 17 - The Philosopher's Stone**

*Mood Music: Ramin Djawadi - Khaleesi*

‘Dragons…’ the Gamma spoke in awe, seeing the two beasts turn minuscule in the red sky. ‘I’ve seen some dragons in my lifetime… But never anything like the two,’ he turned to Jimin. ‘Tell me boy, is this in any way related to the battle we are about to fight?’

Jimin’s eyes were still turned towards the red sky. ‘It is. We just have to decide who’s side we’re on,’

‘We are fighting with the Death Eater,’ the Gamma said with a finality to his tone.

‘No,’ Jimin looked at him, matching the seriousness that the Gamma had. He then turned to look at his pack, eyes going over each section of it.

‘None of you chose this life,’ Jimin started to speak to them and everyone’s attention turned to him, all whispers about the dragon sighting immediately silenced. ‘Even the ones who’ve been here for years, you didn’t choose to leave your home and family and become a werewolf. But you all survived so far because you stayed united as a pack, and I understand, that’s important,’

He took a few steps closer to them.

‘I am your Alpha, but I will not work the way your previous Alphas did, whether you like that or not,’ he looked towards the older wolves briefly.

‘Roderic told you about a battle, one which Skoll started when he attacked my school and alerted the Alchemists about a certain boy. That boy has been my friend since years, he’s like a younger brother to me. Like family. The way all of you are family to each other. The Alchemists took him, have chained him like a prisoner. He’s just a year older than Philip,’ Jimin looked to where Philip was being tended to by Rae and a few other older wolves. ‘And he lies bleeding in a prison on some island. I don’t know if Roderic told you any of this because it doesn’t matter to him, and frankly neither to any of you. And that is why, you don’t have to come and fight this battle that isn’t yours. I release you from that compulsion,’

‘But why did they capture him?’ One of the new wolves asked.

‘To create the weapon that Roderic believes Bellatrix will share with the werewolves. The Philosopher’s Stone,’

‘The Stone is a myth!’ The ex ministry employee said.

‘It’s not. I’ve been involved in this for nine months now. The Alchemists are real. Their leader is real, and he is as dangerous as You Know Who. I’ve seen what he’s capable of even in his weakest form. I can’t imagine what he will unleash if he regains his entire strength,’
‘And what will the Alchemists do with the philosopher’s stone?’

‘In the end, what does anyone do with power? Like You Know Who, they too want to rule over everyone else. With the stone, they’ll be able to overthrow the Ministry, set their own rules. And Bellatrix, if she somehow manages to snatch the stone out of their hands, she will bring You Know Who back. And only a fool will believe that the Dark Lord will allow werewolves a place in his inner circle. We won’t be left with anything, we’ll be pushed back to the dirt,’

‘So what do you want to do Alpha?’ Rae stood up and asked him.

‘I am going to that island, and I’m going to fight those Alchemists and bring my friend back to safety. You don’t have to come with me if you don’t want to,’

‘But what about Fenrir Greyback and his pack?’ Dromon asked. ‘That bastard insulted me and Roderic everyday we were on that ship. I haven’t forgotten any of it,’

‘What do you want to do then Dromon?’ Jimin asked him.

‘It’s not just me. None of us want that pack surviving. If you are against the Death Eaters then let us fight Fenrir’s pack. We can’t let them have any power of the Philosopher’s Stone,’

Jemin considered it. ‘Fine, if that’s your will,’

‘And…’ one of the new wolves spoke up, the one Jimin remembered from his cage on the ship. ‘And allow me to fight with you Alpha,’

Jemin blinked, ‘Are you sure about that? This isn’t your fight, and any of us can die from the enemy’s hand,’

‘I know that. But… these Alchemists and Death Eaters that you describe, if they win, the world is going to turn even worse. I can’t imagine You Know Who coming back. My family has already lost me. I can’t sit here and watch as another wizarding war happens and my family remains back home unprotected,’

His words seemed to have resonated with some others and Jimin saw heads nod in agreement.

‘And I’m not sitting here while you get all the action,’ Rae said. ‘You underestimate our strength Alpha. It’s not that easy to kill us. And I’m very curious to see this island of alchemists,’

More wolves nodded with her.

‘Gamma I need you to stay here and take care of the new wolves, those who are injured and those who need to adjust to this new life,’ Jimin instructed the elder. ‘They will not be bullied,’

‘Yes Alpha,’ the Gamma bowed slightly despite himself. Jimin had never held the position of a leader because such an opportunity had never come to him, but now it felt natural… like he had born to lead.

‘Alright then,’ Jimin said and turned to the others. ‘If you come with me, you come out of your own free will. No one will be punished for staying here. And those who will come with me, you will help me defeat the Alchemists and the Death Eaters and stop them before they create the philosopher’s stone,’

He saw most of them nod and then the Gamma instructed them to move towards the ships. Roderic’s dead body was burned at a pyre before they boarded and set sail. The captain held a
scroll for the pack’s Alpha with the rough coordinates of their destination.

‘Rae,’ he called to the she-wolf. ‘I have a request to ask of you,‘

‘Fire away,’ she said, stepping on to the wooden deck.

‘We’re going to a dangerous place. I’m going to try everything to save my friend. And… if I don’t make it alive, I want you to be the next Alpha,’

Rae looked at him for a few moments and then sighed ‘You’re loading me with responsibilities I see. I guess I’ll just have to make sure you do make it back to the island, I like living without the headache of leading.’ she smirked. ‘C’mon now, if I remember correctly from what my dead brother told me, we must reach as soon as possible,’

*  

Up on the deck, Dumbledore was at the helm, resting his arms after turning the ship towards the east. He had drawn the image of a golden phoenix on the mainsail that was pushing them forward towards east.

‘The phoenix…’ Hoseok observed the long tails of the bird. ‘Professor you have a pet phoenix don’t you?’

‘Yes, his name is Fawkes,’ Dumbledore smiled at the Hufflepuff. ‘Maybe next year you can meet him. I should check on Seokjin, see if Abraxas has… bothered him in any way. Hoseok could you man the wheel till then?’ he nodded and went below deck into the cabins.

As the ship swayed over the waters, Jin gripped the table and blinked, his expression looking uneasy.

‘Not used to the waters?’ Yoongi asked him and Jin shook his head.

‘I’d rather apparate… or fly. Or just go by road,’

‘But you can’t come to my castle by any other way other than the boat!’ Yoongi kept a hand on Jin’s shoulder. ‘Hope you don’t throw up then,’

Jin looked at Yoongi who was trying to smile through the tension and anxiousness.

‘Yoon, you can ask me what’s on your mind,’

Yoongi suddenly looked guilty and looked away from Jin, retrieving his hand. ‘What? No, there’s nothing, you’re mistaken–‘

‘Yoongi. Ask me. I can feel you want to know something. Something important. You invited me into your home despite our familial differences. Now I ask you to speak your mind without hesitation if you truly mean that we are friends,’

Yoongi took a while, still not meeting Jin’s eyes but then finally looked at him and asked. ‘If you can… if you can sense anything, I want to know if… if my mother is doing okay right now,’ he gulped.

Jin nodded, keeping his hand on Yoongi’s shoulder. ‘Your mother is a Dracwyn, they walk beside dragons. And fire cannot kill them. She’s frail now, but she’s stronger than the rest of us,’

Yoongi blinked, trying to send the tears back into his ducts. ‘Will… will she be okay?’
‘I think so. She loves you and your little brother. She’s going to fight for her life,’

‘Seokjin,’ Dumbledore entered. He looked at Yoongi who nodded curtly and left them.

‘Seokjin are you truly ready to face Abraxas again? Even I cannot estimate his power,’

‘I understand professor. I’m ready to face the consequences if… if Abraxas harms me,’

‘The damage may be irreversible,’

Jin nodded. ‘I’m aware,’

‘Have you spoken to Namjoon about this?’

To that Jin had no answer.

*

Yoongi stepped into the red sunbathed deck and walked towards Hoseok.

‘I see you’re the first mate then?’ He teased with a slight smile and gestured to Hoseok’s hands on the wheel, ‘My captain,’

Hoseok pecked Yoongi’s lips. ‘Well, I look good at the helm don’t I. As the current captain, I name this ship The Phoenix,’ He looked up at the mast behind him. ‘Waiting is harder than plunging into action in my opinion. How much longer do you think we’ll take Ash?’ he turned to the girl who seemed to have been assigned the job of the navigator.

‘We aren’t too far away,’ Ash said after looking at her watch. The setting red sun was halfway down the horizon of the sea. ‘The island should come into sight at any moment now,’

Hoseok looked up at the crows nest, ‘Heard that Kook? Do you see anything?’

Jungkook pointed the omnicalor towards east but there was nothing in sight yet.

*Mood Music: Junkie XL - Fog Battle*

‘Jungkook?’ Ash called from the north edge of the deck.

‘No I don’t see anything,’ Jungkook replied.

‘Jungkook!’ Ash called urgently. ‘What’s there to the north?’

The boy turned sharply and what he saw sent him into a panic. ‘I spot another ship! Black sails with the dark mark! It’s rushing towards us!’

‘Everyone to the deck!’ Hoseok screamed out.

Within seconds everyone was on deck, wands out. Dumbledore studied the situation, looking at the ship speeding towards them.

‘Brace yourselves,’ the old wizard said, rushing to speed up the ship and trying to move away from the path of the enemy. ‘They’re going to attack us,’

‘Professor there’s another to the south!’ Jungkook yelled from the top.

The headmaster was stumped now, two ships were headed towards them from both sides. He
looked at the others and the rest nodded at him, dividing themselves equally into two sections to guard at each side of the deck.

Ash squinted her eyes to observe properly as the death eater’s ship drew closer, ‘There is no one on deck,’

‘No one here either,’ Jiyeon said about the other ship that bore a nordic sigil of arrows.

‘They’re going to ram into us,’ Taemin said and Dumbledore prepared to cast the protective shield.

It came in a flash of a second, a jet of green light.

‘Dumbledore!’ Jiyeon pulled the man away and the spell hit the foremast behind the wizard, cracking it. Everyone turned their heads north from the direction of the curse and in that moment another red spark hit Dumbledore straight into the back. The old man cried in pain, falling to his knees as Hoseok tried to hold him. In those few seconds the ships had drawn much closer and it’s occupants emerged out and flooded the deck, shooting endless curses their way, outnumbering them largely. Namjoon and the others cast the protection charm but it wasn’t enough to hold off two ships sending curses their way and trying to wedge their ship into the two.

It hit them like a tremendous earthquake, the sound of wood splintering felt like it was splintering their very heart. Their ship spinned like a top as the two enemy ships continued to steer in their respective directions and now werewolves and death eaters were jumping onto their ship. The three ships were locked, jammed like three pieces of an ugly puzzle. But it was obvious to everyone that they were targeting Dumbledore. Bellatrix, her husband, the Carrow siblings, Fenrir Greyback and two other werewolves were all circling the wizard. The rest of them did not have a moment to spare, fighting two to three death eaters and werewolves at the same time. The werewolves hadn’t fully transformed yet, the moon still had a few minutes left to rise. Yet they were as savage as full wolves, as was expected of Fenrir’s pack and their lifestyle.

One of the werewolves jumped on Yoongi, about to bite the right side of his face, the main mast was on fire now, pieces of burning wood and fabric falling on the people fighting beneath. Ash grabbed on to one of the burning wooden pieces and ran to Yoongi, stabbing the werewolf on his back. She grabbed the werewolf by the shoulder and yanked him off Yoongi but her eyes were on the werewolf, wondering who it was… what if she had just stabbed Jimin?’

‘This is Greyback’s pack, not Roderic’s,’ Taemin shouted at her. ‘I am sure of it!’

Ash nodded at him, knowing he would’ve done everything to be sure that they weren’t harming Jimin.

Hoseok got nearly thrown off the deck with a close blast. His stomach hit the railing and he caught on to it tightly, though the splashing sea water was making everything wet and slippery. Amongst the duels, he spotted one man sending flashes of red at Dumbledore. That long hollow face now covered with a brown beard. But those eyes were as crazy as they had been the last time Hoseok had faced him.

*Jenkins…*

The one who had abducted and tortured his mother into insanity.

Hoseok’s body went cold and rigid, mouth as dry as sand.

*Fight it.* He remembered his friends’ words. *Fight him.* Both Yoongi and Laura had said that to him.
Hoseok swallowed, gripping his wand tightly and ran towards the fight, trying to make his way through the burning ship.

‘JENKINS!’ He screamed through the crowd. The man wildly turned around and his eyes found Hoseok, making his nasty lips curl into a growl.

‘FOCUS JENKINS!’ Rudolphus Lestrange yelled, making him snap back to their mission of knocking Dumbledore unconscious.

Jungkook’s eyes scanned the chaos for Laura, but she wasn’t here. Were they hiding her? Had Bellatrix done something to her? But there was no time to contemplate as he missed a whizzing shot to his face by inches. He shot back at his attacker, winding his legs in ropes and hanging him off the mast.

Jungkook rushed in to help Dumbledore but Fenrir grabbed him by the neck and slammed him on the deck’s floor, choking him. Jungkook clawed at those rough, hairy hands, finally pushing his wand at Fenrir’s abdomen and shutting his eyes tight as his mind screamed Expulso.

With a blast, Fenrir was thrown back, the front of his clothes catching flame.

Dumbledore used that opening to hit both the Carrow siblings and knock them unconscious but Bellatrix escaped in that one moment.

‘We’re outnumbered!’ Yoongi yelled over the ruckus of fire and blood.

‘Where is he!’ Bellatrix yelled at one of her minions. ‘FIND HIM!’

*Mood Music: Ramin Djawadi - The Battle of Winterfell*

Namjoon heard her, a kind of anger filled him up, one he hadn’t felt before. When he saw the death eater nod and try to rush below deck, he followed, grabbing the man from the back. The death eater struggled but Namjoon was stronger, lifting him up and throwing him off the deck, into the sea below.

Namjoon inferred Dumbledore must’ve told Jin to stay hidden. But Namjoon needed to be with him right now, keep a watch for any such death eaters who would sneak in. He hurried below deck but stopped on the stairs when he saw Jin walking up.

‘Jin you can’t!’ Namjoon stopped him, placing his hands on Jin’s chest.

‘Namjoon, can’t you feel it?’ Jin asked and that’s when Namjoon noticed that the breath from Jin’s mouth had turned foggy. The boy finally paid attention to his surroundings, it had grown a lot colder, a drop in several degrees of temperature over the span of a few minutes. The Mediterranean Sea shouldn’t be this cold at this time of the year.

‘It’s Taehyung,’ Jin said, looking at Namjoon intensely. ‘I know it’s him,’ and he walked forward towards the deck, not caring of the yells of battle and dangerous flashes of light in the darkening sky.

‘STOP!’ Jin yelled with his wand pointed at his own neck with the sonorus charm. ‘STOP THE FIGHT!’

Bellatrix was in front of him within a second, ready to cast a hex but Namjoon had the silver sword of Gryffindor touching her chest at the same moment.
‘Look behind you,’ Jin told Bellatrix and everyone except her slowly turned. Now they all felt the difference in temperature, the cold mist surrounding them and before them there was a tremendous sight.

‘Lestrange,’ one of the death eaters said. ‘We’re here,’

Bellatrix lowered her wand, demanding Namjoon do the same and then turned to see as well. The mist turned translucent as they got closer to the island of Alboran. And to their shock, there was a massive boundary of ice covering the island from all sides. What kind of power had created such a massive shield? Were they too late? Did Abraxas already create the stone?

‘To get through that, we can’t be exhausting ourselves here,’ Jin continued to speak. ‘We have to fight our common enemy first and I suggest you return to your ships instead of attacking us. You know you cannot make it through without us,’

Bellatrix cursed under her breath, looking around the sea and sky. Half of her army wasn’t here. She wondered if Laura died in the forest. But what was taking Roderic so long? Was he betraying her at this last moment?

‘Pull back!’ she yelled out. ‘We take the philosopher’s stone first. That is our main goal,’

Her dark eyes watched them all and the death eaters lowered their wands, followed by Dumbledore’s students. The groups divided on their own into two, all of the Hogwarts students and two aurors hurriedly coming to one side, giving cautious glares to the death eaters and werewolves. Yoongi gripped Hoseok by the shoulder and pulled him back because when he followed the boy’s gaze, he found Howard Jenkins staring back at him, the snarl still on his face. Their ship was still burning in various places, the center of it breaking into half. They won’t be able to stand on water much longer, they had to get to the shore.

‘We have to bring this shield down,’ Dumbledore said. ‘We attack it together,’ he pointed his wand at the wall and the others followed.

Bellatrix glanced at him, not wanting to give up control and commanded the attack herself, ‘Begin!’

*Mood Music: Ramin Djawadi - The Dead Are Already Here*

Each wand shot a strong jet of light, hitting the ice wall with sparks and crackling noises. It was like bursts of white fireworks, an almost beautiful sight. They kept at it for several moments until one by one, their hands dropped, feeling the energy drain from their limbs.

At last Dumbledore put his wand down to see that their attack had managed to crack into a few feet of the top surface. Just as hopeful smiles came on their lips, there was a red glow from the other side of the wall. They saw the crack close up on it’s own.

*The Philosopher’s Stone.*

It was done… Abraxas had managed to create it.

Namjoon looked at Jin in worry, how was this going to work?

But Bellatrix was on a vengeful high. ‘Again!’ She yelled and started the assault on the icy shield with the rest following her.

*
Serafin stood up straight, looking at the sight in front of her. Through the translucent ice, she could see flashes of bright light and hear the thuds of the spells on the wall. Abraxas was watching the siege with serenity, holding a glowing red stone in his hand.

‘Master. How long will this hold?’

He turned to her with a smile. ‘Do you feel better now Serafin?’

‘Yes, I’m slowly gaining some strength back,’

‘Have you dealt with Anesbek?’ His eyes swept through the space behind her and he found a burning body at a distance. ‘Ah, wonderful. I am happy to see you back in form. Seems like Torrhen would still require some time to recover. Doreen, please see to Martaeus, I assume he’s dead already. If not, bring him to me, I shall love to kill him with his own son’s hands,’

Serafin looked at him with worry. With the increase in his strength, Abraxas was sounding more and more like the dark tales she had heard of the Red King. Her eyes went to Martaeus’ limp body. She knew he would not live another day, but she didn’t know that this is how Abraxas planned to kill him. What would Taehyung feel about having killed his father when his consciousness was returned to him? So far they had promised to give the boy a ‘better world’. Or was Abraxas planning to kill the boy as well?

‘Master, we should start the process of splitting the stone so each of us can aid you in this battle-’

‘I think it’s safer to have one stone until the enemy is dealt with,’ Abraxas said. ‘We cannot risk it falling into their hands,’

‘Abraxas you promised-’

Those red eyes turned towards her, glowing like the stone in his hands, ‘I will keep the promise Serafin. You have trusted me so far, trust me for this night as well,’ He turned back to the wall.

‘They will tire soon, I know they cannot break through this defence, you can reserve your strength for now, you do not need to aid in this fight. They are weaklings, all of them. Mere mortals who think they can defeat us. Let them try, and we’ll watch them faint one by one until there is no one left to protect Seokjin. And once I have taken him I-’

His words stopped as he heard a screeching growl echo over the sky that widened his ruby eyes just the slightest. That sound wiped the smile from his face.

On the other side of the wall Yoongi’s head shot to the darkening sky behind him at the sound.

‘What was that?’ his lilac eyes frantically searched the horizon of the sea.

They all heard it again, a loud guttural screech and from the horizon, a dark shape flew over them, the wind from its massive bat like wings whipping over all their heads.

It was the vision from Yoongi’s dream.

Abraxas took one step towards the wall and in that moment there was a blast of purple fire across the top of the ice wall for metres. Another blast of fire came from behind them and Abraxas whipped his head back in time to see of the wall to the north of the island crumbling down.

‘Serafin, stop them!’ Abraxas pointed to the black dragon behind but it was too late by then. When he turned to the front, the tongues of iridescent flames had crushed the ice wall in front of him and now Abraxas was staring at the purple eyes of a silver dragon with a dark haired girl sitting on it’s
back, a sight he had seen 800 years ago.

‘No…’ he cursed under his breath. He looked down along the winding stone stairs, towards the cove and saw that the others had made it to land through the broken wall of ice and Kim Seokjin’s eyes were directly looking at him.

Jin looked relieved for a moment, until he understood that the silver haired person wasn’t Taehyung looking back at him.

‘NO!’ Abraxas yelled, eyes back on the dragon and he shot a dagger of ice at the beast that hit it like a massive blow to it’s neck and head, almost throwing it off balance.

‘Abraxas look out!’ Serafin yelled, seeing the second dragon -a black beast fly over them. She shot her hand up, a ball of fire launching from it and hitting the dragon’s chest but it did nothing to the beast.

‘Fire doesn’t affect them,’ she said.

‘But you can stop their fire. Don’t let them burn anything!’ Abraxas said. ‘I have to wake Torrhen, we need his soldiers. Torrhen!’ Abraxas lifted the earth elkyre who lay next to the statue of Abraxas that the being had so proudly told Torrhen to create. He took the philosopher’s stone and touched the gash on Torrhen’s palm with it. The stone glowed from the inside and slowly Torrhen started to open his eyes.

‘Did we… did we do it?’

‘Yes, but we’re under attack,’ Abraxas had no time to share the joy of having created the stone right now. ‘Get up and bring out your army, I will infuse life into them. Doreen! Assemble the alchemists,’

*Mood Music: The Last War Playlist 1*

‘Taehyung?’ Jiyeon called out, seeing her at the edge of the cliff that made the castle grounds. The full moon had risen now, shining brightly behind Taehyung.

‘That’s not Taehyung,’ Jin said to her, seeing the alchemists come forward to flank the man with red eyes. Jin saw a number of them line the fringe of the cliff with various weapons in hand. They heard the dragons screeching as the beasts circled the hilltop, shooting flames at the alchemists but Serafin was deflecting all of it, like a blazing dance of fire and smoke. The fire elkyre was waving her arms fiercely, manipulating the fire to blow back. Laura ducked her head, trying to shield herself from the deflected flames.

The group on the shore ran forward, Namjoon, Yoongi and Dumbledore shielding Jin from the Death Eaters. There was an apparition block on this island and they had to anyhow reach the hilltop quickly. They all took a few more steps forward, when the ground beneath them started to vibrate.

‘What is that…’ Jungkook looked around as all of them stilled their movements. They heard a crackling sound from the massive cave in front of them.

In front of their eyes, shapes started to emerge out of the earth, growing tall and forming armoured soldiers. The hollowed forms opened their eyes behind the visors and it glowed red.
They were going to be assaulted by a massive army of soldiers.

‘A protective shield won’t make sense,’ Taemin spoke quickly, his Auror instincts kicking in as the clay soldiers readied their swords and long spears. ‘We have to reach the castle grounds,’ the soldiers bent their knees to launch into attack. ‘We have to cut through this army, not fend them away,’

‘There are… hundreds,’ Ash gulped, her eyes scanning the line of soldiers that extended deep inside the cave, all with eerily glowing red eyes.

Dumbledore moved rank, leaving Jin’s side and walking ahead. The death eaters watched silently from the side.

‘Ready to attack,’ Dumbledore said, bringing his wand forward. The soldiers pushed their feet into the soil and ran towards the group of wizards. Spells shot from every wand, hitting the front line, cracking the shields but they just seemed to be healing on their own and now the distance was getting too close.

They were going to die.

The soldiers pushed forward and now they were in direct engagement. Namjoon pulled his sword out, cutting the blade through the sides of the soldiers until they shattered into dust. Ash ducked the thrust of a long spear, shooting whichever clay body she could find but the enemy was pushing in too much.

She looked up, seeing the dragons circle them. The black beast opened its mouth, at the rear flanks of the soldiers and fire shot through it except it didn’t hit them. It backfired on to the dragon as if some invisible force deflected it.

By then a soldier pinned Ash to the ground, crushing her wand hand below its feet as more climbed.

‘NO!’ Ash coughed but who would hear her. She looked to the side, each one of them was engaged in fighting. The sky was darkening and so was her vision.

And then there were howls. Ash looked up through the gap of clay feet on her to see a furry beast jump, grabbing the soldier by the neck and pulling it off of her.

Ash pushed herself up and saw hundreds of wolves cutting into the enemy soldiers from the sides like a pincer, breaking the flanks and crushing through.

The black wolf in front of her had his teeth deep into the undead soldier’s shoulder and he shook it, clawed it until the body burst into sand. The wolf turned it’s beastly head towards Ash, his jaw snapping with the sharp teeth embedded inside them. It was snarling, scrunching its nose with dangerous yellow eyes.

Ash blinked, feeling like she knew those eyes, something about the shape of them wasn’t entirely animal-like… And the dark fur reminded her of a raven haired boy.

‘Jimin?’

The wolf stopped snarling, as if it’s animalistic instincts to fight were lowering, giving way to sense… and it gave a low whine, ducking it’s head down.

‘Jimin!’ Ash ran forward, about to touch the wolf’s muzzle but they were assaulted again.
Jimin rose on his hind legs and thrust his claw towards the approaching soldier, punching and thrashing him away. When he got down to all fours, he brushed the side of his neck at Ash’s chest, urging her to climb on and so Ash grabbed on to the dark fur and hopped up, nestling herself on Jimin’s back as both rode into battle.

Abraxas watched all of this from above, gauging his next move.

‘We need more,’ he said to Torrhen.

‘Abraxas I don’t have strength left in me-‘

‘Yes you do,’ Abraxas caught him by the arm, ‘Go on.’ He pressed Torrhen’s hands on the ground and touched them with the philosopher’s stone but something caught his eye as he watched the stone glow red.

Abraxas gulped, keeping his worry to himself. The Stone was giving him immense power but it wouldn’t go on for forever. He could already see that the more he used it, the smaller the Stone became.

*

‘They’re just multiplying!’ Jungkook yelled as he shot yellow beams of expulso at the undead army. With a loud grunt, he whipped his wand in a circle across him, sending a semi circle of his hex and clearing all the soldiers for a radius of a few metres. ‘Professor, we can’t die here, we need to reach the castle grounds,’

‘Only you can break the apparition block Dumbledore!’ Hoseok yelled as he held a shield charm against 5 soldiers.

Dumbledore looked for Jiyeon and found her fighting across him. ‘Jiyeon! Help me!’

Jiyeon nodded and both closed their eyes, thrusting their wand into the earth. The entire surface seemed to glitter, vibrating again with the energy from the wands of the two elders.

‘He’s breaking the block?’ Abraxas exclaimed to his alchemists and rushed to the edge of the cliff. His eyes locked on Dumbledore, hand readying an ice spear until he heard the flap of the wings of the silver dragon behind him.

Laura’s eyes zeroed on the stone in his hand. She gripped the spikes on the dragons back, willing it to attack. The dragon opened it’s mouth to blast the fire.

‘Serafin!’ Abraxas called for her but she was on the other side of the cliff, deflecting the black dragon’s fire from the newly raised clay soldiers.

Abraxas watched the girl sitting on the dragon. Surely she would not attack, not when it was her dear friend standing in front of her. But what he saw in return were enraged eyes. Something looked out of the ordinary about her, the veins in her neck pulsing and eyes tearing like she was getting choked by something invisible. He had no further time to dwell because a ball of purple fire was shot that moment from the silver dragon’s mouth.

Abraxas took a sharp breath in, the feathers on his back ruffling and jumped down the tall cliff, the fire shooting in a line above him.

He was falling down but he knew he wouldn’t crash. His wings burst out of his shoulder blades and he glided over the rocky ground.
Taking a sharp turn, he flew backwards, behind the dragon and conjured a hundred daggers of ice, whipping his hands to send them toward the beast.

Laura didn’t see it coming and only felt it when the icicles whooshed past her, piercing into the dragon.

She pulled the dragon away, but the daggers had lodged into the dragon’s wings and into it’s back legs. They were not iron or wooden spears. They were ice, pierced into a fire dragon, weakening the power that flowed through the beast.

‘No!’ she gasped, feeling a wincing pain and another dagger missed her face by inches. When she looked back, Abraxas was smirking, a defiled expression she had never seen on Taehyung and she saw him fly out of sight as her dragon started to lose height. She saw that her beast was bleeding, blood dripping down it’s claws and so was she, a red gash on her arm. She didn’t know what would happen now.

*  

Abraxas’ feet touched the battleground and he tore through the fight, his hands grabbing the wolves and crushing the bones in their neck in one clench. Doreen was next to him soon, along with some other alchemists. They were heading straight towards the old wizard who was trying to break the apparition block.

‘Its done!’ Dumbledore announced, pulling his wand out of the earth only to be pushed back on his knees again.

Doreen striked first, sending a lightning whip that hit Dumbledore square on the back. The wizard winced, clenching his teeth as the fabric of his cloak slashed and the ends of his silver hair singed.

‘No!’ Taemin rushed to the scene, holding his bleeding side from another attack of the alchemists. He tried to shield Dumbledore and in return got his forearm slashed to the bone.

They heard a growl and Jimin launched on Doreen, pushing her on the ground and snapping his jaws at her as she tried to throw him off. Ash was on his back but her attention was behind her, where other alchemists were attacking them with similar whipping weapons. She hadn’t seen anything like this before, these ropes that seemed to be made of a red whizzing energy. One after the other they were hitting in her direction but she whipped them away with her wand. Everytime it came too close, she felt the hissing sound of the heat and she knew one touch would be enough to cut her face in half.

Dumbledore stood up to face Abraxas as three more alchemists surrounded him with the whips. He was trying to shield Taemin but the wound in his back burned him painfully enough that he felt weak in the knees. Since the fighting had begun, Dumbledore had been a target, and it seemed like defeating him wasn’t enough, they all wanted him dead.

‘Taehyung!’ Jiyeon rushed forward, shielding Dumbledore.

‘Move aside woman!’ Abraxas yelled.

‘Taehyung, come out! I know you can hear me!’

Abraxas’ lips curled in frustration. In that moment, Jiyeon could see him hesitate but soon he lunged forward, grabbing Jiyeon by the neck and throwing her to the side, away from Dumbledore.

‘Kill him!’ he yelled at his alchemists.
The whips of the alchemists came at Dumbledore, but they weren’t as powerful as Doreen’s who currently seemed to be drawing her last scream, judging from the sound of Jimin’s jaw closing at her flesh.

The scream seemed to have affected Abraxas because for a split second, his eyes went to her wrangling body and Dumbledore pointed the wand at him, shooting his hand and the philosopher’s stone flew out from those pale fingers, shooting into the air. Dumbledore pointed his wand to catch it, until a spear from an undead soldier ran through the middle of his stomach.

Blood spurted out of his lips as he coughed, his blue eyes widening.

‘Dumbledore!’ Taemin yelled, grunting with immense pain as he stood up to catch the wizard who was falling.

Abraxas seemed to have forgotten his victory, now frantically looking for the stone amongst the crowd.

* 

Bellatrix shot green from her wand at the clay army in every direction. Her curly dark hair fell on her face as she whipped around, trying to ward them all off. With a fire blast, she shattered every soldier standing within 5 feet of her.

Huffing for breath, she looked around at the ongoing battle. They were not going to win... the chances were miniscule. This was too much, she had to put her plan in action by taking Seokjin.

‘Fenrir!’ She called for the werewolf amongst the crowd. ‘Fenrir where are you?’ she cut through to find the beasts. ‘Roderic! Fenrir!’

One big wolf jumped from a fight and halted in front of her. Seeing the shape of his eyes and the mark on his chest, Bellatrix figured it was Fenrir.

‘Where’s Roderic?’ she asked him and the wolf grunted in reply until his yellow eyes saw something behind the dark witch.

‘Bellatrix,’ the voice of a girl reached them. Bellatrix turned back to see a big black wolf, sneering at her with teeth bared and on the wolf’s back, sat a girl she recognised from Hogwarts. The Vorhart girl. Which means this wolf was Park Jimin.

‘What is the meaning of this!’ Bellatrix hissed. ‘WHERE IS RODERIC!’

‘Dead,’ Ash answered confidently. ‘This pack is not going to oblige you anymore Bellatrix. This is Jimin’s pack now,’

Jimin growled, jumping at Bellatrix but Fenrir cut in, launching himself at Jimin. The young wolf caught him by the paws, both fighting on their hind legs, until Jimin realised that Fenrir was actually trying to attack Ash. Jimin roared, snapping his jaws at Fenrir’s neck while Bellatrix shot spells that Ash blocked.

‘Ugh, I don’t have time for this,’ Bellatrix muttered. Things were going far from what she had planned. She needed her bait, her leverage and she ran from the fight, to find a certain Gryffindor.

Ash noticed Jimin’s actions were getting slower. He had been fighting fiercely ever since he arrived, trying to protect his pack, his friends and her.
'Jimin,’ she spoke softly in his ear as he was gearing up to launch at Fenrir again. ‘Jimin, it’s not worth it,’

But he wasn’t hearing any of it, caught in some sort of alpha rage, running at Fenrir. Ash would usually duck behind when Jimin launched an attack but this time, she hoisted herself up, almost standing with her legs hooked around Jimin’s thighs. Fenrir was running at them too and he jumped higher, higher than Jimin, a claw ready to rip both her and Jimin’s head.

Ash pointed her wand.

‘Bombarda!’

A whizz of fire like the end of a firecracker erupted from her wand and exploded as it met Fenrir’s chest. The werewolf was thrown into the air, falling more than 50 feet away.

* 

Mood Music: Hans Zimmer - The Heart of Davy Jones (Jungkook & Laura)

Laura tried to move the dragon away from the cliff. It would not be a good idea to crash land next to Serafin out of all the people and the fire elkyre had been eyeing her dragon since a while now. She pulled at the dragon to turn and the screeching cry it gave was heart shattering. Laura gasped as the dragon started to fall back, losing strength in its wings. It flew lower, turning violently and Laura slipped, hand wet from the blood flowing down her own arms.

She hit the ground and rolled while the dragon did the same a few feet away

But soon she was surrounded by the clay army who suddenly turned from the battle ahead to look at her and started to march towards her.

Huffing in pain, Laura pushed herself up to run to her dragon. She had no wand to fight the soldiers with and judging by how fast those footsteps were approaching, it didn’t seem like she would make it to her dragon in time.

Blue smoke swirled around her, taking her with it. Someone had grabbed her and apparated and Laura felt herself press into a vacuum until she could open her eyes again.

‘Laura!’ Those familiar doe eyes were in front of her. It was the moment she feared. The two had apparated at a place closer to the shore while the battle raged behind them.

Laura shrunk back, moving away from Jungkook’s touch and the boy felt even more confused.

‘Laura, we know… Jin told us everything you don’t have to act-‘

‘You don’t know,’ Laura bit out. ‘Stay away from me,’

‘You may have fooled Bellatrix but you can’t fool me Laura,’ Jungkook. ‘Let us help you, tell me what to do!’

‘There’s nothing to be done!’ She was enraged now, more at herself than anyone else. ‘There’s no one to be fooled. I lost. Bellatrix won,’ She started to move away but Jungkook grabbed her by the elbow.

‘Don’t say that. We will do everything to protect you from her,’

Laura pulled her arm away from him and pulled the sleeves of her black cloak over her forearm.
‘No one can protect anyone,’ she said, showing him the marks of the unbreakable vow and now Jungkook understood what Laura was bound to.

‘I have done things…’ Laura said, her eyes tearing up the slightest. ‘Things you wouldn’t imagine me doing. I don’t think you should be protecting me at all Jungkook,’

‘You mean what you did to Mulciber?’ Jungkook asked. He didn’t seem to want to run away, his gaze steady on Laura. ‘You punished him rightly for what he did to your family. If I was in your place, I would’ve done the same,’

Laura shook her head once, a tear escaping the corner of her eye. ‘You wouldn’t have. You are… good. You are above these things. Save Taehyung if you can. Bellatrix only needs the stone,’ her eyes bore into Jungkook’s, a gaze she had learnt from her grandfather and she left him, running to her dragon who was trying and failing at removing the spear lodged at the scales of its side.

And Jungkook could do nothing but Laura go towards her dragon, grabbing one of the spears to pull them out the dragon’s body.

He swallowed thickly, feeling his chest clench and throat choke up. Was this really it? Was the last time he saw the real Laura the time when she laid her head on his shoulder in the car?

He turned away, looking back at the chaos of the battle. He had to go back, he had to do what they came here for.

Seeing the battle from this distance, he knew whatever they had hoped for was not working out. The problem now was, what were they exactly going to do? Abraxas was in Taehyung’s body, how were they going to get him out and finish him for good?

*  

**Mood Music: Sonya Belousova - Today Isn’t Your Day Is It**

Abraxas crawled through the crowd, eyes frantically looking for the red stone. His frenzied eyes searched between the countless running feet and he found the treasure lying on the ground, stomped and pushed into the sand.

Abraxas lunged forward, stretching his hand out but someone beat him to it. A bony hand clasped around it. Abraxas’ angry eyes saw Howard Jenkins standing up with a grin.

‘Fucking mortals,’ Abraxas hissed. His forearm transmuted into a pointed ice spear and he ran towards the death eater. Jenkins clasped his hands tight around the stone and whipped his wand, breaking the ice spear that was Abraxas’ hand. The immortal’s eyed widened at the shift in power and fury raged through him.

With a furious scream, Abraxas slammed his hands on the ground and a hundred icicles burst out where Jenkins stood.

Abraxas huffed, watching intently for any sign of Jenkins being dead and defeated. But instead of blood, there was a red glow from within and the icicles shattered, leaving Howard grinning ear to ear. He raised his wand at Abraxas.

‘Avada’

Someone knocked into his back with a mighty force and Jenkins fell forward. He clasped his hand tighter around the stone as he fell on his face. He had no time to recuperate because someone was
pulling him up by the collar, turning him around.

‘Jenkins,’ Hoseok held him by the collar. ‘Don’t you dare harm him.’

Seeing Hoseok’s familiar face seemed to ignite some kind of frenzy in the death eater. Jenkins laughed, showing his hideous blackened teeth and punched the side of Hoseok’s face. The boy got pushed away and Jenkins hurriedly stood up.

‘You fool!’ the death eater hissed. ‘Don’t harm him? You’re really protecting the enemy? Your friend is gone!’

‘Taehyung won’t be defeated that easily,’ Hoseok said, to both Jenkins and Abraxas. ‘I know him well. I believe in him and I know I’m not wrong,’ he swirled his wand, conjuring ropes that twisted around Jenkin’s throat. Abraxas wasted no time, rushing forward and freezing Jenkin’s body with the death eater’s right arm outstretched.

‘Accio stone!’ Hoseok pointed at the philosopher’s stone and it whipped out of Jenkin’s hand. Hoseok jumped forward to grab it, but Abraxas bumped his chest, sending an icy chill through the boy’s body. Abraxas grabbed the stone and fell on top of Hoseok, legs astride the boy.

‘You’re never getting the stone,’ Abraxas hissed, making his hand an icy spear again and pointing it directly at Hoseok’s neck. The immortal being yelled, taking his hand higher to push and pierce down Hoseok’s body.

‘I don’t want it,’ Hoseok said, eyes unwavering on Abraxas’ face. And that seemed to falter the immortal’s action.

‘I don’t want the stone,’ Hoseok repeated. ‘Give Taehyung back, that’s all,’

‘You’re all fools!’ Abraxas yelled, feeling an unwarranted anger boiling inside him. ‘Fools deserve to die!’

‘Tae won’t kill me,’ Hoseok gulped. ‘I know he’s there. I know he can hear me,’

 Abraxas seemed like he was gritting his teeth hard, hand still held up to strike. He was shaking with fury at Hoseok and then he observed Bellatrix emerging from the side to attack him. As his eyes moved around he noticed there was a ring of death eaters creeping towards him. He wasn’t going to waste the stone on them, or let one of them take it away from his hands again.

He moved away from Hoseok, standing up and apparating away from that spot.

‘AFTER HIM!’ Bellatrix yelled and they disappeared into dark smoke.

Hoseok pushed himself up on his elbows and stood up, brushing the sand off his clothes. There were several cuts on his arms that stung. Behind him, he heard a crackling sound and turned around to see that Jenkins had broken out of the icy mould that Abraxas had put him in.

And he looked mad.

Jenkins whipped his wand, sending a wave of green light that missed Hoseok by inches.

‘You won’t leave here alive tonight bastard,’ Jenkins spat out. ‘You have ruined everything that I get my hands on. You and your mudblood mother!’

The frenzy had taken over Jenkins again as he continued to whip his wand over and over, barely
giving Hoseok any time to counter attack. Hoseok was aware of what a lethal fighter Jenkins was, having tried and failed to fight him off nine months ago.

Jenkins was laughing now, seeing how backed up Hoseok was feeling.

‘You’re no good! You’re the same as the last time I almost killed you! Crucio!’

That curse hit Hoseok and he fell on the floor writhing. The cruel laughter from Jenkins and Hoseok’s own screams filled his ears as his vision blurred, head drilling with sharp irons nails as his skin felt like it was being peeled off.

He was losing again…

‘Your mother screamed like this too, until her brain finally fried away… fucking mudblood. I loved watching her claw at her own tender skin,’

‘NO!’ Hoseok screamed, pushing his wand into the ground. He screamed through gritted teeth, trying to focus his eyes on Jenkins. ‘NO!’ he screamed again, trying to push himself up. He somehow held his wand hand up through the excruciating pain.

‘STUPEFY!’ he screamed, pointing at Jenkins and the red jet of light hit the death eater square in the chest. The man fell back and the pain instantly left Hoseok. The boy stood up, holding up his wand hand more firmly now.

‘I am not afraid of you anymore Jenkins,’ Hoseok said. ‘Don’t think I’m weak. You want revenge for the death of your brother? Come and get it,’

Jenkins grunted, his sadistic smile completely wiped from his face. He stood up quickly, starting his attacks with confidence. But some of that resolve was shaken seeing that Hoseok had indeed changed. He was not the 16 year old boy Jenkins had assaulted those months ago. Who stood in front of Jenkins now was a protector.

And Hoseok saw his opening.

Hoseok started the attacks, one after the other, not uttering a single word from his mouth. With each strike of his wand, Jenkins was pushed another step behind.

_Mood Music: Ramin Djawadi - The Great Wall_

Torrhen was watching the work of his hands from atop the cliff. When Abraxas had touched his hands with the stone, Torrhen felt more replenished that he ever had, all his power returned. He looked to the side where Martaeus lay lifeless and he wondered whether his friend had already breathed his last. He took a step to check on him but something caught his eye in the battle going on below. He narrowed his eyes, seeing someone shoot long beams of light that just seemed to drop the soldiers lifeless on the ground.

He had to focus on the task at hand. They had to win this battle. Everything else will have to wait. And Torrhen spread out his palms and touched them to the ground, sending a tremor towards the young blonde shooting light from his bow and arrow.

Hoseok uffed as his attacks grew faster. He cut his wand through the air and a blazing light left his wand like a curved beam, slashing Jenkin’s thighs and arms.

But there was another problem at hand… the other enemy.
Fenrir’s werewolves were coming in from the sides, yellow eyes gleaming.

A few feet away, Yoongi drew his arrow and shot it through the crowd of undead clay soldiers, using all his willpower to cleanse it of Abraxas’ dark magic. Wherever the arrow’s light touched, the soldiers fell limp on the ground, but more seemed to be coming in from every direction, pushing so close that he wasn’t able to pull his bow arm and launch the arrow in time. It was utter chaos.

‘Hoseok?!’ Yoongi looked around and called for him, but he couldn’t see him anywhere in the crowd. ‘Hoseok where are you!’

The ground between them vibrated again, a tremor stronger than before and Yoongi saw a crack start to appear. It grew wider and deeper and Yoongi jumped away from it. He looked to the other side of the crack in the earth where Hoseok and Jenkins both were still duelling while Fenrir’s werewolves crept closer to Hoseok.

‘HOSEOK!’

Hoseok had disarmed Jenkins and now shot at one of the werewolves, a shot at the chest that pushed the beast on the ground. Within seconds, Jenkins rammed into Hoseok, now having lost his wand he resorted to the strength of his arms. Yoongi’s heart was in his mouth as he watched from between the clay soldiers how Hoseok and Jenkins were wrestling at the edge of the death-deep crack in the earth. Jenkins tried to snatch Hoseok’s wand from his hands and he closed his fingers around Hoseok’s hand, scratching the flesh off and yanking the object out of his grasp.

There was a moment of a victorious smile on the Death Eater’s face but Hoseok pushed himself up and kicked Jenkins straight in the abdomen with all the force he could muster.

Jenkins fell back, except there was no ground to fall on. His body fell into the crack, Hoseok’s wand slipping from grasp and falling with him. Hoseok lunged forward, trying to grab his wand but it was too late. Beneath him, Jenkin’s body and his own wand soon got consumed by the fiery abyss.

‘HOSEOK! WOLVES!’ Yoongi yelled from the other side.

Hoseok snapped his head back, seeing the werewolves running towards him.

Yoongi tried to push through the clay soldiers to disapparate and reach Hoseok with all his might but there was another earth shaking thud and a screech.

Hoseok felt everything tremble in front of him and he closed his eyes hearing a roar and the temperature just shot up several degrees. His heart stopped in his chest as he curled himself into his body, arms covering his head, feeling like this was the end. The earth would open and swallow him right now, there was so much chaos that he was not sure how exactly he would die, but death had come for sure.

But then, there was silence around him for a few moments. Hoseok opened his eyes and looked around. He found himself enveloped from the sides by the wings of a dark beast. Slowly, he raised his head up to see an expanse of a black and purple scaled chest and a long neck, one which was the head of the black dragon. It roared, shooting purple fire at the assailants in front of him and Hoseok wasn’t sure if he was scared or safe under this dragon’s mouth. The dragon looked towards Yoongi on the other side of the crack and shot it’s flames, blasting the bodies of clay out of the way. Yoongi pushed himself up and finally managed to apparate to the other side where Hoseok was.
‘Hobi!’ He rushed, wrapping his arms around him. ‘Are you hurt?’

Hoseok looked at him, ‘You’re bleeding,’ he gently touched Yoongi’s forehead.

‘That’s nothing,’ Yoongi shook his head. ‘I don’t even feel it-’ he stopped, feeling the guttural sound too close to his ear. Hoseok froze again, staring wide eyed at the jaw of the black dragon that was coming to Yoongi’s side.

But the Min-Dracwyn tried to be brave.

Yoongi turned his face to his side, into the big purple eyes of the beast and slowly stretched his shivering hand forward to touch it’s upper jaw. The dragon did not seem friendly, not in the least. But it wasn’t backing away. It’s nostrils flared, amethyst eyes widening as it looked at Yoongi.

Yoongi took in a deep breath, letting the back of his fingers brush between the dragon’s nose. And within a few moments, the fears left him.

‘It likes you?’ Hoseok asked in awe when he saw Yoongi’s hand start to caress the beast’s muzzle.

‘It’s protected you,’ Yoongi said, feeling the thoughts of the dragon.

‘W-Why?’ Hoseok was shocked but Yoongi seemed happy, like something incredulous yet wonderful had happened.

‘Maybe it knows what you mean to a certain Min-Dracwyn,’

Even in this moment, Yoongi had stolen one to wink at Hoseok and the boy couldn’t believe that a year ago he thought Yoongi wasn’t akin to such actions. He blinked, looking at how strong Yoongi seemed with the bow on his shoulder and a freaking dragon by his side.

The ground started to shake again and this time, it wasn’t cracking but long rocky spears erupted out of the earth. The dragon jumped back, just in time to avoid a spear piercing though it’s chest but another had cut through a part of its wing.

‘We need to get out!’ Yoongi grabbed Hoseok’s hand and pushed him over the dragon.

‘Fly! C’mon, let’s get out of here!’ Yoongi yelled, hoping the dragon would understand and fortunately it did, pushing its feet and jumping into the air with the two men on its back.

Yoongi looked at it’s spread out black wing, seeing a hole where it had been pierced. In worry, he stroked the dragon’s neck and the beast let out a purr as it took them higher, away from the weapons that were being shot from the ground at them.

‘Yoongi,’ Hoseok spoke like something had struck in mind. ‘Your arrow, should we shoot it at Abraxas?’

‘That’s what my ancestor did. And it didn’t kill him,’

‘But it drives out evil energy doesn’t it?’ Hoseok asked hopefully. ‘We can use it to drive Abraxas’ evil energy out of Taehyung,’

The idea seemed to have clicked in Yoongi’s brain too.

‘And you need a clear shot of Tae. You can get it from this height, can’t you,’

Yoongi looked back at Hoseok and nodded.
Serafin watched the black dragon fly over them to the other end of the island. Torrhen had managed to injure it’s wing but they needed to do more than that. It was time for her to have some fun.

She turned towards Torrhen who was a few feet away, ‘Are they not defeated yet?’

‘They’re putting up a good front,’ Torrhen said. He observed how the groups were splitting now. There seemed to be two packs of wolves, and two groups of wizards.

‘How about we divide them,’ Serafin suggested. ‘You take the wolves and I’ll handle the wizards. Time to rain fire on them,’ Serafin said and opened her palms. Torrhen looked at her in awe as her red hair came to life, turning into lively tongues of flame. Her hands birthed large balls of fire and one by one she shot them down, making massive blasts on the ground below. Two wolves got thrown back, half their body on fire.

Namjoon thought he had finally caught his breath after the earthquakes and ground splits until he felt a crushing heat and was thrown into the air, dirt and embers flying all around him.

He fell hard and hit his chest on the ground, knocking the breath out of him.

‘Namjoon!’ He could hear a voice calling him faintly.

‘NAMJOON!’

Jin was panicking, looking through the crowd of fighting and lifeless bodies to find Namjoon. The last he had seen of him was him flying through the air after the fire blast. He spotted the silvery steel of Gryffindor’s sword lying a few feet away. He made a grab for it and at that moment saw several soldiers rounding near something... Or someone.

He saw Namjoon wounded on his side, a sword barely missed piercing him and instead slashed his hip. A mad kind of fury rose in Seokjin, making his body tremble. Namjoon grabbed his bleeding side and fell to his knees as the soldier lifted his sword to strike at Namjoon’s neck.

Jin roared, turning the soldiers’ attention towards him. He ran to the soldiers from between the burning flames, Gryffindor’s sword in hand and struck the clay bodies, shattering them to dust.

‘Namjoon!’ Jin fell to his knees beside him.

‘I’m- I’m okay,’ Namjoon looked at Jin. Both of them were covered in blood, dust, sweat and soot. ‘We have to take cover. Serafin-

Suddenly, something knotted around Jin’s neck, yanking him back painfully. Jin slipped and fell back getting dragged away as he kicked his feet in the dirt. The whip like rope around his neck started to extend down, wrapping his body. Jin was already having trouble using Mulciber’s wand, and now with his hands stuck to his sides, he felt powerless.

‘TAEHYUNG!’ Namjoon screamed, getting on his feet with his wand out. But Taehyung couldn’t hear him and soon, Abraxas apparated away with Seokjin.

‘No… no!’ Namjoon thought of apparating to the castle, in hopes that that’s where Abraxas took Jin but then he remembered something.
Looking back to where the two had been, his eyes sought the sword of Gryffindor, except it wasn’t there anymore. They had concluded that this sword might be what can fight and defeat Abraxas... but now, that very weapon was missing.

‘Namjoon!’ Jungkook rushed to him, trying to hold the man upright as he lost his balance for the second time. ‘You’re bleeding, sit down for a moment,’

‘The sword... Jin...’ Namjoon felt dizzy in the head. Jungkook forced him down, making him lie on the ground.

‘Salvio Hexia,’ Jungkook muttered, holding his wand up. ‘Protego Totalum,’

A silvery thread erupted from Jungkook’s wand, spreading like a shield around them.

‘This should hold for a while... but not for long,’ Jungkook said, turning his attention back to Namjoon.

‘I need to find them both,’ Namjoon said. A fireball hit the shield and it started to crack until Jungkook again strengthened it.

‘You need to heal first,’ Jungkook pulled Namjoon’s outer robe away and observed the gash on the side of his torso. The split flesh was making Jungkook’s chest knot painfully.

‘Stay absolutely still,’ the boy said and pointed his wand at the wound. ‘Vulnera Sanentur,’ he moved the wand over the gash and repeated the spell two more times, almost like a song. The wound was closing up, slowly knitting together.

‘Where did you learn that?’ Namjoon asked through heavy eyelids.

‘Just now... Taemin. Taemin performed it on Dumbledore. Joon, Dumbledore’s condition isn’t good. If he fights more, I think he’ll...’

‘He’s Albus Dumbledore. I don’t think he can die that easily,’

‘A spear through his abdomen isn’t a small thing,’ Jungkook looked serious. ‘We need to... end this fight soon. Either win or forfeit. At this point... I honestly do not think forfeiting would be wrong. Look at the amount of lives already lost,’ Jungkook looked at the battlefield where dead wolves lay... a few feet away, Dumbledore lay as well, being treated by Taemin. Jiyeon was on the ground with no one to attend to her. Jungkook had no idea if she was even alive. He had seen Jimin limping through a fight, like his strength would give away any moment now.

‘We either fight and die or we submit and die. If not today then in the future because Abraxas is not going to stop here,’ Namjoon said. ‘I’d rather choose to fight today,’ Namjoon’s eyes held an intensity Jungkook had not seen yet in his life. He was angry, a kind of vengeance running through him.

‘Alright then,’ the Ravenclaw nodded. He held his hand out for Namjoon to take and stand up.

* 

Laura reached the silver dragon who had fallen on the sandy shore. The beast was breathing heavily, bleeding from its front leg and wings.

‘Please,’ she begged under her breath. ‘You cannot die... I shouldn’t have brought you here... I shouldn’t have. You’re the last of your kind,’
The dragon gave a mournful low rumble. Laura grabbed at the ice spear lodged into the front leg but the moment her hand wrapped around it, the coldness of it bit her, like a sharp burn.

‘Laura!’ she heard a familiar call from behind her. Turning, she saw that Bellatrix had apparated there. She was bleeding from the forehead, dark soot covering a side of her face. Behind Laura, the dragon was recoiling, sneering with its jaws at Bellatrix.

‘Stay back,’ Laura warned the witch.

‘Oh don’t think you can harm me Dracwyn,’ Bellatrix glared at her. ‘If I die before you fulfill your vow, you die too,’

‘I know that,’ Laura swallowed thickly. ‘I’m doing the best I can,’

‘That Kim Seokjin is missing. And so is Abraxas. Find them and bring the stone to me,’

‘You were supposed to capture Seokjin again,’ Laura said. ‘Looks like you’re getting rusty Lestrange,’

Bellatrix’s dark eyes widened in rage and within a few steps her wand was on Laura’s throat, ‘You can’t kill me but I can kill you-’

The dragon behind Laura roared, snapping it’s jaws forward at Bellatrix who fell back. It’s head shielded Laura, both the dragon and the younger witch’s eyes burning purple.

‘Find Abraxas and get me the stone,’ Bellatrix said, looking varily at the silver dragon. ‘There is no point in scaring me this way if you’re bound to the vow,’ She dug her hands into her collar and retrieved the locket that once belonged to Laura.

‘Here. This should tell you where your precious friend is,’

Laura’s eyes widened seeing the locket… her mother’s locket. She stretched her hand out, feeling a flicker of relief when that metal touched her palm.

‘Orbis,’ Bellatrix spoke, pointing her wand at the locket and the object vibrated, pointing itself towards the tall castle that stood on the hill.

‘Keep it,’ Bellatrix closed Laura’s palm around the enchanted object. ‘And get me the stone,’
Chapter 18 [Hidden Title]

Chapter Notes

3 parts, 62 chapters, 2 years & 4 months later, this series has come to an end. From my two friends who helped me start this, and all the readers who encouraged me and helped me go on when nothing around me seemed to be working, thank you. I swear to you this wasn't possible without your help, and I am proud to have finished something that I started. I love you all so much, this has indeed been a big part of my life.

*** If you like the music that I put in, please do not skip it in this very last chapter! I've especially picked these tracks for it***

And here you go, the LAST chapter of the House of Cards series.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 18 - The Last War

*Mood Music: [Sonya Belousova - Chaos is All Around Us]*

Abraxas emerged into the throne room of the castle and thrust Jin further into the large chamber.

‘So we’re finally here Seokjin,’ Abraxas smiled. Taehyung’s skin looked like it was made of ivory in the full moon’s light streaming from the window. ‘I told you, you cannot escape me,’

Jin gulped, already feeling the existing cracks on his body start to burn like a hot iron rod was being run over his skin. Fire burned in torches on the limestone pillars that lined this room. Red banners hung from the roof between the pillars, bearing the sigil of a raven. Abraxas had already prepared for victory.

‘Taehyung, please, I know you can hear me,’

‘He cannot,’ Abraxas stepped closer, eyes going over Jin like he was greedily revering his prize. ‘Come now,’ he extended his elegant hand. ‘I have the stone in my grasp. Take me in and Taehyung can have himself back,’

Jin looked at the outstretched hand but didn’t make a move. Abraxas’ beckoning fingers started to move, like he was manipulating strings on a puppet and Jin felt himself being pulled forward. Jin’s panicked eyes fell on the glowing stone nestled in the palm and back at Abraxas’ smiling face.

‘You mortals don’t exactly know what the stone is capable of, the new powers it grants you, whatever you ask of it,’

Jin was looking intently into Abraxas’ eyes, trying to See into his mind.

‘You’re afraid…’ Jin spoke, narrowing his eyes. ‘You’re afraid of something… you’re afraid of running out of power. You thought the stone is going to provide you limitless power but it’s not, is it? No energy is limitless even if you withdrew them from Elkyres. It’s the basic law of alchemy. You knew that didn’t you?’
Abraxas huffed, ‘You’re wrong. You-’

‘You’re afraid you’ll lose like last time. Despite your planning and studying, your theory has failed you. If you wanted you can turn this entire island into dust and move on to the Ministry. But you’re not doing that… because the amount of magical energy opposing you on this island will make you consume half of the stone. And then you won’t have enough left for your real plan. Am I wrong Abraxas?’

*Mood Music: Ramin Djawadi - The Last War*

Abraxas’ jaw worked but suddenly, he blinked and turned his eyes towards the window where a dark shape seemed to have passed them.

The now familiar screech was heard again and the ground shook. Both Jin and Abraxas saw a part of the hall’s ceiling collapse down with purple fire. Abraxas apparated out of there but somehow, wherever he appeared, the silver dragon seemed to sense him, coming at him with fire, blasting the towers of the castle to the ground.

Jin ran for cover. Having lost his wand, he was in no position to disapparate. He tried to get out of the burning castle as the entire structure shook like it was being hit with bombs, shooting bricks and glass everywhere.

‘Laura!’ he screamed out with his eyes shut. ‘Laura can you hear me?’ he tried his best to reach her mind. ‘Stop! You’re going to kill Taehyung!’

*Save him. I need the stone.*

Jin could feel the anguish in her words.

‘Laura, you need the stone for Bellatrix…’

With those words, another part of the castle was blown apart. A burning torch fell on his leg, the metal hooks piercing into the flesh and Jin hissed in pain, quickly kicking the object away so it didn’t burn his clothes.

‘JIN!’

Through the purple flames and dust, Jin glimpsed Jungkook, running towards him. The Aguamenti spell hardly helped in putting out these flames.

‘Jin! Grab my hand!’ Jungkook pushed his hand over a collapsed piece of the roof.

‘Wait!’ Jin said as he held Jungkook’s hand. ‘Take me to Abraxas,’

‘ARE YOU CRAZY-’

‘Laura will kill Taehyung with dragonfire at this rate. Trust me this is the only way, we have to get the stone out of Taehyung’s hands,’

Jungkook couldn’t argue with that. That’s what Laura had asked of him too… to save Taehyung if they could. Jungkook looked at the now non-existent ceiling to track where Laura’s dragon was and saw those wide bat-like wings heading towards the north tower. He grabbed tightly onto Jin’s hand and both disappeared into smoke.

Laura’s dragon circled the massive castle, her eyes on her locket, guiding her where to strike next.
Her chest felt like the air was choking out from it since a while because she knew what she was doing and she didn’t want to do it… She would have to kill Abraxas if she had to take the stone from him. Which meant she would have to kill Taehyung.

The castle was on fire now, the flames were a burst of purple, blue and red that reflected off Laura’s silver dragon, like a rainbow dancing on crystal waters. Laura grabbed on the spikes of the dragon harder and pushed it down. It’s wings soared through the wind at tremendous speed, circling around and blasting the last dome-like roof at the center of the castle. She could see everything now, where, who was hiding within the castle. Abraxas had stopped running, standing in the middle of the fallen castle, looking directly at Laura.

She turned her dragon and was coming towards him when her view was interrupted. Jungkook and Jin, both apparated behind a pillar and Jin was walking out into Abraxas’ view.

‘I agree with your conditions Abraxas,’ Jin spoke and the immortal’s red eyes snapped to him.

‘All I’ve always wanted,’ Jin continued, ‘Was to protect Taehyung. And I’m ready to do anything for it,’ he held his hand out the same way Abraxas had.

Abraxas looked at the dragon behind Jin suspiciously.

‘Jin get out of there if you want to live!’ Laura screamed at him.

‘She won’t wait forever Abraxas,’ Jin said. ‘She doesn’t want to kill more than one of us, but I know she’s not patient,‘

Abraxas grabbed the stone tightly in his hand, moving it forward to place it in Jin’s outstretched hand. The stone was to help Abraxas transfer his soul from one body to another without losing any further fragments of it.

Their bodies touched, the glowing stone in between them and Jin felt a vibration through his entire body.

Laura swallowed thickly, watching what was happening. Suddenly, a movement caught her eye, making her heart stop.

You fool!

Her eyes widened seeing Jungkook leap from behind the broken pillar and shoot a forceful white spell at where Abraxas’ hand touched Jin’s. The stone flew away from their hands and both broke apart, falling on the broken floor.

Jin retracted his hand, it was burnt like lightning had struck it, a pattern of veins running from the back of his hand to the forearm. When he looked across, Abraxas was in the same state, staring at his hand in utterly shock and fury. His hand bore the same scars too.

‘You scarred me…’ he muttered, turning his eyes towards Jungkook who still stood with his wand hand outstretched.

Jungkook gave him no time to move. He jumped forward, grabbing Abraxas and apparating away with him to the castle grounds.

When they appeared again on the ground, Jungkook was sitting on top of Abraxas. His hand was pressing Abraxas’ face to the side. Abraxas tried to move but his hand was pinned beneath Jungkook’s knee. With the other one, he tried to claw at Jungkook’s neck, trying to get him within his choke hold. But Jungkook resisted it, trying to pin the hand over Abraxas’ head.
‘Serafin!’ Abraxas yelled out.

Serafin, who was a few feet away turned to look at the sight that left her shocked.

‘Abraxas…’ she whispered to herself. ‘Where… where is the stone?!’

‘Hurry and release me!’ Abraxas spat. ‘Torrhen!’

But Serafin didn’t seem to be listening to him. Suddenly, her agenda had changed and she sprinted away, trying to find the lost stone.

Even though Jungkook was straining with all his strength, he huffed a smile, ‘This is why you won’t win Abraxas… you and your followers, your goals are selfish,’

‘ENOUGH!’ Abraxas thrust forward, knocking his head with Jungkook’s who finally felt a deadly blow and fell backwards. Abraxas stood up, his wings bursting out of his shoulder blades again.

Near the broken castle, Jin took a breath in, the pain in his leg was pushing him to the brink of unconsciousness. He was still somewhere in the fallen ruins of the castle, fire and dust all around him, wandless and alone. He didn’t know where Jungkook had taken Abraxas but he was glad that Taehyung’s body was nowhere near the stone now.

*The Philosopher’s Stone…*

If he had it, he could save all of them… he would happily consume all of the stone to put an end to Abraxas, Serafin, Bellatrix and everyone else.

His eyes intently searched around the fallen debris of limestone, red fabric, glass and metal. He looked behind him and there it was, glinting red, lying near a broken glass lamp. Now was his chance, the small window which may never come again. Jin pulled himself, dragging by the elbow towards the stone. He stretched his bloodied arm out, trying with all his might to reach… to touch. All he needed was to touch the stone. The pain was nearly immobilising him. He had to push his body just an inch further, he could do it, he had to.

From behind the stone in his line of sight, he saw something else. A pair of legs walking over the steps to the clearing and coming towards him. The girl kneeled and Jin looked further up into the familiar purple eyes.

*Laura…*

She stretched her hand out for the stone, the ties of the unbreakable vow running from her wrist to her forearm.

‘Laura please,’ Jin said. ‘I… I can help,’

Laura looked at him. Jin noticed her nose was starting to bleed, veins on her forehead turning thick and purple. And behind her, Laura’s dragon was coming closer, nostrils flaring like a threat… that if Jin resisted, it would be the last thing he ever did.

Laura didn’t answer his plea and proceeded to pick up the stone. Jin felt all of his strength fail him.

Laura turned around and both she and Jin could see Bellatrix waiting for her a few feet away, the look of sweet victory on her face. Laura walked forward, stone clutched tight in her hand as her body looked like it was slowly falling apart. Her own will was fighting with her vow. If her will won, she would die, but she didn’t want to die. She wanted to live. Her entire internal struggle was
manifesting on her body, threatening to take her life away from her.

‘Good girl,’ Bellatrix said, stretching her hand out, the ties of the vow shining brightly on both their hands now that they were so close to accomplishing it. ‘Hand it over, and your struggles will end. You will live,’

Laura raised her hand up, ignoring the screams from Ash who had spotted them.

‘DON’T LAURA!’ She could hear her getting closer. But Laura’s eyes were trained hard on Bellatrix who was still holding her hand out, wondering why Laura wasn’t giving her the stone. Laura’s body shivered, breaths constricting. But something else was happening too… something unexpected. Bellatrix saw the unbreakable vow’s gash on her own hand slowly disappear and the golden criss cross ties fade. Confused, she looked at Laura’s hand where the ties were disappearing too, and with it, Laura was getting her strength back. The silver dragon behind her turned around. She was absolving the vow, which was impossible. But… anything was possible with the philosopher’s stone.

The dragon crept forward, head over Laura’s and eyes glistening purple, just like hers and the beast opened its enormous mouth. Bellatrix scampered back, panicking as to how to escape the dragon’s flame when the philosopher’s stone was right in front of her. In that moment Abraxas landed on the dragon’s head, piercing his spear into it. The dragon roared in pain and shook his head, trying to knock Abraxas away from it.

*Mood Music - The Last War Playlist 2*

The dragon fell, head crashing on the ground and Laura got thrown to the side, the stone slipping from her hand.

She turned her head sharply towards Abraxas who still had an icicle into her dragon’s neck and nearly roared, running towards him with fury. She climbed over her dragon, thrusting into Abraxas’ shoulders but he once again caught her by the neck, spreading ice into her.

Jimin in that moment jumped forward, paws pushing Abraxas down on the ground. Ash jumped from his back and rushed towards Laura. She looked back with worry, seeing that Abraxas was hitting Jimin, but Jimin couldn’t fight back, not when he was seeing Taehyung there.

‘Laura,’ Ash lifted her up. ‘You’ve bled enough. I’ll take you to where Dumbledore is,’

Laura coughed, holding her neck, ‘Not yet. We haven’t won,’

‘Haven’t won?’ Ash’s eyes widened. ‘We’re fighting for our survival here, winning isn’t the goal! And your dragon is badly injured.’

‘My dragon is no ordinary beast,’ she looked at the silver creature who was now trying to stand up on its legs. ‘And I am not forfeiting. I’m a Dracwyn, more than ever. I can finally fight for what I want,’ she said, looking at Ash and after a long time Ash saw the old confidence in her.

‘They need protection down below,’ Ash said. ‘The clay army and the death eaters are still at work,’

Laura nodded, climbing on her dragon.

‘Can you do it?’ she whispered to the beast. ‘Can you fly again?’

The dragon screeched, spreading it’s wings and hopped off the cliff.
Ash rushed towards where Jungkook lay conscious, his forehead had a layer of frost over it and his nose was bleeding.

‘Jungkook!’ she made him sit and rubbed his icy cold hands, ‘Jungkook wake up!’

‘Where’s…’ his bluish lips trembled as some life came back to him, ‘Where’s Tae,’

‘Still fighting. C’mon, you need to get somewhere safe,’

Ash turned her attention back to the fight between Abraxas and Jimin and from the clouds saw another dark shape emerge.

A black claw grabbed on to Abraxas’ shoulder and yanked him off Jimin’s body, throwing him off somewhere in the distance.

The black dragon landed with a tremble on the ground. ‘Get away from him all of you!’ Yoongi yelled out from the dragon’s back. He stood up, taking his bow and drawing his arrow.

But Abraxas stood up by then shooting icy spears at the dragon. The dragon roared, blasting fire to stop the attacks and by the time the fire was out, Abraxas had disappeared too.

‘We need to catch him unaware,’ Hoseok said from behind Yoongi. ‘We won’t be able to hit him head on,’

Jin’s eyes were scanning through the entire area. Torrhen and Serafin seemed to have taken off, either in search of the stone or gone off with their own agenda. Now only the statue of Abraxas remained on this ground, the transmutation circle still etched into the earth all around it. And then something struck Jin’s mind. He stepped closer to the dragon. ‘Maybe I can help,’

‘How?’ Hoseok looked worried, ‘You being in any proximity to Abraxas is the most dangerous thing!’

‘We’re both beings of the metaphysical,’ Jin said. ‘I need to get inside his head,’

Yoongi drew his wand out and bent down, handing it to Jin. ‘Here. You’ll need this more than I do,’

Jin nodded, taking the wand from him and disapparated.

* *

Torrhen stood at the edge of the cliff and jumped down, his feet planting into the ground below to break his fall. He was tired of watching from afar.

His clay soldiers ran from his sides, continuing the assault on their enemy. The earth elkyre’s eyes fell on Namjoon kneeling on the ground, raising his wand hand.

Namjoon was all alone, with several soldiers heading towards him. But he took a deep breath and raised his wand hand. With all his might, he made a line on the ground beneath him, as wide across as he could. It glowed and rushed like a wave towards the clay soldiers, bursting their legs and making them crash to the floor.

Torrhen couldn’t understand… who were these strong wizards? He touched the ground with his hands to shoot a spear into this tall man but Namjoon ducked to the side just in time and noticed the earth elkyre a few feet away from him.
Ignoring the pain in the side of his torso, he ran forward, shooting a red spell at Torrhen who just blocked it with a wall of rock.

‘We’ll take care of him Joon!’ Ash called out. The wolves were running his way. ‘Jungkook said Jin is out of Abraxas’ reach, go get the sword!’

Namjoon nodded and ran towards the one person who could provide any kind of guidance in this situation.

‘Expulso!’ Namjoon shot at the clay soldiers in front of him. The bodies shattered, clearing the path for him. The man limped his way through the dead bodies of wolves and death eaters and towards the remaining circle of his group. Jiyeon and Taemin were fighting alone, Dumbledore nearly unconscious.

Namjoon pushed himself up painfully and went to them.

‘Dumbledore,’ his voice trembled in pain. The old wizard’s eyes looked slightly glassy as it tried to focus on Namjoon.

‘Dumbledore I lost the sword,’

‘The sword…’ Dumbledore spoke and then coughed out blood.

‘Don’t speak Dumbledore!’ Jiyeon rushed to him. ‘You’ve already lost a lot of blood,’

Dumbledore ignored her. ‘The sword will find a true Gryffindor in time of need,’

‘I have to go to my son,’ Jiyeon stated, standing up and disapparating.

‘There’s another matter,’ Taemin said as he checked the position of the moon in the sky. They were past midnight and heading towards dawn. ‘There is a tremendous amount of magical energy just bursting out of here. Do not think the Spanish Ministry will not pick up on this. I know for a fact that our British Ministry must have alerted most of the major Ministries about the disappearance of 9 Hogwarts students and 2 Aurors. The longer we stay here, the more probable it is that the ministry will catch us... they will catch Jimin and Taehyung,’

‘How do we get away from here,’ Namjoon said, turning his eyes to the front where in the distance, Abraxas was fighting with the black dragon and in front of them, the clay soldiers were pushing at the protective shield that Taemin had cast. ‘How do we get away from here if we can’t get our friends out of danger?’

Like an answer to his plea, the silver dragon flew towards them from top of the castle grounds, its mouth glaring open and purple fire erupting from it, blasting an entire ten feet wide line of the clay soldiers.

‘She’s back,’ Namjoon said, looking extremely grateful. Left to right, Laura’s dragon was decimating the clay soldiers and Torrhen could clearly see that. The earth elkyre was panicking, the soldiers were now dying faster than he could create. And he did not have Abraxas to infuse life into them.

Namjoon apparated on to the castle grounds hoping to find Jin here but he wasn’t and neither was Abraxas. He saw Hestia Carrow running towards Bellatrix, something hidden in her cloak. Bellatrix was pushing herself up from the ground, her black hair lying completely disarrayed.

‘Here,’ she whispered, giving her something shiny and long.
‘You sure this will work on Abraxas?’ Bellatrix asked as she took it.

‘They are carrying it for a reason. Go kill him and take the stone,’

‘You bring me Dracwyn’s head,’ Bellatrix said to Hestia. ‘I want her head on my feet whether we have to stone or not, do you understand me?’

Hestia nodded and disapparated.

Bellatrix cursed and stood up, looking down to where the black dragon was chasing Abraxas in the chaos of the battlefield below. Namjoon’s eyes darted around for Jin… where was he? Ash said he was here.

Bellatrix disapparated in front of his eyes… and Namjoon decided to follow her.

*

Laura’s dragon landed on the battlefield, continuing to breathe fire on the incoming soldiers. To their luck, Torrhen wasn’t raising more, but the earth elkyre was now himself fighting with stone spears and cracks on the ground.

‘Laura!’ a hand caught her and she turned around. Jungkook’s hand came to her face, wiping some of the blood that she had bled down her nose. ‘Are you okay?’

Laura extended her hand, doing the same to him, seeing that he was bleeding from the nose too, ‘Are you okay?’

The touch seemed to have made Jungkook forget all worries for a moment. He took Laura’s hand in his, the one that she had shown him before with the bonds of the vow.

‘You’re free now. Stop running from me, please,’

Laura blinked, nodding and before she knew it, Jungkook was kissing her, his calloused hands holding her face tightly and pulling her body as close as he could. It was after an eternity that Jungkook felt like he was finally holding what he thought he had lost forever. Laura’s arms wound around him, her mouth melting into the what she had so dearly yearned but couldn’t have.

Hestia Carrow couldn’t believe she had actually chanced upon this moment. This unaware, defenseless moment. Her wand was ready, the unforgivable curse at the tip of her tongue that would drop both of them dead on the floor.

Jungkook heard a low angry rumble and he paused, eyes opening and looking to the side. Laura’s dragon was sneering, opening its mouth to attack him with fire.

‘Laura-’

But the purple fire shot from the dragon’s mouth, except it went right over Jungkook’s head. Both snapped their heads to the other side to see Hestia Carrow’s body catching fire as she yelled in agony.

Jungkook stared wide eyed in horror at the burning body. When he looked to his side at Laura, she was impassive. Rather there was a hint of victory on her face.

‘The dragon will not harm you,’ she said and Jungkook could see the flames dancing in her eyes. She turned to him with a slight smile. ‘Come, we still have to defeat them,’
‘DRACWYN!’ they heard the deranged Bellatrix’s voice behind them. ‘AVADA KEDAV-’

Before she could complete the words, a spell knocked her sideways. Jungkook had his wand out, shielding Laura and he did not stop with the assault.

‘You… you have tormented us enough!’ A whip like light thrashed Bellatrix, sending her flying a few feet away. Laura stared at Jungkook, she had never seen him that angry.

‘Expelliarmus,’ he shot at her, instantly disarming her. Her wand flew to the side, somewhere between the dead bodies. Jungkook was glaring at her in fury, eyes hooded and jaw nearly shaking with how hard he gritted his teeth.

Still Bellatrix tried to stand up and Jungkook sent the whip again. It cut her cheek, crimson dripping down the clean slash. She grunted, holding her cheek and pulled out the object that Hestia had given her a few moments ago.

Jungkook’s eyes widened, seeing the sword of Gryffindor.

‘How did you…’ he narrowed his eyes.

Bellatrix held the sword in her hand and charged at Jungkook. But someone grabbed her from the back.

‘That is not yours to use,’ Namjoon stood there, holding a rope that had curled around Bellatrix’s neck and was now choking her. Namjoon looked at Jungkook and nodded.

‘Petrificus Totalus,’ Jungkook shot at her. Bellatrix’s body instantly froze and Jungkook snatched the silver sword from her hand.

‘Bind her,’ Namjoon said. ‘Bind her so well that she isn’t able to see or breathe or move at all,’

Jungkook nodded and ropes started to emerge out of his wand, wrapping all around Bellatrix like they were going to lock her in a tomb.

All Bellatrix could do was stare with those wide black eyes and open mouth. Half her face was red with blood and it continued down her pale neck. She was trying her best to break free but the fury with which Jungkook had hexed her, it looked impossible to.

‘It’s over Bellatrix,’ Jungkook said as the ropes now covered her mouth. Laura came to his side.

‘I told you,’ Laura was nearly smiling as the ropes on Bellatrix face reached her eyes, ‘You will not win,’

The last thing Bellatrix saw was the face of her own utter defeat in Laura’s smug purple eyes.

Jungkook now looked at Namjoon.

‘Here,’ he held the silver sword by the hilt and blade. ‘Get him,’ he said, looking at where the black dragon was flying, because that is where Abraxas would be.

When Namjoon disapparated, Jungkook was about to hold Laura again but the ground beneath them shook, the dust awakening and cracks running across the surface.

‘Quick, get on the dragon,’ Laura pulled Jungkook’s hand. ‘We need to stop this earth elkyre,’

*
Ash turned Jimin around in fury, seeing that Earth elkyre was still at work and they were all losing energy trying to fend him off.

A brown wolf came running to their side, trying to run ahead of Jimin towards Torrhen. Jimin whined at the wolf, as if not wanting it to go ahead. And Jimin was right in his instincts because a second later, a stone spear ran through and through the wolf’s head.

There was an instant chorus of howls and Jimin speeded up, fury running through him, except the next step he took, the ground gave away.

All of them started to fall, deep into a trench. The wolves growled and howled and Ash felt herself slipping as Jimin’s body turned over in the fall. She grasped desperately to catch on to his fur until something clicked in her head.

‘ARRESTO MOMENTUM!’ She screamed and instantly, her body suspended in mid air, along with Jimin’s. She saw another wolf fall from her side and pointed her wand at it. The power was straining her, of having to float herself and two wolves. Jimin saw two of his companions who had come here to fight with him fall right in front of his eyes, into the deep abyss and he howled painfully.

Ash strained and grunted, trying to pull the three of them up and over the earth.

When Torrhen saw the girl on the wolf’s back, something changed inside him.

They... they’re so young. This girl, that boy from earlier. To his side, Laura and Jungkook were fighting a dark witch. They were all barely adults.

Torrhen looked back at where Serafin was. She was desperately trying to find the Philosopher’s Stone.

What was he doing here exactly? Abraxas promised them the stone, yet there was just one and they were meant to clamour over one another to take it? Meanwhile these people who were their enemies… all he had seen since the beginning was that they were here for their friend. Like a family comes back for one of their own.

Evil wizards had pulled Torrhen away from his family when he was a child. A child like Taehyung. Except there was no one to come and take him back. They were all dead.

He was like one of those evil wizards now.

Torrhen put his hands down, standing a few feet away from the huge cracks he had created to swallow in the wolves. He had lived with wolves in his forest...

Jimin got to his feet, snarling at Torrhen as he stalked closer.

Torrhen looked him in the eye. He felt hollow and defeated. He had suddenly lost all purpose or maybe the purpose wasn’t real to begin with, it was just something his mind told him he had wanted.

‘I’m done,’ Torrhen softly said. ‘I’m sorry…’

But Jimin was angry. He snapped his jaws, preparing to snap Torrhen’s head off. But Torrhen put up no fight. Instead he kneeled, lowering his head, a sign of defeat.

Jimin growled harder, claws spreading but he couldn’t… he couldn’t kill a defeated man. The wolf
jumped over him, proceeding forward to help his friends in catching Abraxas.

* * *

**Mood Music:** *Ramin Djawadi - Light of the Seven*

He had been hearing the cries of battle since hours… but he had no strength to even open his eyes. He could hear familiar voices. He heard Serafin… He heard Jiyeon and he heard his own son… his son speaking like Abraxas.

Martaeus felt something warm on his hand and an energy whizzed through him, slowly giving him enough strength to force his eyelids to part.

He was where he had been when they had started the transmutation for the philosopher’s stone, except the ground was cracked, there was debris and blood everywhere. Torrhen and Serafin were nowhere in sight. Overhead, large shapes flew with mighty wind flapping from their wings. The wind felt good. It was the only thing that felt good.

Martaeus looked to where the warmth was coming from. His bloodied hand was touching a red stone hidden under rubble. A red stone that glowed. Could it be…

**The Philosopher’s Stone?**

Martaeus felt an instant hatred towards that object and retracted his hand as fast as he could.

No, he would not draw power from that wretched thing, the thing that has driven witches and wizards crazy for centuries on end, including him. The thing that destroyed his family, that corrupted his son. He did not want it.

‘Martaeus?’

The man looked up to see the face of a younger man who had cracks on his neck.

‘Who are you?’

‘Seokjin… I’m… a friend of Taehyung’s… Or was,’

‘You’re Seokjin? You’re the one Abraxas wants, why have you come here? To die?’

Jin knew that man’s words were a fact. ‘To save Taehyung, anyhow,’

‘The only way to save Taehyung is to kill Abraxas forever. He will make Taehyung a slave if he survives in any form. Even if he survives in you,’

Worry creased Jin’s eyebrows, ‘How do we kill a soul then? A soul has no form!’

‘Attach it to a form,’ Martaeus said.

‘We cannot make someone a vessel for his soul! And how does one even-’

Martaeus looked at the stone on the ground, ‘The stone will enable you to do whatever you want without the knowledge of spells. As for your vessel…’ he looked at Abraxas’ statue in front of them.

Jin’s eyes widened, ‘That is too risky, we cannot-’
‘We don’t have many options if you really want to kill him,’

Jin remembered how they had killed a part of Abraxas’ soul that was in the locket he had given Taehyung. Gryffindor’s sword had worked then… and maybe it will work again… but where was Namjoon? Was he alright?

Jin looked at Yoongi and Hoseok flying on the dragon and caught Hoseok’s eye.

Yoongi and Hoseok had been following Abraxas for a while now, but the immortal was quick, flying from one spot to the other everytime Yoongi tried to shoot him. And in return, Abraxas would attack back. Along with his icicles, he now sent red electric currents, like the whips his alchemists had held.

Everytime Yoongi felt he had gotten a good aim, Abraxas would duck, swiftly moving to attack them from the back.

Yoongi slowly looked towards Hoseok, ‘You should do it,’ he held the bow for him. ‘I know how strong your energy is. I need to keep a lookout for any attacks on us and warn the dragon of it,’

‘But…’ Hoseok looked at him in surprise, ‘But Yoongi, this is your family bow,’

‘And you conjured an arrow when I couldn’t, remember?’ he pushed the bow in Hoseok’s hands. ‘I told you, you’re not an outsider. You and I… we’re not separate,’

Hoseok saw his lilac eyes shine as he held the bow for him. The Hufflepuff nodded, taking the bow from him and Yoongi turned his attention to the dragon. ‘Let’s catch him now,’

Yoongi turned the dragon around. Abraxas was already ready with his icicles in hand, and he threw several of them in a line, this time aiming at Yoongi seated on the beast, rather than the beast itself. Yoongi sharply turned the dragon, almost turning 90 degrees as they glided through the air.

‘We have to drive him to the statue,’ Hoseok said. ‘That’s where Jin wants us to shoot him,’

‘Alright,’ Yoongi made the dragon circle around, trying to make it look like Abraxas would have an easy shot from near the statue… and to their luck, the immortal followed their bait.

‘Taehyung,’ Jin had reached where Abraxas was now. ‘Taehyung please, I know you can hear us,’

Abraxas turned back sharply, the icicle in Abraxas’ hand stayed there, frozen, afraid to move. He again had the look of frustration on his face, a frustration directed at nobody.

‘Why won’t you back down!’ Abraxas yelled at no one in particular.

‘Taehyung…’ Jin started to move forward. ‘It’s okay. We are here for you, we want you back,’

Abraxas was staring at him wide eyed and shaking. Jin’s body moved closer, a gentle hand coming over his shoulder and before he knew it, Jin was hugging him, warm arms enclosing Taehyung’s cold body.

‘It’s okay,’ Jin kept muttering. Abraxas was overcome with the need to pierce him with icicles right now. But… but Taehyung wouldn’t let him. Jin looked to the front and saw the great black winged beast flying closer. Jin’s eyes were resolute.

‘Jin isn’t moving,’ Yoongi observed. ‘He… he’s holding Tae,’

Hosoeok’s heart was in his throat. ‘How… how can I shoot the arrow right now? What if… what if
we drive Abraxas into Jin?"

‘Trust him,’ Yoongi said. ‘He told us he’ll handle Abraxas so just trust him now.’

Yoongi caught on the spikes of the dragon tightly and felt Hoseok lift himself up behind him. The bow came next to Yoongi’s shoulder and he sensed the light illuminate them in the dark dawn. Hoseok pulled the arrow and string back, eyes locked on their target. He tried his best to think of all the happiness Taehyung had given each and every one of them until he felt his fingers and forearms vibrate with that energy, the arrow burning brighter than ever. Hoseok stretched the string to it’s limit and shot the arrow.

It zapped past them, cutting through the air piercing straight through Abraxas’ back… And Jin’s torso.

Abraxas’ eyes opened wide in shock as he slowly turned to look at Jin. And Jin saw those red eyes turn blue, along with a sudden shrilling screech. The scream was ear wrenching, like someone’s very soul was being torn apart. Jin felt Taehyung go limp in his arms but there was something else around them and Jin turned back just in time to see Abraxas’ soul. He knew what it was, and probably only he could see it.

If Abraxas was furious before, it was nothing compared to what he was like right now. Jin saw him enraged beyond limits, that long face fuming and screaming ugly, like a demon. Abraxas rushed at him like a hurricane but Jin held his hands up with the philosopher’s stone in it, forcing him back. His hands were cracking and breaking but he kept at it, pushing him further and further. Abraxas was doing all he could to possess the one body he had always wanted - Jin’s. He pushed Jin to his knees, whipping around him like sharp wind and more than trying to possess the body, Abraxas was chipping him away, as a result of Jin’s retaliation. Jin continued to push him, his eyes tearing but still determined. The stone in his hand was turning smaller. He pushed himself on his feet again and with the loudest yell, he thrust the stone forward, pushed Abraxas’ soul into the clay statue Torrhen had made of him. But what he hadn’t realised was that, his hand had pressed the stone into the statue’s chest, like he had given it a heart.

There was a sudden silence. The only sound they heard was of Jin breathing hard and falling to his knees, his eyes on that statue.

‘Is it done?’ Hoseok asked in a whisper to Yoongi.

Laura was on her dragon a several feet away, perched on the broken tower of the castle, eyes intently watching the statue. They were all scared to even move.

And then the statue jerked forward, it’s eyes flashing open, red like the stone on its chest. The clay started to crack, breaking and peeling off Abraxas’ body and now, Abraxas fully came to life. The wings on his back burst out wide, that surreal cold beauty came over his face. No one could deny how ominously beautiful Abraxas was with that sharp oval face and perfect features. Abraxas curled in his thin lips and lunged to strike Jin, who at this point had no more energy left in him. With a snarl he raised his hand and struck.

His pale arm met a blade of cold silver with a clang and he found himself staring into a pair of long, dragon shaped eyes. Namjoon dug his toes into the ground below and pushed back, teeth gritted as he used all the strength he had. Abraxas fell back, feet pushing into the mud.

Yoongi was about to fly down into the fight but he saw something else… Serafin was walking towards Jiyeon who had an unconscious Taehyung in her arms.
Namjoon swung his sword at Abraxas but was effectively blocked. Abraxas was larger than him, taller with an almost superhuman strength. The red electric current ignited on Abraxas’ fingertips. He whipped his hand forward, the electricity cutting at Namjoon and it caught on his wrists. Namjoon tried to yank it away, but the hold just got stronger. Abraxas clenched his wrists and tried to turn Namjoon’s sword hard, pulling it towards Jin, like he was controlling it.

‘Jin… run…’ Namjoon heaved as his sword hand was raised. ‘Run away,’

Jin tried to stand up, but his leg felt broken. Namjoon yelled, using all his might to fight against Abraxas’ pull. There was no way Namjoon would harm Jin, Abraxas should’ve known better, and Namjoon managed to thrash the sword to the side instead, the blade cutting through the red electric strings.

Laura urged her dragon to fly and the two came to the fight.

‘Get away Joon!’ she yelled out before blasting purple fire at Abraxas. The immortal jumped away, his wings taking him up in the air. The silver dragon flapped its wings harder but it was clear that the injuries and all the exhaustion from a night of battle had taken a toll on the beast. They tried to fly higher to where Abraxas was directly above them, the steep ascent not easy in the slightest.

Abraxas raised his hand up and conjured that red electricity again, striking the dragon and hitting it at the third try.

The dragon screeched, a gash appearing on it’s chest.

‘Laura pull back!’ Namjoon and Jin yelled together but she wouldn’t listen. How else were they to bring Abraxas down?

*Mood Music: Ramin Djawadi - The Night King*

Jiyeon ran her hands through Taehyung’s silver hair, pushing it away from his eyes. She cried, tears dripping from her cheeks onto her son’s face. Words were failing her, about how sorry she was, how afraid, how broken. She gripped Taehyung tightly, trying to wake him, checking his heart beat and calling out his name.

‘Jiyeon…’ a man called her name and she looked to the side. It was Martaeus, slowly making his way towards them. He looked weaker than ever, his face hollow and gaunt. Yet he was still breathing. His hand stretched out slowly, shivering, and his palm closed around Taehyung’s hand.

‘I tried to protect him,’ Martaeus said. ‘I’m not a good man,’

Jiyeon did not know what to say. She just looked at the man she had once loved, who was now broken beyond she could ever imagine.

‘Run away, both of you,’ Martaeus said. ‘Take him and go,’

‘And what about him,’ Jiyeon’s eyes turned to Abraxas who was still in the air. ‘Our son will not be safe until he is alive,’

Taehyung could hear his mother’s ragged breath before he slowly opened his eyes. Everything around him felt unreal… like he was in a dream within a dream.
‘Taehyung!’

His blurry vision started to focus on his mother who had bruises all over her face, her brown hair matted with blood and dirt. Above her, the sky was a shade of violet, Taehyung couldn’t figure out if they were at dusk or dawn.

The dragon’s screech made him sit up and look behind him. A tall winged being was fighting with a silver dragon and now Taehyung’s memories returned. He had seen all of this through Abraxas’ eyes.

In front of him, were his father and mother, who were looking at him intently, tears in his eyes.

‘Run away son,’ Martaeus was telling him. ‘Run away with your mother!’

Taehyung slowly raised his hand and took Martaeus’ in it, ‘And… What about you?’

‘I’ll make sure no one follows you,’ Martaeus smiled painfully but Taehyung knew the meaning behind that smile.

‘You said you’ll be with me,’ Taehyung said to him.

Namjoo was bringing Jin towards them and when Taehyung looked to the side, he saw a red haired woman.

‘Give him to me,’ Serafin stood in front of them, her hand outstretched. ‘I need him, give him to me,’

Martaeus immediately shielded Jiyeon and Taehyung. Jiyeon gulped and looked at her in fury, her grip around Taehyung tightening as she pulled him closer to her chest.

‘I will fight till my last breath if I have to,’ Jiyeon bit back.

Serafin’s nostrils flared, her hair coming back to life as it changed to tongues of flame. Her fingers spread out and curled, a fireball forming within them.

‘Serafin!’ she heard someone call her from behind and turned. She saw the big black dragon land in front of her, and a blonde boy sitting on it’s back.

‘And what do you want?’ she asked cockily. ‘Come here to kill me boy? Your dragon fire will do nothing to me,’ and her body started to transform into fire, her form becoming taller, flesh turning to magma.

Yoongi realised he hadn’t thought this through. But he couldn’t let Serafin get away… he could never let that happen. And then something happened. Serafin’s body was becoming human again and even she looked confused. What was going on…

Yoongi only understood when he started to feel short of breath.

‘We know dragon fire won’t work on you Serafin,’ Martaeus stood up and walked closer to Serafin, ‘But did you forget? You need air for fire,’

It was Martaeus turn to smirk now. ‘And fire isn’t a dragon’s only weapon,’

‘Martaeus!’ Taehyung called out to his father. Martaeus looked back once at his son, ‘I want you to be free,’
Turning back to the front, Martaeus had curled his fingers in, much like Serafin, like he was drawing something into that space. He looked strained beyond imagination but he kept it going.

‘You are never taking my son again,’ he coughed out blood. ‘I will do anything to protect him,’

Serafin, Martaeus and the dragon with its riders, all seemed to be in a bubble that was turning into a vacuum. They all looked at Martaeus who seemed to be dissipating. Each one of them was huffing for breath but Yoongi knew what he had to do.

‘A Min and a Dracwyn,’ Yoongi said, taking his dragon closer to Serafin, ‘Will never leave a crime unpunished. You deserve death for trying to kill my mother, and my friends,’ Yoongi said. Serafin tried her best to turn into fire again but it wasn’t happening. The dragon snarled once and opened it’s deadly jaws, lined with several jagged teeth. Now Serafin definitely looked afraid. She took a step back but Martaeus pushed her in front and the dragon closed it’s jaws around her torso, ripping her in half.

Taehyung’s eyes widened seeing the blood spill from the body but the dragon soon crushed it within its jaws. Right then, he saw Martaeus fall in front of him, body limp and he screamed out, running forward to catch him.

But when he turned him around, Taehyung knew the life had gone out of his grey eyes.

Taehyung shook with rage and anguish, his eyes tearing but the tears won’t drip down his cheeks. He sobbed once, holding his father’s face and then remembered who was really responsible for all of this.

He turned back sharply, eyes on the winged being in the sky.

‘ABRAXAS!’

Everyone’s head turned to Taehyung, his strong voice shocking all of them. Taehyung laid his father’s head on the ground and stood up, walking to where Jin had been on the castle ground. His blue eyes never left Abraxas.

Abraxas shifted his body, having found the root of his downfall too. All because of Taehyung, his plan hadn’t gone well. For Taehyung, all of these wizards had come, with their weapons and dragons. He had ruined it all.

Laura’s eyes shifted from Taehyung to Abraxas. She knew that was her one and only opening. She grabbed the spikes on the dragon’s back and in that moment, Abraxas looked at her, knowing what she was upto.

‘Ferveo,’

The dragon opened its mouth and shot a sharp jet of purple flames. Abraxas ducked but could not fully escape, his wings catching fire and he fell from the sky, the fire burning all of his feathers.

He crashed on the ground, cracking the earth. Taehyung stepped forward, taking long strides and when Jiyeon tried to stop him he didn’t let her.

‘Enough,’ He said, looking at all them, injured and bleeding. ‘You all have fought enough. Now let me make him pay for what he’s done,’

Taehyung turned to the front and continued to walk to where Abraxas was. The being lay sprawled on the ground, burnt feathers flying in the air around him. Taehyung grabbed him by the collar of
his silvery robes and pulled him up.

But he had made a mistake thinking that Abraxas would’ve been weakened by now.

Abraxas’ eyes flared open and he grabbed Taehyung’s neck, the red electricity bursting through it and burning Taehyung. The boy fell back but Namjoon caught him.

‘I’m here,’ Namjoon whispered to him. ‘Don’t fight alone,’

‘No…’ Taehyung pushed him back, ‘You all have bled enough,’

Abraxas’ electric whip slashed between them and each threw themselves to the sides.

Namjoon broke his fall with his arm on the ground and looked at Taehyung. A side of the boy’s neck was scarred like his hand, one from Jungkook’s attack and the other from Abraxas’ touch. ‘We can defeat him together, not alone. Or he’ll break you too,’

Taehyung’s eyes momentarily flickered to where Jin lay, nearly unconscious, body covered with cracks.

‘He still has a part of the stone inside him,’ Taehyung said. ‘Let’s kill him and get that,’

Namjoon nodded and both stood up, running towards Abraxas. Namjoon took his sword, attacking first. Abraxas shot him, blasting him out of the way. He raised his hands with the flickering electricity to strike him but Taehyung covered his fist with ice. Tae sent a dozen icicles towards him, but Abraxas held up one hand, creating a wall of the fiery electricity that shattered the ice as it touched it.

_He’s too fast_ both of them thought in their heads.

Abraxas looked at both of them being out of breath, clutching to their injuries from fighting all night. The sky was shades of blue and pink now, dawn about to break. The being smiled breaking into a mean laugh, ‘You should know by now, I’m immortal,’ He was stepping back, towards the cliff’s edge. ‘I’ve survived for 800 years, what makes you think all your wolves, dragons and swords will kill me now?’

_Mood Music: Ramin Djawadi - King in The North (Namjoon’s Final Theme)_

_He’s stalling_, Namjoon understood. _He is trying to escape_. ‘Tae! The edge!’

Abraxas let his feet slip off the cliff’s edge, body falling down. Taehyung thrust his hands into the ground, sending a burst of ice that extended out of the cliff’s edge, curving like a massive wave. Abraxas’ back hit it and bounced, falling forward. He planted his hands on the icy platform, the electricity vibrating through it and it shattered the ice.

Taehyung rushed, using ice from his feet to slide forward and caught Abraxas just before he fell again.

‘No, you’re not escaping anymore,’ Taehyung pulled him up and pushed him to the ground. Abraxas kicked him down and stood up but Taehyung grabbed his head, spreading his palms on either side of Abraxas’ forehead. Abraxas caught his wrists, burning them with red currents but Taehyung did not let go. He screamed in pain, but kept his work going, of freezing Abraxas’ body. The ice spread from Abraxas’ head, down to his neck, chest and legs.

‘Namjoon now!’ Taehyung yelled, banging his leg on the ground. Ice erupted from Taehyung all
the way down to where Namjoon was standing on the castle grounds and it launched him into the air and at the same time, Taehyung pushed Abraxas up, towards Namjoon.

Namjoon jumped, sword positioned at his elbow and pierced it through the centre of Abraxas’ chest, right where the stone was. Abraxas’ mouth erupted in a shrill scream. Namjoon lifted Abraxas up with the sword impaled through him and a bright red light shined from where the sword had dug in. Abraxas’ red eyes looked at Namjoon, those magical eyes were slowly turning white, like he was losing all power. He clawed with his fingers at where Namjoon’s hand was at the hilt of the sword but Namjoon did not let go. The Gryffindor grit his teeth through the tearing of his forearm’s flesh at Abraxas’ assault. He pushed the sword in even deeper and Abraxas’ face wrinkled like paper, veins turning black and thick. From where the sword was lodged in him, his whole body, along with the philosopher’s stone cracked and finally... burst.

Abraxas’ frozen body burst into a thousand tiny shards of ice, dissipating into the atmosphere and the cracked stone shot out, some tiny fragments shooting in multiple directions and a chunk of it hitting the ground and rolling towards Jin.

The small stone glowed at the contact to Jin’s skin and the man slowly opened his eyes. In front of him, Taehyung and Namjoon were kneeling at some distance, looking at each other with amazed faces.

‘He’s gone…?’ Taehyung asked, eyes scanning the now twilit sky.

Mood Music: Ramin Djawadi - You Have A Choice (VMin's Theme)

‘He’s gone,’ Jin answered for him, feeling it in his mind and heart that Abraxas’ presence had finally, completely left them. His soul was finally destroyed from this realm.

Taehyung and Namjoon looked towards Jin. The younger helped Namjoon stand and both rushed as fast as their injuries allowed. Jin opened his arms, tears streaming down his cheeks and pulled them down for a hug. Both wrapped their arms tightly around Jin, crying with him.

‘You’re back,’ Jin kept saying again and again. ‘You’re back… and before you utter a word of apology, know that I’ll smack you if you do,’

Taehyung looked at him with teary blue eyes, ‘But-

‘What did I just say?’ He weakly smacked the back of Taehyung’s head.

Namjoon finally smiled and laughed a little, grabbing Taehyung from the back of his head and kissing his forehead. He looked back at Jin and held his face, kissing him with the deepest relief.

Taehyung stood up to see all the people standing a little away, flanked by two humongous dragons. His mother was coming towards him, and behind her he saw the big black wolf next to Ash, coming down to all four legs as the sunlight hit his body. His form was growing smaller and Taehyung remembered his promise. He looked back at Jin who held the tiny fragment of the philosopher’s stone.

‘Jin… can I?’ he asked with his hand outstretched. Jin knew what was in his mind and he nodded, keeping the red stone in Taehyung’s palm.

The ice elkyre rushed towards the transforming werewolf who was now smaller than him, all the fur retracting into his human skin and his bones shifting. Ash quickly removed her outer cloak and put it on Jimin’s naked back.
Jimin, Taehyung knelt in front of the raven haired boy. ‘Jimin, remember what I told you?’

Jimin slowly raised his head from his crouching state and looked at what was in front of him - Taehyung’s open palm with the piece of the philosopher’s stone. Jimin looked further up to Taehyung’s face and the boy was half smiling, half crying, but it was indeed their Taehyung. Jimin pulled him in for a hug, crying in relief.

‘Take the stone, cure your lycanthropy,’ Taehyung said. ‘It’s the only cure,’

Jimin swallowed thickly. He knew he had wanted a cure all his life… but he couldn’t do it.

Mood Music: Ramin Djawadi - See You For What You Are

He looked back to where his pack was transforming back into their human state at sunrise. He remembered his promise to them, he remembered he was their Alpha. Will this stone be enough to cure all of them? The more difficult a task, the more power it required from the stone, and curing lycanthropy was an impossible task. Jimin did not think he’d be happy curing just himself and exhausting the stone when others depended on him. He remembered the wolves back in the forest, some of whom were waiting for him to come back.

‘I can’t,’ Jimin shook his head and closed Taehyung’s palm. ‘I have a pack now, people who I promised to protect. Maybe this is my fate,’ Jimin looked thoughtful, ‘And maybe… I don’t hate it as much as I used to some months ago,’

‘Jimin,’ Ash closed her hand over his forearm, ‘Are you absolutely sure?’

Jimin looked at her and smiled apologetically, ‘I am… I’m sorry Ash… but, these people, they are newly transformed, they have nowhere to go. It would only work if there was a cure for all of us,’

‘And they need an alpha like you, to remain a good pack,’ Ash said. ‘I understand,’

‘Will you be going back then?’ Taehyung asked, ‘To… to your pack?’

Jimin nodded. ‘There used to be good wolf packs in this world. Now there are none. I want to make one of these good packs. Maybe then the world will look at us differently,’ he looked towards where Jin was. Maybe even Jin did not realise the true meaning of his words when he told Jimin that there was no wrong decision. Because now Jimin felt like he had the slightest of chances to change this world for victims of lycanthropy.

‘Can… Can I come with you?’ Ash asked him. ‘To your pack,’

Jimin looked at her incredulously but her words didn’t feel ridiculous to him, rather he was yearning for her. ‘Are you sure? We literally live in the forest, no houses, nothing;’

‘I figured,’ Ash said. ‘And I’m sure,’ she took his hand. ‘I thought I was ready to say goodbye but I’m not… not yet,’

Taemin came forward, holding Dumbledore by the shoulders and waist.

‘We can be ambushed my Ministry officials anytime. Apparently from three countries,’ Taemin said. ‘All of you need to leave right now,’

‘Will they chase us?’ Namjoon asked.

‘Some of you might make it out,’ Dumbledore said. ‘I will be here to make sure all of you return to
your normal lives. We have captured Fenrir… and we have Bellatrix,’ Dumbledore said, looking at
the cages he had conjured for the unconscious death eaters. ‘We have four members of
Voldemort’s inner circle captured and another 6 of them dead. They will have to cut you all lose…
except… Taehyung,’

Everyone’s faces turned grave at that, but Taehyung did not show any worry on his face.

‘They have enough proof now that you are an elkyre. They will chase you,’ Dumbledore said
gravely. ‘You have to disappear,’

Taehyung nodded at the old wizard and stood up, leaving Jimin’s hand. He looked at his mother
whose face was creased with worry again.

*Mood Music: Ramin Djawadi - Stay A Thousand Years (Taehyung’s Farewell Theme)*

‘I’m going to be fine,’ Taehyung grabbed her hand and squeezed it. ‘I wasn’t planning on spending
the summer here anyway. Too hot for me,’ the boy chuckled but his mother was crying. He
hugged her tightly and spoke softly, ‘You will have to disappear too. Take care of dad and…’

Taehyung broke away from her, his eyes on Martaeus’ body lying on the side. He walked to it,
kneeling and moving the strands of grey hair away from that tired face and slowly shut those grey
eyes.

‘Dumbledore…’ Taehyung’s eyes trembled. ‘Will you... Will you help take care of my father? He
said he would stop running and he deserves a peaceful resting place,’”

‘Don’t worry,’ Laura’s voice came forward. ‘We will take care of him. He will lie eternally in a
good place, I’ll make sure of that,’

Taehyung looked at her and smiled. Jungkook moved forward from her side and hugged Taehyung
tightly. ‘You can’t be going… not right now,’

‘Our decisions have never been easy,’ Taehyung said. ‘It’s the only option I have,’

‘Keep that locket on you always,’ Laura said and touched her own locket along with his. ‘So that
we know where you are. Distance doesn’t matter, I know our mothers’ magic will work despite it
all,’

Taehyung broke away from Jungkook and looked at Laura, imitating the action while nodding,
trying his best to smile.

Hoseok was running towards him now, soon enveloping him in a hug.

‘Thank you Hobi,’ Taehyung said and from the way his voice cracked, they knew he was finally
breaking.

‘Thank you for what?’ Hoseok’s cheeks were streaming with tears, ‘You’re going away and-’

‘I heard you. When Abraxas was fighting you for the stone, I heard you. I started to fight him in
my mind and I think that’s when it finally started to hinder him. He couldn’t believe you would
choose me over the stone,’ Taehyung pulled away. ‘I was slowly giving up but you were strong
even enough to make me hopeful again,’

‘Where are you going to go?’ Yoongi asked, his hand on the back of Taehyung’s head like
Namjoon had done. ‘I can help, you can go to the Min castle and-’
‘I don’t think I should go back there. The war is over but… things need to settle down,’

‘Taehyung,’ Taemin spoke up, ‘Do not delay,’

Taehyung walked towards Dumbledore and dropped the stone in the wizard’s palm. ‘I think you’re the only one here who will figure out a way to destroy this stone for good,’

The man looked at the stone curiously and then closed his palm around it, ‘I’ll make sure this stone is wiped from existence,’

Jiyeon took her son’s hand, ‘Where do you want to go?’

‘Somewhere cold,’ Taehyung replied. His mother nodded. Jimin stood up, wiping the tear from his cheek and nodded at Taehyung too. They had defeated the greatest danger, but everything had it’s long lasting consequences. And they had to live with theirs.

Taehyung’s eyes went over all his friends one last time and then with his mother, he disappeared into smoke.

They all turned now to Jimin. His pack stood behind him, at least what was left of them. Ash was going around, gathering cloaks and robes and fashioning garments out of them for the lycans.

‘Guess I’ll see you all some time later,’ Jimin said. ‘I know it’s not the end, I can feel it,’

‘It’s not,’ Jin said. ‘I can feel it too,’

‘We’ll find a way to meet,’ Ash said, coming towards them. ‘As proven, we’re good at sneaking around, aren’t we,’

With her, the rest laughed a little too and then hugging the two, Jimin took Ash’s hand and left with his pack.

‘What now?’ Namjoon looked at Dumbledore.

‘Leave, all of you. I and Taemin will wait for the Ministry officials,’

Laura walked to her dragon, stroking the center of it’s muzzle, ‘Go on now. Go back to your home,’

‘And you?’ Yoongi asked her.

Laura looked at him and smiled. ‘I’m going back home too… I’ve missed our Mansion,’

Yoongi smiled in relief that she was coming back home, ‘Let’s go then,’ Yoongi held his hand out and she took it, followed by Jungkook, Hoseok, Namjoon and Seokjin.

Jin closed his eyes, feeling the vacuum of disapparition as they disappeared from the island.

*Mood Music: Ramin Djawadi - The Last of the Starks (End Theme)*
**Nine Years Later…**

**Diagon Alley**

Jin opened his eyes to the small red door.

‘Ta da!’ Namjoon exclaimed next to him. ‘This is our new home,’

A smile spread across Jin’s lips and his eyes sparkled. The building was crooked, cramped between two other shops in a narrow street of Diagon Alley, but it was home. A home with the love of his life and Jin didn’t worry that his father was making Namjoon’s life difficult at the Ministry by denying him the promotion he clearly deserved. There was no room for hate now. All he wanted was to live in his own house with Namjoon.

‘Do the honours,’ Namjoon handed him a brass key and Jin excitedly pushed it into the keyhole and opened the door.

‘The Ministry portal isn’t far away,’ Namjoon said. ‘And I was thinking, if you like the space downstairs, you can turn it into your bakery. Our friends have already sent us housewarming gifts. I told them to stick to the essentials because you know… there’s barely any space. But when I become Minister for Magic-’

‘Joon, it’s perfect,’ Jin said as he entered the narrow pastel doorway with Namjoon following him. ‘I told you I don’t care about luxuries,’

‘But you’ve lived all your life in a mansion-’

Jin turned around and planted his lips on Namjoon, ‘And now I want to live with Kim Namjoon, I’d live with you under a bridge if I have to,’ they giggled and Jin slowly turned his attention to the gifts, most of which were utensils or blankets, and his eyes fell on an ice sculpture of a Haetae.

‘Looks like all of them sent a gift,’ Jin said softly.

**Min Castle in the Clouds**

‘Do you feel any pain at all? Any burning sensations?’ Hoseok asked as he softly pressed a finger to Averil Min-Dracwyn’s neck that had a big scar running over the pale skin.

‘Slight, but only when you touch it too hard,’ the blonde woman replied. ‘Hobi, I’m completely better now, do we still need these check ups?’

‘Always safer to have a look isn’t it?’ Hoseok smiled.

Averil smiled back, ruffling his hair.

‘I knew you were a talented healer,’ Yoongi’s father spoke as he entered the room with his son, ‘He’s revived the healing talents of this castle,’

Yoongi moved closer to Hoseok and spoke softly so only Hoseok could hear it, ‘Maybe he was always meant to be a Min.’ The older sniggered, gummy smile on display earning a light punch to the stomach from his boyfriend.

‘How’s the cure coming along?’ Averil asked.

‘I’m trying to find an alternative to wolfsbane,’ Hoseok said. ‘Something that won’t harm human
blood… so there’s still some way to go,”

‘These things take time son,’ Yeonjae said, keeping a hand on Hoseok’s shoulder.

‘Don’t you have to go meet Jungkook?’ Averil asked.

‘Oh yes, he’s sent us the best seats for the Quidditch World Cup,’ Yoongi said, retrieving two tickets from his pocket, and a postcard with Jungkook’s face on it. It was from his last tournament and he was kissing a golden cup proudly. ‘Pays to be a Team Captain’s best friend,’

‘I’m the best friend, you’re the annoying brother,’ Hoseok said cockily. ‘C’mon let’s get going then,’

Albanian Forest

Jimin walked barefoot through the tents of his pack. Whoever he passed stopped doing their work and gave him a bow that he acknowledged with a nod. His face had grown rugged, skin smooth with a tan and body muscular. He adjusted the Alpha’s fur cloak over him and walked to the meeting circle.

Ash stood there in her travelling robes, ‘Here it is,’ she showed him the papers she was holding. ‘They’ve banned killing of werewolves. It took circling them for a week and nearly getting my license suspended in court but it was worth it,’

‘You did it,’ Jimin grabbed her face and kissed her deeply. ‘You have… no idea how proud and happy I am,’

‘Only Ash can become a rogue lawyer,’ Rae chuckled beside them. ‘Now I know why she’s your mate for life,’

Jimin continued to smile proudly at her, ‘Should we take this news to your best friend?’

Dracwyn Mansion

‘Is everyone here?’ Yoongi asked, taking his seat at the long table and looking around. Jin was present with Namjoon who was carrying a marked folder. Ash was beaming with her good news with Jimin to her side while Hoseok was trying to get Jungkook to spill his upcoming game strategy. They were in the meeting room that had once been blown apart by Death Eaters. Now it was rebuilt, the portraits fixed and up on the walls, with an addition of Yoongi’s grandfather’s formidable face.

From the hallway, the purple robed woman walked in, her dark hair clasped in a dragon pin. She took her seat, where her grandfather used to sit and Yoongi could see him in her. His mother had been totally right in naming Laura what was rightfully hers the moment she had gained consciousness after that fateful attack.

Laura looked around the table, ‘Shall we begin?’

Ash started with her plan of rehabilitation of werewolves while Namjoon explained how they would make the Ministry provide a part of the funding. Hoseok had made some progress in his search for a Lycanthropy cure and Laura assured him that the Dracwyns will fund him no matter how long it took.

During the conversations, Jin’s eyes fell on the four petalled locket around Laura’s neck. He remembered the ice sculpture from the morning… and closed his eyes.
He saw Taehyung peacefully asleep alone in a green forest with mountains capped with snow… he had a slight smile on his lips. It was cold… but it was home.

Chapter End Notes

I cried a little... ever since the battle's end.

I want to share the very first trailer that I made for this story even though it's slightly cringey to me :P but I'm too emo right now to care. Here it is > House of Cards Trailer

Also, turn for Epilogue.
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

THE CUTEST EVER FANART IS HERE! I AM SO SO SO HAPPY AND EXCITED TO SHARE IT!

Made by the very talented and very sweet and super hard working Miss Cloud

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Isn’t this THE CUTEST! LOOK AT LITTLE BLUEBERRY THERE! And our beloved Emina & Vanessa! I absolutely love every bit of it and I hope you show Miss Cloud your love to coz THIS IS AMAZING!!

EPILOGUE

A Few Years Later

‘Ughh!!’ Laura grunted, the flower rose brooch in her hand falling apart. She threw it on the floor, utterly fed up.

‘I can’t. I can’t do this anymore!’ she walked away from the dresser.

‘Calm down, would you,’ her cousin said from the side, taking his jacket out of it’s cover.

‘How do I calm down? How? Nothing’s been done right, I still have to get Lin ready- Oh my god… where’s Aylin?’ Laura froze, eyes going from one side of the messy room to another. ‘Oh my god did I lose her in this mansion,’

‘I’m here!’ a little voice spoke from the floor on the other side of the bed. ‘I was trying to put my shoes!’ and they saw two little fists wearing two blue shoes.

‘Oh thank god!’ Laura walked over to the girl. Aylin sat biting her bottom lip that made her chubby
cheeks puff even more. The 5 year old had managed to open the sash on her dress and the bow from her headband was missing. She lifted the kid and put her on the bed.

‘Ok where’s your shoe- wow, how did you manage to break this?’ Laura looked at the sole that was coming detached. ‘You’ve taken after your father haven’t you. Reparo,’ she pointed her wand at it. ‘I’m totally running out of time,’ Laura muttered, ‘I have to check on so many things!’

‘Where is Jungkook?’ Yoongi asked, wearing his black bow tie. ‘Why don’t you give him some of the things to take care of?’

‘I don’t know where he is,’ Laura said in a tone that clearly hid a lot of anger behind it.

Yoongi paused and looked at her. ‘What do you mean you don’t know where he is?’

‘I haven’t spoken to him in two days,’

‘You guys are fighting? Again? Seriously? Even today? Today’s the wedding and I forbid you to fight,’

‘It’s not my wedding why are you forbidding-’

‘Exactly. I’m the groom today so you have to take all my orders,’

‘Ugh!’ Laura rolled her eyes. ‘My new brother-in-law is much easier to handle,’ she said, while tying Aylin’s sash. The girl looked at the conversation of the grown ups with her almond shaped brown eyes that were lined with cute curly lashes.

‘When are my dads coming back?’ Aylin asked her.

‘Soon. They’ll come back soon,’ she combed the girl’s curly brown hair to sit properly on her head.

‘I hope,’ Yoongi chuckled. ‘They promised they’d be here,’

* * *

‘WHO GAVE HOSEOK A SECOND MARGARITA?!’ Jimin yelled at the top of his lungs. ‘I swear if you guys don’t get in line- Jeon Jungkook!’

The boy jumped in his spot, turning towards a fuming Jimin with a new margarita in hand.

‘I cannot find the matching corsage for Hoseok. He’s getting tipsy and he threw it somewhere so no more alcohol-‘ he snatched the glass from Jungkook’s hand. ‘Till the wedding toast!’

‘You’re no fun!’ The younger pouted.

‘Listen, I’m down to one man trying to manage everything. Jin and Namjoon had to run off at the nick of time to get another baby-‘

‘It’s not their fault these two lovebirds,’ Jungkook gestured to Hoseok who was staring at his own reflection with admiration, ‘wanted to suddenly get married on the weekend of NamJin’s adoption day,’

‘I’ve been put in charge and everything has to happen perfectly! Go get another corsage from Laura or create two new ones. The grooms have to match,’
‘You do it,’ Jungkook pouted. ‘I’m not going there,’

‘Honestly-’

‘Laura’s being mean to me. Don’t kill my buzz. I’ll be here helping Hoseok sober down,’

‘No!’ Jimin would not listen to it anymore, ‘You go there, make up with Laura, I can’t have you two fighting today of all days and get me the corsage! Now march,’ he turned Jungkook around and gave him a pat on his butt. Jungkook stomped towards the opposite wing of the mansion where the ‘Min side’ of the wedding population was.

‘Hey Kookie!’ Vanessa saw him while carrying some flower arrangements for the table centerpieces which she had specially grown. ‘Why so gloomy?’ Her eyes turned curious and voice dropped lower, ‘Did you not get what you were looking for that day?’

‘No no, I got that,’ Jungkook smiled at her. ‘Now I’m on the lookout for a new corsage. Hoseok lost his,’

‘Oh, Yoongi’s got destroyed as well. Laura’s too tense today,’ Jungkook shook his head, rolling his eyes like he knew all about it.

‘Let me make two new ones,’ Vanessa said. ‘Since both lost theirs. Any flower preference? I didn’t totally love the white rose ones. Too common,’

‘How about lilacs?’ Jungkook said and Vanessa smiled with bright green eyes in agreement. Within 5 minutes he was knocking at Yoongi’s door with two new corsages.

The door was hurriedly opened by Laura who again froze seeing Jungkook on the other side.

‘I just came to give this,’ Jungkook held out one of the lilac corsages. ‘Hobi lost his and I heard you destroyed the other,’

Laura’s jaw worked, hearing the accusation, ‘They were tricky to pin,’

‘Don’t kill this one,’ he held it out to her.

‘Uncle Kookie!’ Aylin ran and hugged the man’s knees.

‘Hey Lin-Lin,’ Jungkook burst into a big smile and lifted the girl up.

‘Can you please take care of her for a while?’ Laura asked. ‘I have to check on the food and drinks and still need to get Ash’s dress ready,’

‘You know you could’ve called me before if you needed help,’

‘I didn’t know if you’d be around, like how you haven’t been for these past days,’

‘Ok I’m not doing this again,’ Jungkook shook his head. ‘Hope we’re seated on opposites of the aisle,’ and he turned around and started to walk away.

‘I’ll make sure of that!’ Laura yelled back and shut the door.

‘Stop it you two!’ Yoongi yelled at her. ‘I’m not having this today,’

‘Shut up, here’s your new corsage’ Laura handed it to him. Yoongi smiled, seeing the flowers.
'Why didn’t I think of this before,’ he said. ‘Lilacs are Hoseok’s favourite,’

* 

‘Lin-Lin is here!!!’ Hoseok snatched the kid from Jungkook’s arms.

‘Hey I needed her!’ Jungkook pouted again.

‘For what?’

‘She’s the only one giving me any love,’ Jungkook replied but was ignored by Hoseok who was now busy cooing at Aylin.

‘Seokie uncle!’ she put her little arms around Hoseok’s neck.

‘You’re so cute! Look at her little feet Kookie! Ohmygod… Imagine… imagine if I and Yoon have a baby? Our baby will have cute feet like this too!’

‘Did you drink another Margarita?’ Jungkook asked because Hoseok looked like he was about to cry now, his entire face was already red.

‘I can’t wait to get married, Kookie! I and Yoon can properly live together then. You’ll be an uncle again. Get us married quickly, c’mon. Can I carry Aylin during the ceremony?’

‘No I don’t think that’s allowed,’ Jungkook took the kid back from Hoseok. ‘C’mon you need to get ready. Yoongi is almost done,’

‘Oh you saw him?’ Hoseok’s teary eyes only seemed to swell more. ‘How was he looking? I bet he looked beautiful. I haven’t seen him since he proposed to me 3 days ago,’

‘Ok, first of all, let’s get you some lemon juice to sober up. And get ready quickly so that you can go see your Yoongs! Where’s Jimin? I thought he was keeping an eye on you,’

‘Uncle Chim is here too? He came back from the forest?’ Aylin asked.

‘Yes, he got here just in time! Lin, why don’t you sit tight here with uncle Seokie and I’ll come back in a minute,’ Jungkook set her on an armchair and left the room.

‘Where the hell is Jimin-’ he halted in the corridor, his feet were about to trip over a bag thrown unceremoniously on the floor.

‘Who’s leaving their luggage around?’ Jungkook wondered, picking up the bag and heard furniture being pushed from the room next to him.

‘Did they not set up the chairs yet?’ he pushed open the door to find the person he was looking for and another person wrapped over him. Ash looked up at the movement of the door and pulled away from kissing Jimin.

‘Oh, hi Kookie!’

‘You’re here? Could you be any later,’ Jungkook barged in, uncaring of being the wedge in between the couple who were reunited after... a few days.

‘I couldn’t come earlier, you know that,’ Ash said. ‘The Wizengamot need a while to shake from their decision,’
‘You know back in school,’ Jungkook crossed his arms over his chest and looked at Ash thoughtfully, ‘I really did not think you would become a lawyer. I thought you would become a quidditch player with me! I was looking forward to that!’

‘Thank god she ditched you,’ Jimin sniggered, ‘My community needs a lawyer like Ash,’ he turned his gaze to her again, going honey eyed.

‘Ok enough,’ Jungkook pulled her away from Jimin, knowing that look too well. ‘Go get dressed quickly! Laura already has her hands full and she was talking about getting your dress ready too!’

‘Oh she offered to take care of that? Thank god! I had to rush back on such short notice, I had no time to pick out anything!’

‘I can help you get ready,’ Jimin whispered and both started to giggle again.

‘Ok can both of you keep it in your pants till the wedding is done? You practically live with her in the forest,’ Jungkook rolled his eyes.

‘Ok ok I’m leaving now,’ Ash said. ‘Gotta go meet the two grooms too. I’ll see you soon,’ she pecked Jimin’s blushing cheek and left, hand lingering just a while in Jimin’s.

After a lot of running around, fretting, screaming, and near nervous breakdowns by a certain Slytherin, everyone was ready and presentable for the wedding. The ceremony was to start in ten minutes. People headed down to the Min Mansion lawn, which was decorated beautifully in lilacs, baby breaths and floating golden lights. The seats were carved out of barks, the wedding arch a beautiful curve of white wood on green grass. They had picked the perfect month of spring. Nature had brought its own magic to the wedding with butterflies flying above the little pond and birds chirping. The guests were all seated, the parents of both the grooms waiting at the end of the aisle for the walk.

‘Wait, don’t bring out Hoseok yet,’ Jimin waved at the main door of the mansion. ‘Let Yoon walk,’ he stopped at the sound of a large black car pulling into the mansion’s driveway. The doors of the car opened and Kim Seokin stepped out, looking like he hadn’t aged a day. His brown hair framed his face beautifully as always. He went to the other side and opened the door for Namjoon who had what looked like a roll of blankets on his arms.

‘They’re here!’ Jimin called out, watching the couple walk towards them.

‘We made it! We made it!’ Jin announced, waving at Jimin. ‘Wait is that Aylin trying to pluck the lily in the pond- AYLIN! Be careful!’

Aylin looked up from her agenda at hand and just grinned mischievously. She ran to her fathers, hugging Jin’s knees and he picked her up, kissing her chubby cheeks.

Aylin looked at Namjoon ‘Is that the baby brother you were talking about?’ She pointed at the bundle from which a small pink face was visible, his eyelids heavy with sleep.

Jimin took a peek, stroking the baby’s face softly and giggled on his own, ‘Did you fix on a name yet?’

‘Not yet,’ Namjoon shook his head. ‘We… we’re so thrilled we can’t even wrap our minds around anything yet. And we had to rush back to the wedding and oh god, so many things are happening all at once, how did we even come to this!’

‘Hey Jimin!’ They heard a voice and a maniacal Laura walking towards them. ‘Yoongi is ready to
walk down, is Hoseok ready?'

‘Oh we better take our seats, the Kim husbands said, and walked with their two children to where Jimin directed them.

‘Hoseok?’ Laura knocked on the door. ‘Hoseok get ready, Yoongi’s starting to walk,’

‘Just a second!’ Came a panicked voice from behind the door.

‘Seriously what is keeping you? I thought everything was on track,’ Laura opened the door to find that Hoseok was without his jacket, and Jungkook turning the place upside down to find it

‘WHERE THE HELL IS HALF OF YOUR OUTFIT?!’

‘It was so hot,’ Hoseok pouted. ‘I removed it before I started to sweat and now I can’t find it! Oh god first the corsage now my freaking jacket, WHAT AM I DOING!’ Hoseok was going to pull at his hair but Laura grabbed his wrist and pinned his hands to his sides.

‘We all know you look gorgeous in messy hair but now is not the time! Jungkook, give your jacket, it matches the pants,’

‘Sure hold on,’ Jungkook hurriedly removed his jacket and made Hoseok wear it. They heard the orchestra play and Yoongi started to walk with his parents.

‘Hurry!’ Laura hissed, pulling Hoseok to the front.

‘Just a second! I need to empty the pockets!’ Jungkook put his hand inside the jacket as Hoseok adjusted the corsage and after some hustle and bustle, Jungkook took Hoseok to the aisle.

‘You dropped something!’ Laura whispered but neither of them heard her over the music. She bent down to pick up the small purple box.

She looked up again, Hoseok and Jungkook were a little way ahead. She looked back at the object in her hand, curiosity brimming.

‘DO NOT OPEN THAT!’ Vanessa’s hands slammed down on the box. ‘Don’t. Do not,’

Laura looked at her suspiciously, ‘You… you know what’s in it?’

‘Yes,’ Vanessa composed herself, ‘And… I’m not telling you even if you tried Occlumency on me. I’ll give it back to Jungkook,’

‘No,’ Laura stopped her. ‘I’ll give it,’

‘But-’

‘He should know I’ve seen the box. Don’t worry, I won’t open it,’

Vanessa had no time to argue. Hoseok had already reached the front and Emina was beckoning both of them to hurry forward.

Laura noticed Jungkook was indeed sitting on Hoseok’s side of the crowd and decided to ditch her spot as the groom’s sister and took a seat next to him.

Jungkook turned to her in surprise and his eyes widened even more when she held the purple box out for him to take. When Laura looked at him, he looked adorable guilty, doe eyes wide, a hand paused on patting his trouser pocket, in disbelief that it had really fallen out.
'I…' he looked from the box in Laura’s hand to her face wearing 10 expressions.

'I haven’t checked the contents,’ Laura said. ‘Don’t look so worried,’

‘This was supposed to go differently,’ he rubbed the back of his neck, wondering what he should do. ‘This is why I’ve been kind of busy. I didn’t know these two would want to get married within 2 days and I had already-'

‘Dont,’ Laura placed a hand on his knee, squeezing it slightly. ‘I… I don’t want to know anything further. I don’t want to ruin your plan,’

Jungkook bit his lower lip. A bit of anxiety was crawling inside him. ‘But…’

Laura kissed him, a firm press of her lips on his. ‘Consider it obliviated,’ she smiled. ‘C’mon, we can’t be whispering during the wedding,’

Mood Music: *Sleeping At Last - Saturn*

Jungkook smiled at her softly, intertwining their fingers and turning back to the front.

‘You always like keeping me on the edge,’ he whispered and she chuckled, agreeing.

Hoseok’s parents left him at the arch and exited to the seats after giving Yoongi kisses on the cheek. Horace Slughorn was officiating the wedding and started with his ceremonial words.

‘Did you manage to get the wedding gift?’ Jimin whispered to Jin.

‘Ah, yeah. Namjoon’s assistant made sure it was all done in time,’

‘Oh! That’s good,’

‘She’s brilliant really,’ Jin said. ‘Never seen a mind like hers! Are muggle borns naturally smarter? I think if someone can succeed Namjoon as Minister, it’s her,’

‘She seems to have made quite an impression on you!’

‘She has! You know she’s the one who’s banned the life long tradition of elves as house-help?’

‘Oh wait you mean Hermione Granger? The famed Potter’s friend?’

‘Yeah, she’s the one! Never seen such an efficient person,’

Namjoon leaned into the conversation, ‘She works for me but I think Jin loves her more than I do,’

Jimin’s eyes looked around the wedding venue. Hoseok’s mother was smiling, with her daughter and husband holding her hand. Yoongi’s parents and younger brother were watching Yoongi endearingly. Junki was all grown up now and Jimin realised he looked a lot like what Yoongi looked like in school. His mother looked beautiful despite the permanent scars from the fateful night at the Min castle.

Seeing Junki reminded him of someone else… the only person who was missing from this gathering.

Jin leaned closer to him, ‘What’s gotten you sad all of a sudden?’

Jimin blinked once slowly, ‘I thought… I thought he would come. I guess the message didn’t reach
him,’

Jin extended his hand and wrapped his fingers around Jimin’s.

‘That day on that island… he promised he wouldn’t really be gone from our lives… and even
though he’s tried his best to keep that promise, I still miss him alot,’

In front of them, Slughorn was reading out the final words of the ceremony. Hoseok and Yoongi
were facing each other now, holding their hands together.

Namjoon bent his head to the side, touching it with Jin’s remembering their own vows from a few
years ago. They could see the couple’s lips move as each spoke ‘I do.’

Yoongi was smiling widely, the warmest gummy smile on his face and Hoseok bent forward to
kiss his husband. They kissed for a few moments, warm and content in the soft embrace until they
felt something cold and soft on their cheeks.

Both slowly broke away, looking at each other with a slight surprise… and realised it was indeed
snowing. Little flakes were falling around them in the middle of spring. They turned their heads to
the people… and saw at the end of the aisle, a silver haired man clapping his hands with the rest of
them.

‘He’s here,’ Hoseok whispered and seeing their reaction, everyone else turned to look as well.

‘He came…’ Jimin couldn’t believe his eyes.

‘I had a feeling he would,’ Jin smiled.

The snow continued to fall as the couple made their way out of the aisle, instantly hugging
Taehyung. Jimin and Jungkook huddled through the crowd as well, joining the hug.

‘Dad who’s that?’ Aylin asked as she tugged on Namjoon’s trouser.

‘That… that’s your fifth uncle,’

‘Uncle Tae?’

Taehyung looked towards where Namjoon and Jin were standing. Jin raised his hand and waved
and Taehyung waved back at him, both of their hands bore the same lightning scars.

‘Go on, go say hi to him,’ Jin said to Aylin. ‘Remember, he sends you a gift every year?’

Aylin gasped, ‘Uncle Tae sent the ice tiger didn’t he?’

Aylin hopped towards Taehyung and the man bent down to pick her up, kissing her plump cheek.

‘I finally get to meet you,’ he said. His voice had deepened even more now that he was 28 years
old.

‘Uncle Tae, your hair is really pretty,’ Aylin picked a lock of the long silver hair between her
fingers. ‘I didn’t know your hair would be silver,’

Taehyung chuckled, ‘Well, when I was your age, my hair was the same color as yours,’

Aylin looked surprised, ‘How did it change! Will mine change too? Please please, can I have blue
hair?’
Taehyung giggled with her and tickled her stomach, ‘I see which dad you’ve taken after more,’

‘Hey,’ Laura came to him, touching the locket on his neck for a moment. The magic still ran strong between their twin lockets. ‘The ceremony is finally complete with you,’

‘I would’ve done anything to make it,’ Taehyung smiled.

‘Tell us you’re at least staying the day,’ Jungkook said and Taehyung nodded.

‘We can have a day like we did, playing on the Hogwarts grounds,’ Jungkook’s eyes looked over the green gardens on the Min Manor and then back at Yoongi.

‘I would love nothing more,’ Taehyung took his hand and squeezed it. He smiled, trying not to let the happy tears come to his eyes and the seven went in to celebrate the three happy things of that day.

End Theme BTS: Heart Beat

-fin-

Chapter End Notes
I hope you all let me know your final thoughts on this story. I worked, the best I could on this. And it means the world to me to hear from you. <3 So drop some love and let's cry together!

End Notes

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

As always, your comments are heartily welcome! ^__^

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!)

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

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!