### The Clamp of Whispers?

by Thisisarealtagwhy

**Summary**

Reincarnated and surrounded by his crew, he thinks that this is the only way to live life. The whole magic thing is just a bonus. He will find everyone. It's unfortunate, really, that that stupid snake guy thinks he can get in the way of his nakama and survive.

(Second book in the Carnate Thingy series)

**Notes**

Surprise bitch bet you thought you saw the last of me, well think again! Cos im back baby! And im dead bc teaparty, and Ive also realised that the whole capturing thing is really vague but you know what, imma have to think of something plausible and get back to you, anyways, enjoy the first chap. ALSO TEA PARTY ARC. NO NONONONONONONO HALPPPPPP
P.S. sorry if its terrible in terms of spelling + grammar, it's too late and im brain dead.
See the end of the work for more notes.
The House Elf Named Dublin

Luffy was immensely enjoying his summer for once, he had effectively terrified all members of the Dursley family into a submissive state.

The only one who ever fought back was Vernon and when he did it always ended up with Luffy laughing and racing outside, they tried to lock him out of the house but Luffy always found a way to get back in – much to their dismay.

His nightmares had eased off as well, which meant he didn't need to use that mystery potion. Although, the nights where he had to fight to breathe through the heat and water always made him wonder what would happen if he really was to swallow more than a mouthful of that potion.

And he had finally discovered what to actually call this 'family', family was wrong, the word left a bitter taste in his mouth when he tried to apply the name to the Dursleys.

Guardians?

Technically, in a way they were because simply existing was enough for the house to protect Luffy from Moldymortemis or whatever.

But even so, 'guardians' implied that they actually looked after him.

How about just stick with the 'Dursleys'? Nice and impersonal as they were not really anything to him. Anything else would be far too long and Luffy had little patience dealing with names either way.

Thus, they had been dubbed the 'Dursleys'.

Satisfied with the name Luffy turned his short attention to the matter at hand – Southy had just come back from wherever Zoro lived.

But the bird, his friend, looked like he had been attacked, feathers sticking out at odd angles and a cut where one of his feathers had been ruthlessly pulled out. Well, at least he now knew why his friends – old and new – had failed to send a single letter all summer despite their promise to write to him.

At least he hoped so. The darker part of his mind that was usually buried six feet deep insisted that they still blamed him for the mess they were currently in. But, as per usual, he pushed those dark depressing thoughts to the deepest recesses of his mind – blocked by reassuring memories of his nakama.

"What happened Southy?" The question was posed half rhetorically, the other half in full seriousness, hoping that the bird would respond cos how freaking cool would it be to have a talking bird?

(Not like that creepy pigeon that accompanied the leopard bastard who hurt his nakama.)

Southy puffed his feathers out indignantly as if to say that it was no way in hell his fault.

Luffy chuckled at the gesture and began to gently groom the gorgeous magenta feathers back into place "I agree, it wasn't your fault." He grinned widely at the bird who gave him a look as if to say, of course not idiot.
Welp, he went straight onto his plan B course of action – search for his nakama with observational haki. It was also training for his spirit.

He hadn't thought to use it before as he wasn't entirely sure if they were actually writing to him.

Thankfully – for his sanity – Zoro was relatively easy to find (and hell, wasn't that just hilarious), and thankfully his swordsman was relatively close to Little Whinging. His unofficial first mate's aura was more reassuring than he would admit.

But another frustrating fact was to notice that Zoro had been this close the entire. Freaking. Time. He didn't ponder over that too long, however, as there was no point in crying over that miniscule fact for he would be seeing his friend soon.

He put his arms behind his head, coming back to his other senses he had been neglecting in his search for anyone. Tomorrow, he decided, tomorrow he would pack his things that were in his old room and leave for Zoro's home.

Maybe, after arriving at Zoro's they could make their way to the Burrow where Brook and Nami were. He would be able to talk to Nami and find out where Ace could possibly be judging by the direction of his vivre card.

He sure as hell knew that he couldn't set out now on his own, he would inevitably become lost – especially if his brother wasn't in the country.

They would probably end up in Antarctica if Zoro tried to help, so yes, it was probably an ingenious idea to wait to talk to his navigator.

Luffy woke up the following day and quickly packed up the contents of the cupboard before his the Dursleys could notice.

"Huh, I'm twelve today, aren't I?" He asked himself, this body was quite annoying – to say the least, it was so weak that he was unable to bring it up to the level of fitness he had been when he was executed.

The Dursleys seemed to conveniently leave him alone that morning and he happily munched on his bacon from the chair isolated from the large table.

He was not to go near them lest he infect them with his… weirdness.

"Now, as we all know, today is a very important day." Vernon began, shooting a part nervous, part annoyed glare at Luffy.

Luffy frowned at him, the only important thing about today was him leaving Privet Drive for Zoro's place, and even then, them calling that special was more than a little odd.

"This could well be the day I make the biggest deal of my career."

Luffy sniggered, that wasn't anything to be proud of. Vernon had spoken of nothing for the past two weeks, not that Luffy really listened, it was all very boring.

"Wait, before we go through the schedule." Luffy interrupted, ignoring how that action made Vernon's vein pop out of his head. "I'm leaving today to go to Zoro's place."

"You'll be what?!" Petunia shrieked, hands going to her mouth in what he assumed was shock.
"I said I'm leaving, and it's not a question." Luffy said firmly, *maybe* imbuing the words with just a *bit* of haki.

The effect was instantaneous, the Dursleys flinched back and widened their eyes like they always did when he used haki.

The pair of adults turned to a spluttering mess and the youngest hippo felt shivers run down his spine, like the devil was smoothly caressing his back, it was enough to send him to the verge of tears.

Luffy didn't necessarily *enjoy* doing this but it truly was the only way to get what he desired, especially when it was something like this. Besides the reactions were a bit of payback for the hell he had put up with for the first eleven years of his life.

"F-f-f-fine, b-b-but, d-d-d-don't you d-d-d-dare c-c-c-come b-b-back!" Vernon demanded shakily, pointing a sausage finger at his nephew, stuttering worse than when Quirrell had faked his impediment.

"Fine by me." Luffy stated, licking his fingers clean of bacon fat, he pulled on his finger with his teeth – making it stretch like rubber. It had the desired effect, all three Dursley's seemed to turn a shade paler than white.

Luffy walked away calmly, picking up the remaining bacon in the frypan and relishing in the taste.

He picked up his heavy trunk and set Southy free, "Go to Seamus Finnigan." He muttered and Southy fluttered off, cooing his odd hoot.

He decided there and then that Southy wouldn't be in that cage again, so without any remorse he crushed it in his hands, making it a much more manageable size (the *size* of a small ball).

He walked out of the house without a backward glance, all of his possessions thrown haphazardly into his trunk, he didn't spare the Dursley's a second glance where they seemed to slowly be recovering from, well, *him*.

Luffy began to hum to himself as he walked the busy streets of London, he had made his way out of the ever-oppressing suburbia of Little Whinging and instead was quashed by harried business women and men.

It was a good thing that Zoro's aura was so strong, otherwise Luffy would be walking aimlessly through the streets.

After twenty minutes of walking Luffy noticed that he was being watched, not by any of the people on the street, but rather an entity that seemed to be spying on him from a completely different location.

And there! In the hedge framing one of the many quaint houses, two bulbous, tennis ball-like eyes stared out at him amongst the green leaves.

Luffy didn't react, there was no malevolence radiating from the creature, so what was the point?

But after another minute Luffy tired of the same creature following him so he purposely pulled into the next park he could find, – packed to the brim with screaming children – sat down on one of the benches and waited.

He was not disappointed for a creature which he quickly identified as a house elf appeared next to
him on the poorly constructed seat with a loud crack.

The house elf jumped off the seat and bowed so low that his long nose (almost as long as Usopp's) touched the gravely path.

"Hello there, what's your name?" Luffy smiled brightly at the house elf who seemed taken aback at his abruptness.

"Dobby sir, just Dobby. Dobby the house-elf. Dobby has waited so long to meet you Mr Potter… such an honour it is." The newly named 'Dobby' seemed to bow down further – if such a thing was possible.

"Um, what?" Luffy asked, momentarily forgetting his popularity in the wizarding world, he scratched his head. "Why are you here Dubi?"

"Dobby has come to tell you sir… it is difficult sir."

"Dublin, you can call me Luffy, none of that sir crap."

"Yes sir-Luffy."

"Now, why don't you take a seat and tell me why you have come." Luffy patted the seat beside him.

"T-take a seat!" The house-elf wailed dismally. "Never… never ever."

Luffy smiled encouragingly at the house-elf, the duo were beginning to attract attention if the curious looks from children and mildly disgusted ones from adults were anything to go by. But the elf must have been exhibiting some form of cover so that they didn't attract too much attention.

"Dobby has never been asked to sit down by a wizard – like an equal." Dobby continued to sob, but he complied with Luffy's request, hopping up onto the wood.

"Why are you still crying?" Luffy asked, why was it such a big deal? He knew that they were treated poorly but had this house elf never been asked to sit down next to a wizard?

At last, Dobby calmed down, fixing Luffy with a stare of adoration from watery eyes.

"So, you have to work for someone right?" At Dobby's nod he continued. "Who do you work for?"

"Dobby can't say sir-Luffy, Dobby will have to grievously punish himself for coming to see you sir as it is. The young master doesn't like Dobby punishing himself. But Dobby's master and mistress enjoy it and remind Dobby of other punishments he hasn't performed, Dobby doesn't like that." He suddenly gasped, turning around and hitting his head against the back of the chair. "Bad Dobby! Bad Dobby!"

"Hey, hey! What are you doing?" Luffy asked, alarmed by his actions. He grabbed the house-elf to prevent him from further harming himself.

"Dobby had to punish himself sir-Luffy, he spoke ill of his family."

"Why don't you just leave them?"

"Dobby is a house-elf – bound to serve one family forever."

"Why can't you just leave them, it sounds like they're an awful family." Luffy inquired, who would
ever want something like that?

"A house-elf must be set free, sir-Luffy. And the family will never set Dobby free... The young master once freed a few of us, he was punished severely sir-Luffy. Dobby will serve the family until he dies."

Luffy said nothing, instead thinking. Hadn't Sanji said something about owning house-elves? Freeing the elves sounded like something he would do, Sanji understood better than anyone the feeling of a family taking away freedom.

"Do you work for the Decoy's?" Luffy asked bluntly.

"The Decoy's? No sir-Luffy. Dobby has heard that sir-Luffy has come into contact with the Dark Lord and escaped with his life once more." The elf whispered conspiratorially.

"Oh, you mean Moldyvie or whatever."

"Oh, Harry Potter is valiant and bold! And so humble! He has braved so many dangers already! But Dobby has come to protect Harry Po-"

"I told you to call me Luffy."

"Dobby has come to protect Luffy, to warn him, even if he does have to shut his ears in the oven door later ... Luffy must not go back to Hogwarts."

Luffy blinked at the elf confusedly. "Why? I have to go back either way, and there is no way I'm going back there."

"No, no, no." Dobby squeaked. "Luffy must go back to that house where it is safe. He is too great, too good, to lose. If Luffy goes back to Hogwarts, he will be in mortal danger."

"I have to go back, I have to see my nakama. I don't care if I'm in mortal danger, I have to live a life without regrets and not going back to Hogwarts will be one of my greatest regrets."

Dobby looked speechless for a second before ploughing on, eyes beginning to swim with tears. "There is a plot, Luffy-sir, you must understand. A plot to make the most terrible things happen a Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry this year." He trembled. "Dobby has known it for months Luffy. Luffy must not put himself in peril. He is too important!"

"I don't mind being in peril." He repeated. "As long as my friends are there, it is all that matters."

"Friends that won't even write to him." Dobby said, slyly.

Luffy suddenly glared. "It was you." He said harshly, Dobby felt shivers run down his spine, he shuffled his feet before pulling out a bundle of letters out of the pillowcase he was wearing meekly.

"You must understand Luffy, Dobby did it for the best."

"Give them here." He commanded, the house-elf complied, shaking at the power pushing down on him.

He flicked through the pile, noticing a fair few from everyone. He felt the relief crash into him with the force of a freight train, thank god, they weren't mad with him, it was all because of this house-elf.

He banished any thoughts of ill intent towards the elf, he had only been trying to protect him. In a
very round-a-bout way. He smiled widely, putting the sun to shame with his smile. "Shishishi, they're okay."

Dobby licked his dry lips as the immense pressure disappeared as the young boy smiled widely at his letters.

Dobby decided there and then that Harry Potter, or Luffy, as he had insisted on being called was a very dangerous boy. That pressure, it was something that he had never witnessed, not even when the young master became dangerously aggravated.

Dobby also understood that there wasn't anything else he could do to prevent the boy from leaving to go to Hogwarts, Dobby was going to have to become creative.

"Dobby, never, ever do something like this again kay?" It wasn't a question.

"Yes sir." And Dobby was gone with the same crack that had announced his arrival.

Luffy smiled widely like a kid at Christmas, he actually had letters!

Shitty captain,

You better have been eating, I've made some new recipes to try out when we get back to school. The Malfoy family are up to something big. I don't know much because they don't let me in on it. But, how has your holiday been? I hope to see you before school starts.

Sanji

Luffy,

Had a good summer? Apparently you haven't been replying to the witch, I don't know why, you better, unless you want to lose some limbs. It's been really boring here so feel free to crash here whenever, the most I've done is some stupid homework these parents forced me to do.

Zoro

Luffy-san,

We are starting to become worried, you haven't replied to a single letter any of us have sent, Hermione-chan hasn't received one off you either. Usopp-san arrived here a couple of days ago and the twins have been infatuated with his inventions. I have made a wonderful new piece that I wish for you to hear. Simply owl us whenever you want to come.

Brook

Luffy,

Oh god I have birthed a monster, I made Nami's climatact and she went wild with it, I can still feel my broken ribs. How has your summer been? I, the Great Usopp, caught a goldfish which, once light hits it, turns to meat! How cool is that? You'd like it I'm sure, but unfortunately it was eaten by an enormous eagle that almost ate me too! But thanks to my quick thinking I managed to cook it up. I even saved you a bit so you better come to the Burrow before the twins eat it. Oh the twins, they are awesome! Both pranksters in a realm of their own! So far we've managed to produce some 'sickness pills', but the twins insist on calling them 'skiving snacks' to get out of class. They sound pretty cool huh? Welp, you can be our guinea pig if you hurry and get here.
The Great Usopp

P.S. please reply, you're starting to worry everyone, if this continues we're going to have to come get you.

Luffy,

You idiot! You haven't written all summer! I am going to raise your debt ten-fold if you don't hurry up and reply to one of us.

You'd think that having Brook here as my brother would be fun but no, instead, he insists on being the one to hang out our laundry so he can see my panties, he paid for that one.

I mean it Luffy, next I will be taking one of your limbs as payment.

Nami.

Luffy's smile faltered a little, they really seemed to miss him, welp, he jumped up to his feet and began racing through the streets towards where Zoro was, suitcase flying with him. It was good exercise.

He laughed, shoving the letters into his sash. Finally, finally he stopped before a house on the edge of Surrey. Its location was shown through the design of the house – a more individual approach, not like the monotony of suburbia.

It was remnant of another era, Luffy didn't know. Robin would know, that he was sure of. It all seemed vintage, from the stone walls with dark violet paint to the wrought iron balcony of the second floor.

It even had a back yard! Luffy spied a garden creeping up over the side of the house which was bathed in shadows as the sun began to set. He walked up to the mahogany door and knocked, politely.

A few seconds later a shock of green hair appeared at the door. "Zoro!" Luffy cried happily, immediately dropping his trunk, electing to instead wrap his limbs around his friend a couple of times. "Shishishi, Zoro got his hair dyed!"

"Luffy! Don't just jump on me like that!" Zoro muttered grumpily but still allowed his captain to grip him deathly.

Luffy let go once he heard who he assumed was Zoro's mother come down the hallway. "Seamus! You didn't tell me you invited a friend!"

The lady said, seeming to be welcoming at the same time as scolding. "I told him he could come here anytime, mum, this is Harry Potter."

Her eyes seemed to twinkle. "Yes, yes, we met at the train station did we not? If you forgot, my name is Mary."

At his nod she smiled and continued, "Well, of course you can stay dear, I assume you haven't gone to Diagon Alley yet? No? Well, we'll be going in a few weeks or so. You're quite all right to stay here all summer."

"Thank you for allowing me to stay." Luffy said and bowed his head.
"It's no problem dear, now, why don't you two go and move Harry into the spare room-"

She was cut off by her son. "Mum, he can stay in my room with me."

She seemed taken aback at what she could see in her son's eyes for she paused a moment. "Of course, let me get you the spare mattress."

Luffy followed Zoro wordlessly up the stairs, pausing only to look at the pictures on the walls of his friend smiling widely – some moving and others not.

"Shishishi, Zoro was so tiny," Luffy laughed, looking at a baby picture.

"That's generally how it is when you're young." Zoro turned back to his captain, eyeing the picture framed with silver, it was back when he was turning two, for his birthday he began to ask for a gym pass.

They hadn't entertained his wishes, instead, they bought him toys that any other two year old would have been overjoyed at. So Zoro had stolen some of their milk cartons, filled them with sand and began training.

He had kept it a secret until one day he had discovered the sand cartons out of their hiding place, his mother looking at him with disapproving eyes.

On that day he had missed his own childhood fiercely, days spent in the dojo, training to become stronger than her. But then she had gone and died and he had trained harder to become the strongest.

But finally, his captain had arrived, turning the days he spent in his childhood to a distant memory, they were still as sharp as ever, but now he had something else to look forward to.

He was pulled out of his reverie by aforementioned captain's pulling on his robe, "Zoroo, stop standing there lost in thought, it's not healthy."

He chuckled. "Only to you Luffy." But he complied, bringing them into his large room.

It had the bare minimum in it, weights as he had finally coerced his parents into letting him work around the house doing various jobs (and immediately tried to buy booze but to his dismay he was "Too young"). The weights were the first thing he had purchased.

He had a tracker on the desk after his parents realised just how bad his sense of direction was (no, the school just moved).

Luffy dumped his trunk next to Zoro's bed. "He turned up a few minutes before you arrived." Zoro jerked his finger at Southy who had somehow managed to make a nest in a relatively short time.

It cooed innocently at Zoro who glared back at the bird. "Now I can't open my window without upsetting it, and if it's anything like the actual Southbird we met at Jaya then I would prefer to have a house not infested with bugs."

"Shishishi, that was fun!" Luffy smiled, thinking back to their valiant attempts to capture the bird.

"Only because you're as weird as the bird." Zoro retorted. "Now, why didn't you reply to anyone all summer? If you say you forgot I swear to god I will make curly brow feed you vegetable for a week."
Luffy gasped. "You wouldn't." At Zoro's raised eyebrow he gasped louder, betrayed. "Well, at least it wasn't my fault, some stupid house-elf thought he was protecting me. How that works, well, I have no clue."

"Idiot." He was bonked on the head, harshly. "Stupid bird too."

After that moment they trained together, mostly in the back yard with physical fights to help them out if they were unable to access power/swords due to extenuating circumstances. So they had fashioned a band made of sea water upon much begging of Mary.

John was a little disapproving but that was simply because he was still fairly unaccustomed to magic.

Eventually, after a week of fighting, Luffy began to become used to fighting without his power and having his energy drained constantly due to the effects of the new sea-prism stone.

As for Zoro, Luffy fought him with and without his swords, if they were fighting with swords then it was in the cover of night as to not disturb the parents. Who knows who could have seen Luffy's arms stretching and turning as black as obsidian? Especially to see how bloodthirsty Zoro became during those fights, it would certainly terrify a portion of their own crew.

And speaking of the crew, Zoro wrote out a letter for them all to let them know that Luffy was fine and that it was a house elf's fault, but he was very brief and skipped over many details.

Letters from Hogwarts arrived at their house not long afterwards, one addressed to Mr Harry Potter and Mr Seamus Finnigan, Luffy laughed when he realised that the old geezer knew where he was. "Nothing gets past that man." Mary huffed, handing the boys their letters.

The contents of the letter were essentially the same as the previous year, telling them where to go on September the 1st and a list of objects and books they would need for the year.

"Is it just me or does this 'Gilderoy Lockhart' seem like he's a bit full of himself?" Zoro asked, raising his eyebrows at the extensive list of books they required, all written by the man himself.

Mary, who was sitting close by practically swooned. "Oh my! Gilderoy Lockhart?" She squealed, dramatically clapping her hands to her cheeks. "He is simply the most handsome man I have ever met – aside from John, that is."

Zoro and Luffy met each other's gazes.

Why is Bear being weird?

Dunno, maybe it's a woman thing?

Satisfied at procuring an answer for her odd behaviour they nodded, after all, women didn't like robots or ninjas. They could like things that men didn't, after all, Luffy and Zoro hated baths but Robin and Nami always relished in them.

Then again, Sanji liked showers too, maybe it was because he really liked women?

"It must be a mystery." Luffy deducted, slamming a fist onto his open palm causing Zoro to look at him in confusion.

"Hm?"
"Why women like baths."

Zoro snorted, he didn't even want to know how he got to there from why Mary seemed infatuated with Gilderoy Lockhart.

They continued to train, covering each other in the results of hard battles.

When it was finally time to go to Diagon Alley, the duo were covered in old and new bruises, cuts and occasionally blood. "My god, what do you two fight with?" John asked rhetorically, it was currently the weekend and he had half of Saturday and all of Sunday off.

He worked running his own grocery store around the corner from their home, apparently it was quite popular.

As for his mother, Mary, she didn't work aside from a couple of hours here and there at a research foundation – collecting demographical data. She had given up any magical job after she had met John.

But, the parents generally left the duo alone, only dropping by their room to ask them if they cared for food. Fortunately Zoro had already warned his parents of how much food Luffy consumed, but on the first night it had still surprised them into silence.

But after that they were both asking questions, wondering how the hell the child was able to consume that much food, and the expansion of his stomach also was a cause of worry.

Thankfully, Zoro had simply mentioned that he wasn't actually distended, it was simply a trick of the light, as for the amount of food Luffy said that he had an extremely fast 'metalibal' – Chopper had tried to explain it once.

Zoro caught onto his plan and told them of his abnormally fast metabolism. After that they tried to refrain from eating in front of Mary and John, or as Luffy had dubbed them once – Maru and Thorn, well, Zoro mused, it could be a lot worse, he had called Mary Bear if he remembered correctly.

Their plan had work surprisingly well, almost, dare he think it? Too well? It was more than he had ever wished, but then again, perhaps these parents were simply worried for he was quite antisocial. Zoro never made any other friends, none of them were like his friends.

Besides, he had total faith in his captain, which was well deserved seeing as their situation had panned out quite well.

He was brought out of his musing by Mary lightly tapping on their door, reminding them that today they were going to Diagon Alley.

"Let's go boys, we are going to stop by Gringotts first." Mary said, donning a long cloak.

Luffy pulled on the cloak Sanji gave him and Zoro wrapped his robe up and tied his swords into his sash. He received disapproving looks for that action but he couldn't have cared less, they were his protection, the familiar weight by his side.

"Yosh! Let's go!" Luffy began pulling insistently on Zoro's sleeve who huffed in response.

Mary chuckled, she would be chaperoning the stoic and bouncing boy to Diagon Alley.

Now Mary Finnigan probably wasn't the most observant of people, she remembered a time when a
dark haired, handsome boy had charmed all of the teachers to his every beck and call.

She hated to admit it but she had been caught up in his natural charisma as well. She hadn't noticed anything in him until it was far too late and too many, *far too* late for all of the lives they lost to *him*.

In fact, Seamus Finnigan was short two grandparents because of that vile creature.

But the point stands, Mary wasn't that observant.

Hastily shoving aside all of her fault, she had noticed a change in her son that hadn't been present before the boy with a Straw Hat had arrived.

He had become much more open and a tension that she saw as he was growing up disappeared. It *did* reappear, but only when the pair were going somewhere else.

It was if Seamus was preparing for trouble that would inevitably find the boy. She found herself watching the way that Seamus almost constantly had a hand on one of his swords but when he was with Harry Potter he would relax his grip and instead focus on the raven haired boy.

She watched the way that they would return from their 'battles', she wanted to confront them about the injuries they handed to each other. But…

She couldn't, they just looked so damn happy when they returned, and what was wrong with a little roughhousing?

(Even if the roughhousing led to broken bones and deep gashes, boy was she glad she had learned the basics of healing magic).

So, as a devout mother, she simply frowned in disapproval at the sight of their injuries but instead she healed their numerous bruises and cuts with her magic at the sight of their smiles.

She was brought out of her inner thoughts by her son looking intently at her – he must have said something.

"What was that?" She asked, tucking her hair behind an ear.

Zoro raised an unimpressed eyebrow and repeated. "I said, we should probably leave before Luffy tries to get there himself."

"Yes, I would've suggested to take the floo network but I don't think your friend would be able to make it through without landing in the completely wrong section." Mary tapped her chin thoughtfully while allowing her son to lead her to their car.

Zoro let out a chuckle. "Yeah, seeing as he still calls you Moana and John, Farren."

She let out another laugh before Harry bounded up to them and cried. "Let's go Zoro, I want to see Diagonal Galley!"

They shared another look and smiled. "Eh, close enough." Zoro said, gently prying his captains arms from where they had latched onto his mother's arm.

"Let's go!" Mary couldn't help but join in with the Straw Hat boy as he laughed, a heart-warming sound.

The trip was interrupted frequently by Luffy pointing at interesting things and people.
To be fair, there were some street performers dancing about in ridiculously tight clothing, they were also juggling and one, one of them was spitting fire. "Ooh, look at that one Zoro! He looks like Ace!"

The name was said unflinchingly so the unofficial first mate did not flinch either, maybe he would have if he was any less of a man.

But, Zoro was a man and if his captain and best friend was able to freely talk like that, then he would as well.

"Hmph." Nothing else was needed and Luffy fixed the swordsman with a blinding smile (no he was not blushing at that!).

Mary chuckled, pondering over this 'Ace' fellow.

Finally she pulled up in front of a decrepit looking building with a hanging sign proclaiming that it was the 'Leaky Cauldron'.

"Ooh, I'll be able to see Todd again!" Luffy laughed, thinking back to the hunch-back man with a smile filled with yellowed teeth and gaps.

"Todd?" Mary inquired, but, she quickly decided that he had meant to say 'Tom'. "You know the barkeeper?" She wondered how such a young child would know a man with such a profession.

But Luffy wasn't listening anymore, instead, he launched himself out of the car with a startling speed (thankfully without the use of stretching), landing just before the door, one of Cherrywood, but it was almost indiscernible – obscured by decades of graffiti and lazy repairs.

Which was odd considering that the owners of pub were freaking wizards. They would have to be pretty terrible at magic or just really lazy to not fix it properly.

Luffy pushed the door open, revealing the dark murky insides of the magical pub.

It looked the same as it always did, a few smatterings of the general magical population drinking butterbeer and stronger alcoholic beverages, animated cards danced about some of them, splayed out to the beholder.

A few of the regulars recognised the boy and smiled, they mostly smiled because right now they were not in hangover mode. It was late enough in the day to be drinking, for them at least.

"Troll!" Luffy shouted happily, waving at the man hunched over the counter, wiping a dirty glass with an equally dirty rag.

"Ah, Mr Potter." He bowed to Luffy, well, he might have, it was a little difficult to discern the movement outside of his hunch.

Mary and Zoro followed slowly, drinking in the sights (not that there was anything to really be impressed by).

"We gotta go Harry. You can talk to your friend later." Mary promised, smiling at the barkeeper.

He smiled back, lips peeling to reveal teeth yellowed with age and neglect.

"Tch." Zoro wanted some sake.

They wove their way through the tables to the back door and caused the bricks to fold away before
their eyes. They went through the archway the bricks had been hiding, eliciting another 'so cool!' from Luffy (it never got old).

Luckily their shopping went off without a hitch, they were saving to Flourish and Blotts until they had bought what they needed aside from their books seeing as the reading material would be the heaviest.

They were just making their way over to Flourish and Blotts, both holding a large ice-cream before…

"Luffy!" The straw hatted boy smiled in response to his nakama's call, he huffed out a Shishishi at the sight of Nami, Brook and Usopp racing toward him (both boys were carrying an awful lot of shopping…).

"Nami! Brook! Usopp! Hermione!" He shouted flying toward them, feeling, rather than hearing, Zoro follow him at a sedate pace, Mary watching their exchange dumbfounded.

Hermione didn't immediately jump into the group hug, instead, she elected to watch as the three pirates squished each other together. Her parents came to stand next to her, watching in apprehension at their group hug.

But, unfortunately for her a hand snuck its way to her and Zoro, they were unceremoniously dragged into the group hug which was more like a dog pile now.

Zoro grumbled underneath his breath but allowed his captain to be clingy with the crew that was present (at least ero-cook wasn't here or he would be laughing his ass off at Zoro's predicament – if he avoided it).

But then the mushy moment was over and without preamble, Nami hit her captain over the head, hard. "You idiot! Making us worry like that!" She shouted, waving her fist threateningly at Luffy who's face had swollen up under her onslaught.

(Two black eyes, a split lip and several eggs to be precise).

"Mm shorry Mami." Luffy managed to mumble, holding the lumps readily forming on his head. "Itm naw ma faum."

"I'm sorry Nami, it's not my fault" – Usopp translated under his breath – quietly, lest he incur the wrath of the redhead. He winced in sympathy for his captain.

Before their navigator could inflict any more harm upon Luffy Mrs Weasley finally caught up with the trio. "Ginny! What are you doing?" She panted out, having raced from Gringotts bank to find her daughter.

Finally, the crowd that had gathered to watch the exchange dissipated with the introduction of one sensible adult.

"Nothing, it was all Ron." She said, the perfect picture of innocence, (everyone sweatdropped simultaneously – sans Luffy, his were tears).

"Ahh Nami-san, you are quite cruel." Brook commented, forgetting who he was dealing with, a swift kick had him lying down beside Luffy.

"Ginny!" Molly exclaimed, looking 110% - I mean, looking thoroughly displeased and embarrassed with her sole daughter's actions.
Mary snapped out of her astonishment and made haste to talk with the other adult present, leaving the children – including the rest of the Weasley's who had caught up with their mother – to talk amongst themselves.

Mr Weasley caught up as well, and immediately began to interrogate Hermione's parents on their, 'muggle life', Mary conveniently forgot to mention that her husband was non-magical.

"Your letter didn't really tell us anything Luffy." Usopp said, wringing his hands nervously, avoiding looking at Nami.

"Ahh, that's because a house elf was stopping them." Luffy explained his encounter with the elf and skimped over what happened with the Dursley's – he told them about the pranks he played on them using the power of the gomu gomu no mi.

They were interrupted by Mary and Molly practically dragging them into the book store, "Is something happening there?" Usopp asked in confusion, gesturing to the large crowd gathered outside.

Suddenly Mrs Weasley and Mary practically squealed like two hormonal girl teenagers. "Look!" Mary cried, pointing at the banner that took up several of the large windows.

"Gilderoy Lockhart will be signing copies of his autobiography; Magical Me today 12:30 – 4:30 pm." Hermione read aloud, eyes misting over, thinking about the absolutely wonderful feeling of meeting such a man.

"Tch." Zoro mumbled grouchily, he remembered the amount of books they had to buy written by that guy.

"Eh, we've seen better." Surprisingly (or unsurprisingly), Nami was the only female present completely unaffected by the sight of the banner.

The crowd was comprised of witches about Molly and Mary's age, they were all pressing against each other in their haste to get through the doors that were clearly unaccustomed to so many people at once.

A harried looking wizard was standing at the door, futilely trying to calm the crowd – it was actually quite amusing to watch.

Their large group somehow managed to squeeze their way into the overcrowded store, picking up their books before making it into the line.

"He looks like Cabbage." Luffy pointed at the man seated, he was young – that much was certain. He had several pictures of himself displayed around his table, all of them showing their pearly white teeth in a 'charming' smile.

Gilderoy was swathed in periwinkle robes, he was also smiling 'charmingly' at each and every one of his fans and the Straw Hats (the ones who had been present at Dressrosa) could see the similarities between him and Cavendish.

They were both clearly egotistical and took great pride in their numerous fans, but, unlike Cabbage, this man seemed to be very, very weak.

There was an irritable man snapping pictures at every angle, he stepped on Zoro's foot – big mistake on his part.
Zoro hadn't really been paying attention to his surroundings, lost in thought. Thus he hadn't realised how close the photographer actually was. "Oi, watch it." He growled at the short portly man.

The man flinched at his tone and immediately steered clear of the demonic aura around the swordsman, "Seamus!" Mary admonished, smacking his hand.

Unfortunately, (or fortunately – not that they knew it) the star of the store's eyes were drawn to the commotion and as soon as he laid his blue eyes upon Luffy he cried delightedly. "It can't be Harry Potter!"

Luffy looked around at the people quickly parting like the red sea to make way for Lockhart, and then an arm was looped through his and he was promptly dragged back to the man's autograph station.

The photographer reached a new, undiscovered level of desperation as he snapped this way and that, catching the duo from every possible angle.

By now Luffy had realised what was happening and frowned deeply, why him? "Nice big smile Harry, take that thing off." He said, reaching for the hat perched atop his raven locks.

Luffy growled, "Don't touch my hat." Lockhart's gleaming smile faltered for a second before it returned in full force.

"Alright, together, you and I are worth the front page." He proclaimed, eyes already dancing at the possibility.

Luffy tugged his arm away from Lockhart's surprisingly iron-like grip, but before he could race back to his nakama the stupid man pressed him against his side, arm clamped down across his shoulders.

He pouted, he didn't think that it would be worth it to force his way back to his nakama as it would earn him several hard punches to the head from Nami later.

So he put up with Locksmith or whatever blab on about how great he was and how just because he was Harry Potter, he would receive free books. Honestly, he didn't need them free, it was Nami and Brook that did.

With this in mind he carefully carried them over to his group once Smith had finally released his tight hold of him. "Brook, do you want them? I can pay for my own." Luffy said bluntly, pressing the stack into his musician's arms.

Brook almost fell under the weight.

"You don't have to do that dear," Molly said in an embarrassed way.

"Why?" He cocked his head. "I just wanted to help my nakama out."

Mary smiled behind her hand, he was truly adorable. Mr and Mrs Granger also smiled, they were glad that their usually all-alone daughter had found such reliable friends.

Luffy didn't notice the murderous intent Nami was currently exuding – he did a few more eggs later. "Why did you give them to him and not to me?" She asked sweetly, as if daring him to answer incorrectly.

"Because don't you steal either way?"
Zoro had considered snickering lightly, but, now that he knew what she would do he decided it would be best if he kept his mouth shut.

Usopp was not a coward… he was a brave warrior of the sea! But not even he was brave enough to test their navigator.

Brook didn't see the state Luffy-san was in but he could imagine based on the subtle groans of pain. It truly made it hard to believe that Nami-san didn't use haki.

Luckily, before they could make a scene, Luffy jumped up despite his numerous wounds and started to make his way towards the door.

But, before he made it there was a shout of "Nami-swan!" And their resident womanizer practically materialised before them, hearts in his eyes at the sight of Nami.

Mrs Weasley clearly knew who he was from his platinum blonde hair and rich clothing. "Sanji!" Luffy shouted and jumped at his cook, wrapping his arms around Sanji's firm midsection – squeezing tightly.

Sanji – to his credit – didn't even flinch, just grunted. "I see you're a moss head again, moss head." He said over the top of his captain's head.

"I see that you're still a pervert, shitty cook." Zoro mocked, lazily pulling one eye open to glare at Sanji.

"Now, now Draco." A velvety smooth voice drawled, "Should you really be allowing a, half-blood like Mr Potter to touch you?"

Sanji bristled at the implication and Zoro seemed ready to slice and dice the newcomer if the steady hand slipping his white katana from its sheath, a murderous aura surrounding him.

"Huh?" Luffy pried himself away from his chef to face the tall, almost white haired man. He got the shivers from such a man, he had something that felt…

Odd? No, it wasn't simply something to ridicule, it reeked of power and darkness. He masked his disgust readily with a quizzical expression.

Mr Malfoy's lips curled into a sneer at Luffy's confusion. He went to pull a book out of Nami's cauldron but she glared hard and pulled it away.

"What did you just call Harry?" Hermione asked curiously.

Lucius sneered, but before he could say anything Sanji smoothly intercepted, and by smoothly he asked with as much blunt force and as coldly as possible. "Why are you still here?"

"Waiting for you, Draco. But if you want to stay here with you… 'friends' then I’ll be more than happy to ship you off to Drumstrang." It was hissed quieter than his other barbs, probably to avoid causing too much of a scene.

He was saved from answering by the arrival of a harried looking Arthur Weasley. "What are you
lot doing? It's mad in here, let's get out."

"Arthur." A voice of steel and ice interjected.

"Lucius."

Before it could go further Luffy cried loudly. "Sanji, I'm hungry. Let's get out of here."

"Smooth Luffy." Usopp muttered, gulping in fear of what the grown man could do.

And just like that the atmosphere of aggression disappeared – giving way to incredulity. "Let him cook? A prince does not cook for a lowly peasant of your stature, Mr Potter."

Sanji's hands automatically curled into fists at his words, those words…

They hit far too close to home for his liking, but…

He had sworn to his captain that he would stay with him until the very end. This instance wasn't anything like what happened with Big Mom, but it was still similar. He wanted to curl into a little ball and cry like he wanted most of the time he was in the North Blue.

Luffy just stared at Sanji, gauging his reaction. The shaking hands, tightly coiled into fists were what gave him away, that and his visible eye.

Luffy tugged a little harder, "Come on Sanji." He whined.

(You can leave him).

"Okay Luffy."

(Thank you).

He allowed himself to be dragged out of the store by Luffy, the duo at the front of their tight-knit group. Zoro brought up the rear, allowing the adults to follow behind, each sending a glare in Lucius' direction.

However, one crucial detail they managed to miss – caught up in their feud as it was – Hermione Granger, it was not important as of now, but it certainly would later determine their course of action for Lucius Malfoy had slipped a little black book into her bag of books, the entire Granger family none the wiser.

"Could I possibly stay with you for a while Mrs Weasley?" Sanji managed to pull himself away from his captain to speak to the red-haired woman. "I know that I am a Malfoy, but I will pull my own weight, I am aspiring to be a chef in fact, so I can cook." He rushed out, hoping for the right answer.

Mrs Weasley didn't even hesitate, she had seen the way that the 'Malfoy' had acted around her children at the train station and here; there was no malice behind his actions.

And that coupled with the fact that he was a Gryffindor led her to immediately say. "Of course dear, you don't have to cook either."

Sanji bowed lowly to her. "Thank you so much Mrs Weasley you don-"

"Sanji! Food!" Sanji joined Mrs Weasley in her chuckles, *this* was his family and would be as long as they were alive.
And after death too.

The Following Morning

Various places around the world:

Somewhere near the Village of Ottery St Catchpole

"Fufufu." A blonde haired girl smiled at the front page, it seemed that her captain had finally come out of hiding.

"Something amusing Luna?" Xenophilius Lovegood asked his daughter of eleven years.

"An old friend from my past life decided to show himself." She said airily, Xenophilius simply smiled warmly at his daughter.

"That is good to hear, my love."

And that was that.

Somewhere in the Northern Regions of Europe

"Brr, it's super cold today."

An owl hooted loudly, dropping its bundle atop of the bulky boy.

"What's this? Gilderoy Lockhart and Harry…"

The Cyborg froze for a moment, staring intently at the boy named Harry Potter, the Boy Who Lived.

Then he broke out into a super pose. "Ow! Finally Luffy, you took a super long time to get here!"

But even as he spoke tears dribbled down his face, almost instantly freezing, alerting him to where he actually was.

So he hurriedly made his way inside his super warm house, crying because, finally, finally, he was not alone.

Somewhere in the Pyrenees

"Zister, it iz time to shop for school." A small, distinctively green haired girl peered into her sisters room, she was accompanied by her younger orange-headed sister in their quest to drag the eldest out of bed.

"It iz?" The beautiful teenager asked distractedly, blonde hair splayed about her body, in her hand was the newspaper carried from London.

The three sisters collected a menagerie of newspapers, always hunting for someone else.

Suddenly, she burst out into tears, but they were not tears of sorrow, no, they were tears of pure, unadulterated joy. "Luffy-sama!" She cried out in joy, holding the newspaper close to her heart, dancing about the room.

Marigold and Sandersonia glanced at each other before breaking out into identical grins, finally, their sister had found the one man she deemed to be fair.
"Oh, aujourd'hui c'est beau!" She cried, finally, her soon to be husband had been found – there was no mistaking that Straw Hat, or the pout adorning his delicate features.

_Somewhere in the depths of the Hogwarts Castle_

"Ugh, this place reeks." A pink haired girl floated above a mildew infested room.

Not that she could actually smell anything, she hadn't been able to for some time – ever since her body had died, if she was being precise.

Now, she was condemned to be a ghost for the rest of her life.

She had discovered the castle when the founders were constructing it, she thought it would be super cute to be in a castle but soon she realised it was for, _children._

Oh the horror.

But now, she decided, staring at the newspaper that landed in front of her – courtesy of the owl Dumbledore had provided her with (it was super cute okay) and it stayed, waiting for her to give the signal to turn the page.

But she was frozen on the front image, there was _no way it could be him._ She thought, eyes wide in shock as she stared at the Straw Hat pressed firmly against his raven locks.

"Oh my god!" She squealed in delight, startling the poor tawny owl. "They're alive!" She shouted in joy, finally, someone interesting to talk to!

And so Perona began to prepare.

_A coffee shop in the Heart of London_

"Mm. This is good coffee" The mousy brown man whispered in delight, barely refraining from chugging the entire mug.

"That it is." The black haired shaggy man replied, also drinking hungrily.

He unfolded todays newspaper and accidentally inhaled his coffee, after a minute worth of spluttering and waving the waiter away in assurance he calmed himself.

"What's wrong?" A frown marred his pale complexion, blue eyes creasing in confusion and concern.

The mousy brown man barely refrained from screaming out in joy, for on the front page – his brother was staring back at him.

"Look at this!" He shoved the paper at the second man, eyes gleaming.

After a second the shaggy man threw back his head and _laughed_, "To think after all these years he was James' and Lilys'."

As Harry Potter, no less. And to think that they had already met his brother as a baby. Their chests began to constrict, if only they had found him sooner.

Maybe things would be different.

"No point wondering about the past Sabo." He whispered to himself, slapping down enough
money on the table for the coffee. He pushed his top hat onto his head firmly.

The black haired man followed suit, tipping his orange hat at the waiter.

They walked out of the shop, large hiking bags firmly in place. They had their little brother to find.

_Somewhere in Egypt_

It was hot, stinking hot. Hotter than that time Roger had decided to drop by Alabasta.

Bill Weasley wiped sweat off of his face as he pulled into the little bar in the little town he worked in.

The ministry didn't even know of this place, it was all quite hush-hush. He worked only for money for booze and food, there was nothing better to do than to wait.

Woop, and here comes the desert eagle he had so smartly purchased back in Hogwarts.

It dropped the news in front of him.

And for the first time in twenty-three years, Red-Haired Shanks laughed heartily.

There! On the front page the Pirate King was staring back with a pout forming every loop. There was no mistaking that Straw Hat, after all, he would recognise his own captain's hat and the crown.

"Cheeky brat." He said.
Luffy could get used to a life like this. Or reused to this, whatever.

Zoro was fun to be around when he wanted to spar or to annoy, they shared a deep bond and could usually tell what the other was feeling sans the use of haki.

So yes, this was, by far, the best Summer he had lived through as Harry Potter.

And tomorrow they would be returning to Hogwarts. It was his paradise, food every day and his nakama would be there with him.

It was an exhilarating rush to the head.

“Go to Hogwarts.” Luffy muttered, unsettling Southy from his nest, almost immediately several cockroaches made their way into Zoro’s room.

Following it were a few small sparrows that immediately attacked the swordsman and captain.

“Stupid bird!” Zoro shouted, growling in response to the mocking cry it directed at him.

“Shishishi!” Luffy laughed, even as he brushed the brown blurs of wood roaches of his rubber arms and batted away the little birds from their quest. “See ya Southy!”

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“Luffy! Hurry up!” Zoro shouted, even as he frantically piled his school supplies into his own trunk.

Luffy had no idea how his things had ended up strewn across Zoro’s room, he hadn’t even needed to open the trunk!

(There wasn’t a Nami present to force him to wash once a week – thus he only was cleaned by the hose and when Mary forced a skurging charm on him.)

“But it won’t fit!” He pouted, sitting on top of his trunk as it burst open.

Eventually, Mary took pity on them and with a wave of her wand their clothes and supplies were neatly packed into their separate trunk.
“Come on you two, we’re going to be late.” Mary ushered them out of the house before muttering. “We’re too late, I’ll just have to apparate them.”

“Now boys, we are behind schedule so we’re going to have to apparate, it’s going to be difficult seeing as it’s your first time.” She said, gesturing them to hold onto her arms and their trunks. “You too John.”

John groaned miserably, this was not his first time using the dreaded transportation and every time he participated he swore that it would be the last time he used it.

Well, he kept his resolve until his wife turned puppy dog eyes on him – then he was putty in her hands.

They all joined hands, Zoro was a little confused as he had never really seen the transport work, but then, he felt John try to resist the urge to puke.

They landed in an alleyway next to the train station, John was frantically holding the wall to keep the contents of his breakfast in.

Zoro gasped, that was… unpleasant. Then again, the feeling of being squeezed down a very small tube and spat out without any finesse tended to be an unpleasant feeling.

Although, he had suffered worse, far worse. People did that for transportation though?

But his captain hadn’t even flinched, maybe it had something to do with his rubber ability to practically become as flat as a pancake and still live. Granted, he would only live if he was able to breathe.

“Shishishi, Zoro’s gonna puke.” He laughed, the expression on his swordsman’s face was utterly hilarious – it looked like he had swallowed something vile or been on the receiving end of Sanji’s insults.

“You’ve apparated before?” Mary breathed out, flabbergasted.

“What’s that? Is it a game?” He asked, frowning, as if deep in thought (as if).

“No, it’s the magic of disapparating or disappearing I suppose from one location to another.” Mary explained, frowning in return at the boy.

“Ohh, so it’s a mystery. Well, that old geezer from the school disappeared with me before.” Luffy explained.

“No matter how many times we do that it doesn’t get better.” John muttered. “Well, we must make haste now. We have wasted enough time as it is.” He finally bravely pushed himself from the cold brick wall.

“But weren’t we waiting for you?” Luffy cocked his head.

“Anyway!” Mary interrupted before things could get heated – John didn’t accept that he was awful when it came to apparition, stupid men and their stupid egos. “Let’s go.”

She ushered them all from the alleyway, receiving many odd glances their way for their involvement in the darkened area.

“Yosh!” And Luffy was gone, racing through the platforms, getting closer to see his nakama once
more.

He had to know if Sanji was safe, if he wasn’t then there was some… business he would have to
attend to before school began.

Nobody harmed his nakama and survived unscathed.

“Oi Luffy! Wait up!” Zoro shouted, earning himself several glares as if calling out to a friend was a
crime.

He halted, if only because otherwise he would be tempted to grab Zoro with a rubber projectile –
screw the consequences.

And in a few seconds, Zoro was beside his captain, trunk and cage alike. “Shishishi, Zoro didn’t
get lost for once.”

He huffed out a growl of annoyance at his captain’s words – he did not get lost, it was only the
important places he had to be, moved.

(He would never admit it but he was usually able to find his captain in some way, regardless of
how lost he may be)

“I don’t get lost!”

He received another giggle in response. “Seamus! Wait up, we’re coming to the platform too!”

Whoops, he grimaced, he kinda forgot about the two parents. Said parents were racing towards
them, both panting heavily – a clear sign that they sure as hell weren’t used to chasing after two
kids.

They were only at platform four, the cheerful pillar proclaimed when they both finally caught up,
leaning against the pillar as if they could melt into it.

(Which wasn’t impossible.)

“Luffy-san, Zoro-san!” A cheerful voice called out.

“Hmm? Brook! Nami! Sanji! Usopp!” Luffy cried happily to the fast-approaching family.

“Quick, we don’t have time to stop.” Molly said hurriedly, quickly shoving everyone along into
the barrier, Usopp, Sanji and Nami passed through with a smile, waving at their captain.

“Luffy-san, I have a new piece I wish to play for you.” Brook continued, undeterred by his
mother’s efforts to get him through the barrier.

“Ron! Hurry up!”

Zoro tched and pushed past, giving one last glance at Luffy before he was swallowed by the bricks.

“After you mother.” Brook bowed and allowed Molly to pass unhindered, Mary and John
following suit.

As soon as she was gone Brook pulled out a piano from who knows where and began playing a
piece, the music itself was easy enough to describe, but the emotions hidden behind the gentle
notes – was not.
Honestly, this probably could have waited but after seeing, and feeling something wrong with his captain he needed to know immediately.

It was flowing, like a gently river passing through its channel, the contour was smooth and brought all who listened to it into their depths.

It enchanted all souls present to come forth and it was exactly what Brook had hoped it wouldn’t be.

The entire time Luffy smiled gently at the ex-skeleton, he could sense his apprehension and instead chose to remain silent – indulging Brook in his whim.

“Alright, Luffy-san, we are required to talk on the train.” Brook finished, it had been just as he feared but for now he was going to remain silent until they had enough time to spare between the two of them. Instead, he started preparing to run with his captain.

Both of them began to steadily increase their speed the closer they became to passing through the wall that divided their two worlds.

And at the last second-

They crashed right into it, Luffy bounding harmlessly off of it with the abilities of a rubber man and Brook… oh Brook was in a lot of pain, his nakama! –

“Wait!” Luffy grabbed Brook, pulling him on top of his body so that they were chest-to-back, curling around the red head effortlessly.

They both bounced off of the wall harmlessly, Brook’s trolley and Luffy’s trunk slammed into it loudly, causing the contents of their trunks to rattle loudly.

“Ah Luffy-san!” Brook cried, pulling Luffy’s rubber appendages off of him.

“Shishishi.”

They ignored the people around them crying in outrage and ignored the closest guard’s yell of “What in blazes d’you think you’re doing?”

Luffy was fine, unharmed and Brook was as well.

“I wonder what just happened.” Brook scratched his head in thought.

Luffy pressed up against the wall. “It’s solid again.” He frowned deeply. “Do you think we should just break it?”

“No Luffy-san, I believe that would attract far too much attention.”

“We’re going to miss the train!”

10… 9… 8…

And it was gone…

“What are we going to do? How long will it be before anyone gets back to us?” Luffy asked, glaring at the wall.

“We can wait by the…” Brook’s eyes suddenly gleamed in excitement. “Luffy-san! Our car!”
“What about your car?”

“It can fly!”

“That’s so cool!” Stars literally appeared in his emerald eyes.

“We can fly to Hogwarts.” Brook explained, already jumping up and righting his trolley.

“Awesome!” Luffy cried again, thank god that he was here and not Nami.

And they were off, pressing through the throngs of people loitering around the train station. Out of the suffocating atmosphere and across the road to where a beat-up Ford Anglia was parked.

Brook hummed as he tapped on the boot of the car with his wand, it sprung open, revealing a trunk that was far larger than the exterior suggested.

They dropped their luggage in and hopped into the front. “Alright, right here is…”

Brook tapped the ignition and pressed a silver button, ensuring that no muggles were looking their way to see the newest anomaly occur.

They immediately disappeared. “AWESOME!” Luffy shouted, pushing at everything around him, he could feel it but for the life of him, he could not see it with his eyes. He could see everything clearly with the colour of observation but that was another matter.

“Shall we captain-san?” Brook’s voice asked politely.

“Yosh! Let’s go Brook!”

And they were off, the road and dirty streets rushing away from them like a waterfall. They quickly rose to staggering heights, and then they were through the cloud cover – everything white and woollen around them – when the car spluttered and they reappeared.

“Oh, I am quite glad that we managed to make it up above the clouds before that happened. Our invisibility is faulty.” Brook explained, wiping sweat off his forehead.

But Luffy wasn’t listening, he was staring out at the endless sea of white clouds. A white white sea. “Shishishi, this is like Skypiea!” He declared, reaching for a cloud.

To his extreme disappointment his hand passed straight through and returned to his body with a snap. “It certainly does, based on Nami-san’s description.” Brook smiled toothily at Luffy who immediately returned the smile. “I confess, I am quite jealous of the adventures you went on without me.”

“Shishishi, we’ll make new ones someday.” Luffy promised, watching the horizon intently.

They dipped down quickly to search for the train. “There!” Luffy shouted, pointing at the scarlet snake beneath them.

“North…” Brook murmured, pulling them back into the cloud cover.

“I’m hungry.” Luffy whined suddenly, head landing on his arms.

“I would imagine that there is something in the glovebox Luffy-san.” Brook pointed at the convenient little drawer.
Luffy laughed. “Bingo!” He cried, pulling out a packet of fat toffees – they disappeared quite quickly.

An hour later and Luffy decided it was time for a nap, the sun was warming up the car nicely and he removed his cloak, placing it in his lap.

****

He was quite rudely awoken from his naptime to the panicking of Brook, that coupled with the fact that they had begun to plummet was enough to have him wide awake.

Brook began to scream frantically as they headed straight for one of Hogwarts’ stone walls, he managed to steer them around just in time – missing the stone by a hairbreadth.

They flew in an arc over the greenhouse and the vegetable gardens before; “Well, the tree is quite a nice landing spot.” Brook finally decided, he knew there was no point in trying to land elsewhere, that would be tempting fate a little too much for his liking.

But before they could land Luffy was out of the car and blowing up to massive proportions, ignoring the trees branches stabbing into him as he shouted. “Gomu gomu no… fusen!”

The blue car bounced harmlessly off of his enlarged stomach. “Brook!” He shouted, throwing an arm out to his musician, luckily, Brook grabbed a hold of Luffy’s arm.

However, he had grabbed it through the window and as he began to pull, the car door came with him. “Oops.”

The car fell back down to earth under the force of gravity where it immediately kicked the contents of the trunk out – thankfully it also kicked out Luffy’s cloak. It made whining noises to show its displeasure at being treated in such a way.

It began to roll off into the cover of the night, as a sulking child would. “Wait!” Brook cried, oh god he was so screwed when his mother was to discover of his… dilemma.

“Shishishi, car doesn’t like us very much anymore.” Luffy said from where he had managed to wrap himself around the ex-skeleton several times.

That was when the tree decided that enough was enough, it raised a spiky branch – intent on impaling the pair of them. “Ne, ne, Brook! Look! The tree is trying to attack us!” He laughed, jumping out of the branches with Brook in tow.

“So it is Luffy-san.” Brook commented and without further ado, withdrew his sword to defeat any branches inhibiting them from escaping.

They landed gracefully, whilst the branches writhed and tried to attack. “Oh, I’m sorry, I have already cut you.”

He carefully sheathed his sword before shouting “Hanauta Sanchou: Yahazu Giri!” as soon as his sword formed into a purple cane numerous branches fell down with almighty thuds, cuts clean through their monstrous branches.

“Shishishi! That was fun.” Luffy laughed, as carefree as ever.

Brook panted, that was a… work out. “Yes, it was Luffy-san, let us get to the feast before it all disappears.”
“Food!”

Ah, such a one-track mind, Brook thought but followed his captain either way. He was hungry too.

“Luffy-san, I fear we may have missed the sorting.” Brook said, voice tinged with sadness, he couldn’t wait to see if Nami-san would be in his house!

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Sanji couldn’t believe that his rubber-brained idiot of a captain had missed the train. He had known there was something wrong when Brook and Luffy didn’t immediately pull through the portal.

However, like the rest of them, he had ignored it because Brook wouldn’t let anything happen to Luffy and vice versa.

Now he half wished he had stayed behind, the other half was elated because, as it so happened, Robin had arrived to sit with their crew and friends.

She had simply smiled genially and everyone had immediately known. She was the one who explained what the thestrals pulling the carriages were and why nobody sans their little ragtag group could see them.

At this point in time Sanji had a really bad feeling, a look across the room made him realise that Zoro felt it too. And apparently Usopp did if the worried glances at the ceiling were anything to go by.

But, before he could really search for Luffy and Brook he was interrupted by the hall going silent as fresh blood walked in.

They were all short, Sanji noticed, and he also noticed that his beautiful Nami-chwan and Robin-chan were there.

And following them was a small but adorable kid with an abnormal blue nose, holding a camera tightly. Sanji’s visible eye widened, Chopper!

The little boy looked around in curiosity before locking eyes with Sanji’s, he smiled blindingly and Sanji returned the favour.

He did wonder about the camera though, weren’t all muggle technologies useless in the castle?

It couldn’t be helped, he supposed and instead tuned out the hat and the sortings which didn’t include nakama.

“Creevey, Colin.”

Thankfully Chopper came very soon, he nervously stepped up to the platform, ignoring the stares he received for the blue nose.

He dearly missed being a reindeer, he missed being able to change between most of his forms effortlessly, missed the way that his warm fur felt on his skin and on his nakama.

But most of all, he missed his nakama, it was lonely living in a so glaringly normal place for eleven years of his life.

Coming to a magic school was the perfect opportunity to find his nakama, after all, anything weird would be where they were right? Turns out he was right.
He pulled the ratty old hat over his head, nose twitching at the scents of hundreds of years of sweat built up on the interior of the hat.

_Ahh, another Straw Hat I see. My, my, you’re quite the intelligent one._

You bastard! Don’t think that flattering me will make me happy! Chopper thought, a blush forming on his cheeks, lips twitching into a smile.

There was the oddest sensation of a, _laugh_ going through his head before another line of thought simply appeared in his own thought process.

_Well, you are quite loyal and brave, a little gullible but that is fine. In my opinion the best place for you to be is…_

“Ravenclaw!” The hat bellowed out, the blue house was clapping loudly but, compared to the roar of approval from their resident five weirdos it seemed like the sound of rain compared to thunder.

“Way to go Chopper!” Usopp cried out, cheering for his friend, aforementioned friend immediately started to blush and cried out that flattery wasn’t going to get Usopp anywhere.

Chopper sat down, blushing the entire time before he was immediately bombarded by questions from the elder students, mostly questioning what his interest was to which he immediately replied was the medical field, there were also a few inquiries about his nose.

He answered the questions as honestly as he could and smiled politely at one of his new families.

He clapped along with everyone else as new comers arrived in the house of blue.

“Lovegood, Luna.”

Robin made her way up the platform, smiling airily but looking around at the new knowledge just waiting for her to discover.

She sat down gracefully and dropped the hat over her head – immediately becoming immersed in darkness seeing as the hat was at least five times larger than what she would require.

_Hmm, another one._

Hello hat-san, Robin thought calmly and could have sworn she felt heat rush through the fabric.

_Very polite I see, now, for where you belong, you thirst for knowledge, while you would fit into Slytherin nicely seeing as you’re quite ambitious your knowledge comes first so they only place I can place you is…_

“RAVENCLAW!”

The entire house cheered, none louder than Chopper himself who had managed to balance on the bench and was now standing at his full height, cheering loudly.

“Robin-chan.” She heard a mournful cry originate from the Gryffindor house and fought to keep her little ‘fufufufu’ silent as to not hurt his feelings too much. She had no allusions that he hadn’t heard her either way – judging by the pitiful tears gathering at the corners of his eyes.

“Hello Chopper.” Robin said, sitting next to the ex-reindeer who immediately jumped down from the bench and hugged her tightly.
“Robin! I missed you guys so much!” He cried, hugging the archaeologist tighter.

“It is good to see you as well Chopper.” She smiled, petting the top of his soft brown hair lightly.

Zoro watched onward with a small smirk marring his features, he had no doubt that the witch would be in his house, and while he would probably earn himself a debt that he would only be able to pay off in black market organs, she would also steal from the dirty Slytherins.

Oh the look on the high and mighty purebloods was going to be worth it when they realised that a Weasley had made it into their house. Sure, she was a pureblood but literally none of the other pureblood families accepted them.

“Weasley, Ginny.”

“Go little sis!” Fred and George cried together, giving her a thumbs up.

Nami plonked herself down on the stool and dropped the hat to her head, within a second the hat had cried “SLYTHERIN!”

Not that it was surprising, even the Weasley family weren’t all that surprised, their little sister was a demon in her own right.

Nami walked over to the table where the swordsman sat, smirking at her.

The silence was broken by an obnoxiously loud. “NAMI-CHWAN!” Sanji looked over to her forlornly.

“Ugh, I hear a stupid fly in here.” Zoro complained, sticking a finger in his ear.

“If I’m a fly then you’re a cockroach!” Sanji called over to the other side of the room.

“Oh yeah? Then I’ll just have to swat you-”

He was immediately shut up by a swift hit to the head and the entire hall’s jaws dropped, what the hell?

They were talking about the demon that wielded three wands and she had shut him up with one blow?

“Enough!” She shouted angrily, exuding an aura that made the Slytherin house shiver – they were living with not one but two demons now.

“I’m so sorry Nami-swan!” Sanji cried, hearts forming in his eyes.

Nami sat down with one last glare in Sanji’s direction whilst Zoro rubbed the egg that had formed on his head.

“Damn witch.” He muttered low enough for her not to hear him.

“Where’s Luffy and Brook anyways?” She asked, looking for them amongst the gold and scarlet.

“They flew here, I think they’re with Snape now.” Zoro replied, eyes closed, ready for a nap now that his nakama had chosen their places.

“Ehhhh? What did they fly here in?” Nami asked, voice dangerously low.
“I think it was a car?” Zoro frowned. “Oi, swirly-brow! Were they in a car?”


The sorting had long since finished and it seemed that Dumbledore was actually waiting for them to be quiet so he could tell them to dig in.

“Those idiots!” Nami roared and punched Zoro in the head again.

“Why me?” He scowled.

Finally, they kept quiet and Dumbledore told them to feast.

“Horo horo horo!” A voice called out, signalling the arrival of the ghosts.

And suddenly a woman with pink hair and a gothic black dress appeared, the rest of the ghosts following after her.

“Zoro!” She called, smiling maniacally and sending her negative hollows through some of the more unlucky students, all the while the smirking ghosts cried in a singsong voice “Negative, negative.’

“Oh god no.” Zoro said, trying to bury his face into the table.

But he was quite distinguishable from the crowd, how many people do you know with bright green hair and three earrings in his left ear?

“I see you!” She laughed pointing at him with her pink umbrella.

“Why is she so interested in you?” Sanji accused.

“Because I was the one with him for two years.” She laughed again at the expression on his face.

“You were with Perona?” Usopp asked incredulously. “How the hell did you get so monstrously strong?”

Zoro turned a bright red.

The entire hall had halted their eating and instead were staring at the new comer ghost, the chick was cute but nobody had ever seen her before.

“It’s a long story.” He mumbled instead, wishing the conversation to already be over.

“Hmph.” But nobody pressed further.

“So, ah, Perona, why are you here? And how are you here?” Nami asked at the ghost who deemed it fine to just sit on the table where they were eating.

“Well, after you lot kicked the bucket a lot of things happened and somebody destroyed my cute body.” She pouted at that. “So I escaped as a spirit and haunted people ever since. But it’s sooo boring with just the ghosts, none of them are cute.”

“Fufufufu.” Robin chuckled at the ghost, she recalled how much trouble she had given the crew.

“Anyways, I found the newspaper that had Straw Hat’s big ugly mug on it and decided why the hell not? It’s not like I have anything better to do.” She said, floating up and kicking her legs this
way and that in boredom.

“I wish you’d just leave me alone.” Zoro mumbled, she still heard him and immediately…

“Negative hollow!”

“I wish I was born as a blade of grass so I could be digested and crapped out like the shit I am.” Zoro immediately said, head hanging low as he gave off a rather depressing aura.

All those surrounding him gasped at his words, what on earth had this Perona lady done?

Laughter roared out from the Gryffindor table and Sanji got up and sat down next to Nami who immediately charged him a galleon.

“Finally accepted your fate shitty-swordsman.” Sanji smirked before crying out. “I wish I was a stone on the ground, insignificant.”

“Horo horo horo. Where is your captain anyway?” She asked.

“Getting chewed out by Snape.” Usopp replied from his new seat across the table from Zoro.

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“Aw man those pigs sure look good.” Luffy said, managing to get drool onto the window pane whilst imagining what they would taste like.

“Let us go forward and feast then Luffy-san.” Brook said, pulling his friend away from the window – leaving behind a trail of saliva.

“Mm, when are you going to stop standing there Snakey?” Luffy asked, turning to the man in question.

“When I hear a satisfactory response to why you were not on the train.” Snape said coldly, breeze pushing his cloak past him in the same fashion that Luffy’s coat flew out behind him.

“The barrier closed up on us when we tried to get through Snape-sensei.” Brook tried to explain, he received a snort in response.

“Right. Follow me.” He said and without a word the duo followed him through the hallways, as they passed the Great Hall Luffy whined, he was so hungry.

But he followed Professor Snape down into the colder confines of his classroom, Brook shivered, still not used to the cold actually effecting him.

“So.” The grease haired man started softly. “The train not good enough for the famous Harry Potter and his faithful sidekick Weasley. Wanted to arrive with a bang, did we boys? And if that wasn’t bad enough, you have damaged the Whomping Willow you imbeciles.”

“Snape-sensei.” Brook tried to begin but Snape immediately cut him off.

“Silence, now, how did you arrive here?” He said coldly.

“We flew.” Luffy said simply. “And the tree saved Brook from falling to his death.”

“Would you not also die if you were to fall from the sky?” Snape quirked a brow at him and his stupidity.
“Nah because I’m made of- mmmhph.” Suddenly Brook’s hands were pressing against Luffy’s mouth with a slapping noise and the rubber-man’s eyes widened in realisation, he was *that* close to letting his secret out.

“You’re made of what exactly?” Snape asked in a bored tone, stupid boys.

“100% human, normal human, I’m definitely not made of rubber.” Luffy said, then he pressed his own hands to his mouth in desperation.

Brook face-palmed. “Yohohohoho, you cannot lie to save your life Luffy-san.”

Snape spluttered at the pair of them, what was *wrong* with them, well, it was out of his hands thankfully. He didn’t want to be around the pair of them for a second longer than was required. “Luckily, you two are out my jurisdiction, otherwise you’d both be on the first Hogwarts train back.”

And with that he thought clearly of the spell he desired to perform and without further ado, a silverly doe shot out from his wand and smoothly left the room, Snape would have fetched Professor McGonagall himself but he didn’t trust the Potter fool in his classroom for five minutes.

Speaking of Potter, he was watching the spot where the doe disappeared in awe. “Wow, that was… wow. It feels like *her*.”

Snape sharply breathed in, did Potter really remember her?

“It was a personification of your soul was it not Snape-sensei?” Brook asked, he could sense things about people’s souls, and that, that was an extension of his happiness.

“That’s why it felt so happy, shishi.” Luffy grinned at the Professor who had overcome his surprise and now looked ready to hang them up by the liver.

“If you know what’s good for you then you’d keep your mouth shut.” He hissed, resolutely forcing the blush that threatened to rise to his cheeks down.

“Shishishi.” He laughed, he’d liked the feeling of that doe, somehow it reminded him of Lili.

Not ten minutes later the doe reappeared with Professor McGonagall in tow, the pair of them immediately turned identical puppy dog eyes on the unsuspecting teacher.

She sighed, loudly. “Heart problems, the pair of you.”

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Thankfully the pair were not expelled and Brook explained how careful he had been whilst driving and how it was because of his captain (he gained odd looks for that off Minerva and Severus but Albus smiled indulgently) that they both landed safely.

“And how exactly were you able to land without breaking all of your bones?” McGonagall asked.

“Because-” Luffy was quickly cut off by Brook.

“Because Luffy used a cushioning charm.”

“I see.”

Thankfully they got off with only a simple detention and a letter back to both parents, “I assume I
“Will be sending this to the Finnigan’s?”

“Yup.”

“Let us return to the feast.” Dumbledore quickly ushered the other teachers out of the door and conjured up a large table of food (he had seen how the boy eats) and pumpkin juice, he also left instructions to go to their dormitory afterwards.

“Foooooood!” Luffy cried before stuffing food into his face, ahh, it had been a while since he had eaten anything as the toffees had only taken his hunger away for so long.

After they were both satisfied they left the room, aiming for the Gryffindor common room, but then Luffy realised. “Um, Brook, do you know the password?”

“I am afraid not Luffy-san, I can talk to you now, however.” Brook said, seating himself on the unforgiving stone floor.

Luffy grunted in agreement.

“That tune I played before, whilst it is a beautiful piece the music was not created simply to entertain. It has another purpose.” Brook explained carefully, waiting for Luffy to nod that he understood before continuing. “It tricks the soul into coming to the surface of the body, with it I can clearly see all souls.”

“That’s so cool Brook.” Luffy gasped, he wanted to see souls too!

Well, he did a little, a person’s ‘voice’ was the closest he could get to a soul.

“Yes, anyway, I had a theory about your own soul Luffy-san, I noticed something… wrong with it. Now, before you panic it’s okay, I can heal it.”

“What’s wrong with my soul Brook?” Luffy asked, tone dangerously low.

“The simple fact is that a piece of that disgusting man is… in you. It is currently clinging like a parasite to your own relatively healthy soul.”

Luffy let out a long suffered sigh, “Can you cut it away?”

“I can with practice, as I am now I do not believe I would be able to without permanently damaging you Luffy.”

“Okay, well, we’re gonna train and get super strong!” Luffy smiled broadly at his nakama.

“Of course Luffy-san.”

They sat in comfortable silence until light footfalls reached their attentive ears. “There you are shitty-captain, Brook.” Sanji said, licking a lollipop. “The password is ‘wattlebird’.”

The portrait swung inwards wordlessly, allowing them safe passage. “So, I hear that you two flew here.” Sanji commented, dropping into one of the chairs beside the fire.

“Yes.” Luffy laughed. “It was really fun, even when the big tree tried to kill us!”

“Only you.” Sanji huffed out, chuckling lightly at his captain. “Anyways, we’re going to have a meeting in the room so we’re ready when you are Luffy.”
“Let’s go now!”

Sanji and Brook began to follow the hyperactive boy out of the room before a certain somebody appeared. “There you are! Where have you been? There’s a ridiculous rumour that you—”

“Shishishi, we flew here in a car!”

“Idiots!” Hermione shrieked and Lee Jordon who happened to be behind her gave them two thumbs up and a wide grin.

Then the rest of the Gryffindor house filed in after her and everyone began to clap loudly for them. Fred and George looked particularly impressed and clapped them both on the backs. “Who knew that the boy who lived—”

“-and our dear little Ronniekins would be such troublemakers.” They finished with matching Cheshire grins.

“Yohohoho, we are quite devious are we not Luffy-san?”

“Shishishi.”

The only two people who didn’t seem to be enjoying the event occurring in the common room were Hermione and Percy. “Let’s go Luffy.” Sanji said, walking out of the common room.

Their walk was silent so that they didn’t catch any unwanted attention – it would be just their luck to be spotted after such a feat.

The seventh floor mystery room allowed them inside, all of the Straw Hats were sitting around a campfire and laughing.

“Luffy!” Chopper threw himself at the rubber man who immediately responded by wrapping his arms around him several times.

“Hey Chopper, Robin.”

“Good to see you again captain.” Robin dipped her head, eyes twinkling.

Luffy plopped down onto one of the remaining seats – they were actually stumps of wood and surprisingly comfy – next to Zoro, Chopper still trapped within his rubbery confines.

That night was filled with the laughter of the newly reunited Straw Hats.

Sanji was cooking a barbecue with foods that had yet to spoil on the Thousand Sunny. His cooking was perfect as always, the sea-king meat perfectly marinated, juices bleeding out onto the rice bed beneath it – creating a dish full of exploding flavours atop their tastebuds.

Usopp was keenly telling Chopper a tale of a time when a brave man defeated an evil butler who was trying to kill a beautiful lady. The lady was so thankful that she asked for him to be by her side forever and ever.

Chopper was immersed in the sniper’s tales – he allowed himself to fall into the inky depths of his imagination to concoct a correct scenario that would play out like the words Usopp weaved like a wreath. He was still situated on his captain’s lap but Luffy looked close to falling asleep.

Robin had managed to find two banana lounges and had immediately set them out for Nami and herself. She also had managed to procure a candle and stolen a book from the library with a clone
of herself. She now read the words written in the pages intently, but despite how focused she was on the book she also allowed herself to watch her crewmates after the twelve long years of their separation.

Zoro needn’t say a thing, he was quite content to relax around familiar faces. Sure he was half asleep, but he could still hear his nakama. And after a minute or so a soft plonk alerted him to the extra weight on his lap. He had been sitting in front of his stump, leaning up against it but apparently Luffy had fallen asleep, landing in his lap with Chopper along for the ride. They immediately fell asleep.

Nami was lying back on the chair contentedly, feeling the fire roll over her in smooth heat waves. She listened to Usopp’s animated tales and rolled her eyes through closed lids. She smiled at Chopper’s naïveté, his voice painting the perfect picture of innocence. Zoro was snoring as per usual and Sanji was twirling about, cooking food like he was breathing. Luffy seemed close to sleeping as well, but even so, he animatedly ate the food Sanji provided.

Brook was ‘yohohohoing’ with everyone else and playing Bink’s Sake because that was the song to play for his nakama almost constantly. The warmth filled his heart – if he had one…

Wait a second.

He already did. Brook was quite sad by this fact, he didn’t want a fleshy body like this one – he yearned for the one that had saved him all of those lifetimes ago. But he still found himself to be quite pleased at the outcome of events as he watched his captain almost unconsciously stroke Chopper’s hair.

And Luffy, he smiled drowsily at Usopp, man that sounded like such a cool tale. Sanji had already provided him with a lot of food, enough to make him start to feel tired. His heart was warmer than usual and it had nothing to do with the fire in front of him.

Sure they yearned for the remainder of their crew and their old families and friends.

But, facing this world they felt that they could face anything and come out on top.

And with those final thoughts he allowed himself to fall into Zoro’s lap, still holding Chopper. They were way too big to do this but Luffy didn’t care, Zoro was a comfy pillow and he was sure Chopper agreed.

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The following morning had them all wake up in varying states of sleep.

But, in a beat Luffy cried. “Let’s go to breakfast!”

Zoro was startled into consciousness and Chopper rolled off his captain’s lap almost grumpily. He swore he could hear dartbrow mutter “One track mind” and found himself agreeing (silently of course).

But, they all obliged, going to the Great Hall in the clothes they were wearing. They would return to the dormitories to change but for now they would simply eat together.

They sat down together at the Gryffindor table in one fluid motion. The only people in the hall were the incredibly early birds and a few of the staff, they all glanced at their ragtag group before internally groaning.
By midmorning people were streaming into the hall and cursing the misfortune to befall them in the form of the Straw Hat Pirates.

As it was, Usopp was animatedly telling Chopper another tale whilst he was trying to eat – thus the result was quite… shall we say, messy?

(It was a lot worse).

Sanji and Zoro were at each other’s throats as per usual. Brook and Luffy were eating at insane speeds as if they were starved recently, the difference between the duo was that Brook sometimes stopped to calmly sip tea. Nami had finally given up on eating her fruit salad and cleanly hooked the pair of idiots on the head much to the delight of Sanji.

The only calm one was Robin who was making her way through *Hogwarts, A History* and drinking a cup of coffee. She was very excited to catch up on the history hidden away in the musty old shelves of the Hogwarts library.

Hermione had joined them at some stage and seemed to be quite interested in talking to Robin about the history of, well, everything. The bushy haired girl was quite excited to find someone who shared her excitement – perhaps even more.

All in all it was simple chaos.

And suddenly a pink haired woman appeared, swinging her legs animatedly. Brook immediately cried out “Ghost!” And buried his head in his arms.

“Horo horo horo!” Perona laughed at his reaction.

“Oo a oo?” Luffy asked comprehensibly through a mouthful of sausage.

“That is so not cute.” Perona pouted. “I am Perona, I thought you would remember me by now Straw Hat.”

Luffy swallowed, he appeared to be in pain as he struggled to recall her face. “Oooh, didn’t I see you on Warren’s ship?”

Perona sweatdropped. “Um, no.” She lied, almost convincingly, Zoro narrowed an eye at her. “We met at Thriller Bark.”

Her ghosts cried ‘Negative’ to jog his terrible memory.

“Oooh, I remember now, you were the one who helped Hancock and I! Thanks for that!” He smiled at her before shovelling more food into his face.

“No no no! I didn’t help you, you must be thinking of somebody else!” Perona cried desperately, before deciding ‘screw it’, with a single negative hollow Luffy hunched over his food and moaned that he wished he had been reborn as a sea slug.

Zoro looked suspiciously at Perona, “You never told me that you saw Luffy during the two years of training.”

“Ugh fine, we saw him because the World Government was struggling with Byrnndi World and I happened to see Straw Hat there with Hancock – apparently I saved them too.” She finally said,
frowning deeply.

“You and I are talking later.” Zoro growled, viciously stabbing a piece of meat.

Sanji immediately growled at Zoro to never threaten such a beautiful lady, and…

They were back at it again, hurling insults at each other, butting heads.

Perona eeped and quickly floated away, she knew that despite being dead and all that Roronoa would find a way to make her regret everything.

Soon, Luffy broke out of his depression and began to eat with twice as much vigour.

And to make matters worse the owls decided to arrive, dropping their various parcels in front of eager students.

A grey blur dropped right into Hermione’s mug of milk, spraying almost everyone – sans Luffy, Zoro, Sanji and Usopp – with white liquid and feathers.

“Oh dear,” Brook began, fishing out the owl calmly. “It seems that Molly had decided to send me a howler.”

A second later another white owl stopped in front of Luffy who glanced at it before shrugging and resuming his meat time. Zoro raised an eyebrow at the bird – that was the one that he usually received from Mary and John.

“A howler?” Chopper asked curiously, looking up from his own bowl of extra-sweetened Cheeri Owls.

Brook wasn’t paying attention anymore, instead, he was frowning at the envelope in hand which had begun to smoke from the corners. “Fufufu, I would recommend opening it now.” Robin said, chuckling at her friend’s misfortune, “It gets much worse if you stave it off.”

Brook nodded, carefully opening the letter.

In an instant it released a sound akin to an explosion, instantly making Zoro, Luffy and Chopper on the defensive.

Robin smiled and assured them that nothing was wrong.

“—STEALING THE CAR, I WOULDN’T HAVE BEEN SURPRISED IF THEY’D EXPELLED YOU, YOU WAIT TIL I GET HOLD OF YOU, I DON’T SUPPOSE YOU STOPPED TO THINK WHAT YOUR FATHER AND I WENT THROUGH WHEN WE SAW IT WAS GONE—”

Mrs Weasley’s magnified yells were enough to shake the entire hall and had Luffy pausing in his eating to place both hands over his ears. It was even worse feeling the anger behind her yells. People stared at Brook to shake their head dismissively – of course someone from that group got a howler.

And poor Brook, he frowned at the letter like he hadn’t realised that and felt shame run through him at the thought of what his father would have gone through with the ministry.

But the look on Luffy-san’s face had been worth it – Brook reassured himself, hands shaking lightly as he sipped his tea.
“—LETTER FROM DUMBLEDORE LAST NIGHT, I THOUGHT YOUR FATHER WOULD DIE OF SHAME, WE DIDN’T BRING YOU UP TO BEHAVE LIKE HOW YOU HAVE BEEN SINCE LAST YEAR, YOU AND HARRY COULD HAVE BOTH DIED—”

Luffy flinched, he didn’t really want to have his name associated with this letter, he felt that it was personal. And he couldn’t help but feel guilty for what had happened.

“—ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTED – YOUR FATHER’S FACING AN INQUIRY AT WORK, IT’S ENTIRELY YOUR FAULT AND IF YOU PUT ANOTHER TOE OUT OF LINE WE’LL BRING YOU STRAIGHT BACK HOME.”

Silence reigned over the hall, the red envelope – the source of everything stuck a paper tongue out at him and blew a raspberry before bursting into flames and curling into ashes. Brook looked completely shocked and close to tears, he was mechanically drinking his tea through his shaking hands.

“Brook.” Nami said softly.

Eventually everyone stopped staring at their group and returned to their food. Hermione wore a triumphant face and said. “Well I don’t know what you expected Ron, but you—”

She was cut off by Luffy. “He didn’t deserve that.” His face was stone faced, he turned to his friend and wrapped him in a hug, Chopper also joined in hugging the shell-shocked Brook.

“He’s facing an inquiry?” Brook said shakily, reciprocating the hug unconsciously.

Before anyone could say anything Professor McGonagall swept along the Gryffindor table, handing out the schedules, she also had a few of the other houses schedules, namely two Ravenclaw, two Slytherin and one Hufflepuff.

“Thank you Professor McGonagall.” Robin smiled respectfully as did Nami and Chopper.

“We have double Herbology with Usopp.” Sanji commented, he hated that subject – far too many creepy bugs.

They walked down together, plus Hermione, Usopp was quite delighted for the subject and maybe ranted on a little to his three friends. Luffy didn’t mind, Sanji did, he didn’t want to remember that he would be playing around with insects and plants. Brook said he was mostly fine with it, he had lived on a ship with nothing but mold to accompany him.

Most of the class was already there and Luffy spied Professor Broccoli walking down to the greenhouse, bandages in hand. Brook and Luffy looked at the Killing Tree and frowned at all of the dead branches, whoops.

Trailing behind the professor was none other than Gilderoy Lockhart. “Oh hello there.” He beamed at the class. “Just been showing Professor Sprout…”

Luffy tuned him out and instead stuck a pinky up his nose, digging around. Sanji and Usopp watched on in faint amusement at his blatant disrespect and Hermione almost had an aneurism.

“Greenhouse today chaps!” Professor Sprout said as Lockhart finished, looking quite frustrated at her company.

Usopp almost whooped in joy, they had only worked in there once and he loved it. Brook smiled at
his friend’s happiness.

Luffy liked her, she was quite chilled and laid back most of the time.

She pulled out a long heavy key from her belt and slotted it in, the Greenhouse’s doors opened, enticing or repelling them away with the scent of fertiliser intertwined with a sweet perfume emitted from umbrella shaped flowers hanging from the ceiling.

He was about to follow Usopp and Sanji when an arm tried to grab him. Key word: tried.

Luffy dodged out of the way, regardless, Lockhart pinned him with a pearly smile. “Harry! I’ve been wanting a word – you don’t mind if he’s a couple of minutes late, do you, Professor Sprout?”

Luffy fixed his teacher with a pleading look, as if saying ‘help me’. She smiled and immediately said. “I’m quite sorry Professor Lockhart but I’ll be needing him now.” Her smile was as sweet as saccharine.

Lockhart looked quite miffed at the latest development, but he immediately smiled. “I see, well, Harry, come see me later and we can talk.”

“I’m sorry Professor Lockley but it seems I have a detention today.” Luffy said sincerely, glad he actually had an excuse to be away from the teacher.

He was flashed with another blinding smile before the teacher finally decided it useless and left in a twist of immaculate periwinkle robes.

“Thank you very much Professor Sprout.” Luffy bowed.

Instead of acknowledging what she had done Professor Sprout smiled and began the lesson, she was standing in front of a bench with about twenty pairs of fluffy ear muffs. “We’ll be repotting Mandrakes today. Now, who can tell me the properties of the Mandrake?”

To nobody’s surprise Hermione’s hand went up, but what did surprise a few was that Neville Longbottom’s followed a second later.

Professor Sprout was not visibly shocked and she chose Usopp all the same. “Well, for one they have the power to heal, and I mean people who have been transfigured or cursed. But, that’s not their only use, their cry is fatal so they can be used as a weapon.”

Hermione pouted a little but nodded along with Usopp’s explanation, she did look a little confused at the end part but nodded all the same. “Excellent Longbottom. Ten points to Hufflepuff.”

Usopp beamed, pleased that his knowledge was correct.

“Now, the Mandrakes we have here are quite young.” She gestured to a row of deep trays as she spoke and everyone immediately moved closer to get a better look – all that was visible were little tufts of greenery sticking out of dirt.

A low screech was emitting from the trays – although, a cursory glance around the room found that only Luffy could hear them at the moment.

“Everyone take a pair of earmuffs.”

All of the boys raced over to get a pair of normal looking earmuffs, unfortunately for Sanji he ended up with a pair of pink fluffy ones.
At least shitty marimo wasn’t there, he wouldn’t hear the end of it, unfortunately, his captain was here. “Shishishi, Sanji looks like a pretty girl with those on.”

Luffy laughed at his cook who had turned an interesting shade of red. Usopp was hesitant to join in, no doubt remembering that Sanji could and would kick his ass. Brook was already laughing along with Luffy.

“I bet Zoro would kill to see this.” He smirked deviously.

“You wouldn’t dare.”

“Oh I would.”

“If you do I won’t cook for you for a year.” Sanji said seriously.

Luffy pouted miserably. “But Sanji…” He whined.

Sanji raised a curly brow. “…nothing.”

“When I tell you to put them on, make sure your ears are completely covered. When it is safe to remove them, I will give you the thumbs up. Right – earmuffs on.”

They all snapped them securely over their ears, their trio could still tell what people were saying but they couldn’t actually hear them with their ears. It was quite incredible. “Awesome!” Luffy shouted as Professor Sprout pulled an ugly looking clay baby out of the pot.

Although, he couldn’t help but think that it looked like the Baron’s so called nakama.

It opened its mouth and…

They heard it screech, oh god that was a malicious plant, how could something spoking nonsense about turning people insane be turned into a remedy? These were the thoughts of Luffy as he tried his best to block out its voice, oh god it wouldn’t shut up!

Usopp and Sanji glanced at him in sympathy, they knew that their captain’s will was infinitely stronger than their own and thus he must be feeling the effects of the mandrake a lot stronger than both of them combined.

Brook couldn’t hear the mandrakes but he could feel their souls pulse with ill intent.

Hermione looked at him in concern, no doubt seeing the discomfort on his face. But Luffy was not going to be defeated by a stupid plant! Stupid plant shut up!

Thankfully Professor Sprout plunged the mandrake into a large pot she had pulled out from underneath the table.

Its cries cut off to a much more manageable level and Luffy grinned, there! He wasn’t beaten by that stupid plant.

Professor Sprout dusted off her hands, gave them all the thumbs-up, and removed her own earmuffs. “As our Mandrakes are only seedlings, their cries won’t kill yet,” she said calmly as though she was talking about the fine Sunday weather.

“However, they will knock you out for several hours, and as I’m sure none of you want to miss your first day back, make sure your earmuffs are securely in place while you work. I will attract your attention when it is time to pack up. Four to a tray — there is a large supply of pots here —
compost in the sacks over there — and be careful of the Venomous Tentacula, it’s teething.” She gave a sharp slap to a spiky, dark red plant as she spoke, making it draw in the long feelers that had been inching sneakily over her shoulder.

Luffy frowned and counted them again. “We have five.” One, two, three, four, five!

“It’s fine, I’ll go with Justin Finch-Fletchley.” Hermione smiled at them.

Sanji frowned at her retreating back but eventually shrugged, she had chosen to do that.

“Are you going to be alright Luffy-san?” Brook asked, eyes crinkled in worry for his friend.

“Yeah, let’s be quick.” Luffy assured him, pushing his hat firmly on his head and snapping his earmuffs back in place.

Once everyone had carefully sealed their ears they all ripped the Mandrakes out of the earth, Brook seemed to struggle for a minute before he successfully ripped the plant from its tray.

Luffy carefully focused on his friends rather than the Mandrake in front of him (and surrounding him, all screaming that they were going to drive everyone insane).

And within ten minutes everyone had successfully shoved the Mandrakes into their new homes and piled dung and soil on top of them – thus mostly silencing them.

They hurriedly raced out of the greenhouse – Sanji wanted to shower and told (bullied) the other three to shower. Luffy whined until Sanji kicked him in the head.

After that he was much more compliant.

Transfiguration was a breeze for Luffy, they were turning a beetle into a button – he told the beetle to make it and voila!

“Lucky bastard.” Sanji muttered from where his beetle skittered about the desk instead of turning into a black button.

Hermione was the only from their group who managed to perfectly transform the beetles, she now had a little pile.

“Ugh, we have Defence Against The Dark Arts.” Sanji groaned, burying his face into his arms.

Luffy paused his eating to scrunch his face up into an expression that looked like he had swallowed a lemon. “I don’t like Locked.”

Nami snorted, barely glancing at them. “No-one does, he’s so full of himself.”

Robin lightly nodded along, chuckling, unbeknownst to them Hermione blushed and pointedly hid herself behind Voyages with Vampires. “I mean, not to brag but our adventures are so much better, these sound like one of Usopp’s stupid stories.”

“Yeah I completely – hey!” Usopp looked deeply offended.

“What? It’s completely true and you know it.” Case closed Nami returned to a miniaturized map of the world that was splayed out in front of her.

Usopp spluttered for a minute before giving up and returning to his plate of seafood sandwiches. Zoro opened an eye lazily from his position leaning up against the table, he pinched one of
Usopp’s sandwiches faster than the sniper could see.

“Zoro!” Usopp whined, shooting a forlorn stare at the swordsman in question.

Zoro paused midway through bite. “What? It’s training.”

“Training for what?”

“Haki. You gotta be aware at all times.” Satisfied with the snack Zoro immediately returned to his sleep.

“You… bastard.” Usopp whispered, stabbing his sandwiches vindictively.

After lunch Sanji, Zoro, Brook and Luffy all trailed depressingly down to Lockhart’s room, they had to double back a few times because Zoro took a left when they were walking straight.

Quite unfortunately for them they arrived right on time and allowed themselves to be ushered in by the man they so desperately wanted to stay as far as possible away from.

The quartet quickly chose a seat at the back, as far back as possible.

All around the office were portraits of Lockhart, each and every one of them smiling and winking at the class. There was also a bookshelf with all of his works, all signed by the man himself.

All in all, the room reeked of perfume and an ego the size of the sun.

When the whole class was seated, Lockhart cleared his throat loudly and silence fell.

He reached forward, picked up Goyle’s copy of Travels with Trolls, and held it up to show his own, winking portrait on the front. “Me,” he said, pointing at it and winking as well. “Gilderoy Lockhart, Order of Merlin, Third Class, Honorary Member of the Dark Force Defense League, and five-time winner of Witch Weekly’s Most-Charming-Smile Award — but I don’t talk about that. I didn’t get rid of the Bandon Banshee by smiling at her!”

He waited for them to laugh; a few people smiled weakly. It was kind of disturbing how attentive Hermione was, she was leaning forward in her chair, each book carefully piled together.

“I see you’ve all bought a complete set of my books — well done. I thought we’d start today with a little quiz. Nothing to worry about — just to check how well you’ve read them, how much you’ve taken in —” When he had handed out the test papers he returned to the front of the class and said, “You have thirty minutes — start — now!”

They glanced at each other. Luffy dropped his head onto the desk and…

Zzzz. He was out like a light, drooling all over the test, Zoro adopted a similar approach sans the drooling.

The remaining two Straw Hats glanced at each other and then shrugged, neither had been bothered to read the books over the Summer, so they decided to wing it and place what answers would best fit the question.

Usopp and Sanji’s (respectively) answers were along the lines of;

1. What is Gilderoy Lockhart’s favourite colour?
   Blue, the colour of okama.
2. What is Gilderoy Lockhart’s secret ambition?
To piss off the world government by becoming a brave warrior of the sea, to see a real mermaid and find a sea where all kinds of food can be found.

3. What, in your opinion, is Gilderoy Lockhart’s greatest achievement to date? When he stopped going on adventures (uso), nothing, he has yet to make any history book.

On and on they went, answering the questions, making a mockery of the test.

Finally, after a long half hour they finished at,

54. When is Gilderoy Lockhart’s birthday, and what would his ideal gift be? Hopefully no time soon, his ideal gift would be a slingshot, sometime, his ideal gift would be a mellorine!

The last answer had a questionable amount of love hearts drawn about it.

Sanji kicked the marimo and rubber idiot into wakefulness.

Lockhart gathered them and rifled through the papers in front of the class, when he reached Luffy’s he grimaced in displeasure, lifting the thoroughly soaked page off of the top of Zoro’s equally blank one.

Sanji knew that he reached Usopp’s and his by the look of utter disgust at some of the answers, Sanji smirked back, relishing in the fear flitting across the man’s face.

Lockhart was thoroughly disturbed at four of the papers but decided to put up a good front, he smiled, albeit shakily and said some nonsense about what they got wrong, all four tuned right back out, Luffy opting to go straight back to sleep.

Lockhart revealed a cage of blue looking pixies quickly named Cornish pixies. “Right! Let’s see what you make of them!” And with a flourish he opened the cage.

It was pandemonium for the majority of the class, however, in their little corner up the back Usopp quickly sniped down half of the pixies and Sanji kicked away any that tried to get close. Luffy and Zoro snored on, swatting any of the stupid creatures that tried to get close.

Lockhart attempted to get them back in the cage and showed them how much of a competent teacher he was, his wand was thrown out the window and he dived for the desk, hiding underneath it.

Eventually, one began to tug on Luffy’s ear, it began to stretch – and with that the boy in question lifted his head and stared.

Everything seemed to stop as the pixies began to fall one after the other, each completely passed out, probably into a coma for a while.

Luffy rubbed his eyes and shrugged at the questioning looks sent his way. “They interrupted my nap-time.”

Thankfully nobody actually realised the source of the pixies demise – that would be awkward.

Hermione poked one with her wand and when she realised they were out cold she carefully began to levitate them back into the cage.

“Ah, yes, it all went according to my plan.” Lockhart tried, crawling back from under the desk.
“Oh my god he’s worse than Usopp.” Sanji whispered in horror.

“Hate to agree with you curly brow but he is, maybe even a combination of Usopp and Buggy.” Zoro said, opening an eye.

“Yeah and that’s pretty bad- hey!” Usopp said indignantly, “Don’t even compare me to Buggy.”

Thankfully, before some people could lose their calm the bell rang for the end of the period.

All four Straw Hats muttered several thank goodness and filed out of the classroom in a chipper mood.

After all, if that was the worst thing they had to put up then everything would be alright.

That was the worst thing they were going to have to put up with, right?

Chapter End Notes

ALSO, WHO’S UP TO DATE IN ONE PIECE. SEND HELP IMMEDIATELY, MY HEART IS IN DIRE NEED OF HELP. ARGHHHHH *flatlines*
Yo y'all, sorry it's been two weeks but school has started for me and it's just so stressful and hard to get a story out with my now limited time, but, i swear i won't leave you's, it just might take a while to squeeze one out. Anyways, enjoy!

The Straw Hats resolutely stayed away from Gilderoy Lockhart, moving the other way when they felt him coming their way.

Luffy, especially made sure that the damn teacher stayed away, if he was caught by Lockhart then he had a feeling that the man would talk to him about meaningless things.

Thus, dragging him away from precious time with his nakama and, almost more importantly, MEAT! Although, meat would taste pretty shitty if he didn’t have his nakama.

They progressed in training, with Robin agreeing to learn about haki, she, of course, knew the basics but had yet to perfect it.

Zoro and Luffy continued to spar intensely and eventually it had become a three-way battle between the monster trio.

It was quite lucky that the mystery room repaired itself each time they battled or it would probably resemble Punk Hazard.

Nami and Usopp both grew their attacks, Usopp delightedly finding more deadly species from this new new world – although, he didn’t keep any mandrakes under Luffy’s insistence – and Nami grew her beloved ‘Weather eggs’.

Brook carefully ran through drills each day, meditating stacked on as well to gain further control over his ghosting ability.

Chopper began to research on ways to transform into a reindeer, as did Robin.

They found their answer quite soon in the form of an ‘animagus’ or ‘animagi’ in plural.

“An animagus is a human who transforms into an animal under the influence of magic.” Robin informed them, carefully shutting the book she had been reading.

“So I could become a reindeer again?” Chopper asked in a small voice before it hardened in resolution. “Then I will become one again so I can be a monster to protect my friends. How do you become one Robin?”

Robin glanced at their captain briefly to gauge his response. “You have to stick a mandrake leaf in your mouth for a month – to begin, that is.”

Luffy stiffened but relaxed almost immediately – he trusted his nakama, they could definitely do anything they wanted.
“But ultimately, it focuses on your resolve, you will have no control over what animagi you become.” Robin said, crossing her arms against her chest. “It is a personification of your inner creature, I, personally believe you will become a reindeer Chopper, it is who you were in your last life.”

Chopper blushed furiously but nodded all the same. “I can ask or – maybe steal – one from Professor Sprout.” Usopp said, smiling at his little friend.

“You would?” Chopper asked in childish wonder, eyes showing his appreciation.

“Of course! Leave it to the great Usopp-sama!”

And that was that.

It took Usopp a while to distract the teacher with setting up one of his plants that stunk immensely in the hallways.

As predicted, Professor Sprout was summoned to one of the halls furthest away from the Greenhouses, Usopp whispered “Alohamora” and he was in.

With that, it was only a matter of cutting off a leaf and racing back to the mystery room, carefully cradling the plant leaf to his chest.

Chopper immediately stuck the leaf in his mouth, settling it underneath his tongue, resolving to only eat exactly what was necessary for his survival as to not swallow the leaf.

It worked exceptionally well, sometimes Chopper almost swallowed it but at the last second he forced himself not to.

It was good training as well.

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By that stage it was the weekend. Sanji shook his captain awake with more care then he would like to admit and was about to leave before Oliver Wood swept into their dormitory, decked in training gear.

“Quidditch practice Potter! We’re on the field in fifteen.”

Luffy groaned, he needed to eat before playing Quidditch. He pouted miserably and whined “But I’m hungry.” As if to prove his point, his stomach growled like a monster.

Wood sighed, as did Sanji. “You,” he pointed at Sanji “take him to the kitchens and then the fields.”

“Oi, oi, I only take orders from beautiful ladies, not little boys like you.” Sanji scowled but ended up acquiescing to his demands if only for the fact that there was a bottomless pit to feed and that was where he was headed to in the first place.

Sanji trudged down to the Quidditch field behind his chipper captain who was rambling about the new Quidditch season and how he bet that Zoro and Sanji could try out now.

At that thought Sanji smiled, he would love to see the look on the moronic swordsman face when he got onto the team and the shitty marimo didn’t.

After all, you couldn’t get onto the team with an awful sense of direction. Sanji wasn’t actually
sure what position he would want to play – his hands were not to be used as weapons.

He doubted he would be able to convince Wood that he could simply kick the bludgers away – he’d have to prove it.

Maybe the beautiful Robin-chwan might know a spell?

He was brought from his musings by their arrival onto the Quidditch pitch. Luffy waved the blonde onto one of the seats, smiling and saying that Wood probably would be grouchy if he were in the change rooms.

Everyone sans Luffy and Wood looked quite miserable – the Weasleys were sporting twin puffy eyes (he silently ‘shishied’ at his little pun – Brook would be proud), next to them, Alicia Spinnet was slumping against the wall periodically in spurts of utter exhaustion. The other chasers, Katie Bell and Angelina Johnson were yawning in sync, side by side.

“There you are, Harry.” Wood said. “Now, I wanted a quick talk with you before we actually got onto the field…”

Luffy tuned the coach out, the diagrams were plenty enough to keep him informed (not really, they only looked like little caterpillars crawling across parchment).

Luffy fell asleep after Wood began to drone on, hat carefully covering his eyes so that it would look like he was actually paying attention.

Eventually, Wood shouting “Let’s go put our new theories into practice!” shook him from his stupor.

“I don’t envy you Luffy.” Sanji said to his captain who looked quite tired by this stage, trudging out of the change rooms behind the rest of the team.

By this stage, the rest of the Straw Hats had arrived, Zoro with weights.

They each dropped into the seats, all carrying some form of food or drink. They waved at Luffy with happiness.

Luffy laughed and kicked off the ground with ease, relishing in the feeling of wind rushing through his black locks, it woke him fully from his short nap in the change rooms.

He ended up in a race against the twins, beating them by quite a large margin.

“What are those Slytherins doing here?” Wood asked, pointing at Zoro who was currently fighting Sanji, both looked quite formidable to an outsider.

“Hmm? Zoro and Nami?” He asked, tilting his head in confusion.

“Yes, I don’t like it, they could be spies.”

“Nahh, if they’re rooting for any team it’ll be mine.” Luffy smiled with confidence.

“And besides,” George began, “Slytherin don’t need a spy.”

“And why’s that?” Wood said testily.

“Because they’re already here.” George finished darkly.
Several emerald cloaks were making their way onto the field, they were nothing but tiny specks in
the distance but Wood immediately scowled and flew down towards them.

Luffy frowned, “Isn’t there enough room here for both of us?”

“Yeah but Wood doesn’t want them finding out about our strategies.” Fred explained.

“I see.” He followed the captain of the team down to their rival team.

He came down and heard Wood practically scream. “But I booked the field! I booked it!”

“Ah.” The captain of the Slytherin team, Marcus Flint, who looked like a troll, said. “But I’ve got a
specially signed note here from Professor Snape. I, Professor S. Snape, give the Slytherin team
permission to practice today on the Quidditch field, owing to the need to practice with their new
brooms.”

“New brooms?” Wood asked, inspecting their brooms closer.

“All of our parents were kind enough to provide us all with the newest model.” They uniformly
held out their brooms, brand-new handles and seven sets of fine gold lettering spelling *Nimbus Two
Thousand And One.*

All of the Slytherins smiled nastily. “Oh look, a field invasion.” Flint commented.

The rest of the Straw Hats had decided that it was time to come down. Each were in varying
degrees of subtle rage, obviously Robin had an ear out and the rest were informed by those with
the skill of Haki what was going on.

“What are you lot here for?” Zoro asked gruffly, eyeing them with displeasure.

“Training.” Flint smiled darkly, obviously holding resentment for his clear choice in houses. “And
of course, admiring the new brooms we all have.”

“Good aren’t they?” One of the Slytherin beaters said, looking at his broom in admiration. “I bet
you would all be able to raise enough money to get brooms like this someday. I mean, a museum
would pay a *fortune* for those Cleansweep Fives.”

The team roared in laughter.

“Don’t be so cocky, you might find yourself a few galleons short at the end of the month.” Nami
sneered, hands on hips and looking every part a sassy woman.

Alicia, Katie and Angelina looked at the redhead with newfound respect, damn, they never knew a
female could have so much sass. Fred and George were glowing with pride for their baby sister
who was easily kicking the asses of dumbass Slytherins despite being one herself.

“No one asked for you damn opinion you muggle loving freak.” The beater responded,
subconsciously patting his cloak pocket for the money he knew was there.

“Don’t talk to Nami like that!” Chopper cried defensively, on the verge of tears.

“Don’t you *dare* call Nami-chan that!” Flames began to slowly lick their way up Sanji’s pants,
startling many.

Luffy watched on silently seething, his nakama were starting to become very upset, once they
crossed the line he was going all out. Screw the consequences.
“Shut up mudblood!” The other beater cried, snickering at Chopper’s face.

The pitch went very silent, deathly silent in fact. Luffy didn’t know what the insult meant and neither did Chopper. But the looks on everyone else’s faces said enough. Without a word the beater in question found himself flat on the ground, blood pouring out of his nose.

To everyone else it didn’t look like the boy had moved at all, but they knew, they knew that the boy who lived was the one who did this.

After all, he was the only one with blood – not his own – dripping down his knuckles where they were tightly clenched into a fist.

The team were in shock, but quite quickly, Marcus Flint whipped out his wand. “What did you do you little freak!?”

He fired a streak of yellow light at Luffy who didn’t move, instead, faster than the eye could see, the spell was cleaved in half by a white hilted blade.

The pitch resumed silence, all stunned by what they had witnessed. But, quite stupidly, they reached for their wands, quite stupid, I must add, for before they were able to touch the wood, several arms brutally pulled their arms away.

Marcus Flint and the rest of his team will deny it for as long as they live, but, at that moment they screamed like little girls. The girl with white hair smiled as she crossed her arms over – they would always protect their captain.

Even Wood and the Gryffindor team flinched back from the sight, it was weird, there wasn’t even a verbal incantation of sorts.

“Shall we?” Brook inquired, sheathing the sword that had begun to slowly inch its way out of his cane.

They began to walk away, Robin still holding their hands away from their wands – she wouldn’t put it beside them to use a dirty trick.

“Ne, Brook, what’s a mudblood?” Chopper asked as they walked away – nobody stood in their way.

“It is the worst insulting word one can give to a muggleborn.” Brook said, face betraying his rage. “There are some wizards – like the rest of Sanji-san’s family – who believe that they are above everyone else because they are what people call pureblood.”

“Isn’t all blood the same though?” Chopper asked. “Even fishmen have the same blood as humans.”

“Yes, but there are always people who believe themselves to be above everyone else because of what family they come from.” Robin continued, letting her limbs dissolve into flower petals – not before cracking a few bones, of course.

(Nothing that Madam Promfrey couldn’t heal with some of her magic – besides, they were much too prideful to admit that they got their arms broken by a little girl.)

“Think of them like the Celestial Dragons of this world, minus the power to get away with as much.” Sanji concluded, taking a much needed drag of his cigarette.
“Celestial Dragons.” Luffy murmured softly, he knew that Sanji’s family was bad, but bad enough to be on par with a celestial dragon?

They went to the mystery room and trained their frustrations off.

Come lunch time all of them were bone weary (yohohohoho) and excited for lunch. They were nearing the Great Hall when;

“There you are Potter, Lovegood.” Minerva McGonagall appeared from the shadows, she almost glared at the rest of the crew. “You will do detention, Potter, by helping Professor Lockhart answer his fanmail.

“Lovegood, you will be polishing the silver in the trophy room with Mr Filch, 8 o’clock sharp, the both of you. As it is, Mr Finnigan, your punishment is out of my hands.” With that she turned heel and stalked off, smoothly transforming into a cat.

“No! I’m doomed.” Luffy sulked, even when he was eating, the prospect of meat didn’t cheer him up in the slightest.

“Fufufu.”

“Cheer up Luffy, it could be worse.” Usopp said optimistically.

“How?”

“… No clue, just wanted to make you feel better.” Usopp deflated, no lie coming to him in the face of an evening with Professor Lockhart.

The rest of the afternoon was a blur of moaning and groaning, Robin, was quite calm and collected about her detention.

She’d had plenty of practice at cleaning when she was trying to pay off her parents ‘debt’. And she had no doubts that she had the better deal, an evening with Lockhart? She shivered at the thought, if she had to go through that then the professor would be down two very important body parts.

Unfortunately, it was five to eight by this stage and Luffy was dragging himself through the halls, moaning and groaning to all that would listen.

It was then that a familiar pink-haired woman floated up beside him. “Hello Straw Hat, why so depressed when I haven’t even used my ghosts?” She queried, following him along to Lockhart’s office.

“I’ve got a detention signing fanmail with Bluelock.” He whined, hands dragging along the stone floor.

“Ew, that is so not cute, half of his books are gross.” Perona said, shutting her umbrella. “Have fun Straw Hat!” She flew away while she still could.

Luffy muttered jerk under his breath and steeled himself, he had faced down a Doku Doku no mi man down before and hadn’t flinched. He could do this. Nerves effectively steeled Luffy knocked.

Immediately the door was thrown open to reveal the terror himself; decked in a robe of midnight blue, on the inside it almost looked like a shrine given the fact that there were so many damn pictures of Lockhart himself surrounded by candles.
“You can address the envelopes!” Lockhart smiled, as if he was being gifted and not tortured.

But, that turned out to be a big mistake as Luffy ‘accidentally’ misspelt each name as he wrote them in pen. That coupled with the fact that his handwriting was absolute crap made Lockhart demote him to sorting the envelopes into neat piles.

Luffy did so and decided that he could sleep and do this menial task at the same time.

He had no idea how much time had passed seeing as he was lightly dozing and stacking the envelopes periodically.

But, then he was quite rudely awoken from his sleep by an ice cold voice penetrating through the thick walls of sleep.

“Come . . . come to me. . . . Let me rip you. . . . Let me tear you. . . . Let me kill you. . . .”

Luffy was immediately awake, carefully dropping the envelope into its pile before silently standing. “Did you hear that?”

“Hear what?” Lockhart asked bemusedly.

“…Nothing, can I go now?” The nothing was quite convincing I tell you, turning to one side and whistling, what a liar.

“Great Scott — look at the time! We’ve been here nearly four hours! I’d never have believed it — the time’s flown, hasn’t it?” Lockhart exclaimed, looking at his pocket-watch in mock astonishment.

Luffy simply walked out, ignoring the teachers warning, he had to know what that big thing was. It could present a new adventure! (And it could be danger to his nakama – it’s aura was of malintent)

“Shishishi.” He fixed his hat on his head a little firmer before racing off in the direction he thought he had heard the voice.

To his utmost disappointment he couldn’t hear the voice anymore. With a pout he returned to the mystery room, immediately starting a game of tag with Usopp and Chopper, he wasn’t that tired yet.

Later, when his doctor and sniper fell asleep due to exhaustion he told his crew what he had heard. “It smells of adventure!” He declared, smiling widely.

“I wonder if it will be strong.” Zoro asked, smiling demonically.

“Tch, only you Luffy… only you.” Nami sighed

“Gah! I’ll defeat all of them with my skill!” Usopp said, it would have been a little more convincing if his knees weren’t shaking slightly.

(He and Chopper had immediately awoken at the talk of adventure.)

“Wow Usopp! You’re so cool!” Chopper cried in childish admiration.

“Nami-swan, Robin-chwan! I’ll protect you!” A blur of blonde and black twirled past the two female Straw Hats.

“Fufufufu. That is quite noble of you Sanji.” Robin looked up from her book, delicately laughing
behind her hand, at this action Sanji seemed to faint from utter bliss.

“Yohohoho, Robin-san, would you show me-”

“No.”

“SO BLUNT!”

“Shishishi!”

****

Tonight it was both of them.

Neither were killed fairly; they were killed by the world, for crimes they did not commit.

“Was it good that I was born?”

For wanting freedom they were torn away, one did come back but it was after years, years spent apart, one of red died without ever knowing the other of blue had returned.

He was different, they both were but here, in his nightmare realm, neither returned, instead they were killed time and time again for the blood in their veins.

IT WASN’T FAIR.

“Thank you for loving me!”

Two brothers of fire, ironic that they both were destined to fall to a substance that was similar to fire?

But one was thicker, heavier, density bleeding through their fire, the fire that protected him.

And oh my god! They’re both gone and it’s all your fault.

weak.

Weak

YOU’RE TOO WEAK.

With a gasp he was wide awake, clutching at a smooth chest, devoid of his sins.

Feeling beside him he carefully unscrewed the purplish potion gifted to him, there was only a quarter left of it.

He hadn’t needed to use it at Zoro’s – his nakama was enough to keep the dreams away, but here, he needed it, needed it.

Quietly he took a single sip, taking care to screw the lid on tightly and hide it back underneath his bed before he was in the grasps of sleep once more.

And if Sanji gave him more food in the morning than per usual then no-one questioned it.

****

Unfortunately for Luffy, he didn’t hear the voice at any other given point in time.
It was now October, pronounced by the damp chill rolling into the enormous castle, causing several students to become quite sick. Among them was a Miss Hermione Granger whom Chopper forced (bullied) to see Madam Pomfrey.

She had been looking quite pale and had been avoiding them for a while. At least the Pepperup Potion had her looking better – she had been steaming from the ears for several hours afterwards.

On the case of Chopper, he was quite delighted to find that the Mandrake leaf had worked. It had taken a lot of willpower to transform but with a thought he was a reindeer, looking exactly like he had the day he died.

“Way to go Chopper!” Luffy laughed at the immediate ‘Don’t think your compliments will make me happy you bastard.’

But, despite the fact that he had transformed Nami advised the boy to stay as a human for being an unregistered animagus was quite illegal – punishable by a sentence in Azkaban.

“What’s that?” Chopper asked confusedly, looking at the mixed expressions of horror, rage and disgust upon everyone’s faces – apart from Luffy, he was just as confused.

“Azkaban is a prison where they lock up criminals, it is located somewhere in the North Sea.” Robin said, eyes darkening. “The creatures which guard it are dementors.” She shuddered at the thought and Sanji immediately took over.

“To put it lightly, dementors are the shittiest creatures in existence, they feed off your happiness, and even then they aren’t satisfied, they’ll keep on taking it until you turn insane or die from despair.” Sanji said bitterly, immediately lighting a cigarette.

“What?! They let those guard the prison?!” Chopper cried, almost hysterically.

“Calm down Chopper.” Nami said, despite the tears appearing in her eyes, she quickly strode over to the reindeer and hugged him tightly. “There’s not much we can do about it, most of the prisoners that go there are very bad people.”

“That doesn’t matter!”

“There is one thing to be grateful for,” Robin re-joined the conversation “Because the dementors do not feel love they are unable to detect a break-out. It is because of this that many have escaped over the years, in fact, an innocent man charged with manslaughter was placed in there.”

“You mean Sirius Black right?” Nami asked.

“Mm, he was, in fact, charged for giving Voldemort on where to find your parents, Luffy.” She looked him in the eye, glad to see he was mostly unruffled. “But, he was broken out a few months later by one of his friends. They ended up asking for a fair trial and proved that it was not Sirius but rather Peter Pettigrew – another one of their friends – that was leaking information to the Dark Lord.”

“How did they prove something like that?” Chopper asked, intrigued.

“They showed that Sirius Black was an animagus, as was Peter Pettigrew. It certainly explained a few things. And while Sirius was technically violating another law by being an unregistered animagus they let him off due to the fact that he had served a long enough sentence.” Robin finished, smiling lightly.
“To this day Peter Pettigrew hasn’t been found.” Zoro commented, blushing at the incredulous glances thrown his way. “What?”

“You-” Nami began.

“Pay-” Sanji.

“Attention-” Usopp.

“To-” Brook.

“The news?!?” They finished together.

“Of course I do! I was keeping an eye out for you lot idiots! And besides, I keep an eye on the wanted poster.” Zoro defended, much to the amusement of Robin and Luffy.

“Fufufu.”

“Huh, so this Azkaban isn’t as good as Impel Down.” Luffy commented, crossing his arms and legs on the ground.

“In terms of break outs, no. Impel Down only had two in its entire history – Shiki the Golden Tiger and your group.” Robin concluded, nodding in respect to her captain.

“Shishishi.”

****

Even as rain pelted down as hard as bullets, Oliver Wood pressed them into training.

It was after a particularly hard training session that Luffy found Nearly Headles Nick looking forlornly out the window muttering something about inches that Luffy didn’t really pay attention to.

Perona was beside him, looking out the window in almost childish excitement, kicking her legs out the window whilst nonchalantly sending a negative hollow through the ghost – watching in morbid fascination as the ghost became more depressed.

“Hi Straw Hat!” Perona said happily, waving at him.

“Hi ghost girl, ghost dude.” Luffy smiled in response, barely casting a look at the other ghost.

“Young Potter.” The younger ghost tipped his head off to him which immediately set him off into a fit of mutterings over sinews and how it was just hanging on by a tendon.

“Horo horo horo!” The she ghost laughed at the others misery.

Suddenly a mewling filled the air and Luffy found Mrs Norris rubbing up against his leg. “Oh, you’d better get out of here, Filch-” Nick began but was cut off by Luffy running away.

“Aw, she’s super cute!” Perona squeed, crouching down next to the cat, crying when she was unable to touch it, however, a second later she sent a negative hollow through it, deciding that she would make the cat her minion.

Filch burst out of a tapestry near the two ghosts wheezing, his purple nose accentuated nicely by the tartan scarf wrapped around his head.
It was quite obvious to see that he was conflicted between the muddy footprints and his crying cat on the ground. Mrs Norris won out and he screamed “What have you done you pesky students?!”

After he realised that his cat was fine he hitched her on his back and made after the muddy footprints, or more accurately, Luffy.

He was quite confused when he arrived at the seventh floor and the footprints seemed to just disappear. He stood there, coughing up a lung – I mean, coughing and spluttering away, scratching his head in confusion.

On the other side of the door Luffy laughed in amusement at the sight of Chopper dancing about with chopsticks up his nose – keeping his mouth open.

****

It was time for Halloween now, pumpkins the size of three men (or perhaps Jinbe’s size) were lit up from within, live bats flew around the room and there was even a rumour that Dumbledore booked a troupe of skeletons to entertain them.

At that point Brook became quite sad, wishing he was able to dance as Soul King.

But, they made it down to the hall with the promise to Brook that they would have their own concert after they had eaten.

“Sanji, can’t we just cook at the Sunny? Your food is so much better than what the house elves make.” Luffy whined, rubbing his stomach in anticipation.

“I already helped out with the feast so that the beautiful Nami-swan and Robin-chan can eat the best food they will ever have!” Sanji twirled a little, he had already prepared enough food for all of them to eat comfortably – he would never, ever let anyone go hungry.

(again)

They all sat down and delightedly dug into their meals. Each had their favourite meals dished out and shaped into a Halloween theme.

(Meat, white rice and seafood, tangerines, seafood but specifically pike, spicy seafood pasta, anything relatively sweet, sandwiches, hamburgers and fries, takoyaki)

“Do o know wha ermie a?”

“No, I haven’t seen her.” It was astonishing that Zoro knew what he was saying and many of the surrounding Gryffindors gave him surprised looks.

“Don’t speak with your mouth full idiot!” Sanji didn’t pause eating his seafood pasta, instead, stretching his leg so that he could hit his captain around Usopp.

Luffy stopped eating for a second, eyebrows furrowing in concern. What was wrong with his friend?

His very short thought process was halted by:

“Horo horo horo!” The entire hall looked up in resignation, waiting to see who would be unlucky enough to be called “Cute”, for any that were, immediately became depressed.

She flew up to the rafters, sitting amongst the live bats and flickering candles. The ‘sky’ above her
was one of a typical horror slasher scene; a starless inky black, illuminated only by a full moon and even then wispy clouds tried to cover the light like cobwebs.

It was a gorgeous sight to her and she sighed in contentment, who knew that living – not really but still – as a ghost would be worth it in the long run?

It was halfway through his meal when he felt it, it was that aura again! But this time it was a lot stronger, and, faintly, whispering through the halls was;

“. . . rip . . . tear . . . killll . . .”

Luffy was immediately up, taking his slab of meat with him. The hall turned to look at the boy who was leaving the Great Hall, even as he was still chewing, he did not hesitate.

Luffy was just a tad concerned, Hermione was missing and now this… thing was roaming about the hallways.

“. . . So hungry . . .”

Luffy sympathised, even when chewing his meat, he still craved more food. But, it did not excuse killing someone…

Maybe over meat.

“. . . kill . . . time to kill. . .”

Luffy stopped, the voice was attached to a very large, snake-like creature. It seemed to be moving… upwards?

He shrugged, he could ask Robin later.

He continued after the voice, barely realising that by this stage the rest of his nakama had caught up to him. “Leave him be.” Zoro muttered, holding up a hand to prevent them from going closer.

When Luffy was like this – that is to say, following an instinct – it was better to let him do his own thing than to try and get in his way.

By this stage he had made a circuit of the school and was now in the entrance hall, they voice was crying about blood which was stupid, but even so…

“Oh look.” Zoro said nonchalantly, there, at the end of the hallway written in what seemed to be blood was:

THE CHAMBER HAS BEEN OPENED. ENEMIES OF THE HEIR BEWARE.

“It’s not blood.” Chopper said, walking closer to where Luffy was staring at the words in confusion. He sniffed again. “It’s… paint, I think.”

“Oh god.” Usopp said shakily, pointing at the thing hanging beneath.

“Is that..?”

“Mrs Morrison.” Luffy breathed out. 

...
Her fur was standing on end but it seemed to be permanently frozen there, she was as stiff as a board and hanging from the torch bracket. Her eyes were wide open.

“Hmm, the words are obviously meant to serve as a warning but it’s also symbolising something else.” Robin said thoughtfully, looking at the words carefully – she ignored the cat hanging, instead focusing on the words on front of her. “It seems to be written with fingers, judging by the strokes. And what is this water?”

Her eyes were drawn to the procession of spiders making their way outside with haste, quickly she whipped out a notebook and wrote down her observations and inferences.

“Uh guys?” Usopp asked nervously, nobody paid him any attention.

Luffy was talking quietly to Sanji and Zoro about what the monster could be.

Brook was silently paying tribute to the cat, it was always sad when an animal was killed.

Robin was analysing the scene, Chopper was trying to work out a correct medical diagnosis and Nami was standing with her eyes wide open in shock, she wasn’t naïve when it came to cruelty but this was…

Odd.

“We need to get out of here.” Nami interrupted, snapping out of her horror and confusion.

“I agree.” Robin said, striding quickly to a classroom, she whispered ‘alohamora’ to the lock and it eased open.

They piled inside, with not a second to spare, for as soon as they were safely inside the classroom – Robin’s ear on the outside hidden in darkness – hordes of children, sounding not unlike thunder came from both sides of the hallway.

As they entered the hall, silence descended before a particularly obnoxious Slytherin cried. “Enemies of the heir beware! You’re next mudbloods!”

The hall fell into pandemonium once Argus Filch arrived on the scene.

By this stage, having not heard anything, Usopp, Chopper and Luffy were playing noughts and crosses in the dust of the book shelves.

****

Later that night they discussed what they had learned.

“Well, I think it’s a snake of some form.” Luffy said, arms crossed.

“Quite clearly the deed was done by a separate person then – a snake does not have fingers. Did you feel anyone about while you chased the snake?” Robin inquired, smile gracing her features.

“No, there was a presence that was kind of evil, it was weird.” Luffy scratched his head as he tried to think about how to describe it – when he started to turn purple Robin lightly patted his head and told him it was okay if he didn’t know.

For some reason, whenever Luffy tried to picture the creature all he could come up with was a strange image of a chicken cross snake.
For the next few days the attack was all that anyone could talk about. Hermione seemed quite disturbed by the entire situations and made it a habit of avoiding their group more so than usual.

Robin was buried in books constantly, reading through them at a speed made possible with the use of her Hana Hana no Mi.

It was at the end of the seventh day after the attack when they were training – or Robin was reading – when the blonde haired woman called them to attention politely.

“I have discovered what it is.” Robin announced finally, placing her book down carefully on her side table.

Everyone immediately halted their training and eagerly gathered around their archaeologist.

“It’s a basilisk.” She said, folding her arms.

“A basilisk?” Luffy asked confusedly. “But I didn’t see any giant chickens.” He scratched his head in confusion.

Robin smiled. “That sounds more like a cockatrice than a basilisk. A basilisk is usually depicted as a snake as it is known as the King of Serpents. It reaches gigantic sizes, approximately fifty feet as an adult. In this world at least; it is born from a chicken's egg and hatched beneath a toad. It has fangs filled with venom which is able to kill within minutes, it is also said that if you meet its gaze you will meet an untimely demise. Spiders are its mortal enemies so they flee from it and the cry of the rooster is fatal.”

“Wait, if its stare is fatal, then why was Mrs Norris only petrified and not killed? And how is it able to get through the hallways without being seen by Luffy?” Nami asked.

“At first I was quite confused by that as well and it caused me to dismiss the basilisk originally however, do you remember the water on the floor?” at their nods she continued. “My theory is that Mrs Norris looked at the reflection instead of the actual eye. Luffy said that he heard the voice in the walls, that leads me to believe that the creature is making its way through the halls via the walls, or the piping to be exact.” She looked to see if they had been listening.

Everyone had but at that stage Luffy hit his fist onto his open palm. “So basically it’s a giant snake that kills with a look. Cool!”

“But why did it choose now to attack?” Zoro asked.

“Maybe it was in hibernation.” Chopper replied.

“Yes, I believe so, I believe that the basilisk is directly linked to the opening of the chamber.”

“I have to agree with the shitty swordsman, we can’t really do anything until we know why the basilisk has come now.” Sanji agreed, seeming quite annoyed at agreeing with his sworn rival.

“So we have to figure out about the clamp of whispers then we can kick the King of the Snake’s ass!” Luffy smiled widely.

“Yohohoho, this is going to be fun!”

“Ahh, you’re all insane.” Usopp and Nami declared together, but even so they had smiles on their
“So, ghost guy, what do you know about the clamp of whispers?” The ghost also known as their overly boring history teacher – Mr Binns paused in his explanation of the international warlock intervention of 1289 to stare at the brave soul that had interrupted his speech.

“What that idiot means to ask is what do you know of the chamber of secrets.” Sanji said, translating his captain’s speech.

Immediately people began to perk up from their impromptu naps and games of noughts and crosses. The only one who was negatively impacted by his words seemed to be Hermione who immediately shrunk back into her seat, pale face whitening further.

Sanji took note of this and planned to fix her up something later.

“Mr-?”

“Mon- Potter.”

“My subject is History of Magic.” Professor Binns wheezed on in his dry voice causing many to deflate. “I deal with, facts, Mister Potter, not myths and legends.” He cleared his throat with a small noise like chalk snapping and continued, “In September of that year, a subcommittee of Sardinian sorcerers —”

“But surely you can tell us something.” Luffy implored, puppy eyes working their magic on the history teacher.

Binns blinked blankly, nobody had ever interrupted him, twice, he might add. Seeing as the day was a record breaking day he decided he might give the boy an answer, after all, one might argue that legends have a basis of fact. “I suppose I can, however, I will inform you that the legend you speak of is such a very sensational-”

He was cut off from a whooping noise from the Potter boy, the entire class was hanging off his every word – this was the most exciting thing to ever occur in History of Magic, probably, ever.

“Ooh, I have an idea!” Luffy pulled out some pointedly blank paper and whispered to his wand. “Can you please write down what he says?”

Apparently he had done something right because the wand immediately levitated one of his pens and poised over the paper, ready to write everything dictated.

“You all know, of course, that Hogwarts was founded over a thousand years ago — the precise date is uncertain — by the four greatest witches and wizards of the age. The four school Houses are named after them: Godric Gryffindor, Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw, and Salazar Slytherin. They built this castle together, far from prying Muggle eyes, for it was an age when magic was feared by common people, and witches and wizards suffered much persecution.”

He paused, gazed blearily around the room, he looked quite unnerved by the face of Harry Potter who seemed to be desperately trying to think, the whole business ended in a headache for the boy.

“So Sanji, was Hogwarts formed before the Great Pirate era?” Luffy whispered to his friend who immediately nodded.
“Quite a while.”

Professor Binns continued onwards.

“For a few years, the founders worked in harmony together, seeking out youngsters who showed signs of magic and bringing them to the castle to be educated. But then disagreements sprang up between them. A rift began to grow between Slytherin and the others. Slytherin wished to be more selective about the students admitted to Hogwarts. He believed that magical learning should be kept within all-magic families. He disliked taking students of Muggle parentage, believing them to be untrustworthy. After a while, there was a serious argument on the subject between Slytherin and Gryffindor, and Slytherin left the school.”

Luffy and Sanji frowned at that, Luffy more so because now he understood the full weighting behind the term ‘mudblood’ and Sanji because it reminded him of times long past.

“Reliable historical sources tell us this much,” he said. “But these honest facts have been obscured by the fanciful legend of the Chamber of Secrets. The story goes that Slytherin had built a hidden chamber in the castle, of which the other founders knew nothing. Slytherin, according to the legend, sealed the Chamber of Secrets so that none would be able to open it until his own true heir arrived at the school. The heir alone would be able to unseal the Chamber of Secrets, unleash the horror within, and use it to purge the school of all who were unworthy to study magic.”

“Well that was rude of him. Ooh, old ghost guy, is the horror within a snake thingy?”

Binns blinked at him blankly once more, “I have no recollection of a…” he paused over the unique wording. “…‘snake thingy’, however it is believed that Slytherin left some sort of monster which the heir of Slytherin alone can control.”

“I tell you, the thing does not exist,” said Professor Binns, shuffling his notes. “There is no Chamber and no monster.”

Luffy pouted, “Then what would happen if an heir came along?” Sanji asked dubiously.

“It is part of a fairy tale, there is no heir and their certainly is no chamber.” Professor Binns said agitatedly.

“But wouldn’t nobody else be able to find it, especially if they did not dabble in dark magic Professor?” Brook asked, finally speaking from his place where a dubiously large puddle of liquid was dripping off the table.

“Just because somebody doesn’t use dark magic doesn’t mean they can’t Mister Weasel. If someone like Dumbledore couldn’t-”

He was cut off by Dean Thomas.

“But maybe you’ve got to be related to Slytherin, so Dumbledore couldn’t —” But Professor Binns had had enough.

“That will do,” he said sharply. “It is a myth! It does not exist! There is not a shred of evidence that Slytherin ever built so much as a secret broom cupboard! I regret telling you such a foolish story! We will return, if you please, to history, to solid, believable, verifiable fact!”

“Shishishi, thanks old ghost guy!” In an undertone he whispered to Sanji and Brook. “We have to find it for proof of its existence.”
Professor Binns blinked, successfully dumbfounded, nobody had, ever, in his entire existence thanked him for performing his duty as a conduit for the knowledge of history.

“Okay, wand, stop writing.” Luffy commanded, sighing as the wand decided to spurt his face with ink. “That was rude!”

Sanji and Brook snickered at their captain’s face.

****

That night Luffy proudly showed Robin his parchment and to her eternal amusement Nami asked.

“Why don’t you do that for all of your classes?”

“Ah!” Luffy cried in realisation. “That’s such a good idea Nami! That way I won’t have to copy Sanji’s notes.”

She sighed and Sanji huffed in annoyance, realising how many times he had been begged by his captain for a copy of his work.

“So this implies that there has to be an heir of Slytherin.” Robin mused.

“How would we know who it is?” Usopp asked.

“We don’t which is why we all need to keep a close eye out for anyone acting suspicious, I do believe that it is a likely theory that the heir is from Slytherin but perhaps they are not, thus, ensure you keep a close eye on everyone.” Robin concluded.

****

The following morning Sanji and Luffy packed Hermione in on both sides, Sanji bearing dishes laden with foods created to rejuvenate oneself. “Hey Minny!” Luffy smiled, electing to stuff his face full.

But, after a minute he frowned, glancing down to her bag. “What’s in your bag Mione?”

Sanji looked at his captain in confusion: he couldn’t sense anything wrong with her bag. But then again, their captain had the keenest senses and sometimes, sometimes was able to understand some animals.

“Umm, n-n-nothing.” She stuttered out.

Luffy studied her for a moment, “You should get rid of that book.” He stated with wisdom beyond his years.

If possible, Hermione paled further before hurrying off, clutching her book bag hard into her chest.

“What book was it?” Sanji asked side-eyeing his captain – both were watching the bushy haired girl leave in worry.

“I don’t know, it felt… wrong.”

“Hmph.” Sanji was in desperate need of a smoke right about now.

****

Unfortunately, nothing exciting happened for the entire week, and there wasn’t as much homework
as usual: resulting in longer sparring sessions between the monster trio.

The other Straw Hats found other ways to train:

Usopp did an hour or two of physical exercise then focused on sniping, and then he would tend to his weaponry. He also focused on the next stage of haki training; armament.

Nami’s exercise was much like Usopp’s and she tended to her weather eggs, she had also elected to do haki training with Usopp, however, she was still in the early stages of the colour of observation.

Robin would push her cloning skill to her maximum potential and mastered observational haki, she did of course, have her devil fruit to show her the location of everything but for the moments she needed to know what her opponent was thinking: she needed haki.

Brook mostly meditated, reaching deeply within his soul to further polish his skills as a swordsman.

Chopper was practising the ease of shifting between his two forms.

But, the most entertaining fight was between Luffy, Zoro and Sanji – none would hold back their fighting skills for the sake of the others safety.

But, they all enjoyed it immensely and almost all of the time they came to a draw.

(Zoro and Sanji were fairly certain that their captain could wipe the floor with them if he really really tried)

****

Early Saturday morning Luffy was awoken by Sanji kicking his head, he informed the sleepy rubberman that if he wanted food from Sanji they had to leave now.

“Ah, we’re playing Slytherin aren’t we?” Luffy asked rhetorically. “We’re gonna kick their asses!”

“Yeah, we gotta beat the shitty swordsman.” Sanji replied gruffly.

After a hearty breakfast that lasted until ten o’clock, the duo walked down to the Quidditch pitch, both peeling away to make haste for the change rooms and the stands.

The team pulled on their scarlet Gryffindor robes, then sat down to listen to Wood’s obligatory pre-match pep talk. “Slytherin has better brooms than us,” he began. “No point denying it. But we’ve got better people on our brooms. We’ve trained harder than they have, we’ve been flying in all weathers —”

“Too true,” muttered George Weasley. “I haven’t been properly dry since August”

“— and we’re going to make them rue the day they decided they were better than us because they got better brooms.”

Wood seemed to be on the verge of tears – it was quite an emotional moment.

Everyone in the stadiums watched on in anticipation as their team exited the changerooms, the Gryffindor team did look quite badass.

The fourteen players rose to the ashen sky, lifted by the numerous cheers surrounding them on all sides.

It was whilst Luffy was sitting high up in the sky, cross-legged on his broom that it happened: one of the bludgers narrowly missed him, but even as it missed it seemed to turn on its path to make its way back towards Luffy.

Luffy noticed it started to rain, big fat drops falling down onto both sides.

“I’ve got it!” Fred cried, swinging his baton with as much force as possible, the bludger was successfully knocked off course. “Yes!”

But, it seemed to fixate on Luffy, like it was magnetically attracted to him. He huffed in annoyance. But…

THERE! A golden glint gleamed through the water and Luffy immediately gave chase.

It was over before the Slytherin seeker knew it.

Luffy grinned. “Shishishi!”

Almost nothing could ruin the good mood now…

Oh wait.

The bludger hurtled through the air towards him, intent on hitting him. “Stupid bludger.” He muttered before raising a fist.

The crowd looked on in horror, what the hell was Potter thinking? Was he going to punch the damn thing?

“Oh, I probably shouldn’t show them how strong I am.” Luffy muttered, letting his fist form into an open palm, then, quicker than what most could see he had withdrawn his wand and the bludger immediately exploded.

The stadium fell into silence.

…

…

“WHAT?!!!”

They erupted into disbelieving talk and cheering for the conclusion of the match.

Luffy landed on the ground safely, smiling widely as he was clapped on the back by his team and nakama.

“That was great Luffy! I wish I could cast spells like that.” Chopper said in amazement.

Luffy smiled as he watched his nakama surround him.

“Well done Potter!” Wood cried in excitement, clapping Luffy on the back, hard. Not that it particularly bothered him, body of rubber and all.

****
It was later that night that Luffy found himself sitting on top of Merry’s figurehead, staring at the mere illusion of a horizon.

He was wondering who was trying to kill him again, after all, last year, that stupid Turban head had tried to kill him in the name of the Dark Lord?

It was weird, he had always known that this Voldemort dude would come back to kill him, but, the only place he had felt that awful energy was around Hermione.

And Hermione wasn’t evil, he knew she wasn’t. After all, she was one of his first friends from this world.

His face started to turn red as he tried to think about why she would be evil.

“Gah! Thinking hurts.” He exclaimed.

It was at this moment that a loud crack! Reverberated around the bow of the Going Merry. “Ah, Dublin!” Luffy cried.

Tennis ball eyes peered through the darkness and a single tear ran down the elf’s face.

“Luffy came back to school,” he whispered miserably. “Dobby warned and warned Luffy. Ah Luffy, why didn’t you heed Dobby? Why didn’t Luffy go back home when he missed the train?”

“It was you.” Luffy breathed. “You’re the one that made me miss the train!”

“Luffy, what’s going on?” A sleepy Nami made her way out of the women’s cabin.

“Nothing Nami.” Very convincing, what with the head looking to one side, whistling conspicuously and buckets of sweat rolling down his face.

“Well whatever.” She trudged her way back, she was way too used to her captain’s antics.

“Now, why can’t you just leave me alone? I understand that there is something dangerous going on but I’m used to people wanting to kill me.” He said to the crying house elf.

“Because Luffy is in trouble and every house elf owes their life to him. Dobby remembers how it was when He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named was at the height of his powers, Luffy! We house-elves were treated like vermin, sir! Of course, Dobby is still treated like that, Luffy,” he admitted, drying his face on the pillowcase.

“But mostly, sir, life has improved for my kind since you triumphed over He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Luffy survived, and the Dark Lord’s power was broken, and it was a new dawn, sir, and Luffy shone like a beacon of hope for those of us who thought the Dark days would never end, sir. . . . And now, at Hogwarts, terrible things are to happen, are perhaps happening already, and Dobby cannot let Luffy stay here now that history is to repeat itself, now that the Chamber of Secrets is open once more —” Dobby froze, horror-struck, then started to repeatedly bash his head against Merry’s railing.

“Stop that!” Luffy commanded, grabbing the house elf. “So there is a Chamber of Secrets, tell me what happened before Dobby.”

“Ahh, Dobby cannot Luffy, he has already said far too much. But know this, Luffy must go home, Hogwarts is not safe, he is in danger here.”
Luffy sighed, this was getting him nowhere, but he didn’t actually want to harm the little elf. “Can you at least tell me who is behind this?”

“No Luffy-sir, Dobby is very sorry but he has said too much, Dobby must go now.” And with a snap of the fingers he was gone.

“So, sencho-san, there is a Chamber of Secrets.” Robin walked from the shadows of the doorway.

“Mm.”

“History repeats itself.” She murmured. “I will need to do more research to fully understand, good night Luffy.”

Chapter End Notes

Ok, i gave a backstory to them (if you can guess who 'they' are). i feel a little disappointed with this chapter cos its a bit disjointed, but, i reiterate, school man.

AND FINALLY I GOT THE SCENE IVE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS ENTIRE GODAMN ARC.

oh right, one final thing, i screwed up in the previous chapter (again :/) so imma have to change it, probs in a while bc im feeling the tiredness. hope you enjoyed!
The following morning the Straw Hats felt… off, it was if the entire castle was holding its breath, preparing for something to happen, what it was…

They could not say.

Luffy frowned deeply, he turned to Sanji and Zoro, question poised on his lips. The two looked at him and without hesitation nodded.

They found out what was wrong at breakfast, "Ne, Sanji! This is delicious!" As per usual, Luffy was stuffing his face full, Sanji, huffed and muttered something about stupid rubber brained idiots.

The rest of the crew were calmly eating, waiting for whatever was to come.

The ceiling of the Great Hall seemed to be conveying the mood of the castle, that is to say, an ashen grey sky, rumbling ominously with the threat of rain and thunderstorms later.

It was then that Luffy frowned, he had been routinely checking out the castle – a good habit to get into, you never knew who was in the castle – when he noticed something, unusual in the hospital wing.

A voice was frozen in time, seeming to be emitting the same word over and over again, cold. And with a lot of overthinking he realised who it was – it was the Hufflepuff boy that had grouped with Hermione, Justine?

Who knows, the point was that he was in the hospital wing and seemed to be frozen, which was quite ironic given the word he was repeating over and over again.

*It was worrying, that's what it was.*

Robin turned to look at their captain in concern, he had stopped eating and was instead scrunching his face up in concentration. "Ne, Luffy, are you okay?" Usopp asked.

"Ahh! He's starting to steam get a doctor!" Chopper cried, jumping up from his spot next to Usopp, he starting racing around in circles of panic.

"You're a doctor!" Everyone cried simultaneously (sans Luffy and Robin).

"Oh right!" Chopper calmed down and hopped onto the bench directly beside Luffy, he placed a hand on his captain's forehead. "Ahh!" Luffy caught the little human's hand, frowning deeply, but when he recognised his friend he smiled.

"Sorry Chopper, I was just thinking! Shishishi!" Luffy laughed, causing the entire Gryffindor table to fall over in shock (and the entire hall).
"You idiot!" Nami cried, punching him in the head.

*Don't make us worry like that you damn idiot.*

Luffy smiled widely, even as he rubbed the already large egg on his head. She huffed and turned away.

It was reassuring how much his crew cared about him.

*Shown through various acts of violence – I might add.*

He refocused on the voices inside the hospital wing, there was another voice, but it felt less tangible, more like that of Perona.

And with a start he hit his fist onto an open palm. "Ah! That's who it is! Helpless Nicoline or whatever."

"I'm sorry but could you further elaborate Luffy?" Robin asked patiently, looking up from today's newspaper.

"Nikoras, is in the hospital wing, and so is Justine."

"Ahh, Nearly Headless Nick and Justin Finch-Fletchly, I assume." Robin smiled.

"That's what I said."

"What's a ghost doing in the hospital wing?" Usopp asked Luffy curiously.

"Ahh! Ghost!" Brook suddenly cried, hiding underneath the table.

"Geez, I didn't expect such a welcoming." And without a thought a ghost was sent through poor, poor Brook who began to mutter that he wished he had been born as an amoeba, an insignificant, microscopic creature.

"Hi ghost lady!" Luffy smiled widely at the goth girl who huffed in mock annoyance.

"What are you doing here Perona?" Zoro asked coldly.

"Don't talk to Perona-san like that dipshit!" Sanji cried in outrage and immediately started a battle with Zoro, in the middle of the hall, in front of *everyone.*

But, nobody even batted an eyelash, instead, they moved away from the duo so they were unable to be hit.

"Oh my god." Nami suddenly said.

"What's wrong Nami?" Chopper asked innocently.

"I just realised, Hogwarts has become *used* to stuff like this." She cried in fear.

Chopper tilted his head curiously before he began to panic. "Ahh! Brook's bleeding out!"

And so he was, he was still underneath the table…

He seemed to have quite an intense nosebleed, one with such force that left Brook with a small pool of blood beneath his head.
"Ahhh!" He moaned, quite comprehensibly too, I might add, for immediately Nami kicked the pervert boy out of his quite convenient hiding spot.

"That'll cost you three galleons you damn pervert!" She cried in outrage, punching him repeatedly in the head.

All that escaped from the ex-skeleton's mouth was, "Black, lace. Spotted purple and black."

Luffy tilted his head in confusion, "What's black, lace and spotted purple and black?"

Upon hearing such words Sanji, who had been trading blows with a swordsman seemed to simply turn to stone.

Ahh, what a beautiful day it is today.

Robin smiled contentedly, it was moments like this that she enjoyed the most being a part of this crew.

Although, that did bring up the question of what they were going to do once they were to exit school.

Would they become the first wizarding pirates?

Or would they find jobs at separate locations?

(She desperately wished the former).

Well, it would be decided in a few years' time. Robin concluded, sipping the rest of her black coffee in content, whatever her captain was to select, she would follow him (undoubtedly the rest of the crew shalt as well) until the end of time itself.

After all, he would need an archaeologist.

"So this is supposed to protect me from vampires and zombies?" Usopp questioned, holding up the garland of garlic in his hand, eyeing it sceptically.

"Of course!" The third year trying to sell it nodded vigorously. "You're going to need it."

Usopp carefully placed the garland down and tried to back away.

"That's pretty cool but I can defend myself, besides, the best defence against zombies is salt." Usopp recommended before realising what he had just said.

"Not it's not!" The third year cried indignantly before huffing and moving along to find someone else who was more gullible than Usopp.

The sniper sighed in relief and closed his eyes, glad that he had a reprieve from the annoying students desperate to make a pretty penny in the wake of terror.

Unsurprisingly a black market of amulets and various weaponry had sprung up in the days following the attack of Justin Finch-Fletchly and Nearly Headless Nick (word spread fast) right underneath the noses of all the professors.

Usopp was here to ensure that his fellow gullible idiots (a.k.a Chopper – Luffy would probably say he didn't need it and/or say it was for meat) didn't waste their money on buying useless trinkets.
"Really?!!" A voice rang through the hallway and Usopp snapped his eyes open in horror as he realised his mission was going to end in failure.

"Wait Chopper no!" He shouted desperately, causing the little reindeer to look at him in confusion.

"Huh, Usopp, why shouldn't I buy these, they'll protect me from the big scary monster!" Chopper exclaimed, coins still in hand.

"Because, I, the Great Usopp, will protect you young one, and I can probably even call in a favour from Sogeking!" Usopp proclaimed, acting a whole lot more braver than he felt.

"Sogeking?! Awesome!" Chopper cried in pure joy, eyes turning to actual stars, the fifth year that had been trying to sell the first year an amulet that seemed to emit a white glow was slowly backing away.

Usopp sighed and let the poor soul run away.

*Mission accomplished.*

"Are you going to be staying this Christmas holiday?" Professor McGonagall was making her way around to all the houses and it was really no surprise that she had been unable to find the students who caused the most trouble.

So, instead of becoming troubled by it, she instead bombarded them at breakfast, struggling to keep her own breakfast down at the sight of Potter, or rather, Luffy, as his friends had dubbed him struggled to swallow a particularly large mouthful.

He then looked around at his friends, seeming to communicate without words.

"Yup, we're all going to." He smiled widely at that and Professor McGonagall couldn't help but reciprocate the smile.

Professor McGonagall was a very stern woman…

But, this tight knit group of friends (she had heard them refer to each other as nakama?) reminded her of days of her own youth where she watched on in envy of them.

But, she will confess, she was starting to worry for the brightest witch in her year, Hermione Granger, the girl looked like she was terrified. Hand shaking, face reminiscent of a white sheet.

Apparently, she hadn't needed to worry too much for within a second Potter was jumping up from his spot – still stuffing his face full, mind you – and racing over next to Hermione.

She smiled at him, subdued but smiling nonetheless.

And eventually the rest of the group followed, surrounding the two like it was perfectly normal – which for them, normal had been thrown out the window then buried six feet deep.

The professor sighed loudly, shaking her head lightly, she had heard one rumour that they spent their days in the Room of Requirement. While it didn't surprise her greatly, she wondered exactly how they found it.

She wondered about a lot of things, like why they called each other such odd names, they were far too abnormal to be a simple nickname.
"Ne, Hermione, how are you?" Luffy asked, plopping down beside her, actually waiting to talk after swallowing.

What manners.

"I'm good Harry, or Luffy, which is it that you prefer?" She asked, curiosity getting the better of her, she set down her spoon, figuring that she might as well give up eating now that the boy – a constant source of attention – had decided to sit with her.

(that and the fact that she wasn't hungry – hadn't been since that).

"Eh, whichever you're more comfortable with." Luffy mumbled noncommittedly, chewing on a sour dough, salami filled sandwich.

"Okay, Harry."

"Shishi!"

Slowly, the rest of the crew gravitated towards the bottomless pit known as Monkey D. Luffy.

"Hermione-chan, how are you dear?" Sanji asked politely, setting himself in a position where he was in between Robin and Hermione.

Hermione was about to reply but, she was interrupted by the sound of hundreds upon hundreds of birds swooping in, each carrying something for their students.

Surprisingly enough, Southy plopped down on Luffy's head, letter between its' teeth?

What a weird bird.

"I have mail?" It wasn't from Hagrid, that much he was certain of, the writing was far too neat for that.

He shrugged and tore into the letter.

Dear Luffy,

We write to you requesting that you meet us at London's Cross, I'm not going to say who the 'we' in question is because that would ruin the surprise.

You can stay with us over Christmas if you want, and, bring your crew along,

It wasn't signed, but…

The actual letter itself reeked of a richness, one derived only those with enough wealth to spend money on quality paper and ink. Even the writing was in Japanese, very neatly written Japanese.

And besides, the mystery people knew who he and his crew was. It could mean that they were enemies but the letter seemed to have undertones of indulgence and didn't smell like a trap. Although, he could just be smelling the meat.

Then again, if it was a trap then he was fairly sure he could kick whoever's ass it was, and so could his crew.
(Unless it was *them*)

"Hey! Mrs Cat-lady!" Luffy shouted to the professor who was already up at the teachers' table, her eye twitched in response to his nickname but nonetheless shot him a questioning look. "Can we take our names off the list?"

The crew looked at him in confusion but then shook their heads, it was probably one of his crazy whims.

"Don't worry, the mystery people said that they can take us." He smiled brilliantly at them all.

"What 'mystery people', Luffy-san?" Brook asked, sipping his tea, without a word, Luffy handed his letter to the ex-skeleton.

"Ahh, I see." Brook said, then went back to drinking.

Nami snatched the letter and frowned, eyes scanning the words carefully. "You know, this could be a trap." She said in annoyance.

"Humph, if it is we'll just kick their asses." Zoro replied.

"Yeah! I'm not scared of some dumb trap!" Chopper cried, then he added. "I guess I'll have to write to my parents."

"Wait Chopper." Usopp interrupted. "You can't just say mystery people, say that they're friends of Luffy's."

"That was *actually* smart, I'm impressed." Sanji said earning a glare from the sniper and an indignant 'hey!'

"Fufufu, I do hope that we are not all lured into a trap and killed, or worse, tortured for information, after all, Luffy is wanted by many people." Robin stated calmly, smiling into her tea at the cries of how creepy she was from Usopp and Chopper.

"Yosh! We're going to see these mystery people and if it's a trap we'll kick their asses!" Luffy proclaimed loudly enough that people paused in their eating to spare a glance at him before shrugging and returning to their meals.

Hermione smiled at their course of action, she kind of wanted to go with them but she had that *thing* and despite knowing how strong they were she couldn't help but worry that she would do something to harm them.

So, she bit her tongue and instead agreed readily to their plan and politely declined Harry's offer for her to come.

(She also readily bit her tongue when he sent an all too knowing look her way)

Luffy decided that Hermione was coming with them one way or another, even if he had to drag her away.

He also decided that that stupid book was going to remain here, locked in the mystery room so it couldn't harm his nakama anymore.

(Or, he would destroy it, apparently he was very good at destruction – according to Nami).
A week and a half later they caught wind of a duelling club, immediately, Luffy declared that he would join.

"Hmm, it would seem that the first meeting is on tonight." Robin said thoughtfully, looking to the poster they had found on the notice board near the entrance hall.

"Yoho, I also wish to participate in the duelling club, it would be fine training for my wand work."

"Curly brow, this way we can find out which is actually stronger."

"Bring it shitty marimo, I can kick your ass even when you're using three wands to compensate for your obvious lack of skill."

"Why you…"

"Stop it!"

Both rubbed their heads, one in ecstasy the other in annoyance.

"Well, seeing as you're all doing it I guess I will." Chopper stood on tiptoes to see over Brook's shoulder.

"As will I! Then you can see the great skill of Usopp-sama!"

Sigh "I guess I will too then, who knows, maybe I can start a betting pool."

Seeing as they were all in agreement, at eight o'clock that evening they raced each other to the Great Hall, each laughing in joy and anticipation.

The long dining tables had vanished and a golden stage had appeared along one wall, lit by thousands of candles floating overhead. The ceiling was velvety black once more and most of the school seemed to be packed beneath it, all carrying their wands and looking excited.

"I wonder who will decide to teach us." Nami commented, fingering her climatact, even if she wasn't going to be able to use it she would always have it on herself, just in case.

"Shishishi, whoever it is I hope they're good!"

Suddenly, they were all groaning and eating their words as a certain DADA teacher made his way onto the stage, robes the shade of dark plum adorning his figure, and, accompanied by him was none other than Professor Snape, wearing his usual black robe.

Lockhart waved an arm for silence and called, "Gather round, gather round! Can everyone see me? Can you all hear me? Excellent! Now, Professor Dumbledore has granted me permission to start this little duelling club, to train you all in case you ever need to defend yourselves as I myself have done on countless occasions — for full details, see my published works.

"Let me introduce my assistant, Professor Snape," said Lockhart, flashing a wide smile. "He tells me he knows a tiny little bit about duelling himself and has sportingly agreed to help me with a short demonstration before we begin. Now, I don't want any of you youngsters to worry — you'll still have your Potions master when I'm through with him, never fear!"

Luffy stuck a finger up his nose in disinterest, he was starting to regret not just electing to remain in the mystery room to duel each other.

But then again, perhaps it would be most amusing to see Lockhart get his ass kicked by the
sneering professor.

The two professors turned to each other and bowed, well, Lockhart did, in an overly exaggerated fashion, however, Snape simply nodded his head curtly.

Then they raised their wands in front of them as if they were holding a sword.

"As you see, we are holding our wands in the accepted combative position," Lockhart told the silent crowd. "On the count of three, we will cast our first spells. Neither of us will be aiming to kill, of course."

"That would be most unfortunate if one were to cast the wrong spell, it could end in a number of undesirable effects such as large boils or, pain so horrific you would wish for it to end in any way post-"

"We get it!" Usopp cried in distress, realising what he had really dug himself into.

"One – two – three – "

Both of them swung their wands above their heads and pointed them at their opponent. Snape cried "Expelliarmus!" there was a dazzling flash of scarlet that hit Lockhart, causing the man to fly several feet and hit the wall.

Quite a lot of the female populace made wincing noises on behalf of the man who stood up shakily and dusted off his robes, he smiled charmingly (or as charming as a bat) and reassured them he was fine. "Well, there you have it!" he said, tottering back onto the platform. "That was a Disarming Charm — as you see, I've lost my wand — ah, thank you, Miss Brown — yes, an excellent idea to show them that, Professor Snape, but if you don't mind my saying so, it was very obvious what you were about to do. If I had wanted to stop you it would have been only too easy — however, I felt it would be instructive to let them see . . ."

He cut himself off at the sight of Snape's glare and instead elected to tell them to choose partners.

Sanji and Zoro paired up, both glaring at each other.

Usopp and Chopper paired, both smiling to each other and Usopp reassured the reindeer that he wasn't going to go easy on him.

Robin and Nami smiled at each other. "You used to be an assassin didn't you?"

"Aren't you a thief?"

"That's not quite reassuring."

But nonetheless, they paired.

Brook turned to his captain and bowed. "Shall we Luffy-san?"

But, Luffy was staring at someone else, Brook followed his gaze and found himself gazing upon Hermione-san.

Thankfully, a fellow Gryffindor – Lavender Brown – decided to pair up with her.

But, Snape made his way through the crowd and sneered nastily at their group. "Time to break up the crew, I think."
"Longbottom, with Goyle. Colins, I think you shall pair with Bole."

Chopper squeaked when he saw the size of the Slytherin he was paired with.

Snape took one look at the heated glares that the Malfoy boy and the Finnigan boy were sending each other and decided not to interfere on their duel, it would be interesting to watch.

"Lovegood with Bulstrode, Weasley with Parkinson."

Robin smiled chillingly at Millicent Bulstrode, a girl that looked more like a hag than anything, she smiled nastily back. Parkinson sneered at Nami who sneered right back.

"Other Weasley with Nott and Potter with, hmm, how about Flint?" He glared nastily.

Luffy shrugged, the year difference wasn't a big deal, he was going to kick the other's ass anyways.

"Face your partners! And bow!"

Flint and Luffy locked eyes, each bowing their heads slowly.

"Wands at the ready!" shouted Lockhart. "When I count to three, cast your charms to disarm your opponents — only to disarm them — we don't want any accidents — one . . . two . . . three —" Luffy prepped himself, he was going to try to do it without Observational however it was quite difficult to just turn off such an ability.

His eyes widened fractionally, his partner was going to attack on two. Then, his eyes hardened in resolve, already planning to defend, his wand hummed as if to say understood.

After all, in the real, ugly world, one's opponent would try and attack in any way possible, even if it meant playing dirty.

Within a second Luffy watched, eyes like that of a hawk as Marcus Flint whispered within his mind, 'Sagitto'. Immediately, arrows spewed forth from his wand, each aiming for Luffy.

He closed his eyes and in a sweeping motion created a barrier, and, in return he fired off the instructed spell.

Marcus Flint, realising his next course of action, tried to pull up a barrier, however, the spell shattered the barrier and his eyes widened in shock.

He immediately fired back, this time crying "Bombarda!"

But, Severus Snape had had enough and shouted. "Finito Incantatem!" Immediately, all spells were nullified and Luffy looked around to see Sanji and Zoro still glaring at each other, Sanji, covered in slashes and Zoro in burns.

Robin had Millicent in a headlock, smiling calmly but releasing her when Snape shouted. With a cry of outrage the Slytherin jumped at the much smaller Ravenclaw who lithely dodged. "Now, now, the duel is over."

And with a cross of the arms, multiple limbs protruded from Millicent's body, holding her tightly in a lock.

He turned to Usopp and was relieved to see that his friend had managed to dodge whatever spells came his way, and in return, his opponent was ensnared within an odd plant that disappeared.
Nami was smirking ever so slightly, having managed to send a bolt of electricity at her enemy, thus stunning them temporarily.

Chopper was rushing over to his opponent who was leaning up against the wall having been stunned, he was shooed angrily.

He stood there looking close to tears before he shook his head and moved away slowly.

Brook was laughing in joy but a second later politely asked if Theodore needed a hand up, he was denied, naturally.

_Huh_, Luffy thought, _looks like their spells were similar to their fighting techniques anyway._

"I think I'd better teach you how to block unfriendly spells," said Lockhart, standing flustered in the midst of the chaos that had occurred. He glanced at Snape, whose black eyes glinted, and looked quickly away.

Lockhart was about to begin speaking when Snape interjected. "I have a volunteer pair. Potter and Flint."

"A sixth year against a second year? Come now Severus, that is quite advantageous in favour of Marcus." Lockhart replied, obviously flustered at being interrupted.

"He held his own against Flint just now, I have noticed." Snape replied, black eyes boring into Luffy's emerald.

"Oh fine, but only this once Severus." Then Lockhart did the unthinkable, he winked at Professor Snape.

The entire hall went silent.

…

…

"Never, ever try that again. Understood?" One very angry Potion teacher's voice rang through the hall causing most to take a step back.

"Yes sir!" Lockhart immediately saluted, probably doing so in the knowledge that if he were to ignore the livid look upon Snape's face then several things would happen to 'accidentally' harm him.

"Now, Harry," said Lockhart. "When Flint points his wand at you, you do this." He raised his own wand, attempted a complicated sort of wiggling action, and dropped it. Snape smirked as Lockhart quickly picked it up, saying, "Whoops — my wand is a little overexcited —"

Luffy, for the better part, simply ignored him, instead, he listened in on what the Potion's master was whispering to Flint's ear who smirked nastily.

"Scared?" Flint whispered out of the corner of his mouth.

"Nope."

"Three – two – one!"

Flint waved his wand and whispered. "Serpensortia!"
A snake curled forth from his wand, twisting this way and that, it coiled its way over to Nami who
looked prepared to whip out her climatact to hit it so instead, Luffy cried "Leave her alone!"

It was accompanied with haki, not that anyone aside from Professor Snape and the Straw Hats
could feel it. "Good Snakey."

He knelt down to the snake and stroked its head. "Luffy..." He looked up to see Nami's pale face.
"Do you know what you just did?"

"Um, I kind of, you know, forced it away." He didn't feel like saying anything else in front of this
many people but regardless he felt Snape's eyes narrow on him.

"No, I mean the other thing." At the shake of his head Robin further elaborated.

"She means to say that you spoke Parseltongue."

"Parsley lung?" He asked quizzically, allowing the now dubbed 'Snakey' to coil around his neck.

"Potter, please put the snake down so I can remove it." Snape interrupted, eyes calculating his
every move.

"No! I like Snakey!" He said indignantly, the snake licked his face almost as a dog would in
response.

"Yeah! I like her too, she says thanks by the way." Chopper said, gesturing to Flint.

Immediately everyone took several paces back from the ex-reindeer who looked confused. A few
placed hands over their mouths in shock. "M-m-monsters!"

And without another word the school fled from the hall, leaving the two professors and the pirate
crew.

"Huh? Are they calling me a monster?" Chopper asked, confused.

"Both of you are parseltongues?" Lockhart asked, pale as a sheet in his shock.

"Seriously! People keep on saying that but what does it mean?" Luffy huffed.

"It is the ability to talk to snakes, Luffy, Chopper, I suspect you are able to talk to her because of
that." Robin replied calmly, seating herself cross legged on the floor.

Professor Snape huffed, obviously not used to being ignored like this. "Potter, the snake, now."

"But I want to keep her!" He replied indignantly, clutching Snakey closer to his chest.

"Luffy, if you want to keep her then you'd have to give up Southy, now choose." Nami said,
crossing her arms.

Luffy looked forlornly at Snakey and after a lot of hissing which was probably a very depressing
farewell Luffy passed off the serpent to the potion's master, who, without a word, banished the
snake.

"Shall we?" Brook inquired, waiting at the door of the Great Hall.

Luffy huffed and muttered something about mean old potion masters but complied nonetheless.
"So, being able to talk the snake language is bad here?"

"Very much so, the last known parseltongue was Voldemort." Robin concluded.

"But Hancock was able to communicate with her snake." He pouted, not really understanding why it was such a bad thing, everyone was their own separate person.

At the mention of Boa Hancock, Sanji found himself slowly turning to stone and Brook began to profusely bleed from his nose.

"Yes, but her snake was most likely not normal and had a higher degree of intelligence." Robin admitted.

"Does that mean people will think I'm a monster?" Chopper asked, voice tinged with a hint of sadness, after a moment he declared loudly. "I don't care! If I'm a monster I can protect my friends!"

"Damn straight! Ne, Robin, who else is able to speak parseltongue?"

"It is rumoured that it is a trait passed down the Salazar Slytherin bloodline."

Luffy began to think, quite hard, his family were a bunch of crazy people after all, but, could they really be descendants of the Snake dude?

"But, it has to be possible that Luffy just has the power without being related to him right?" Nami asked. "I mean, his family is pretty crazy but to think that they are descended from a racist bastard seems absurd."

"Mm."

Eventually, before he could hurt himself too hard Luffy decided he didn't really care about bloodlines and the sort. After all, his brother was descended from a line of nobles and the other the son of the King of the Pirates.

The following morning a blizzard brewed so fiercely that it covered the entire grounds, cancelling their final Herbology lesson – Usopp was quite upset at that – so instead they were holed up atop Sunny and Merry.

The rest of the crew mayormaynothaveskippedalesson.

"Are we going to get a detention because of this?" Chopper asked curiously.

"Probably." Zoro replied, smiling at the reindeer.

"But it looks so cool!" Luffy cried, gesturing towards the snow that was beginning to pile up in the mystery room.

"Besides, didn't Madam Pomfrey say we could take a lesson off every once in a while?" Usopp asked, thinking hard.

In the hospital wing

Madam Pomfrey sneezed violently and felt a sudden wave of regret of letting some students have certain privileges.
They gravitated towards the white, powdery beach and lit a bonfire, playing games around it. Eventually Robin stood and announced she had to go to the library to borrow a book. "Can I come with you Robin? I actually wanted to borrow some books on healing magic."

"Of course Chopper, shall we?"

"Wait Robin-chan, I will accompany you seeing as neither you nor Chopper have mastered kenbunshoku." Sanji cried.

Robin and Chopper thanked Sanji together and agreed to allow him to trail after them.

"See yas!" Luffy smiled, and Usopp, while the rubber boy was distracted attempted to tag him. Luffy twisted out of the way and sent the sniper into the freezing water.

"Too slow!" He stuck his tongue out childishly. Usopp emerged from the freezing depths, face showing a developed stage of frostbite.

Wordlessly he pulled out his slingshot and loaded ammunition into it.

"Midori Boshi: Rafflesia!"

A peculiar looking flower bloomed near Luffy and emitted a yellowish odour.

Luffy was soon biting his laughter as the stench hit his nostrils and he comically froze for a second.

It was at that moment that Robin and Chopper decided that they should get out of there.

"If I may ask, Chopper, why is it that you have a camera?" Robin asked, gesturing to the aforementioned device hanging around his neck.

Chopper gazed at it for a moment as if he hadn't realised it was there. "I kinda forgot about it, if I'm totally honest. My parents… they didn't think that Hogwarts existed so they asked me to take plenty of pictures for them! But… as I said, I've forgotten to."

Robin smiled gently. "I'm sure there is still time to take some for you parents."

Sanji smiled around a cigarette, it was good that some of them had caring parents.

"How long does it take to get a few books?" Zoro complained whilst simultaneously lifting a weight that was easily thrice the size of his left hand.

"Hmm."

"I want some meat." Luffy complained, idly kicking his feet above his head, body lying flat on the snow, he didn't look it, but he was starting to worry, it was hard to focus with kenbunshoku haki inside the mystery room to find something outside the room.

It was like the room was part of an entirely different universe, ergo he couldn't feel or hear them.

Zoro sighed, loudly, startling most of the occupants of the room. He made to leave the room,
ditching the weight beside his chair, when he was almost to the door he looked at them expectantly. "Well? Are you coming?"

With that the remaining Straw Hats left.

"Wait, should we really be following Zoro?"

They facefaulted at their own stupidity and Zoro huffed, turning a bright shade of red.

"I do wish to find them before next period." Nami commented, immediately taking the lead.

"Damn she-devil." The green haired man in question muttered, still as red as a tomato.

"Can we go now?" Luffy asked impatiently, there was something… wrong.

He really didn't want to think of the implications of that for now. Zoro looked at him, blush fading, and, uncharacteristically softly muttered soft enough for only him to hear. "They'll be fine captain, they had shitty cook with them."

He nodded and followed Nami on their route to the library. It was at this moment in time that anticipation curled into their stomachs, unease filtering through their every move.

And, it was not unfounded, for barely five minutes in their walk a flustered looking Professor McGonagall was racing towards them. "I've been looking for you lot everywhere." She said, slightly panting. "Come with me."

They followed her without question, the teacher was much too nervous for them to disobey for the time being.

Nami's eyes widened minutely, this is…

This is the way to the hospital wing.

Professor McGonagall took them to the hospital wing as Nami had predicted. Luffy felt his breath hitch because he knew what he had been denying was true.

In there were his friends.

"I'm so sorry. We found them like this, your friend…" She trailed off, gesturing to two of the beds. "Madam Pomfrey will talk to you." She said before leaving (resolutely ignoring Colin Creevey).

No no no no no no NO!

He had said that he'd protect them, all of them, especially after what happened last time. He had sworn that it wouldn't be a repeat dammit!

But here they were, Sanji lying on one bed, Robin the other. Both were eerily still, as if posing in time, Sanji's hand held out in front of him – as if he were holding something and Robin with her arms crossed over her chest. Without consciously realising it, he moved until he was in between the two beds, reaching out to touch them.

"Luffy!" A ball of fur threw himself at the rubber man who reflexively caught the bundle. "Luffy! I'm so so sorry!"

Chopper sobbed out, clutching his red cardigan tightly, tears turning it a shade darker. Luffy shook himself from his shock to comfort the now reindeer.
"It's okay Chopper, you tried your best, and besides, they're only petrified, right?"

Chopper nodded, antlers poking into Luffy's chest.

"You're very lucky that they're only petrified." Madam Pomfrey said, approaching their group. "We found the boy with a mirror if it means anything."

She left after checking that her patients were stable – they would probably want some privacy. She resolutely decided that she had not seen the youngest turn into a reindeer – no, she'd let them go just this time.

(Besides, she didn't want to see the youngest of their group go to Azkaban for becoming an animagus)

"It seems that they were quite prepared." Brook said softly, eyes filling with emotion, taking in the faces of his nakama.

"Chopper, calm down and tell us what happened." Zoro said, eye twitching and face conveying his own sorrow for the loss of the two of them.

"We – hic – were going to the library like w-we planned and Sanji suddenly told us to stop because he said he could f-f-f-feel it around – hic – the corner." Chopper managed to stutter between sobs, he took a deep breath and continued having successfully stopped his tears. "After five minutes or so Sanji said he couldn't feel the snake anymore, he borrowed Robin's mirror to make sure and the next thing we know is he's suddenly frozen.

"We didn't react fact enough, Sanji hit the ground and was in the direct line of the basilisk, Robin grabbed him with her devil fruit but I think she saw it in the reflection of Sanji's mirror because the next thing I know she's also just as paralysed as Sanji. I don't know how both of them were petrified!"

They sat in a morbid silence, drinking in the information. "It wasn't your fault Chopper, there wasn't anything you could have done to save them." The words were bitter but true, Chopper bit his lip as fresh tears swelled in his eyes.

"Luffy-san is right Chopper-san, you mustn't blame yourself." Brook added, wiping the moisture appearing in his eyes.

"But I'm a doctor dammit! I should be able to heal them!" He cried, looking at them in desperation, how could they not blame him?

"Chopper…"

"Chopper, they'll be fine when the mandrakes are ready for the potion, even if you did know how to un-petrify them you'd have to wait just as long."

"But…"

"Usopp's right, it might suck that you can't do anything but instead we'll kick that snake's ass." Zoro proclaimed.

Luffy swallowed thickly from beneath his hat, he felt that if he were to try and speak it would most definitely not come out how he wished for it to. It just wasn't fair!

"We have to stay here over Christmas, I know that the letter was a trap but…"
These are our nakama, we will never leave them behind.

Luffy plopped down between the two beds, struggling to halt his tears.

"I wouldn't dream of leaving these two here anyway." Nami replied shakily, sitting on Robin's bed and entwining their fingers.

At their nods he smiled just a little, his nakama were the best.

But…

He was weak if he couldn't protect them.

I mean, what kind of a captain would let two of his crew mates be petrified.

He was so –

"Oi, knock it off."

He rubbed his head in the place where Ichimonji had come into contact with him, violently.

Luffy glared at his swordsman who simply stared back.

If it's not Chopper's fault it's not yours, stop blaming yourself.

But I should have –

The swordsman glared back just as violently, eyes darkening with a resolve harder than any kind of steel.

You couldn't do anything, it's nothing like last time so stop, who can we rely on if you are to falter?

…

Nami frowned at the pair, realising that they had just had a completely internal conversation, but even so, she could tell it had helped their captain. She wished that she was proficient in kenbunshoku haki, the only ones who would have been able to understand were Usopp and…

"Ne, Robin, Sanji, look after this for me." He said, taking off his treasure and placing it on the bedside table sitting between the two.

"Let's figure out where this stupid snake is and kick its' ass."

The Straw Hat pirates smiled indulgently, their captain would never change – that was for sure.

He was a constant, like the sun, constantly keeping them in an orbit, lighting their way through the darkness.

And if there were moments when he would falter then they would pick up where he had left on and guide him through the night.

After a while of sitting beside the duo they stood in a singular motion, Chopper smoothly changing into his human form.

They filed out of the Hospital wing with a silent apology to their two petrified crew mates.
"So… we have been unable to locate the hiding spot of this basilisk. And we now know that it can sometimes shield itself from even the most proficient haki wielders." Brook broke the silence, turning into the hall of the mystery room.

"Yes, it would seem so, but that also implies that there is someone else pulling the strings." Nami added, thinking that the only times one could hide themselves or others was when they understood the inner machinations of the will itself.

"So we just need to find whoever is responsible for controlling the snake?" Chopper asked, eyes following Usopp as he walked in front of the mystery room's wall seven times.

Wrought iron brought itself into creation from the stone, the salty scent of the ocean luring them into the safety that the room brought with it.

Unconsciously they sighed at the feeling of a light breeze ruffling their hair gently and the feeling of a warm sun beating down onto their tense frames incurred a relaxation of several coiled muscles.

It was unanimously decided that someone (Usopp and Brook) was going to raid the kitchens later for food that a. was free and b. edible.

It was another reminder of their loss…

But, they all had an iron will, and after a hearty meal from hands of the house elves they began to train and plan.

"Witch, you'll be trailing Hermione and stealing a black book off her."

Nami twitched a little at the nickname but nodded nonetheless.

"Usopp, you're the eyes and ears of any gossip about the Chamber of Secrets."

The sniper nodded firmly, he knew that he was not the ideal candidate for this but he would not fail!

"Chopper, I want you catching up to where Robin was in her notes."

The doctor smiled, he wouldn't let down his nakama anymore!

"Brook, I want you to work on whatever it is Luffy wants you to be focused on."

The musician glanced at the rubber boy who nodded firmly at him.

"Luffy, Perona and I are going to be actively looking for the Chamber's opening. Does everyone understand what they are to do during Christmas?" Zoro finally finished, having relayed the instructions to the crew.

At five affirmatives Zoro smiled fondly. "Let's find the Chamber of Secrets."

The day of the holidays dawned bright and early, many students eager to rush from the once comforting halls of Hogwarts.

The Straw Hats were quite glad with this development – it meant that they could creepily stalk around the corridors unhindered by questions from fellow students.

And, Hermione had also remained behind and was dutifully ignoring their very presence and
keeping away from them at all costs.

The Weasley family also remained behind, Percy remaining strict on the two Weasley twins who took it upon themselves to hail Chopper and Luffy as the new heirs of Slytherin.

(They stopped when Chopper looked ready to cry)

Luffy laughed it off with them, he always enjoyed a good laugh and they weren't hurting anyone.

They even did it through the empty hallways. "All hail the might Harry Potter, heir of Slytherin!"

Well, they did until they were discovered by Percy who took them away for a quick 'talking to' on the level of appropriateness they were to exercise whilst in school.

The other person who didn't seem to appreciate it was Hermione who seemed to shrink away from them whenever she saw them.

"Hey, Nami, can you talk to Hermione? I know that she's a year above but I don't think she wants to talk to me." Luffy eyed the rapidly retreating figure.

"Sure Luffy."

(And for once it didn't even cost him anything).

"Hey there Hermione." Nami slunk up to the girl who was buried in books.

"Hi Ginny, how are you?" Hermione asked politely, mentally calculating the chances of her escaping the youngest sibling of the Weasly family.

"I'm good, anyway, I was just wondering if you could help me with this spell I've been having difficulty with."

(She didn't have any problems with it but right now she knew that the direct approach wasn't going to help anyone).

"Oh!" Hermione's face seemed to brighten tenfold at the prospect of helping someone perfect knowledge.

Nami smiled in response to the girls enthusiasm and soon the two were talking of other girly things.

"It's time for you two to leave." Madam Pince scowled at the duo as if they were the bane of her experience.

Nami giggled and gathered her things with Hermione. "We should do this again." She said to the bushy haired girl.

"Sure, we should." Hermione smiled warmly, cheeks filling with a tad of pink.

She turned and walked away, hastily shoving her books into her bag.

Nami felt she had achieved an accomplishment because it seemed that the poor girl was happier than before. It was a bit odd, talking to a girl of such an age and pretending to be younger than her but she figured that it would have to work. She smirked as she pulled out the black book she had snagged from Hermione's book bag.
Mission accomplished.

She left for the mystery room, scowling at the thought of the name. One day she would discover the actual name of that place and then they wouldn't have to call it such a ludicrous name.

She made her way past the ever-flowing movement of the paintings hopping from one portrait to the other, all merrily making their way about.

(Or was it hurrying in terror?)

"Stupid name for a stupid room." Nami thought, pacing past the door several times, grinning slightly when the wrought iron doors came to be.

She pushed open the doors, noting the monster tr- duo were sparring intensely, cutting and hitting anything that laid in their unyielding wrath.

Any second now Sanji would be flying towards her with a new creati-

And that's when reality came crashing down on her and she felt the smile that was gracing her features slide off like water. Sanji-kun, Robin.

"Oh, Nami!" Chopper cried at her and threw himself at her.

He had made a habit of doing that lately.

"Hi Chopper." She replied, petting his soft fur.

Luffy and Zoro collided in a spark of busoshoku on busoshoku. Neither had to say anything, the look in their eyes was enough to hold a silent conversation.

They leapt back from each other. Luffy flung out an arm, pumping it, immediately his body took on a pinkish tinge and began to steam.

Zoro placed wado ichimonji in his mouth, smirking lightly.

"Ahh! I think I've come down with if-Luffy-and-Zoro-go-all-out-I-might-die-disease!" Usopp cried, looking at the two demons flying at each other. He knew they were both letting off steam but he sure as hell didn't want to be left in the cross fire.

Brook and Usopp began to casually inch away from the duo. They had been gloomy for a while, not doing anything when Luffy had announced. "Zoro, fight me."

And next thing anyone knew they were hurling sanbyakurokuju pound ho's and gomu gomu no pistol's at each other.

Nami realised what Usopp and Brook were doing and joined in, grabbing Chopper on the way (who protested until she gestured to Zoro and Luffy – it had the desired effect).

"Jet bazooka!"

"Senhachiju pound ho!"

A blur of pink raced its' way towards the green headed swordsman who sent a slice of compressed air flying at his rubber captain in return.

The two clashed, creating a shockwave strong enough to rock both ships immensely. All the
relatively sane crew members screamed in fright.

Nami decided to stop this before third gear was engaged, that would have devastating results on the mystery room (twitch) and her own sanity.

She walked in between the two who immediately withdrew their attacks. "Stop it before you actually do some damage! I'll charge you both fifty million beris!"

"Tch, damn witch." Zoro muttered, he wasn't going to get caught in her money trap, again, he sheathed kitetsu, ichimonji and shusui, remorsefully, he really had wanted to go all out with his captain.

Luffy frowned but still came out of second gear, skin returning to its normal kind of tan. He looked at Nami intently, she had just come back from talking to a girl in possession of a potentially lethal object, and she had lethal object in her own book bag.

"You got it off her?" Luffy asked seriously.

"Of course, I am a thief after all." Nami held his intense gaze and was a teensy bit relieved when he seemed to nod at whatever he found.

She re-entered the circle of chairs and pulled out the black book she had pulled out of Hermione's bag, immediately, Luffy, Zoro, Usopp and Brook wrinkled their noses at the sight of it. "So, what are we going to do with it?" Nami asked.

It was Brook that replied. "It is made of the same deplorable soul attached to Luffy-san's soul, I am quite close to being proficient enough with my devil fruit to destroy them."

"So we lock it up for the mean-time?" Usopp asked.

"Yeah, Merry will guard it." Luffy declared.

In the end, the book was sealed below deck in a chest lined with charms to keep the interior dry, just in case.

"So what's the plan for tonight?" Usopp asked, returning to his seat, shaking off his sweat as if nothing had occurred.

"We're gonna sneak into the infirmary and stay with Robin and Sanji!" Chopper cried in response, saluting the sniper.

"We shall have a feast in their honour." Brook said, smiling at the youngest member.

"So it's decided, we'll eat with Sanji and Robin. Usopp, Chopper, Brook, I'll come with you to get the food." Luffy smiled.

"Yohoho, of course Luffy-san, we shall see you in the wing." Brook replied, turning to the others.

"Yosh, let's go!"

Usopp led the way to the kitchens, chattering amicably with Chopper, they were discussing plants, mostly what could be used as a weapon but also a medicine.

Luffy and Brook walked in comfortable silence, both watching the curious paintings lining the walls, a few cried out "Merry Christmas!" as they passed.
"Hmm, what food should we bring back?" Chopper wondered aloud as they reached the portrait of a bowl of fruit, Usopp tickled the pear and the portrait swung inwards revealing hundreds of small house elves rushing around, cooking fiercely.

"Young masters, might I ask what you will be needing tonight?" One of the house elves paused in their work.

They had asked because they all had heard of the petrification of the cook of their little group. They liked him, his family's reputation was unprecedented as rumours were whispered of their evil towards every kind of person sans purebloods, of course. But the youngest had taken the initiative to free some of them and was kinder than any other owner they had had.

"A feast! We want to go to the hospital wing and celebrate there." Chopper replied, smiling brightly at the elf that asked him.

"Is there any way you guys could help us get it up there?" Luffy asked, he didn't want to cause them any kind of struggle but he knew that to carry all that food…

It would be damn near impossible.

"Of course young master!" The house elf bowed deeply, Luffy huffed at the title, he wasn't anyone's master…

The house elves raced around the kitchen frantically preparing a meal fit for a king, they were here to serve the children of this school, honestly they were happy to help, two of the young masters had already proved to be trustworthy if the rumours that Dobby of the Malfoy family had befriended Master Potter were to be believed.

"Did I ever tell you the tale of my bouncing charm?" Usopp suddenly asked, breaking the silence they had lapsed into.

"Bouncing charm?" Chopper immediately asked.

"Yeah, you see, my family didn't seem to notice that I had magic, when I healed birds they assumed they had been seeing things, when I breathed fire they passed it off-"

"You can breathe fire!?!" Both Luffy and Chopper squealed in delight.

"No, no, no, it was all part of my accidental magic, although, it would be wicked to breathe fire." Usopp admitted, at the crestfallen faces he quickly continued. "Anyways, my family thought I might be a squib so my Great-Uncle Algie decided he was to test me, first he threw me off the end of a pier, unfortunately it didn't really work and it was only because I knew how to swim that I survived."

"Your Great-Uncle did that?!!" Chopper cried in horror.

"Sure did."

"Yohoho, how terrifying, my heart would have beat out of my chest, if I had a heart!" Brook knelt onto hands and knees and began to cry when he remembered that yes, he did have a beating heart in his chest.

Meanwhile, Luffy turned pale as he thought of the training Jiji had forced him to go through, before he had eaten his devil fruit, Jiji's favourite training pastime was to throw him into the ocean and try and force him to swim, he shuddered at the thought.
"Anyway, the second time he hung me out of a window by the ankles, he wanted to see if I was able to force him away or something crazy like that. My Great-Aunt Enid came into the room to offer him a meringue and he dropped me!"

"Wahh Usopp!" Chopper cried out in terror.

"It's okay! I survived! When I was falling, I thought – wouldn't it be nice to be made of rubber right now? And guess what?"

"What? What?" Chopper and Luffy asked impatiently.

"I bounced right off the concrete path!" Usopp grinned excitedly as he completed his tale.

"Ehh? You're made of rubber?" Chopper asked and to Usopp's chagrin started to pull on his face.

"Ow! Ow, no I'm not, it's just that I imitated it for a few seconds." Usopp rubbed his bright red cheek.

"Yoho, you are quite lucky Usopp-san, if you hadn't performed that accidental magic you would have been as flat as a pancake." Brook said calmly, sipping tea from his flask.

"Don't say such scary things Brook!" Chopper and Usopp cried, hitting him over the head.

"Shishishi." Luffy's smile stretched his face abnormally at his nakama's antics.

At that moment, the house elf who had originally spoken to them cried. "It's ready, shall we leave now young masters?"

"Sure, is there meat?" Luffy replied, drooling at the thought of his favourite food.

"Naturally young master. Now, if you'll allow me…"

The house elf snapped their fingers and suddenly they were in the hospital wing, a large oak table laden with food at the foot of Robin and Sanji's bed.

Chopper, Usopp and Brook jolted from the apparition, all three looking like they wanted to hurl. Luffy fixed his hat firmly on his head and smiled sunnily from beneath it, "We're back."

The house elf went to click his fingers again. "Wait! What's your name?" Luffy asked them curiously.

"Hooky, young master. Will that be all?" At Luffy's nod Hooky snapped their fingers and vanished, presumably back to the kitchens.

"Now, shall we start the feast?" Brook questioned, already procuring a violin he seemed to have stashed on his person.

At five enthusiastic nods Brook began to softly play, it was not a sad song, but it was not vibrant so he would not disturb the other hospital comers.

"Cheers!" They all clinked tankards of butterbeer together, Zoro said he had stolen them off shitty cook.

The night was a festive one, they stayed up the entire night, soaking in each other's company, exchanging stories about their life before Hogwarts and in the holidays.
And whilst it was a sobering thought that two of their nakama had fallen, it was guaranteed that both would rise once more, so, until that time would come then they would find the bastard who had put them in such a state and make them pay for an eternity.

Among the throngs of students spilling out from the train were two men leaning up against one of the platforms pillars, back to back.

"Where is he?" The black-haired man tapped his hand against his leg impatiently.

His companion didn't reply, already plotting ways of infiltrating the school to see the boy in question.

"What if he didn't get our letter?" The first man asked.

"Ace, you need to stop worrying, he probably had some sense beaten into him by his crew. After all, it was you who insisted we weren't to sign the letter." The brown haired replied.

Ace stopped tapping his fingers and turned to stare at the other man. "But it would have been better as a surprise!" He protested, and besides, if we had signed it there still wasn't any proof he would've come.

Ace was hit in the head by a pipe, "Ow, what was that for Sabo?"

Sabo glared fiercely. "I can already tell what you're thinking so knock it off." He sighed again. "Besides, if it was intercepted people would know how to exploit the three of us."

Ace sighed and rubbed his head. "You have a point.

"Well, he's obviously not coming unless he missed the train, so, do you or Koala have any idea how to get into the school?"

Sabo smiled, finally, a plan he could agree with.

Chapter End Notes

Ughh, so, it's already been a month and a half eh? *sweats nervously*, I am so sorry guys! I've been drowning in assignments then it was so hard to get back into the rhythm of writing, unfortunately, in term 2 its probs gon be worse bc of exams.

Oh, i also chipped some of the bones of my phalanges off and had to have surgery, that took alot of my motivation tbh, i couldnt even type in hospital bc one one hand my finger was broken, on the other, my IV was in an if i slightly moved it would be out of place and they had to push it back in.

So I apologise once more, I hope you like it. And yes, I know the likelihood of both of them getting petrified are very slim – it happened, so, um, deal with it.

This chap was kinda more crackish and I feel that even though two crewmates were petrified that the Straw Hats would carry on bc they will be healed.

Anyways, cya next chap.
Hi again, apologies for the long wait once more. It was hard to find motivation to write but i found motivation via Black’ Victor Cachat (find em on fanfiction net) who i want to give a MASSIVE shout out to, they reviewed EVERY. SINGLE. CHAPTER. on both Carnate Thingy and The Clamp of Whispers? It means so much to me and it was honestly the thing that made me write more.

Yeah, i had a broken finger too and had to have surgery but thankfully it didnt cost me anything due to the wonders of medicare. i woulve written more in hospital except i couldn’t use my left hand fully and my right was hooked up to an IV that seemed to think it was funny to beep every time i vaguely moved my arm.

Anyways, after that awfully long A/N, onto the fifth chapter

“Ne, Luffy.” Luffy wasn’t sure what time he fell asleep but apparently, he had otherwise Chopper wouldn’t be intently shaking his shoulder

He pushed away the cobwebs of sleep and was surprised to find himself in a bed, who put him there? He concluded it was either one of his crew or Madam Pomfrey. “Luffy.” He was shaken with more insistence.

“What?” He asked quietly, showing consideration for the others sleeping.

“We have presents!” Chopper barely managed to keep his voice under a squeal.

Luffy smiled in equal joy with the overexcited reindeer. “Let’s wait for everyone else to wake up okay?”

“Mm.” Chopper nodded in agreement, practically vibrating with excitement.

“Let’s go get food while we wait for them.” Luffy whispered and without further ado, they left their makeshift beds, feet clad in sandals and slippers.

“Sure.”

It was rather refreshing to see Chopper in such a good mood, he hadn’t been the same since the ‘incident’. It was also reassuring to know that Chopper had already experienced a Christmas with a loving family.

They skipped to the kitchens, not in any rush to get there, but they were too excited to simply walk.

A painting held the contents of an orchestra, brilliant in real life… not so much in the conservation of their selves. “Oi, stop being so damn cheerful.” The cellist growled, opening a single eye and glaring at them half-heartedly.

“Sorry old stripy guy.”
The bass player who had awoken to the sound promptly fell over in laughter. “So what if I have stripes on my face Carl?” He growled in annoyance at his fellow musician.

By this stage the entire hallway was starting to wake up, all in varying degrees of annoyance. “Oops, let’s run now while we can Chopper.” Luffy said sagely.

“Oi, wake up, Zoro!” Aforementioned green haired swordsman grumbled grudgingly and rubbed the growing lump on his head, why, oh why did the witch feel the need to punch him so early in the morning?

“Because Chopper and Luffy are not here.” Nami replied in an aggravated tone.

Zoro grumbled some more but pushed himself up from the foot of Luffy’s head where he had fallen asleep.

(He wasn’t the one who had put everyone in different beds… nope, not at all.)

“Relax Nami, they’re on their way to the… kitchens.”

“Tch, typical Luffy.”

“Merry Christmas to you too witch.”

“Morning Zoro.” Usopp said way too happily for the time… speaking of the time, what was the hour?

5:30 a.m.? What the hell? Had he missed his training session?

Zoro growled at the sniper. “Why couldn’t you tell her where they were?”

Usopp shrugged. “Wanted to wake one of the monster trio up.”

Zoro glowered in response.

“Good morning Zoro-san, isn’t it a fine day?” Brook got nice and personal, playing his violin at an insane speed.

But, even Zoro could see it was taking its’ toll on Brook’s body, or the body of Ronald Weasley, Zoro suspected that the ginger hadn’t done a single day of labour or training in his life, therefore Brook was going to be very sore for a while.

“Hmph, Brook, you should borrow my weights some time if you want to build up some muscle.” Zoro commented, Brook stopped playing and smiled so largely Zoro was certain the idiot was going to split his face.

“Thank you Zoro-san, yohoho, it fills me with such a warm feeling that you would be so considerate.” Brook rambled as Zoro’s face began to heat up.

Flash!

The blinding flash of the camera caught Zoro off guard and he blinked rapidly to clear his vision. “What the hell Nami?”
In response, Nami smiled and showed him a photo of Zoro slowly blushing. “Oi! Get rid of that!” He yelped.

“Nope! Chopper told me that he was supposed to take photos to prove Hogwarts was real. I’m just helping him out.” Nami smiled mischievously, holding the photo out of his reach.

“When the hell did he say that? And that doesn’t mean you can have that!” He growled, ready to get the moving photo back regardless of his inevitable debt increase.

She stuck her tongue out at him and stuffed it away in her purse.

“Yohoho, Nami-san, seeing as it is such a giving occasion would you care to show me-”

Brook was lucky enough to not be kicked in the face as a table carrying a hearty breakfast atop it, with a dubious amount of sugary goods appeared between them. Beside it stood Luffy, Chopper and the house elf that had helped them last night; Hooky.

Luffy was already chewing on a hunk of meat (unsurprisingly) and Chopper was sucking on a candy cane that seemed to be doing an impression of a worm.

“Mornin’ ‘vryo’.” Luffy spoke, meat flying everywhere, everyone in the near vicinity almost embraced the food seeing as they were quite used to such an occurrence… Didn’t mean they had to like it.

“Luffy! Speak after you’ve finished what’s in your mouth!” Nami cried, hitting him in the head.

Luffy swallowed, his oesophagus stretching to accommodate the massive amounts of food. “I’m sorry Nami.”

“Look, we’ve got presents!” Chopper cried gleefully, pointing at the piles of colourfully wrapped and placed carefully at the foot of everyone’s bed.

“Wait.” Usopp said, holding up a hand. “I don’t mean to come off as rude or anything but shouldn’t we wait to open them until after…”

He didn’t need to say anything else, there was a pregnant pause as they all deliberated the motion. “Yosh.” Luffy finally said, eyes locking onto everyone in turn. “We will save the presents we gave each other for when Robin and Sanji wake up, everything else is fair game.”

Everyone nodded, fair enough, it wouldn’t be right if they opened everything up without the two either way.

“Choooo!” Southy cooed as he landed on Luffy’s shoulder, letter scrunched in his beak.

In the letter was £10 and four words, ‘Don’t ever come back.’

“Hmph, fine by me.” He muttered, “Ne, Southy, do you eat paper?”

At the birds’ nod Luffy gave it to him, it was oddly satisfying to see it broken down in the birds strong beak. He tucked the £10 away in his jacket, filing it away for a later purpose (probably burning).

Hagrid had sent him a tin of toffee that seemed to have the consistency of rocks. Hermione had sent him an eagle feathered quill, probably in hopes that he would learn to use it.
Mrs Weasley sent a handmade red jumper with a large hunk of meat taking up the front of the jumper. He quickly donned underneath his large cloak. She also had enclosed a large plum pudding that he felt like saving for later after they were all together.

Curiously enough there was a letter attached to a present from John and Mary, “Hey Zoro! Your mum sent me a present, shishishi.”

Zoro smirked in return, of course they did, he thought, they had absolutely loved the rubber brained idiot, probably because he was the first friend Zoro ever brought home.

Dear Harry-Luffy,

*Dear Christmas dear, we heard that you were living with a muggle family so we attached some things you probably won’t be able to find in the wizarding world.

Oh, you’re welcome at our house any time you feel like it,

From, Mary and John

“Shishishi, your parents sure are nice Zoro.” Luffy grinned at him before opening the attached present.

They had bought him a stick of deodorant (Zoro snorted at that, “Take a hint Luffy.”), about twenty erasable pens, there was even a pen that had a feather attached to it.

Nami smiled warmly at the sunset orange sweater with a pinwheel on it and the dozen mikan attached, she didn’t really need them now that she had Merry and Sunny but it was the thought that counted.

(Although, she would have to talk to them about caring for her mikan trees)

Usopp read his letter very thoroughly, it was partly from his insane Great-Uncle and from his grandmother. *Why would my insane great-uncle want to visit me, specifically during school?* He removed the attached seeds and book on ‘Top 10 Most Dangerous Plants and How to Cultivate Them’.

Mrs Weasley had also sent him a sweater and card, he pulled the carefully knitted yellow sweater over his head, was that sogeking on it?

Chopper smiled widely at the assorted candy he had received from his parents, they had also attached some of his medical equipment he had left behind. “Ah, I got a present from Mrs Weasley?” He asked incredulously.

“Of course you did Chopper-san, Nami-san and I asked of our mother to create presents for all of us, we even managed to convince her to put some things on it.” Brook replied, already wearing his stripy black and white striped jumper; a skeleton painstakingly stitched into the centre.

Chopper grinned delightedly and hastily pulled the pastel pink jumper over his head, on the forefront a large white x resided. “I love it!” He cried in delight, rubbing his head against it.

Zoro smirked at the emerald jumper with ‘santoryu’ written in kanji form running down the front. Huh, his parents had sent him a book from Japan on the Mugiwara no Ichini. He turned it over carefully, it was kind of odd that they’d sent him that, why would they - oh…

Right, he had called Luffy by Luffy more times than he could count, that and the fact that they’d
probably noticed his swords, not like he tried to hide them.

Suddenly he felt much more respect for his parents, they hadn’t tried to confiscate them from him.

“Now time to eat!” Luffy cried throwing his hands up in the air.

And with those final words, they began to gorge to their hearts content.

“Oi, Ace.” Among a pile of presents lay a black-haired man that seemed to be completely passed out, complete with a snot bubble.

Sabo’s eye twitched, he knew that his stupid brother had narcolepsy, but come on! After St. Mungos had declared that they couldn’t fix his problem Sabo had turned to the modern miracles that “muggle” medicine offered.

Unfortunately for all parties involved, it seemed to be completely ineffective. So, instead of going through the motions of attempting to wake his fiery brother he elected to simply whisper directly in his ear; “Luffy’s in extreme danger.”

Within a second the raven had shot up with the speed and force of a bullet, flames already beginning to lick his feet. “Where?”

Sabo is ashamed to admit it but Koala had done the exact thing to him before with the same results, hey! It wasn’t his fault, but after…

After everything that had happened he was willing to admit that he was a little bit more protective of his brother, just a little.

(He will remember the days following Dressrosa with a kind of dread, his brother had provoked three out of four emperors)

Sure he wouldn’t interfere until it became clear that Luffy had bitten off too much to chew, but, his words he had spoken to Fujitora all those years ago still rung true.

If Luffy ever called him he would be there in an instant.

Meanwhile knowing Ace, he probably was scared that Luffy had pulled another stunt like Impel Down, because, unfortunately, the youngest of the three was far too reckless – not saying that the two older brothers weren’t.

It’s just that trouble seemed to follow him, always had, even when he was younger, which had been proven day freaking one of Sabo knowing him. How the boy had managed to end up in Porchemy’s grip without them being discovered would forever confuse him.

“Alright, calm down, he’s not actually in danger.” Sabo added, patting Ace’s mess of black hair endearingly.

“What the hell Sabo?” Ace demanded, rising to his feet, fist drawn back for a punch.

At his words Sabo glared at him. “As if you’d respond to anything else.” Nope, not telling him that it had worked on himself…

“Hmph.” And that was the last thing Ace said before launching at his brother, arm pulled back.

Sabo sighed, he had just wanted to be productive…
He pulled his pipe out and blocked the bone shattering punch, instead, the force of it dissipated slightly throughout the pipe before transferring into his well-built arms.

“Alright people look alive!” Koala cried, walking between the fighting brothers.

Usually, she was much more lenient in their fighting, but, today was Christmas and it was time to enact their plan.

“Oi, Koala.” God that sounded suspiciously like a whine, how old was he?

At least thirty, not to mention the second in command of the revolutionary army (or ex…), but here, he was whining about not being able to fight.

Ace burst out into peals of laughter causing the auburn woman to hit him over the head.

With both adults perfectly still and listening she began to speak. “Now that I have your attention, I was going to tell you my plans for getting into the school, but if you just want to fight…”

“We’ll stop, just tell us what to do.” Bingo.

“Well, I have three plans, the first is that we simply ask, Ace, you said that you left Professor Dumbledore with good relations, correct?” At his nod she continued. “If he truly favoured you then it should be easy to get into the school, if not then we can just break in via the secret passageway in Honeydukes.”

“Isn’t that place closed today? Not that I’d care about breaking in, I just don’t want to bring attention to that passage.” Sabo said.

“Yes, in which case we’ll have to wait until tomorrow to leave.” Koala answered.

The brothers shared a look. “Are there any long term plans?” Ace asked curiously, it’s not like the pair of them were employed, they pretty much lived off the Black inheritance but it would be nice to have something to do.

Koala nodded. “Mmhm, but I don’t think you’ll like it. Have either of you noticed that every single year the Defence Against the Dark Arts teaching position is vacated?”

“Not really, what’s your point?” Ace asked.

“My point is that there’s a rumour that ever since Dumbledore refused Lord Voldemort the position no teacher has been able to keep the job for a year. When the current teacher, Gilderoy Lockhart, vacates his position Sabo will become the teacher!”

…

Silence reigned over the room before…

“Bahahaha! You, want, Sabo, to, be, a teacher?” Ace burst out into laughter, managing to speak between his cries, beside him Sabo had also allowed laughter to consume him.

The thought of Sabo a teacher? It was far too absurd for them to even consider…

“I don’t see either of you coming up with anything better!” She replied, the beginnings of a blush hueing her cheeks.

“Ah, Koala, you’ve come up with some pretty crazy contingency plans over the years but this
seems to take the cake.” Sabo huffs out.

“Hey! We’ve done infiltration plans before…” She frowned at the pair of them.

“Let’s just ask Dumbledore first.” Sabo said, placing his palms out in front of himself. “Then, if all else fails, we can sneak in via Honeydukes’ cellar.”

“Hmm, I guess so. Oh by the way, Merry Christmas you two.” Koala said cheerily, handing them both brightly wrapped presents before walking away, presumably to perform more research on the layout of the school via a particular map devised by five students.

Ace grinned at his brown haired brother who returned the smile with just as much vigour. “Ne, Ace, should we just sneak into the school while Koala goes shopping?” Sabo grinned mischievously at his brother.

Ace returned the devious smile. “Yup, you got everything?”

Sabo nodded, discreetly showing the contents of his enlarged bag. “Ne, Ace, Sabo, I’m going out now to get food for tonight, please don’t burn down the house again.” Koala said before disappearing with a loud crack.

Sabo quickly ran into the other room, grabbing the marauders map. “Let’s go.”

They both disappeared with only a loud crack to announce their departure.

The Great Hall was simply magnificent, Zoro reflected, as their ragtag group walked through the doors, and judging by the stars in the majority of the straw hats’ eyes and the grudging admiration in Nami’s, they all agreed with him.

Enchanted snow was falling from an ashen sky and large frost covered trees surrounding the tables and their occupants. Thick streamers of mistletoe and holly crisscrossed over the roof as well, slowly gathering ridiculous amounts of snow.

The snow was incongruously warm and soft which made Chopper a little disappointed but he was also glad because it meant he wouldn’t need to change forms for the comfort of his thick fur, the handmade jumper was plenty warm.

Dumbledore led them all in singing his favourite carols which Brook responded to by withdrawing his violin and playing along, warming them all deeply.

Hagrid was becoming much louder, an effect from the amount of eggnog he was consuming. Percy was confused as to why the twins were sniggering at him – they had changed his badge to say ‘pinhead’ instead of prefect.

Luffy was singing along, regardless of the fact that he was pretty much tone deaf. Usopp had an arm slung around his captain, as did Chopper and they all sung along merrily. Nami managed to snag some photos of them and eventually revealed what she had been hiding in her little purse.

How she had managed to fit six mikan in there would remain a mystery for as long as they lived.

(Or until they learnt the wonders of expansion magic; “Endless space for meat!?”)

Nami thought it was worth giving up a few of her mikan to her nakama, their faces were perfect. So she decided that she was going to sell them for a reduced price of 5 sickles, not that any of them
knew that.

The event was soured a little by the fact that they didn’t have a full house, after all, Jinbei and Franky were yet to be found and neither was Torao.

( Including their frozen nakama, naturally)

“Horo horo horo.” Perona laughed as she floated through the table. “Merry Christmas to everyone except for Zoro.”

Zoro shrugged unperturbed but growled fiercely when Perona’s ghosts attempted to remove some of the fairy lights (literal fairy lights) and place it on his head, claiming he couldn’t look like a bare Christmas tree.

She then proceeded to ‘sit’ on his head claiming that she was the only star that they deserved…

Only to eep and fly away once she was on the receiving end of Zoro’s glare.

After Luffy’s third (or was it his fifth?) serving of Christmas pudding he seemed to freeze, quicker than anyone could comprehend he was out of his seat, rushing out of the room quicker than anyone could say ‘meat’, half of the school gave him odd looks and then shrugged, that Potter boy was weird...

“Ne Luffy, where are you going?” Usopp asked, rubbing his head from where he had fallen onto the bench.

Zoro sighed deeply, if his kenbunshoku haki was correct (as it usually was), the two unidentified people he could sense at the outskirts of a hidden tunnel were people they didn’t want to sour Luffy’s reunion with.

“Leave him be, there’s just someone he wants to see.” Zoro said, sipping his ‘hot chocolate’.

“Don’t push me so hard Sabo.” Ace growled back at his brother who seemed to be trying to force him to hurry up.

“Well hurry up and I won’t.” He hissed back, impatient to be inside the school.

Ace grumbled and gradually began to move faster. “You know what would make this so much quicker?” Ace asked rhetorically.

Sabo frowned, was that bastard really going to leave him behind?

Ace snorted, “Nah, gotta wait for a stupid brother of mine.”

Huh, so he had said that out loud.

“Finally!” The passage began to level out and soon the two men were able to stand up straight with their heads only just brushing the ceiling.

“Damn, I remember that passage to be bigger.” Ace grumbled.

“That’s because you were always a short one.” Sabo teased.

“Bastard! I would hit you but we have a younger brother to find.” Ace replied, turning heel and running.
“Ah! Is that the exit?” Sabo asked, Ace’s frame was mostly blocking his view.

“Yeah, is there anyone beyond it?” The black haired man asked, he was nowhere near as proficient at kenbunshoku haki (or busoshoku for that matter, Ace only managed to trump him in haoshoku…) as his brother was.

“No… not yet at least.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“It means that I think our brother finally heard us.”

“Let’s not keep him waiting then.”

Luffy raced through the hallways to the secret passageway they had discovered not so long ago. It was behind the statue of a one eyed witch, it led to Honeydukes.

But, there was two very familiar auras coming through, well… one of them was familiar, the other he knew but he hadn’t really been able to sense him.

The first aura was one that he had wished to see for years. Sabo was a given, they had partied together when he became Pirate King but it hadn’t felt right, missing someone.

And then…

And then…

Well, he didn’t want to think about what happened afterwards.

(Blood and fire, fire and blood, magma drowning the two to a crisp and another brother was lost, not him though, no, the magma wasn’t finished yet, he was to be crucified for his crimes – what crimes? The wish to be free?)

His steps did not falter and he raced onwards, the voices he could hear via his unusually enhanced kenbunshoku haki confirming his suspicions. Finally, he stopped in front of the statue of Guilthide of Goosemoon – Robin had told him at some stage that she saved a ton of people? Chopper had been quite interested in her and studied up on her biography, not that he could remember much of it.

Oh well.

Suddenly, there was a grating sound of the tunnel opening up, Luffy vibrated in anticipation, half wishing to just jump into the hole and pull them out now.

“Oi, oi, don’t try and-”

Whatever the man had been trying to say was cut off by the sound of roaring fire and two figures flew right up from the passage, a brown haired in the clothes of a gentleman holding onto a black haired man.

“Dammit Ace!”

Luffy stood perfectly still as the first man laughed and unceremoniously dropped the man on the
ground, and reformed his skin from the orange fire.

Luffy couldn’t move, his throat was closing up and when he tried to swallow to moisten his mouth he found that he had a lump in his throat. His eyes were beginning to burn as well.

As both of the men turned to him they smiled widely, eyes softer than he could ever remember. He swallowed again, trying to form the right words to say.

They were finally here…

After so long…

Sabo was happy, they would finally be reunited, but Luffy wasn’t moving so he took the initiative and pulled Ace towards their brother.

They both embraced him tightly from each side.

“Sa-bo, A-a-ce.” He finally managed to speak around the lump.

“It’s been a while, Luffy.” Ace said into the mess of black hair, voice on the verge of breaking.

“Ace! Sabo!” And finally, the flood of tears they had been expecting flowed, Luffy sobbed into their arms.

“We’re both here Luffy.”

Luffy’s vision was blurred from his tears but he still felt the wetness on his head.

(He wasn’t the only crybaby now)

He still found the strength to wrap his rubbery limbs around them several times, constricting them all.

They were all different but at the same time they weren’t different at all.

Ace felt relieved, relieved to know that there was no hate left in the rubber boy or resent for his death.

Even if that thought had been illogical from the beginning…

He didn’t need to know what the result of his death would mean to Luffy, he already knew, and yet, he had no regrets for he had protected his brother to his dying breath.

And, Sabo had revealed that the youngest hadn’t been all that alone for he had never died (that had caused a few days’ worth of fighting and screaming and crying that reminded the Hogwarts populace to never give them a reason to fight). He still felt guilty, he had left their Luffy alone (even for a short period of time) in that world and he had never seen him become the King.

Sabo wasn’t as apprehensive as his brother because naturally, he had come back from the grave once and the youngest had responded enthusiastically. There was, naturally, an underlying sense of guilt that he had forced his brother to go through a much more gruesome version of Ace’s death.

But, he was a proud older brother for he had seen the youngest become King.

And Luffy, he just felt so godamn happy. He wanted to scream and shout to the heavens that everything was fine because he had his brothers back. They were all together for the first time
since Sabo had ‘died’.

He would be lying if he said he didn’t hold any guilt over both of their deaths given that both died to protect him, from the same person.

But, here he was felt the void in his heart filled with a familiar warmth that could only be filled by his two older brothers.

As much as the two older men wanted to succumb to the younger’s clutches they carefully disentangled themselves from his rubbery limbs, ensuring that they still had a single arm wrapped over his shoulders.

Both men were also crying, not the same, blubbering mess as Luffy but still, twin streams of tears ran down their faces, finding its way into Luffy’s hair.

“Let’s head to the Room of Requirement.” Sabo said, wiping his eyes. “Then we can talk.”

“Mm.” Luffy managed to grunt out, clinging tightly to his brothers, he wasn’t even going to ask what the Room of Requirement was and he had already figured the two had broken into Hogwarts.

When they did arrive, there was a short debate with a series of looks on what should materialise before Luffy won by muttering ‘Sunny’.

Ace hadn’t actually been on board the Sunny but Sabo had given him a detailed description during their time in school and with the help of some probably inaccurate historical books.

(Since when was Shanks sober enough to write an entire book?)

Sabo had been on the Thousand Sunny a grand total of one times, that singular time being when they were celebrating the creation of the second Pirate King.

Nevertheless, after seven times they passed the hidden door it sprung into life, a beast of a ship lying on the waters, swaying gently in an undefinable breeze.

Was that his first ship? Ace pondered, looking at the small (in comparison) caravel anchored next to the Thousand Sunny. What was its’ name again?

Oh well, doesn’t matter.

“Come on little brother.” With more care than Ace ever did in their previous life, he disentangled himself from the youngest and jumped onto the grassy (who had grass on a ship anyways?) deck of Luffy’s ship.

Sabo and Luffy followed in the space of a second, landing with ease. “Um, do you have anywhere we can sit down and talk?” Ace asked Luffy who nodded and wordlessly led them to the aquarium room.

“It’s been a while Luffy.” Ace breathed, situating himself comfortably on the lounge, youngest immediately next to him, half hanging onto his lap.

While they were not in their first bodies, Luffy still memorised every feature of his face, then, a light bulb lit up inside his head. “Ah! You two were friends with James ne?”

At the mention of their friend both brothers swallowed. “Yeah, he was one of our best friends. Do you remember us?” Sabo asked curiously, he had only seen baby Luffy probably twice before
“Yeah I do.” He smiled widely. “You both tried to get me to say some weird things and made some weirder faces. Wow Ace, I never knew your face could form into such an odd position.” He grinned lightly.

“He always was a weird one.” Sabo commented, causing the eldest to splutter and blush.

“I’ve missed you both.” The light atmosphere was sucked out of the room and into the vacuum.

“We’ve both missed you and-” Ace swallowed around the conspicuous lump in his throat. “I’m sorry, I don’t regret what I did but I think you did and for that I’m sorry Luffy.”

Luffy looked directly into his brother’s (and not his brother’s) eyes. “I don’t blame you for what happened, if anyone, it’s my fault, but, I understood years ago. You just gotta promise not to do it again, you too Sabo!” Then he was waving his finger in the revolutionary’s face.

Sabo winced, he didn’t want to have this conversation now, for him, it had been over twenty years since he had given his life for Luffy’s but he didn’t know how long it was for his brother.

“I’m serious, I’m a lot stronger now and I don’t need you two to protect me.” Luffy kept his face blank.

“If you’re so strong then why don’t you prove it?” Ace asked mischievously.

Luffy frowned briefly but then his smile emerged and he nodded vigorously. “Not on Sunny because Franky will have a fit if we break her.”

The three bantered lightly even as they leapt off the Thousand Sunny, even after years apart they seamlessly fell back into their routine from childhood.

Sabo smiled, pulling his pipe off of his back. “You ready Luffy?”

“Ehhh? You’re both going to fight me?” He hesitated, stance relaxing a little.

“Nah, it wouldn’t be fun to completely destroy you.” Sabo replied, smiling.

“Nuh uh, I’m going to win, I’m not the same weak cry baby.” Luffy said, locking eyes with his brother.

Ace smiled, without warning he shouted. “Hiken!”

Luffy dodged it quickly, instead, the fist of fire obliterated one of the palm trees behind him.

“Gomu gomu no pistol!”

And so it had begun.

“Zoro. Has it been long enough yet?” Nami asked the green haired swordsman who was currently drinking out of his goblet having successfully spiked his drink.

“Well, they’re in the mystery room now so I say we give it an hour or so. Let’s go back to the dorm.” He replied, propping his feet up on the table.

“Yosh, let’s go the Gryffindor dorm.” Usopp said, jumping up from his position.
“Yohohoho.” Brook grinned insanely and followed Usopp out of the hall in a race.

Zoro gave a long-suffering sigh and followed, Nami and Chopper trailing after them.

After they arrived at the dormitory any of those who had stayed over the holidays discreetly (or not so discreetly) gave them a wide berth.

“Oi, Usopp, go get more food, we’ll need it when those three come out of the mystery room.” Zoro grunted.

“Yohoho, I shall accompany you Usopp, I do hope we can see that elf again. Hooky was quite helpful in our endeavours.” Brook added, jumping up. His muscles protested the movement but Brook pushed through it.

“Sure, let’s go.”

“Wait a second, could the mystery room potentially create Sanji’s cooking for us?” Nami asked incredulously.

The rest of the Straw Hats groaned in realisation.

“Wait, I don’t think that food can be conjured out of thin air.” Zoro surprisingly said.

“Ah! You are correct Zoro-san, according to Gamp’s Law of Elemental Transfiguration, there are five exceptions to transfiguration – including food. I am surprised you are well versed on the matter Zoro-san.” Brook said, smiling widely.

Zoro managed through pure willpower not to blush. “Well, the idiot captain did an essay on it, wouldn’t stop complaining that he couldn’t make meat.”

“Well it sure would stop him steadily eating his way through our budget.” Nami sighed.

“Well then, shall we, Usopp-san?”

Luffy panted as he lay down on the soft sand, “Damn, I lost again.”

Ace and Sabo followed suit, plopping down beside him, both were also panting. “Mm, you sure have gotten stronger, Luffy.” Ace admitted.

In response the youngest grinned widely before he turned over to face his other brother, pointing at him. “Tell me why you were holding back and why you smell like Momonosuke!” He then turned back to Ace and said. “You too! You smell like pineapple head.”

“Momonosuke? Pineapple-head?” Ace asked curiously, he vaguely remembered a meeting with Whitebeard discussing their position on the Land of Wano and that name had surfaced briefly. He had a vague idea of who Luffy was talking about when he said Pineapple-head and laughed internally.

“You mean the kid you took down Kaido with?” Sabo asked confusedly, recalling the young boy looking so happy when Luffy had finally called all of them to celebrate.

Ace choked on thin air, he didn’t remember Sabo ever telling him about such an alliance… then again, Luffy did befriend a princess at one stage.

“Mm!” Luffy nodded.
“Would you prefer it if we showed you?” Sabo asked grinning maniacally.

At this stage Luffy was starting to put the dots together and nodded in excitement.

Without another word Sabo stood and before both of their eyes his skin begins to seamlessly form into shimmering silvery blue scales, the scales flip over his pale skin, the result; a constant changing colour as it is hit by the light of the Room of Requirement at different angles.

His body bulks up to fill a slightly larger form however his body slims into a streamline form. His hands and feet form into wicked looking claws, sharp enough to cleave through steel.

Enormous wings sprouted from his back, three jointed and with the same skin stretching to cover his wingspan.

All in all, he is only a metre taller than he was, a fact that is difficult to comprehend given the size of his wings; folded out to their fullest length they are five times his dragon size, however, Sabo folds them into his back neatly.

“Awesome! That is so cool Sabo!” Luffy cried eyes shining in admiration.

In response Sabo grinned ferally, showing off rows of razor sharp teeth, he opened his mouth and turned to a far off palm tree.

A brilliant blue flame shot from his mouth, incinerating the palm tree instantly.

Luffy’s eyes seem to further light up – if such a feat is possible and Ace chuckled at the sight, it was always amusing to see someone react to Sabo’s animagus form.

He only had the pleasure of witnessing the reactions of five others. They ranged from amusement to incredulity to apathy.

“SO COOL!”

Ace laughed again, his brother never changed.

“Ace! Ace! Show me your animagus form!” Luffy demanded.

Ace grinned and wordlessly feathers burst forth from his skin, golden in the light. Glorious red wings spread from his back, spanning out across his back to almost to the length of Sabo’s.

His head morphed into one similar to that of an eagle, white in colour with an abnormally large beak, he, however, retained his arms and legs, torso remaining similar to his own, however, it was also covered in golden feathers.

Ace cawed at his brothers’ expression, he obviously couldn’t decide whose animagus form was cooler. In response to Sabo’s little flame show he let fire lick his wings, eventually spreading through the rest of his body.

Ace smirked at the dragon who almost growled back, *almost*.

Ace knew it would’ve been difficult for his brother to get used to not being made of *fire*. But he couldn’t deny that it felt incredibly amazing to have his devil fruit power even *after* being born into this world.

Silently he changed out of his animagus form; he was always more comfortable in human form, he laid down on the sand and watched Luffy pester Sabo.
He reflected on this new new world. It had been unusual to wake up as a baby after dying in his brother’s arms.

Well, unusual was a severe understatement, as soon as he had fully woken up after he had been ejected from Walburga Black’s womb he had promptly set most of the room on fire.

What confused him further was that none of the people present seemed particularly bothered by that, in fact, they had been excited.

For a while he didn’t really understand what had happened before deciding that the closest thing he could come to it was reincarnation.

And that was before he had met Sabo and everyone else.

He could still remember the times that the five of them had spent together, pranking Filch and every other teacher they thought deserved it.

Although, everything tasted like ash now, he had trusted someone he shouldn’t have for the second time in his existence and it had cost one of his friends’ lives.

(How could he not see that Peter had been the one to betray them all along?

And now James had to pay the price, and not just James, Luffy did too)

Turning away from his steadily darkening thoughts Ace refocused on his two brothers.

Luffy was jumping on Sabo’s back, much to his chagrin.

_Dammit Luffy, my wings hurt when you do that._ Sabo thought, trying to shake his brother off who was trying to fit in amongst the folds of his wings.

As if the rubber boy had heard him Luffy slipped off, “It hurts?”

Sabo gaped, his brother surprised him more every day he had the pleasure of knowing him.

Luffy grinned widely. “Shishi, sorry Sabo, ne, can we fly?”

Sabo bowed his head in consent and unfolded his wings. “Oi Ace, wanna come flying?” Luffy turned to the eldest who snapped out of his reverie and smirked, he shook his head.

“Nah, I’ll stay on the ground thanks.”

Luffy shrugged and climbed onto Sabo, he threw his arms around his scaly neck and locked his legs around the streamline body.

Without warning Sabo kicked off the ground, wings beating quickly to push the pair up into the ‘sky’ of the Room of Requirement.

Luffy whooped in joy, this was better than flying on a broom!

Sabo hummed in contentedness, electing to idly float up in the ‘sky’ of the room, he wondered how far it would be until they hit the ceiling.

Luffy laughed again, breathlessly, the beating of Sabo’s wings were causing his hair to fly around uncontrollably (not that it was ever controllable) and it was the best feeling in the world.
It was like being with his crew, the same warm fuzzy feeling he got when he knew that they were his. His nakama.

His brothers, he wasn’t particularly bothered by their appearances, after all, they weren’t blood brothers but family doesn’t end in blood.

They were brothers through and through and would be until the end of time itself.

Sabo suddenly dived down causing Luffy to laugh breathlessly, Sabo grinned, he loved this, the unrestrained joy on his brothers’ face.

Sure it was slightly confusing seeing as Ace and he were technically godfathers – something they hadn’t acted on because there had been a certain kind of magic around the Dursleys house.

Sabo and Ace had recognised it easily as Lily’s, they weren’t 100% sure whether little Harry would have been safe to grow up around the pair of them so they had taken the chance.

Unfortunately for them, it hadn’t really payed off seeing as Luffy would have been just as safe with them, if not happier, than he was with the Dursleys.

Sabo looped over, momentarily hanging the pair of them upside down, the whoops and cheers made the ill-fitting nausea worth it.

He gracefully returned to the ground and let his brother slide off of him. “That was amazing Sabo!” Luffy cried, cheeks red from the wind.

Sabo smiled widely and reverted into the body of Remus Lupin. “Now Luffy, we’ve got something for you so go and wake Ace up.”

“Shishishi, sure!” And without preamble he leapt onto his sleeping brother. “Aceee!”

Immediately, Ace woke up growling, he rubbed his eyes. “Dammit Luffy don’t wake me up like that.”

“Shishi, Sabo said to.” He pouted.

Sabo snickered and took the moment to withdraw the contents of his bag.

Ace smirked and grabbed the sake bottle. “Let me tell you guys a secret.”

Sabo pulled out a stool (how did something that big fit into his bag? It must be a mystery…) and placed the three red sakazuki cups on it, Ace poured the liquor into all three.

“All it takes to become brothers is to share some sake.” He finished, lifting up his cup.

Sabo and Luffy followed suit. “Cheers!”

Elsewhere in a certain suburb

“No! It was here.” A certain girl was desperately moving through the contents of her bag, wishing for the little book that had been her constant companion since the beginning of the year. “Who?”

Thinking back she found that the answer was surprisingly simple to come by. “That bitch!” Hermione Granger cried, glad her parents were currently working, they had promised to be back soon though…
Ha! Ginny Weasley wanted to be her friend? As if! Instead that sneaky…

“Dammit all!” Hermione threw her hands through her bushy hair, she usually wasn’t this vulgar but she felt that the occasion warranted such rage.

They had taken her treasure.

Now, how to get it back?

Hermione smirked, oh yeah, she knew where they would keep it, and that way she could get back her friend.

“Yosh, now that we’ve got the food I think it’s been long enough, I mean, I think it’s been what? Four hours?” Usopp asked, looking at the rest of the crew.

“Mm, I wanna meet Sabo and see Luffy and Ace!” Chopper said.

Zoro snored on.

“Alright, let’s go.” Nami said, her eye twitching as their resident swordsman let out a particularly loud snore. “Wake up!” She kicked him in the head.

Zoro woke up calmly, as if he hadn’t just been kicked in the head. “Damn witch…” He still muttered as he took a bag of the food and walked out of the dormitory.

They all followed, idly wondering what the mystery room would resemble.

“Ne, Zoro, do you think the mystery room will open for us?” Chopper asked, lugging his own bag of food.

In response Zoro shrugged. “Who knows?”

Their group got a few odd stares from the paintings on the wall but they paid them no heed, intent on getting down to the seventh floor and then the mystery room.

“Oh! You guys need to meet my nakama, we’re… some of the others aren’t here but I still want you to meet them!” Luffy suddenly cried, leaping up from where the three of them were lying.

Sabo and Ace shrugged readily agreeing with him. “Yosh, let’s go!”

He promptly dragged both brothers out of the room, turning to the direction of the Gryffindor dormitory, having sensed them in that direction.

“Oops, Snakey’s coming our way.” Luffy said, turning around and going to drag the brothers in the opposite direction.

“Wait, Severus Snape?” Ace asked curiously.

“That’s what I said.” Luffy said.

“Sure you did, it’s been a while since we saw good ole Snape hasn’t it, Ace?” Sabo said, looking at his brother cheekily.

“Yup, I hope he doesn’t still hate us for what James’ did.” Ace replied cheerily.
“Mm, wanna go see him?” Sabo asked.

“Eh? You guys know Snakey?” Luffy asked, surprised.

“Yeah, we went to school at the same time and dare I say it? I consider him my friend.” Ace replied chuckling.

“Wouldn’t he get mad because we broke in?” Sabo asked curiously.

“Only one way to find out.”

And that’s how the greasy haired man found them, waiting in front of the now blank wall, smiling creepily.

“Severus! It’s been so long!” Ace chuckled, walking up to the dumbfounded man and clapping him on the shoulder, Sabo following suit.

“What a surprise Remus, Sirius.” Snape managed to grunt out, voice deceptively velvety smooth and calm as always.

“How you been going? Life treating you well?” Sabo asked smiling.

“Cut the false pretences, what are you both doing here?” Snape asked instead, trying not so subtly to get out of their grips.

“Oh we just wanted to say hello to our brother, Luffy, meet one of our friends, Severus.” Ace replied cheekily.

“We’ve met.” Snape said curtly, even as Luffy said “Yo.”

“Oh that’s right, you’re a professor right? How have you been dealing with Luffy?” Sabo laughed at his old friend.

Snape shifted uncomfortably in response. “I wasn’t aware he was your… brother.” Snape managed to grind out.

“Well, he wasn’t always, I think we were godfathers? But Ace and I decided to make him our little brother, isn’t that right Lu?”

Luffy grinned blindingly in response. “Yup, we drank sake so now we’re brothers!”

“You do realise it is illegal for a minor to consume alcohol?” Severus asked the sweating brothers, silently cursing the mouth on the youngest. “And are you still going by those ridiculous names?”

“Oi, they’re not ridiculous.” Luffy protested.

It was at this point in time that Zoro decided that he didn’t care for the appearance of the teacher and walked around the corner. “Professor.” He nodded, while the other straw hats gave varying degrees of greetings.

“Ace, Sabo, captain.” Zoro continued. “We brought food.”

“Ah, the swordsman I assume, it’s been a while.” Ace said smiling brightly at the pirates. “Thanks for taking care of my bungling kid of a brother.”

They both bowed, removing themselves from the professor who watched on cautiously. “Thank
you for looking out for him, if you guys weren’t he probably would be dead.”

Luffy grinned as his crew began to splutter and turn bright red. “That doesn’t make me happy you bastards.” Chopper began to do his happy dance and the rest of the straw hats played off the compliment awkwardly.

Sabo and Ace grinned at each other. “Now, did I hear something about food?”

“Meat!” Luffy cried, launching himself at the swordsman.

Snape watched on in dull anticipation as Potter jumped at Finnigan who dropped the sack he had been carrying in favour of catching the idiot.

“Yosh, we’ll have a feast, bye Snakey!”

It was at this stage that Severus jolted out of his mood and sighed, gustily. “You two owe me.” He said, pointing at ‘Ace’ and ‘Sabo’.

“Sure Severus!” They both grinned at him and the potions master found it difficult to not see the resemblance between the Potter boy and the pair of them.

He walked away, deciding that he was not going to deal with any more of their antics, lest he blow up and demand answers, something told him that Remus and Sirius weren’t going to be happy when they discovered he’d been biased against their… ‘brother’.

Yep, still weird to think about, both men were how much older than Potter?

And why one earth would they call him ‘Luffy’? It made less sense than it had their little group calling for the mugiwara no kaizoku which he surmised was a pirate crew.

It was odd that they had dubbed themselves after two brothers who both died at the hands of the marines, yes, Snape had read Akagami no Shanks’ recount of the tale.

*Days spent in his childhood wasting the day’s away reading about fantastic stories.*

Most didn’t agree with that course of history but Severus knew better, if magic existed and technology made by the hands of muggles’ existed then what was there to say that devil fruits didn’t exist?

And besides, the man Shanks seemed to have taken a liking to the three brothers. The man hadn’t explicitly written it in his original work – written in Japanese, which naturally meant it had taken decades for it to even be considered. However, the way he had talked of the three made most conclude he was writing from a biased perspective (no duh, the man was a pirate, a ‘yonko’ at that) however it was still a very important part in deciphering history.

Although, Snape had also read other accounts of the straw hats history and he found them slightly less believable, most had been written in logs from Marine captains – one spoke of the group pillaging and raping a village.

It didn’t ring true, especially seeing as *that* account was from a marine, naturally, seeing as the two were enemies, the accounts would be biased, and not all government agencies were quite honest.

He also knew that Sabo was the second in command of the Revolutionary army whilst Ace D. Portgas had been the second division commander of the Whitebeard pirates.
This Ace had died a bloody death on a battlefield, a battle that Shanks had dubbed the War of the Best. Apparently he had been the son of the first King of the Pirates, he didn’t particularly agree with the World Government at that stage (not that he was one to speak, after all he solely based Potter on his father’s actions…).

And speaking of the World Government, apparently Mugiwara no Luffy was the son of Dragon D. Monkey.

And to top it all off he had declared war on the world by burning its’ own flag. Oh, and he commandeered a fleet of over 5000, an alliance created after a shichibukai (?) was taken down.

But overall they hadn’t seemed like they were out to kill seeing as sometimes statues of “God Usopp” had washed up on the shores of various countries and there was still a myth going around of a ‘sky island’ that praised such a crew.

So, Severus concluded that whatever happened it hadn’t been that bad. Not that he actually had any clue as to what was going on, all he knew was that Potter’s group of friends (sans the brainy Gryffindor) called each other names of that infamous crew and now they had immediately accepted ‘Ace’ and ‘Sabo’ as Remus and Sirius’ names.

Severus Snape sighed to himself, he didn’t really feel like telling the old coot of his new knowledge, the man was far too manipulative and he didn’t want to break his old friends’ trust.

After all, they were the reason why James stopped pestering him and left him alone.

And they had been sure to take James away at certain times, allowing him to have some time with Lily without James hovering over his shoulder.

He remembered the day it was apparent that Sirius had been arrested on suspicion of killing Peter Pettigrew and selling out the Potter family.

It had been terrifying, apparently the entire force of the ministry had come down onto the young man who had been distraught over the death of one of his friends…

Ace had defeated the dementors the first time they attacked but by that stage the ministry had posted enough aurors to take down Voldemort’s army, just for one man.

And even then, after being in Azkaban the man was broken out by his ‘brother’ and from there ‘Sabo’ had demanded ‘Ace’ get a trial and where it was proven that the pair of them were animagi.

And then to top it all off, a man who claimed his name was Thatch also joined the hearing, claiming that he also knew Peter Pettigrew was an animagus.

And not just him either, a woman named Koala (well, she called herself Koala but she was registered as one Nymphadora Tonks) who was held in high regard by fish men of the world also stood as a witness. And then another man joined them, he looked quite bored with all of the proceedings had he not been sending worried glances at Ace during the entire thing.

And not to mention that their animagi forms were quite unusual and unique. Severus had been privy to that hearing, an accompaniment to Albus Dumbledore. Remus Lupin, or, as he had dubbed himself, Sabo was extraordinarily enough a cross between a Swedish Short Snout and a Ukrainian Iron Belly dragon. That had created quite an uproar, nobody had come forth as a mythical animagus prior to their trial.

And Sirius Black, or Ace, had transformed into what Snape believed was ‘Garuda’, belonging to
Hindu mythology. However it had seemed like he was a firebird at first due to the colouring on his wings and body.

The Thatch who Severus recalled to be quite the prankster and cook in one pompadour’d (was that a word? Well it was now) package, turned out to turn into a kitsune. A freaking trickster fox, to say the least it had been an unusual hearing.

All in all, Severus considered the pair to be – dare he say it? – friends.

He liked them dammit and he felt slightly ashamed for the way he had been treating Potter, after all, despite the fact that he was James’ boy, he was also apparently very close to Ace and Sabo.

So he resolved to be kinder to the boy, well, by kinder he meant that he was going to treat him like he treated the rest of his classes, with menace and disapproval.

“Ahh, that was pretty good food, nothing like Thatch’s but still amazing.” Ace sighed contentedly.

They were all piled aboard the Thousand Sunny, partying to their hearts’ content.

Brook was playing decidedly piratey tunes (mostly Bink’s Sake but hey, it’s probably the best pirate song), the rest were dancing, eating and drinking together.

The three bottomless pits had eaten more than half of the food brought so a few of the crew members had been elected to go grab some more, the swordsman was easing his way through too many bottles of booze.

Sabo idly wondered if that was any good on his small body. “Wait ‘til you eat Sanji’s food! He’s the best chef in the world.”

“Sanji eh? Wasn’t he the one that went to Zou while you fought in Dressrosa?” Sabo asked.

“Mm, except he got kidnapped and forced into an arranged marriage with one of Big Mom’s daughters.”

“Ehh?” Sabo and Ace asked simultaneously.

“Mm, turns out that Sanji was born in a noble family and ran away, they wanted to use him to create an alliance between the Vinsmokes and the Yonko’s family.”

“Wait, Vinsmoke as in Germa 66 Vinsmoke?” Ace asked hurriedly, at Luffy’s nod he whistled, impressed.

“I think we have some catching up to do.” Sabo admitted, chewing on a bone.

“I think we do. Want to tell us from the beginning Lu?” Ace asked, he hadn’t heard their stories yet.

“Sure!”

“Actually, before you do that,” Sabo said. “Where’s your hat, I would have thought that the Room of Requirement would have created it.”

The ship went eerily silent before…

“It’s called the Room of Requirement?!” The orange haired navigator cried gratefully. “Finally, I
won’t have to call it mystery room.” She sobbed out.

“Shishishi. I’m still going to call it mystery room.” Luffy said.

“Like hell!” Nami cried.

“Leave him be witch.” Zoro muttered, sipping his firewhiskey contentedly.

“Hmm? What was that Zoro? You want your debt doubled?”

Zoro remained quiet.

“I thought so.”

Simultaneously Ace and Sabo thought, *she’s scary…*

But they got the message, don’t talk about *where* his hat was.

They could find out another day, although, Koala was going to have their hides when she discovered that they went *without* her.

“So, want to tell us about your adventure?”

Immediately he smiled as bright as the sun and launched into tales of a barrel, a coward boy who found his strength, rescuing his nakama from military bases, meeting a thief, beating up ‘Boogy’, finding a liar, beating up a pussy, accidentally breaking a floating restaurant, working for said restaurant, the meeting with Mihawk, almost getting executed.

Reverse mountain, Laboon (at which the musician began to cry), rescuing a princess and helping her take back her country, ‘little’ garden and the giants, his navigator becoming sick, meeting their doctor (“no you can’t eat him”).

Defeating his first shichibukai (and wasn’t it surprising that the bastard had saved Ace and Luffy numerous times, finding his archaeologist, mock-town (at which Luffy had raged that he had *met* Blackbeard – thank god he didn’t know who he was), the island in the sky.

An elongated island, and then a Davy back fight, Aokiji, water 7 (at which the sniper had become ashamed of himself), Enies Lobby, sogeking, leopard bastard. Franky the pervert, their first ship died and Thousand Sunny was their new one.

Brook and consequently thriller bark and the defeat of his *second* shichibukai, and then the flying fish riders (at which the brothers had to wait as they laughed their asses off), Hachi, and then… Sabaody Archipelago, Rayleigh, the supernovas, and punching a Tenryuubito (Sabo was just *slightly* proud), then Kizaru and Kuma.

The Amazon Lily (Ace and Sabo had laughed for 10 solid minutes when they figured that the snake princess was in *love* with their brother), then…

Well, Luffy skipped over the next part, instead electing to talk about the two years he spent apart from his crew, defeating Byrnni World and training with Rayleigh.

And then came their reunion and fishman island, then challenging Big Mom, breaking into the New World and subsequently Punk Hazard and an unlikely but at the same time likely ally. The destruction of Caesar salad (as dubbed by Luffy), finding an ally in Smoker (hadn’t Ace fought him in Alabasta?).
Helping children addicted to ‘candy’. Finally leaving the island and the toxic gas behind, then Dressrosa and all the crap that happened there.

Not limited to; attempting to have Doflamingo vacate his position as a shichibukai, participating in a colosseum frenzy for the mera mera no mi, greeting Sabo and defeating Doflamingo, his third (does Law, Jinbei or Hancock count?) shichibukai.

And then that’s when their little brother manages to drop on them that he became the leader of a freaking fleet.

“But I didn’t want them to be ‘under my command’ or anything.” Luffy pouted.

And then came Zou and the thievery of their cook who actually came from a family of assassins. Then knowledge, they were getting close to the end, Sabo and Ace could feel it, especially seeing as the pirate group had learned of the Road Poneglyphs.

Then the ninja-mink-pirate alliance and the splitting up of their groups, the Sanji retrieval group, Nekomamushi for the remaining Whitebeard pirates and the rest heading to Wano.

Totto land, a temporary alliance, the rubbing of one of the poneglyphs in Big Mom’s possession, screwing the ‘Tea Party’ over ten times.

Leaving a battered yonko and assassin family behind with cook in tow they sailed to the land of Wano.

From there, well… beating Kaido was no easy feat and it had taken another temporary alliance to kick the man’s ass and then the remaining Whitebeard pirates had showed up tipping the scales in their favour. Then another rubbing was made of the third road poneglyph.

And in the mess of everything they had found Akagami no Shanks who, surprisingly enough, seemed to be travelling with the shichibukai (and world’s greatest swordsman) Dracule Mihawk. Sabo and Ace spluttered at this stage in surprise. “Wait, Shanks had the fourth poneglyph all along?”

“Yeah, he was guarding the island he knew where it was, something about safekeeping it against all the rookies.”

Naturally the crew had taken the chance and attacked the third yonkou, Law being dragged into all of it along with them – by this stage it was hard to tell whether the man was an ally or a crew member. It was a long laborious fight in which both captains had fought, as had the World’s Greatest Swordsman, having decided it had been long enough.

Leaving the remaining straw hats to fight Shanks’ crew. When everything was said and done they all sat down and partied, hard.

Reunions were made and titles declared but at the end of it the straw hat crew were off again to find the island of Raftel.

“I would tell you everything but that would be boring.” Luffy finally concluded, leaving both of his brothers on the edges of their metaphorical seats.

“Ehhh? But you were so close to the end too…” Sabo muttered.

“Welp, I’m tired, good night everyone.” Luffy said before promptly dropping in between his
brothers.

The two smiled at the gesture and immediately curled around the smaller boy’s body, in no time at all, all three were snoring away much to the amusement of the straw hat crew.

“Alright, I’ve got watch.” Zoro said pleasantly, sipping the remainder of his firewhiskey.

Chapter End Notes

Ok, I confess, I’m a little apprehensive about how this chap will be received, I’m not very well versed in the writing of ASL reunions despite the numerous reads I have completed, oh, if my spelling/grammar are bad please tell me, it’s currently nearing 2 AM over here so who knows how it went.

Again, I want to explicitly state that Black’ Victor Cachat (find them on fanfiction.net) was my main motivation for this chapter, not saying that all you guys reading it out there aren’t! It makes me feel warm and tingly on the inside when someone leaves a nice comment or kudos/subscribes, or even reads period.

Now, tell me what you thought, in all honesty, were the character too OOC? (Something I’ve been editing in previous chapters so expect to see them up sometime again)
Chapter Notes

Okay, Luffy didn't win in the last chapter because Ace and Sabo have been training for a lot more time than he has been in this world. Remember way back when i said that he didn't have his haki when he 'awoke' from his slumber? Yeah, that's why. Oh yeah, i wrote this instead of studying for my legal exam - y'all are welcome.

HOOOOOOO BOOOOOOYYY i liked writing this chapter a lot. like an unhealthy amount, seriously someone send help.

Okay, if you have any questions about anything feel free to ask me in the comments.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Zoro was the only person awake inside the myst- Room of Requirement. Jeez, it would take some adjusting to say that right.

He calmly sipped his firewhiskey which he had a surprising amount of, it was almost like someone was perpetually refilling it.

Eh, whatever, he didn’t feel right stealing booze of the cook when he was so drastically incapacitated. It’d be like stealing candy from a child (except in this case they weren’t superpowered experiments…).

So, Zoro watched the waves lap the shores where they resided, he deeply inhaled, the Room of Requirement (god that was a mouthful he was probably going to call it the mystery room…) managed to perfectly replicate the smell of an ocean breeze.

Zoro sighed, glancing down at the three sleeping brothers. He was glad that they were both here but he had to question where the hell had they been? The more reasonable part of his brain reminded him that not even he knew who Luffy was.

If that made any sense, he roughly sent a hand through his hair. Then the more emotional side decided to twist the familiar blade of guilt into his heart at the thought of leaving all of their nakama alone in this new new world.

But, he did enjoy his new family’s’ company, they were kind and accepted him for what he was. He wished he had known his elder sister more before she found her demise in the fight against Voldemort.

So he would carry her wand around, incessantly training to be able to use all three, after all, his captain would need the strongest and he wanted to master that memento of potential.

His thoughts trailed back to his rubber brained idiot of a captain and his gut twisted unpleasantly at the thought of Luffys’… family.

He hadn’t actually seen them inflict any pain on his captain however he knew that the amount of
ribs that seemed to constantly be on display was not healthy.

Sure they had disappeared now but that was only due to the extra care ero-cook put into his dishes, that and the fact they were covered by sheer muscle. Zoro also found his captain would sometimes stare intently at his stairs as if they were abnormal (he didn’t like stairs either…), but he would always snap out of it by Zoro’s prompting.

It was a testament to Luffy’s strength that he hadn’t truly complained about his life at the Dursleys’ house.

Although… if Luffy did happen to stay with his brothers’ then Zoro knew how to enact a plan of revenge, naturally he would need Usopp and Nami. And if any of the other mugiwara wanted to come he wasn’t going to deny their requests.

He grinned, already mentally calculating how much money he would need (yes witch, he knew how to budget money) and what materials would be best appropriate, legally they weren’t allowed to do magic outside of school but that was fine, after all he had survived a long time without the use of it.

Zoro mentally made a note to ask the two respective crewmates after they woke.

He eventually gave up drinking this place dry and instead elected to unabashedly stare at his nakama (Ace and Sabo included).

They (including that stupid cook) had all grown up more than he cared to admit but at the same time he felt like a proud elder brother.

And despite losing their monstrous strength and haki, for some reason, in death they were slowly rebuilding their strength.

Nami had naturally used haki years before being introduced to the actual concept, in times when she was extremely pissed off she managed to infuse those deadly fists of her with haki – not that they or anyone else knew.

Well, Luffy had once rubbed his head and asked himself quietly. “Why does it hurt as much as Ji-chan’s fist of love?”

He had snorted at the term and felt slightly angry (just slightly, no murder intent towards his jiji except for y’know… the insane training regime that he seemed to think would make Luffy into a marine) that Garp was using haki against his captain at such a young age.

Then again, if haki wasn’t used then the message wouldn’t get through his selectively thick head.

But the she-devil hadn’t become intimately familiar with both forms of haki until now…

Robin wasn’t as well versed in kenbunshoku haki, mostly because she simply used her eyes as a form of clairvoyance and she was lithe enough to avoid blows. She had, however, learnt busoshoku so she could attack logia-type akuma no mi users.

Usopp knew how to use kenbunshoku quite well but he never really concentrated on using busoshoku due to the nature of his attacks – after all, one of them was bound to get past the defence of a logia or any other weird akuma no mi users.

The cook naturally knew both and it hadn’t taken too long for him to return to a similar level, presumably because he had been practicing before he came to Hogwarts.
Chopper wasn’t very well versed in busoshoku or kenbunshoku haki, however he had been training with the rest of the crew.

Brook had been light enough to deal out attacks so quick that the enemy didn’t really have any time to prepare so he never learned busoshoku and he was quick enough to avoid most blows, therefore he hadn’t learnt kenbunshoku either.

But Zoro was… pleased to know that all the Straw Hats were learning how to correctly use both forms of haki and rokushiki. It would prepare for attacks, because, Zoro doubts that Voldemort was ever going to let up on trying to kill his captain.

For that reason, they had to be strong, for Voldemort had had many kinds of loyal supporters back in the day.

With that final thought he retreated to Sunnys’ crows nest and began to lift weights as naturally as breathing.

“9998 . . . 9999 . . . 10 000!” Luckily for him his training had taken most of the night, well, enough time that Luffy was going to be up and demanding meat soon, his lips twitched into a smile unbidden.

Sure enough the rubber man was starting to wake up, he snuggled further into the warm heap the three brothers had managed to create during the night. Zoro snorted at them and watched as Ace elbowed Luffy mumbling “No Luffy, my… meat…”

“Shut up both of you…” Sabo mumbled, rolling on top of Ace who in retaliation who pushed the man onto Luffy.

Zoro was sure that if his captain wasn’t made of rubber then he would have bruises in the morning.

He shrugged and sat down on the ground, lying back for a nap.

Sleepily Luffy sat up, rubbing his eyes tiredly, damn that had been a good night sleep, at the feeling of the unusual warmth at his side he grinned widely down at his brother, his nii-chan.

He took a second (or a minute or so) to bathe in the moment. They were finally all together again. A… S… L…

Unfortunately his stomach growled loudly breaking the moment. He heard Zoro’s chuckle and met his blue eyes with a huge smile.

Kitchens?

At Luffy’s hesitance he smiled again. We’ll be back before they wake up.

Luffy shishied quietly and walked out of the mystery room with his green haired swordsman.

There was no reason for words between the two and they had descended all the way into the furthest floors of the school, they stood in front of the kitchen door.

To their surprise the portrait swung inwards without any prompting. “Young masters Luffy and Finnigan!” Was that…

“Dobby?” Luffy asked confused, for it was the same house elf he had not seen since they appeared on Sunny.
“Yes, it is Dobby.” The house elf leapt off the stool he had been obediently sitting on and bowed deeply.

Luffy didn’t smile, he was still kind of pissed at the house elf, even if they had provided invaluable information about the Chamber of Secrets, Dobby had gotten Brook into trouble and attacked Southy and screwed with the bludger.

Zoro looked curiously between the two, he asked gruffly “Who are you?”

“Dobby sir, one of Dobby’s masters used to speak of a moss-head, would that happen to be your friend?” The house elf asked curiously, no malice held behind the insult.

Zoro for his part growled incoherently.

“What do you want Dobby?”

“Well, sir, Dobby has decided to stop forcing Luffy to go home, Dobby saw the two brothers. Remus Lupin helped save a lot of house elves a few years back sirs.” Dobby said, bowing deeply once more. “Us house elves owe Remus Lupin and his group of friends a great deal sirs, they helped saved so many magical creatures.”

“So he’s still running something like the revolutionary army.” Zoro mused.

“I wonder if that means Whitebeard-ossan is still around…”

“It’d be fun to challenge the strongest man in the world and his crew…” Zoro murmured, grinning predatorily.

“But sir, Dobby must ask Luffy to be careful, Dobby’s kind young master is petrified and Dobby wishes that Luffy does not befall such a fate.”

Stupid curly brow…

“Sanji’ll be fine Dobby, he’s super strong and when the mandrakes mature then he’ll be unpetrified.” Luffy grinned widely, he silently forgave the house elf, a friend of Sanji’s was to be his friend too.

To their dismay the house elf began to wail loudly. “Luffy-san is so kind!”

The swordsman and rubberman shared a glance. Does he remind you of anyone?

Hmmmmmm…

Don’t hurt yourself.

Luffy glared at Zoro’s amused face, his red skin returning to its usual tan colour.

“Young masters!” Hooky smiled and showed them the table of food the house elf had made.

“Shishishi! Thank you Hooky!” Luffy smiled at the house elf who responded with a smile of their own.

“Yosh, let’s go to the mystery room!”
“Mystery room?” Dobby asked curiously, stopping their blubbering and wiping the excess moisture away. “Does Luffy-san mean the Room of Requirement or as it is also known, the come and go room?”

“Yeah, that one.” Zoro quickly said. “Can you take the food there?”

“Of course young masters!” Hooky cried enthusiastically and without further ado he snapped his fingers; the trio disappeared into thin air leaving behind the bustling kitchen and a snivelling Dobby.

“Oi, oi, do any of you guys know where Luffy is?” Ace was (slightly) grouchy, being morning and all.

He and Sabo had long since figured out that kenbunshoku haki did not extend beyond the Room of Requirement so it was a little disconcerting to wake without the comforting aura of his brother.

The sniper – Usopp? – yawned tiredly and said with a sly grin. “Him and Zoro are probably at the kitchens.”

“The kitchens?” Sabo asked grinning, the pair of them knew first-hand how terrifying their younger brothers’ stomach could be, oh sorry, did he say stomach? He meant bottomless pit...

“Yeah, Sanji usually makes us breakfast but he and Robin are…” The navigator trailed off with a frown.

“Sanji-san and Robin-san are both petrified at this moment in time.” The musician said solemnly.

“Petrified? By what?” Sabo asked curiously.

“A basilisk.” The reindeer doctor said, equally solemn.

“Huh. I thought those killed, not petrified.” Sabo commented.

“Robin thought so too but she said that if one was to see the basilisks’ eyes indirectly then rather than being killed, you are petrified.” Nami replied.

“Well then, looks like we should invest in some mirrors.” Ace glanced at Sabo who nodded absently.

*If you want to go and see Robin, be my guest.*

*I’m going to wait for Lu… and Koala whenever she arrives.*

Their train of thought was broken off by a popping noise and the arrival of a large table covered in mountains of food, by its sides were Luffy, Zoro and a house elf.

Ace whistled in appreciation of the amount of food they had mustered. Luffy flung himself at his two older brothers, shishing when they complained good naturedly.

“Well good morning to you too.” Sabo grinned cheekily, wrapping his arms around Ace and Luffy.

Ace just blushed a little before also giving in and wrapping his arms around both brothers.

“Shishishi.”
Faintly Ace heard the musician start to hum a soothing tune in the background.

Eventually Luffy let go in favour of rocketing over to the table and quicker than anyone could predict, he was stuffing his face full of food.

“Oi Luffy, leave us some.” The swordsman grumbled and followed suit causing the rest of the straw-hat pirates to arrange themselves around the table, huh, they left the seats surrounding Lu for us, Ace noted.

“Shi’sh gud!” How Luffy managed to speak around such an amount of food would forever confound the brothers…

“Thank you young master!” The house elf bowed deeply and the turned to Sabo? “And thank you for saving so many of us Lupin sir!”

Sabo smiled blindingly in return. “It’s no problem!”

Hooky returned the smile and vanished.

Right as they were finishing dinner the doors to the mystery room were pushed open, on the other side stood a livid red haired woman who had Ace and Sabo wincing.

However, the straw-hat pirates were instantly on guard, Zoro was slowly unsheathing his white sword, the navigator had withdrawn an orange coloured baton (odd choice of weap- holy shit did that thing just resize!?), the sniper had pulled a black slingshot and was readying his ammo, the reindeer formed a fighting stance and the musician was also slowly withdrawing his sword – hidden in a cane, he might add.

The only one not instantly on guard was Luffy, Ace noted dully, who continued eating even though a potential enemy had entered their secret room.

“Ace! Sabo!” The red haired woman fumed. “You didn’t even leave a note! I didn’t know what happened to both of you, for all I knew you could have been killed!”

They felt a little guilty at her words but…

“Sorry Koala.” Sabo grinned in what Ace assumed was supposed to be an apologetic face.

“Like hell you are!” She calmed down once she saw their company and her hair returned to an orangey colour. “Huh, the mugiwara no Ichimi.”

“Did your hair just change colour?!” Luffy asked in excitement, Koala nodded and without a second thought her face was forming that of a duck.

Usopp, Luffy and Chopper roared in laughter and stars appeared in their eyes.

“That’s a pretty neat trick!” Usopp said with a grin.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you all, I am Koala of the rev- well, ex-revolutionary army.” Koala waved.

“Yo.” Luffy said, waving a hand while simultaneously chewing on a bone, sucking the marrow out of it.

Instantly the crew relaxed and Usopp frowned thoughtfully. “Oh! Didn’t we meet you in Dressrosa?”
“Mm!” She beamed, although… she seemed surprised that the sniper had remembered her, he wondered why…

She joined them at the table, conjuring a chair from the surrounding sand.

They ate in silence, only interrupted by a soft thump onto the table and Ace’s world turned black. “Shishishi, Ace still has narcoepsky!”

“Yup, he does! It’s a bit of a pain in the ass…” Sabo said but regardless he withdrew a permanent marker from his jacket and as an afterthought threw Luffy one. “Wanna play connect the dots Lu?” He asked mischievously.

With a quiet shishi, Luffy grabbed the offered marker and, to the amusement of everyone around them, began to connect Ace’s freckles together. Luffy also stole all of the fire man’s food.

Hermione was not having the best day, sure she had spent the holidays with her beloved family but they had sensed something off with her despite her meticulous acting and now they were hesitating to send her back to school.

“Are you sure that there isn’t anything wrong dear?” Her father asked, a troubled expression adorning his face even as she folded her clothes and packed an abnormal amount of books.

“Yes Dad, I’m just a little nervous now that our exams are getting closer.” She said brightly, shutting the port.

“Well, if it gets to be too much just owl us okay honey?” Her mother said endearingly.

“Yes mother.” She wanted to scream in frustration, why couldn’t they just leave her alone? She would be fine once she got Tom back from those back-stabbing liars.

“Well if you’re sure, we have to leave in half hour.” Her Dad said and lightly patted her head, leaving the room.

She sighed deeply as her bedroom door clicked shut. She ran a hand through her messy locks, she hadn’t been bothered to brush them much and the effects were starting to show, namely being dreadlocks.

Even as she was sitting on the train alone in a carriage she had managed to score, she couldn’t help but wonder if the straw-hat pirates (cos that’s what they were, pirates) had destroyed her precious book.

Tom was the only one who understood her. He always patiently listened to her rant about how she hated being alone but no one around here was of the same intelligence as herself. And she had told him of the straw-hat pirates, about a boy who could stretch like rubber, of a man who could cleave through spells with nothing but a sword. Of a woman who seemed to predict the weather better than Hermione could recite spells.

Of a liar who always seemed to have the accuracy of a sniper. Of a man who almost swooned every time he saw Nami or Robin, of how amazing his cooking was and how he always traded blows with the swordsman. She wrote of a reindeer who was probably on par with Madam Pomfrey and of a woman who could make her limbs appear anywhere.

And finally she spoke of a boy who had become a man in the space of a day. She hated to admit it
but she did miss that pig-headed fool of a boy.

Tom had become increasingly concerned about the prowess of these individuals and Hermione was quick to assure him that they were easy to subdue, catch the captain and they would be like sitting ducks.

The straw-hat pirates had unwittingly ignored her, infatuated with each other and eventually they had even stolen away Ron, for that they would pay.

She was broken out of her musings by an extremely loud. “Bwahaha!” And suddenly her carriage door was thrown open carelessly. “Excuse me, but did you happen to see Harry Potter? He’s yay high and constantly wears a straw hat.”

She carefully observed the figure in silence, figuring that this guy was some kind of incarnate, so instead she played off the encounter with an air of innocence. “No, I haven’t seen him, don’t really know who you are talking about.”

The large figure stood there for a few seconds, analysing her before seeming to nod to himself. “Alrighty, thank you for your time Missy.”

And with that the bulking figure left.

She unconsciously let out a breath she hadn’t been aware she was holding. “Who was that man?” She murmured lowly, she knew he had known she was lying.

Suddenly there was a loud crack and to her eternal surprise a scraggly looking man rushed past her carriage muttering. “He does this every damn time.”

“Senny!”

And without any further words uttered, there was another loud crack and there was sound no more.

Well, the day was full of surprises she guesses.

“Well, this was fun and all but I don’t think we can stay here forever, Marco and Tha- well actually Thatch would complain that we came without him – but Marco will be pissed if we never return.” Ace said dramatically.

“You’re already leaving?” Luffy asked in a hushed tone, emerald eyes cautiously blank.

“Mm, oh! While we’re still here, why don’t you come live with us over the summer breaks?” Sabo asked.

“You have custody of Luffy?” Nami asked dubiously.

“Why was he still with the Dursleys’ then?” Zoro asked, eyes narrowing, he hoped there was a good reason for it – they might be Luffy’s brothers but that was no excuse for leaving a child with the Dursley family.

“Well, as you might know, Ace got arrested and I busted his ass out of prison and got him a fair trial.” Sabo continued after they nodded. “By the time we were both free to walk Luffy had already been dropped at the muggles’ place and we were going to pick him up since we are technically godfathers but Lily put some form of an enchantment around the Dursleys’ house.”

“Your mother was an amazing witch, Luffy.” Ace said, voice uncharacteristically soft.
“Anyway, we didn’t want to risk Luffy – who we didn’t actually know was Luffy – growing up with us, seeing as we both didn’t have really normal childhoods we wanted him to be relatively fine.” Sabo’s gaze darkened.

“Shishishi! I’d love to live with you guys!” Luffy shouted, ensnaring them in a rubbery hug.

Ace and Sabo hugged him back, *it really has been too long*…

“Anyway, before you both leave do you wanna see Robin? You guys spent the two years training with her right?” Luffy asked, retracting his arms.

Sabo and Koala’s faces lit up at the same time. “Thanks Luffy!”

“Shishi let’s go.”

At his words the straw hat crew rose as one, finishing off the food left on their plates.

Sabo was very happy if anyone asked him, he had finally seen his brother after *too many years apart.*

And Ace and Sabo had both beaten him, it really just went to show how hard they had both been training in the years since they *knew* each other.

Sabo still can recall the utter elation in his younger brother’s expression when he had showed up at Raftel.

And then immediately he had been challenged to a duel which he had unsurprisingly lost, he would’ve been more concerned if he had *won against the King of the Pirates.*

Sabo had left for a while, intent on filling in his duties as second in command of the revolutionaries, everything was surprisingly calm for a bit, his brother went back under the red line and mapped the other three seas.

Wasn’t it amazing that there was a full map of the sea?

But then everything went to hell and suddenly they were all facing a double attack (since when did the marines actively team up with pirates?).

He had died with no regrets… okay that’s a lie, he regrets causing his brother the same anguish in a war fought long and hard from every side.

When Sabo had died… he hadn’t expected to wake up but he did, so here he was…

His family wasn’t particularly rich but they were kind and that was all Sabo wanted in life (and a bunch of certain people that were his family) but they had all died at the hands of a godamn wolf.

Sabo was unashamed to say that he had almost slaughtered the werewolf where it had stood, he knew that the wolf was in *full* control which made everything a million times worse.

Sabo knew that if the wolf hadn’t disappeared (teleported, his mind helpfully supplied), then it would’ve been dead.

He had wandered alone for a while, alone, but, surprisingly he was sent to an orphanage which was a bore of a life. He disliked it strongly, the kids were not so kind to him so he escaped several times from it, always ending up in a forest of some sort.
Eventually, when he was ten-years-old a white haired man showed up at the orphanage, hailing him as a “wizard” which Sabo could believe immediately, after all, if akuma no mi’s and haki existed then what was to say that magic could not?

It would certainly explain why he never felt cold in the dark depths of the night when it was negative temperatures and why whenever he fell out of a tree or building he wasn’t hurt when by all rights he should have been a pancake.

So he accepted to go to this ‘Hogwarts’, hopefully he could find others out there…

After being sent to Diagon Alley with a no-nonsense woman also known as Professor McGonagall, he had all of the essentials for his tuition – he had been informed that a stipend would be given to him seeing as he had not a dime to his name.

The wand was a little weird – Aspen with a phoenix core, 10 inches, slightly flexible – it was a weight in his pocket that seemed to be meaningless but even so, Sabo could feel the pull it emitted.

He was extremely excited for the school, he was a little apprehensive for the workload, but all he had to remind himself of was, magic.

How cool was it?

Sabo sighed in content, he was currently amongst a few other students that were excitedly exchanging rumours they had heard of the school but Sabo tuned them out.

Although, the castle was pretty freaking huge. With its’ turrets reaching high into the twinkling night, most of the windows lit up with a subtle glow, already showing that the castle was full to the brim with students and teachers alike.

Sabo let out a loud sugoi at the sight of the enchanted ceiling, earning him several odd looks from some of the other eleven-year-olds.

And then things got weirder, weird, you ask? The godamn hat started to sing.

Although, Sabo was also curious, how does one enchant a hat to sing independently?

Then the strict professor who had accompanied him to Diagon Alley began to read names off of the list held in her grasp.

“Black, Sirius.”

At the reading of a black-haired boy’s name, the hall erupted into whispers that Sabo could only just catch, they all ran along the lines of. “The house of the noble Black has finally arrived.”

Interest piqued, Sabo zeroed on the slightly tanned boy who had a scowl fixed on his face.

Peculiarly enough, the boy had most of his shirt unbuttoned revealing a chiselled chest. Sabo frowned deeply, it was the beginning of autumn and it was very cold, as in, cold enough to wear thick layers of clothing.

Sabo had a very wishful, far-fetched thought of who the boy was but it was going to be difficult to get to him before it was his turn to be ‘sorted’.

Speaking of sorting, people were beginning to whisper – what was taking the hat so long to decide?
After what felt like an eternity, the hat finally cried. “GRYFFINDOR!”

Sirius walked down to the table, ignoring the whispers and few glares shot his way. He sat down grumpily and Sabo couldn’t help but snort.

Only a couple of people really stood out to him from the throngs of over excited students, namely, one ‘Thorn Bracken’ (because a. who named their child that and b. nice hairdo) and a ‘Sean Connelly’ who had a pineapple on top of his head – well not really a pineapple but you know what I mean – and a lazy expression upon his face.

‘Thorn’ went to Gryffindor and ‘Sean’ went to Hufflepuff. Thorn sat down right next to Sirius and began to playfully nudge him, surprisingly the boy went along with it and instead sighed long-sufferingly.

Sabo watched the exchange with so much interest that he almost missed his own name called.

He walked up the stage, ignoring the comments of his obvious lack of wealth and instead sat on the stool and pulled the hat down over his eyes.

*Oh, another one.*

Wait what? Telepathy?

*Yup, enchanted by Godric Gryffindor himself. Anyway-*

Wait you said ‘another one’, what does that mean?

If the hat could sigh internally Sabo had a feeling it would be doing so right now. Sorry.

*Now, you’re quite inquisitive aren’t you? Normally I’d put someone like you in Hufflepuff or Ravenclaw however you don’t want to learn knowledge for school do you? Slytherin would be quite a fitting spot for you, quite ambitious.*

*However, your friend is in Gryffindor.*

Heart beating in his chest like a caged bird Sabo questioned tentatively. Friend?

*Yes, I believe he was your brother? I’d usually never tell another of a sorting but even as a sentient being I’m not cruel enough to separate the two of you if you were to ask.*

Please put me in the same house as him. Sabo immediately answered.

*Very well. Good luck on your endeavours in the house of “GRYFFINDOR!”*

Sabo pulled the hat off and silently thanked it before making his way down to the cheering house, he slipped in beside Sirius. “So, Sabo at your service.” He made a slight bow, smirking lightly at the gobsmacked expression on Ace’s face.

“Sabo?” The boy he believed to be his brother asked, voice cracking slightly, betraying his emotions.

“Can we find somewhere private to talk after the sorting?” Sabo asked, placing his hands in front of him in a non-threatening manner.

Ace stared at him with calculating eyes and eventually nodded.
Sabo silently let out a sigh of relief.

“Snape, Severus.” The hat had barely touched the greasy boys head before it cried.

“SLYTERIN.”

Sabo noted that the girl across from him looked longingly at the retreating back of the boy.

Sabo didn’t pay much attention to the old guy that gave his speech, but then food appeared in front of him!

He actually jumped a little but he hadn’t seen so much food since days long past, unconsciously he began to drool.

Ace chuckled lightly. “If you keep your mouth open like that you’ll catch flies.”

Sabo blushed and closed his mouth, when the word was given he began to eat with fervour, noting dully that Ace was as well.

He barely tasted the food being unceremoniously shoved into his mouth and sighed in content at the feeling.

After a while he noticed the odd looks he was receiving, well, not odd, more like disgusted.

Eventually the boy he remembered as Sean Connelly lazily made his way over to their table and casually dropped into the spot next to Thorn. “Pleasure to meet your acquaintance Marco the phoenix.”

Sabo said finally, pausing in his mad scramble of food.

Thorn looked at him weirdly. “Huh, well, hi there mystery-man, I’m Thatch of the Whitebeard pirates.”

“I remember you, you were there at Raftel when Mugiwara became King-yoi.” Marco cut in, eyes narrowing in calculation.

At that Ace blinked and said in a quiet voice. “Huh, so he did become King… Well, this calls for a celebration!” He cried merrily, forgoing Sabo’s mystery and instead focusing his efforts on making Thatch cook for him again – who denied his request.

“Yeah.” Marco replied, slinging his arm over Thatch’s shoulder who paused his eating in favour of jumping up.

“Wait a minute! Are you telling me that that little pipsqueak with 30 million berries to his name actually became king?”

At this the people who had stopped eating to focus on their not so hushed conversation looked even more confused.

Both Sabo and Ace jumped up in indignation. “That’s my little brother you’re talking about.”

Thatch paled lightly. “Right, forgot about that, I mean, any brother of Ace’s is bound to be a little demon.”

“Hmm, want to take this somewhere private?” Sabo asked, looking around at everyone who was staring at them.
“Ahahaha! You guys are hilarious.” A boy with messy hair finally cracked and began to laugh.
“Talking about dead pirates like that!”

“You know of the Pirate King-yoi?”

“Of course! Anyone with half a brain should know of the ‘Great Pirate Era’ and the hell that happened during it.” The boy continued.

“Hmph. We’re leaving.” Ace finally acquiesced, pulling them out of the Great Hall.

“Any nearby bathrooms?” Thatch asked.

“Yeah, I found one-yoi.”

“Okay, now spill, Sabo… you died… how could you be there when Lu became king?” Ace said, quite calmly. No, no, no, those are not flames you see sprouting from his shoulders, not at all.

Sabo looked at his brother warily, but nonetheless his lips pulled downwards into a frown. “That day… when the Tenryuubito shot down my boat… I didn’t die… not really.”

“What do you mean not really?”

“I had no recollection of my life, just the knowledge that I didn’t want to go back with the nobles. Monkey D. Dragon took me in and trained me as a revolutionary where I rose to become second in command.” Sabo paused, gauging his brothers’ reaction – well, he was probably going to have to fight after he finished his story. “And then… the war happened and Ace you- you died… I remembered after that…”

“So… you mean to tell me that you were still alive even after the war…” Ace said calmly.

Sabo waited a few beats before. “You bastard!”

Then a flaming fist was sent flying in his direction and it was only due to years of practice in this world that he missed becoming a human steak. Dully he noted that a high pitched squeal originated from Thatchs’ mouth and the phoenix didn’t really try and avoid any of the flames.

He sighed but nonetheless brought his collapsible pole out of his pocket, gripping it in a familiar stance.

Another fist was sent in his direction and this time he brought his pole up, infusing it in haki – the only reason it was intact.

“I thought you were dead for years! You should’ve seen how much Luffy cried! Hiken!”

Sabo dodged the fist and winced as he heard the bathroom stall collapsed. “You think I wanted this to happen?!”

He dodged the fireflies that exploded the vanity and all of the mirrors, he backflipped out the door to avoid a torrent of flames.

“You have no idea how much I wished I could’ve gone back in time and saved you! It took a long time for me to get over you dammit!”

He leapt forward, intent on slamming his pole into his brothers’ thick head.

“Flame mirror!”
“We left Luffy alone dammit! He thought he was alone for far too long!” Sabo cried in frustration.

Ace frowned but still threw two more hikens’.

Faintly Sabo heard Thatch cry panickily. “Stop before you destroy the castle!”

By this stage a few students and teachers had come towards the noise of disturbance and watched on in part horror and awe as two students jumped at each other, one with fists of flame and the other with a pole of all things.

“How did you go after Blackbeard of all people, dammit!” Sabo cried.

“Because I was responsible for revenge! That bastard killed Thatch for the yami yami no mi!”

“You should’ve known he was out of your league godammit Ace! And not just Blackbeard! Akainu too!”

“Luffy was behind me, what did you expect me to do Sabo?!”

Each retort accompanied by a blaze of fire and a returning clank of a pole.

“Take him and run.”

It was days later that the teachers finally decided to halt their fighting (they had been trying before but were always stopped by a glare from the black-haired boy).

The entire hall was scorched, almost beyond repair and Sabo was covered in burns and Ace in ugly bruises and cuts.

Dumbledore stumbled in shock, shaking from his reverence of such powers, with that kind of magic… well… Voldemort wouldn’t really stand a chance would he?

Thatch and Marco let out a collective sigh of relief as they were both doused in cold water… although, the glare from both brothers was terrifying enough that Dumbledore paused in his slow approach.

Finally Sabo and Ace took note of their surroundings, the students had long since been evacuated thank god, but the hallway… there wasn’t really much left of it.

Part of the floor had given way to the basement levels and all of the portraits had been incinerated, as had the luscious carpet that had lined the hall.

“Whoops…” Sabo muttered and received a ‘Ya think?’ off Thatch.

“Oh man I’m going to receive a howler for this…”

“Both of you come with me.” Dumbledore instructed, turning heel and walking briskly, as one, the teachers followed him in a state of shock.

Ace and Sabo nervously walked side by side before promptly shaking hands. “We good?”

“Yeah, just had to get all of that out, I’ve missed you, you bastard.”

Well, that was the best apology he was getting out of Ace so instead he grinned widely and said. “Second division commander of the Whitebeard Pirates, very nice.”
Ace’s grin widened. “Second in command of the revolutionaries huh? Well done.”

“Be quiet the both of you.” Professor McGonagall snapped. “I don’t think you understand just how much trouble you are in, if it was up to me you’d be on the first train back, be glad that this is for Dumbledore to decide.”

They both nodded, smiles fading.

Ace will never understood how they managed to survive that day, he had been so sure he would be expelled.

But on the bright side, both of them got all their angst over and done with and were able to live life to its fullest.

They both became pretty close to quite a few people who they dared to call ‘friends’, although, sometimes he was pretty pissed off at James for some of the crap he pulled.

There was pranking, which Thatch did with a passion, and then there was bullying. So, more times than they really should need to, Ace and Sabo were pulling their friend back from harming the greasy haired boy – also known as Severus Snape.

Oh, and they created a map of the school that not only gave them an accurate location of every class room, but it showed them where everyone was.

It was infused with not only kenbunshoku haki (Ace was slightly annoyed that his brother was better than him at every aspect of haki, sans haoshoku but that couldn’t be helped) but a multitude of other spells that all five of them had spent hours compiling from poring over ancient texts.

“Hmm, I regret not having the mera mera no mi any more…” Sabo muttered aloud one day.

“You had the mera mera no mi?” Ace asked in surprise, looking up from his study.

“Mhm, Doflamingo, the shichibukai held a battle royale for it, Luffy and I participated. Luffy had to leave so I won it and ate it.”

“Mm, well, I’m glad it was you and not some other loser…”

“How do you me to fill you in on everything you missed out on?”

It was in second year that Sabo found the answer for his dilemma in the form of animagi. “Ne, do you guys want to be able to form into an animal at will?”

Peter, James, Thatch and Ace grinned in delight.

“Mr Slughorn, have you been taking my mandrakes’ leaves?”

“So… Ace turns into a gold bird… thing. Peter is a rat…? James is almost a stag. Thatch is a fox with… five tails? And I am a dragon…”

“So cool!” All five voices cried in sync.
“How are you guys so good at transforming?” James asked with a hint of suspicion.

All three shrugged. “Anyway, who wants to go find out just what kinds of creatures we are?”

“No need. I already know-yoi.”

“Ah! Pineapple-head!”

“Y’know, you dying won’t bother me in the slightest Thatch-yoi…”

“Anyways, Marco, so you know what they are?” Peter asked timidly before the bantering could escalate further.

“Mmm, Ace is a Garuda, from Hindu Mythology. Usually it takes the form of a humanoid bird with a body of gold and wings that appear to be fire-yoi. It is said that the Garuda represents birth and heaven and is the enemy of all snakes-yoi.”

There was silence for a couple of seconds before. “Holy cow you should’ve gone to Ravenclaw Marco.” Thatch said, laughing.

Marco sighed resignedly.

“Me? Represent birth and heaven?” Ace snorted derisively.

Sabo thumped his brother on the back – hard. “As much as you might hate to admit it we all love you and we’re glad you were born.” Sabo said.

Ace’s ears slowly turned red but everyone nodded in agreement. “Whatever…”

“So, do you know what kind of a dragon I am?” Sabo asked, breaking the silence.

“Hmm? Well, normally I’d say a Swedish Shortsnout but those claws of you looked wicked sharp, to the point that I would name them as Ukrainian Ironbelly-yoi.”

“Wicked…”

“And Thatch is an idiot-yoi.”

“Ehhh? Me, no…”

“If you admit being an idiot I’ll tell you-yoi.” Marco smirked daringly and Thatch sighed long-sufferingly.

“Fine, I’m an idiot and Marco is a genius, now hurry up and tell me.”

“You are a kitsune, derived from Japanese mythology it is said that Kitsune’s are tricksters but they can be many other things, just in Thatchs’ case I would like to mention the trickster part-yoi.”

“Fair enough.”

“It is said that the more tails a kitsune has, the more knowledge and wisdom it has-yoi. In every text I have read, the highest amount of tails is nine-yoi.”

“Wait, just how did you find out about our animagus forms?” James asked suspiciously.

“Well, I guess it takes one to know one-yoi.”
“But you’re not…”

“Eh, kenbunshoku-yoi, you’re all so noisy…”

“That makes a lot more sense.” Ace nodded.

“Can we see your animagus form?” Peter asked.

“Sure.”

And without a second thought wings of blue fire leapt from his arms, slowly covering his entire body, tendrils of gold interlaced amongst the blue flames.

Marco cawed loudly.

They stared in awe at his figure.

“Does this mean we have to add ‘Flaming Turkey’ to the map?” Thatch whispered to Ace who chuckled.

“Nah I think that Hiken, Prongs, Wormtail, Kitsune and Ryū are good enough.”

“But, we should find a location where we can fight.” Sabo said.

“Mm, hang on, do you guys remember one of the house elves talking of the ‘Come and go room’?”

“Yeah, seventh floor?”

The Moby Dick materialised without a thought and Ace, Sabo, Thatch and Marco were quite pleased to find their old clothing there, untouched by the years.

“Hey, I’m going to get a tattoo, want one?”

“Aren’t those things expensive?”

“Mhm, lucky that my family’s rich.”

Ace’s was of his proud whitebeard symbol on his back and two smaller tattoos on his shoulder of a straw hat jolly roger and a large S crossed out.

Sabo smirked and ordered ASL down his left arm.

“See? Now we’re back in business baby!”

⋯

“Never do that again please…”

“Okay.”

It took a while but eventually Ace and Sabo came clean to James and Peter.

Both weren’t as surprised as they probably should’ve been.

James shrugged when asked why he wasn’t that surprised. “You all keep talking about some long
dead people as if they were your friends.”

“Yeah, and you can do that weird armour stuff on your skin.” Peter added.

“Do you wanna learn how to do that?”

“Sure, seems handy.”

(Famous last words)

It was seventh year that one Nymphadora Tonks joined Hogwarts and James became Head boy of Gryffindor.

“Hello Sabo-kun.” Without any preamble, the Hufflepuff girl plonked herself down next to their group.

“Ehhh? Koala?”

“Ne, Sabo, did you know, Fishmen are still around, they have their own island above the ground. Isn’t it great?”

Sabo laughs along with her in joy, he knows just how much that means to her. “So you live with them?”

She shakes her head ruefully. “No, but I’m allowed to stay with them any time. Jinbe insisted.”

“Jinbe huh?” Sabo smiles at the implications.

Those memories will forever stay in his mind, the hope that one day, his brother would join him and Ace. And finally they would be together.

Studying was hellish, the only thing that Sabo really wanted to do was live with Ace… maybe James and Peter too.

Sabo had been living with James for a while and wasn’t too surprised when Ace joined them, James’ parents were very accommodating and had adopted Sabo and allowed Ace to live with them.

“So, James is being even crueler on Severus than he has been in years…”

“I know, we need to stop him Ace.”

“I think I know why-yoi.”

“Jesus Marco! Don’t just creep up on us like that.”

“It was training-yoi.”

“Hmph.”

“Anyways, continue with your theory Marco.”

“He’s in love with that Lily-yoi, and Severus is in love with her as well-yoi.”
Ace shifted uncomfortably. “That sounds… awkward.”

“Hey James, why don’t you come play chess with me?” Thatch said enthusiastically, dragging James away despite his protests.

“Alright Sevvy, you can come out now.” Sabo called to the figure lurking in the corridor perpendicular to theirs.

The figure jumped. “Now, go and talk to Lily, if you really want, confess your love for her.” Sabo said cheerily.

“What makes you think that I care for that… girl?”

“Hmm, so all of those ugly fights with James were meaningless?”

“It’s all his fault…”

“Go and do it while Thatch is distracting him.” Ace encouraged.

“Now, I understand that both of you haven’t decided on what career path you wish to follow.” Dumbledore said over his half moon spectacles.

They shrugged in unison. “We want to work together, to be honest, we can live without a job.”

“Well, you’re both very talented, I have a proposition for you, help us defeat Voldemort and I will personally ensure that the pair of you are set up for life.” There was a glint in the old man’s eyes that spoke of greed so they both shook their heads.

“Nah, A-Sirius has enough money to keep us fine, and even if he doesn’t we can survive on our own.” Sabo said seriously.

Dumbledore frowns and curiously enough they’re ambushed near Aces’ apartment by Death Eaters.

(They agree to fight directly against Voldemort)

The second wizarding war almost kills them.

God, they were so cocky.

Rushing in to seek vengeance for everyone else.

The ones left behind…

But Voldemort, he was smart.

Ace had never thought that there might be other reincarnation before him, never even stopped to consider it.

But…

How else would Voldemort know to try and drown them all in sea water?

How else would he know that they could predict his movements?
It was a disaster and if it wasn’t for Marco none of them would have made it out alive…

But… even in the darkness does a small spark of hope arise and a prophecy hath been evoked.

“Ah I think I’m going to cry.”

“Don’t be such a crybaby Sabo.”

“Shut up Ace-yoi, you’re crying too.”

“They’re so cute! I can’t wait for their child to be born! I’ll teach him how to be a proper prankster.”

“Thatch, don’t taint the poor soul.”

“Shush Peter, I just want to teach them a few tricks to get their Dad back for all the pranks he’s pulled on me.”

“Well I’m going to-” Thunk! Snore…

“Ace…”

“I can’t believe he can’t be cured by any medicine…” Peter muttered.

“Shhhh, Lily’s coming.”

“So…” Ace paused. “You want us to meet your baby on a picnic while Voldemort wants to kill you.”

“Well… we’re going to be surrounded by aurors.” James defended. “And besides, we’ve got you pirates.”

Sabo sighed. “Fine.”

“See you all soon.” Lily cried from the background of the ‘telephone’, baby wails were accompanying her speech.

“Oh. My. God. Aren’t you the cutest little baby ever?!” Thatch cooed loudly before being pushed aside by Marco.

Ace moved closer to the little, thing. Was I ever that small?

“Ace…"

“Naw, such a cutie, look at his messy hair, and those eyes.” Sabo said, squeezing beside his brother.

“Hello there little Harry, we’re your godfathers, Remus and Sirius.” Ace finally said, they had all agreed not to tell Harry about just who they all were – at least not until he was older.

But there was something about the baby that made him want to confess his true name, there was a certain degree of intelligence in his eyes that wasn’t present in most babies.

Ace pulled out his cheeks. “Nyah!”
Harry laughed loudly at his face, reaching out to poke it – for one moment Sabo half-thought half-hoped that his arm would stretch for Ace’s face.

As it was Ace moved closer, allowing the baby to prod his face. “Damn, that kids gonna be strong when he grows up.”

“He will, won’t he?” Lily said sweetly. “Now, who wants to make flower crowns?”

Without much convincing, all grown men sat on the ground and carefully weaved daisies into crowns.

Ace will forever remember that day, it was the last time they were all together…

Screaming, pain, they were the only two things that registered in Ace’s mind.

His… his… they were both… dead.

And the only one to do such a deed would have to be…

Peter – he had betrayed them and suddenly he was overcome with such…

_Fury. Blinding, white, fury._

How could this happen? How? Peter had never shown any signs of disliking them, had he?

For one second Ace entertained the thought that Peter had been tortured for information but…

He wasn’t going to fall for that one again.

So instead he left, leaving Sabo alone… and when he hunted down Peter the bastard had the audacity to cut off his own finger and blow up the street.

Lucky, wasn’t it, that he happened to be a logia?

Ace stilled as the air began to freeze around him, subconsciously he knew…

So he pulled out his wand and thinking of the moment he had become brothers with Sabo and Luffy and cried “Expecto Patronum!”

And from his wand burst himself, himself from another time, another place.

But nonetheless, Ace watched as his patronus spread its hands and spewed silverly light like fire onto the dementors.

They backed the hell off but no… the ministry wasn’t finished with him yet.

Aurors, thousands of aurors came from all sides and Ace sighed resignedly, he knew _exactly_ where he was going if he was going to lose this so…

He gave it his all. “Hiken!”

After everything… it wasn’t enough and he was taken into the cold grasps of the dementors.

_All around him was darkness._
But Oyaji!

THAT BASTARD WILL PAY!

“If the pirate king had a son?”

“He should be pricked with a needle for every sin his father committed!”

“How about being burned alive?”

The quiet was as deafening as the screams of his brothers dying...

Silence meant being alone...

He understood his little brother after so long...

But what of Sabo? Blown up with his little pirate vessel. BECAUSE HE DARED TO DREAM.

And then he was surrounded by magma and NO! He could not WILL NOT GO AFTER MY BROTHER!

I’m sorry Luffy, I know that you never wanted this.

But... THANK YOU FOR LOVING ME!

It never ended, an endless cycle, Ace could barely stay conscious, he was fairly sure that he was screaming but it sounded so... tortured.

It couldn’t be him... could it?

Ace snarled at the restraints holding him back as Blackbeard slowly approached Luffy’s almost dead body. “Zehahaha, I wonder what would happen if I killed him in front of you? What about his name sake?”

Sabo was understandably royally pissed off. Not only had his brother charged into a situation with that... bastard.

But he had also gone and gotten himself caught.

And oh no, the ministry wouldn’t provide him with a trial, all because he ‘killed’ poor Peter Pettigrew.

Oh, Ace was going to be rescued, and Sabo would get him a fair trial.

With that final thought Sabo sat down and meditated.

Inhale. Feel the hard, cold wooden floor beneath you. The breath of the icy wind on the back of your neck. The leather against your skin. Your hair curling against your face. The shaking of the apartment while Marco and Thatch fight. Your steady heartbeat.

Hear the far-off sounds of children playing. Hear the phoenix and Thatch curse each other to high heaven and back. The pitter patter of rain against the roof. The rumbling of thunder. The roar of cars, trains. Hear Koala poring over books with a fervour unmatched.

Smell the pollution in the air, the burning smell. The slight scent of the ocean breeze, Thatch’s’
cooking, abandoned. The cheap cologne Ace convinced you to buy. The musky scent of the old apartment. The stench of old texts.

See the grey sky outside through a grimy window, see the peeling paint of the family tree. See the flash of lightning as the storm approaches. See the flashes of light originating from the ‘combat room’. See the dim light casting shadows over your bookshelf.

Taste the incense on your tongue from days ago. The acrid smell of sulphur as Koala tries to find your brother through arcane methods. The taste of the mints consumed this morning. And the salt of the ocean breeze pulling through the other stenches.

Exhale and push your soul outwards.

Further than the port, towards the North Sea. Come on! Push past your limits, you have to find him…

And there! The disgusting feeling of the dementors. And ACE!

Sabo jumps and breaks his concentration. “DAMMIT ALL!”

He punches straight through the wall.

Koala peeks into the room. “Find him?”

“Yes, I’m going right now.”

Koala grabs his shoulders. “Wait a minute Sabo, you can’t just go in there guns blazing.”

“He’s being tortured Koala, you know what I saw when I found him? Pain. I’m not leaving him there.”

“No-one said you are-yoi.” Marco leans against the doorframe. “We want to get him, probably as much as you do.”

“Mm, pineapple’s right.”

Sabo let out a deep breath. “Okay, what do you propose we do?”

“Well, find exactly what cell he’s in an apparate there-yoi. I’m not sure if there are wards up to prevent us apparating directly there but in the case that there are we can fly-yoi.”

“We?”

“Mhm. You and I-yoi. I’m useless if Ace falls into the water but we will need two people, one to cover our escape and the other to grab Ace as quickly as possible-yoi.”

“Take a phone with you.” Koala said firmly, pressing a brick into his hand. “It’s charmed to work in the case of wards preventing muggle magic from working. Call us in the case of an emergency – it’s the only contact on it.”

“Okay Koala, Thatch. You two make sure that nothing goes wrong here.”

They both gave the thumbs up. “Marco, I already know where he is, if you would care to hold onto me we can be on our way.”

Marco nodded and grabbed his hand tightly.
With a loud crack they both disapparated.

“Hmm, let’s ensure that we’re protected if Peter tries to enter shall we milady?” Thatch said, withdrawing his wand.

“I’ll leave the spell work to you in the case that the ministry tracks my magic here.” Koala said smirking.

“Right you are, oh well, good thing you can kick ass with fishman karate, ne?”

“Right you are.” Koala smirked and without a second thought her entire body was turning into a similar form of a fishman.

(Being a metamorphmagus sure was useful sometimes)

“Hmm, some more charms here… If he comes in, they’ll be sprayed with glitter which should blind them…”

“You put a lot of thought into this, didn’t you?”

“Of course, only the best for my brothers.” Thatch answered seriously.

Sabo couldn’t hear anything over the pouring rain and the thunder so instead he changed into his animagus form.

*Marco, you can hear me right?*

*Of course-yoi.*

Sabo would’ve laughed over the fact that Marco added the yoi even when communicating wordlessly if they were in literally any other situation.

*You can feel him too…*

*Mmm….*

*Sabo, let’s hurry-yoi*

Without a thought they both flew to where their brother was chained. *Expecto patronum!*

Two figures were seen spewing from their wands and defending them whilst they flew onward.

*Ace!*

*Go, I’ll cover our escape-yoi.*

Sabo landed outside the prison cell and from his mouth, flames came forth, incinerating the entire wall.

On the other side his brother was chained up, pale as a ghost. “Sabo..?” That voice… it wasn’t right… his brothers voice shouldn’t be that weak…

Sabo formed a human mouth and whispered. “We’re breaking you out mkay?”

“Sure.” And Ace’s head lollled back in a dead faint.
Sabo was glad that the other occupant of the cell had yet to awaken from her dementor induced slumber.

Sabo opened his mouth and slowly melted off his brothers’ hand cuffs, it was disturbing that his brother had yet to do that himself.

Sabo pulled his brother over his shoulder and jumped back out into the sea side – for once he was glad that Azkaban had a lack of human guards.

Marco!

A little busy Sabo!

And he was, the sky was a black blanket – no, a black sea of dementors and Sabo recoiled at the sight, unconsciously tugging his brother closer.

The familiar warmth was keeping him warm and his mind clear of anything the dementors could try. Grab my hand and let’s go!

Wordlessly Marco changed a wing to a hand and grabbed hold of Sabo, they both left the dementors and Azkaban behind with a loud crack.

“I, the minister of magic declare one Sirius Black guilty of the charges laid against him, however, given that he had been wrongly accused of a previous account, it may be considered that he has served enough time.

“Especially given the… severity of his reaction to the dementors guarding the prison.

“Now… for the conviction of his accomplices, freed of all charges. Property damages can be repaired, there was no malintent in their actions therefore I see no need for reimbursement to be an issue.”

“I declare Remus Lupin guilty on the charges of being an unregistered animagus…

“However, considering that this crime is the true reason why we have found the perpetrator of the manslaughter of one James Potter and Lily Potter née Evans.

“There is… however, the question of what kind of punishment shall be laid down for being an unregistered animagus, mythical animagi at that. I will allow the jury to discuss what they believe to be the correct course of action.”

Sabo knows it is only due to the fishmen that had attended the hearing and by the design of Albus Dumbledore that they all leave the hearing with only 100 hours of community service as their punishment.

And while he is insanely relieved he cannot feel the sinking suspicion that the old geezer wants to pit the power houses against Voldemort.

Voldemort is dead and gone, something happened the night he killed the Potters and he hasn’t been seen since.

With the matter of Harry… Ace and he didn’t want to leave Harry with such godawful people but…
The magic surrounding the house was Lily’s.

Ace sighs, they’re going to have to leave the house alone, ergo Harry was to stay with the Dursley family.

In St. Mungos – Mental Therapy Ward

Blink, blink. HOSPITAL SILENCE.

No-one moves, hushed as the two enormous figures finally cease their breathing.

Blink, blink. CEMETARY SILENCE.

Chapter End Notes

AHAHAHAHAHA kudos for anyone that recognised where i sto- cough borrowed the last little broken lines bit from, and kudos if you can guess who they were.

Bwahahaha and the two "mysterious" figures on the train, hmm, wonder who they could be?

Yeah, i went there with the Garuda, 'enemy of all snakes'? i fucking went there. Okay, that chapter was done in like 5 hours on one day hmmmnnnnnnmmmm....... takes forever to actually upload HMMMMMMMM....

Okay, thanks for your patience, i hope you enjoyed, if you did please leave a comment, they are my inspiration.
Crackers and Fortune

Chapter Notes

Oh god it's been over a month, hasn't it? I'm really sorry guy, i had exams and then it took me a while to get back into the groove of things. I went through a bit of a rough patch and then i was sick. It's still not an excuse especially seeing as i posted, four? fics in between this chapter and the last... Im sorry...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sabo sighed, sitting next to Robin. It was unnatural to see her so… motionless.

Koala is on the other side of the blonde haired… girl. It’s also weird to see her so young.

Sabo remembers days where they taught (retaught) her how to lithely avoid bullets, swords and anything else they thought to teach her.

Honestly, the woman was pretty damn good at teaching herself, he and Koala had only provided ideas for her.

(Who’d think to create clones?

Although, the giant arms… he couldn’t help but think of his brother when he recommended solidifying the shaking limbs)

Speaking of his brother, Sabo couldn’t help but notice that despite the fact that Robin was their crew mate, they had given him and Koala a respectful distance, instead, they had surrounded Sanji’s bed.

Sabo noted that Ace had taken to sitting right next to Luffy, to the point that the pair were just touching.

And… oh… that’s where his hat was…

“No Luffy…” Sabo finally broke the oppressive silence, his brother turned big emerald eyes on his face. “How would you feel about me teaching?”

His brothers’ face contorted into an odd look. “You? Teaching?”

And then to his surprise Luffy smirked. “You weren’t the best at explaining things to Ace and I…”

“That’s because both of you would stick your fingers up your nose and say who cares?!?” He retorted but couldn’t fight the grin that mirrored Luffy’s.

Ace laughed as well and Koala huffed. “I thought it would be a good idea…”

“So… do you run a revolutionary army or something?” Zoro asked.

“No, not really, we just saved some creatures during the war and tried to defeat Voldemort.” Sabo shrugged nonchalantly.
“Mm, there was a while where I was... incapacitated I guess you could say so Marco, Thatch and these two saved a bunch of house elves, giants and... dragons.” Ace replied.

“Marco, where have I heard that name before…” Luffy frowned then his face brightened. “Oh! Pineapple-head!”

“Pineapple-head-yoi?”

“Marco! Don’t go sneaking up on us like that!” Ace jumped and the man fixed him with an unimpressed look.

“Don’t be so lazy and use kenbunshoku and you will, baka-yoi.” He said to Ace who growled in retaliation.

“Pineapple-head!” Luffy shouted and leapt at the phoenix. “It’s been a while!”

Marco glanced down at the monkey gripping him, nonplussed by the entire situation. “I see you’re doing well mugiwara-yoi.”

“Shishishi! You don’t look much different than before.”

Marco grunted and signalled for Thatch to stop hiding.

*Dammit Thatch don’t try and prank them now.*

Thatch externally sighed and withdrew from the shadows of the doorway, hiding the bucket of glitter (what was it with him and glitter?) inside his pocket.

“You’ve been standing there for a while wig-guy.” Luffy said, landing lightly from where he had been clutching Marco.

Thatch spluttered for few seconds, whether he was offended by the name or the blatant disregard of his skill at hiding himself with haki.

Sabo and Ace laughed loudly.

“Godammit you’re just like your brothers.” Thatch finally sighed in defeat. “Howdy, I’m Thatch of the former White-beard pirates.”

“Monkey D. Luffy, former King of the Pirates.” Luffy smiled blindingly, he didn’t remember the weird wig-guy from the war or from afterwards but...

Well, he didn’t like to remember much of the war and he knew that a lot of the Whitebeard pirates died in the War of the Best.

“Roronoa Zoro, former Greatest swordsman in the world.”

“Nami, the best damn navigator you’ll ever meet, I love tangerines and money.”

“Tony Tony Chopper, doctor of the mugiwara no ichimi.”

“Brook, proud musician of the mugiwara.”

“Usopp, brave warrior of the sea and sniper!”

They said, introducing themselves for the benefit of Thatch and Ace.
“Sanji’s our cook and Robin our archaeologist.” Luffy said, pointing at both of them respectively.

Thatch sighed, “As much as I hate doing this, Sabo and Ace, if you guys want to leave before the rest of the student cohort arrives we should do it now.”

“You guys could stay in the mystery room!” Luffy blurted out.

Sabo and Ace shared a look.

*I know he wants us to stay but we should leave…*

*It’s not fair on any of us Sabo… but yeah…*

They both straightened up, Sabo rising from his position next to Robin. “We’re sorry Lu, but we shouldn’t…”

“We could stay in the Room of Requirement-yoi.” Marco admitted, agreeing with mugiwara. He knew just how much the duo had missed their brother. “And I doubt Severus will tell anyone of us-yoi.”

Sabo and Ace shared reluctant looks, they converged on their brother, hugging him tightly. “We’re sorry Lu, but we’re going to leave, I don’t think either of us would be able to deal with being stuck with 11-year-olds and staying cooped up in one place for too long.”

Luffy nodded into their tight hold, he had suspected as much and he knew that they would both trust him to kick that snakes’ butt. As if reading his mind Ace ruffled his hair and said “I know you can kick that Basilisks’ ass.”

“Oh! And something else you should have.” Koala stood from beside Robin, pulling a piece of parchment from her pocket, she gave it to him and looked at the four of them expectantly.

“Okay so, when we were in school we made a really cool map.” Thatch started looking to Marco to continue.

“We copied a map of the layout of the school and imbued it with some haki and magic-yoi.”

“And now it can tell you where anyone is inside the school!” Sabo finished with a flourish.

Luffy smirked and pulled out his wand and quicker than anyone could see he tapped it, from the parchment ink stained itself, elegantly writing over the yellowed page.

The three marauders gaped as Luffy didn’t even speak the secret password…

The rest of his crew joined him and Zoro snorted at the names the boys had chosen. “Subtle.”

“Hey, they’re good names.” Thatch defended.

Luffy unfolded it, he held it up, watching in interest as all of the floors of the school were scrawled into the map, even some secret passageways – most of which they had already discovered – crisscrossing the school.

“Wait a second, are those our names?!” Luffy said pointing to the little banners hovering in the hospital wing.

“Mhm, it’ll tell you exactly where everyone is at all times so long as they’re in the school, you just-well, you’re supposed to say ‘I solemnly swear that I am up to no good’.” Sabo explained pointing
at their little dots in the infirmary.

“Why are they flickering?” Nami asked pointing to their names.

Thatch sighed. “We’re pretty sure that the map can’t decide between our *actual* name and the one given to us…”

“It’s a pretty cool map but shouldn’t you guys keep it?” Luffy inquired.

They all paused. “Well, you know how to use kenbunshoku don’t you-yoi.” Marco said thoughtfully. “And it would certainly keep those two from worrying…”

“But not all signatures are automatically known.” Sabo argued.

“Mm, but where’s the fun in using a map to get places? Zoro wouldn’t be able to use it anyway.” Luffy laughed even as Zoro growled.

“Nah, think of it as our gift to you, stupid little brother.” Ace muttered.

“Shishishi, thanks for coming you guys!” Luffy hugged them all again, roping in Koala, Marco and Thatch.

Sabo chuckled and ruffled his hair. “You still have Ace’s vivre card, right?”

At his nod, Sabo withdrew a piece of paper, he broke some off and passed it to his younger brother.

“Look after that for me, will you?”

At this Luffy smiled. “I will.” He said softly.

“And if you ever need our help then take this phone, it only has one number on it and it’s a direct line to us.” Ace pressed his brick of a phone into his brother’s hand.

With one final squeeze the hug dissipated and the five ex-students walked away.

After a while Luffy smiled widely and walked over to his hat between Robin and Sanji and carefully tucked the wriggling paper into the ribbon of the hat.

“Now, let’s eat.”

Hermione slunk into the dormitory stealthily, at least, in her opinion she was being stealthy.

In reality most of the year turned and looked at her, whispering quietly.

She hated it. She hated all of them that thought they knew her.

Oh just a bookworm look at her.

Look at the little friendless nerd.

I wonder if anyone would care if she died?

Okay, maybe she was being melodramatic but the point stands, she was feeling isolated so, after dropping off most of her luggage she pulled out her wand, a pot of ink and a feather and left the dormitory.

She had a one-track plan, she would know soon enough whether the Straw Hats were in their little
‘mystery room’ or not.

If they were, she would not be granted passage, but if they weren’t… well she would finally have her best friend in the world.

Sneaking to the seventh floor was a piece of cake seeing as the Gryffindor tower wasn’t actually that far away from it.

It was trying to be subtle whilst walking past the wall that was the hard part. She almost had to confound Filch on several occasions and a few unlucky students who dared cross her path.

To her utmost relief, the door appeared after the seventh time she walked past it.

She pushed the doors open, scowling as she caught sight of that damned Jolly Roger.

Hermione climbed up the side of the first, smaller ship. “The Going Merry…” She murmured which was odd because she had no recollection of ever learning the... caravel’s name.

After a quick search of the top deck of the ship Hermione realised what she could do to reduce the time spent searching the two ships, “Accio diary of Tom Marvolo Riddle!”

She frowned as nothing flew towards her, she was certain that that was the summoning spell…

“If I was Ha-Luffy, where would I hide such a thing?” She muttered, going beneath the deck to check within.

A search of the hull as well as the men and women’s quarters revealed nothing to her and neither did the storage room.

Hermione sighed in frustration but then… “Come to me young one… I know that you seek me…”

She jumped but either way she knew that feeling… it was a warm but cold feeling emanating from a certain object and she jumped in victory.

“Where are you?”

“I am in a dark place… they tried to seal me away to destroy me…”

Hermione frowned, she figured that had been the case but still… she hated that they would destroy him because they didn’t understand.

Hermione scaled the second ship with a little bit of difficulty (who doesn’t have a ladder to climb up a ship?) but after a while of fruitless efforts, she tried to transfigure the surrounding sand into a stair case…

Let it be said that the staircase lasted for approximately 30 seconds… lucky she had been nimble and quick when ascending them.

Hermione jumped as the stairs crumbled away back into the sand beneath the anchored ship. “Why would they have such a colourful ship? It’s impractical.”

Nonetheless she combed every single room of the ship, starting with a room that turned out to be an aquarium, and was that a freezer?

The kitchens, the library (those books... they were... gorgeous.), a... crow’s nest – it seemed more like a weights room. The men’s and women’s quarters were devoid of her book. (Why oh why...
were there… magazines in the locker labelled Sanji?)

The ‘Usopp and Franky Workshop’ didn’t prevail any results either…

(There were so many nooks and crannies on this ship! How was she supposed to find her precious book?)

Frowning she descended into the hull of the ship, mildly surprised by the amount of tools lying precariously around.

And, there wasn’t any dust like she had expected from such a room…

And then the voice became louder. “You’re very close to me right now… just a little further.”

Hermione stumbled over the box at first. Then, on closer inspection she noticed that the box was wrapped in chains at least six or maybe even eight times.

She tugged experimentally on the chains not surprised in the least when they didn’t even budge.

“Alohamora!” One of the thick chains fell away…

And so it went, some of the chains were a lot more resistant then others, covered in a scaly substance that wouldn’t move despite whatever she did.

“Hmm, what kind of magic is this?” She murmured running her hands over the substance.

“Having trouble?”

She jumped at the silky smooth voice. “Yeah, there’s this black stuff over the top of the chains that won’t disappear.”

For a while the voice was silent, as if in contemplative silence.

“Reverse a freezing spell on the chain.” The voice commanded and Hermione was quick to comply.

“Regelo!” The black scaly substance receded quickly after that and beneath it the box finally opened showing her a plush cushioning and on top her precious book lay, untouched.

Hermione squealed a little, hugging the book to her chest.

Luffy sighed in content, today had been a pretty good day all things considered – well, it had been quite a good few days spent with his brothers.

It was a shame that they couldn’t stay but Luffy understood, he really did.

And he was fine with it, he had two vivre cards, a map from them all and a phone to call them at any time.

He stretched out like a cat before flopping listlessly in Zoro’s warm lap, the swordsman grunted a little but didn’t shove him off. Instead, he changed his position leaning up against Robin’s bed.

Then Luffy flopped again and Zoro growled warningly, he pushed down on Luffy’s head in a vain attempt to keep the rubber boy still. Luffy sighed and burrowed into his swordsman who relaxed with his swordsman.
It was nice and warm here, and he remembered why. The weather in Raftel was calm…

Nice and peaceful, a warm sun, letting his bones soak up the warmth.

The sky was blue and Nami had predicted it would be for a while. Luffy knew they were safe here, nobody else knew of the whereabouts of Raftel, even Big Mom and Kaidou with both of their poneglyphs, couldn’t pinpoint the island.

Their crew were making the most of a peaceful, uneventful couple of days before they would set sail again.

After all, there were more dreams to fulfil.

He woke up slowly from the warm, happy feeling filling his being. It was a nice dream, one he hadn’t had in a while. Dreams of Raftel eventually turned to blood filled seas and-

Nope. He stopped himself right there.

Idly he watched Zoro blearily crack open an eye. Hungry?

He nodded.

Zoro grunted and shifted to try and deposit his captain elsewhere. Let go of me... “Oi Luffy.”

Nuh uh. He stuck his tongue out, only mildly surprised when Zoro swatted at his head. “If you don’t let go of me then I’m going without you, baka.”

How can he leave me behind if I’m clinging to him anyway?

Luffy frowned but persisted, wrapping his limbs around the swordsman. Zoro tilted his head back to stare at the ceiling, as if seeking patience from a higher entity.

Finally, the green haired boy sighed heavily If I feel like it I'm dropping you.

Luffy quietly shishied, counting it as his win. Truth be told he wanted to hold onto that warm feeling a little while longer and his swordsman was partially the reason for such a feeling. Which clearly meant that he should hang off of him as long as possible.

“Yosh, onward Zoro!”

“Where are you two going?” Nami asked finally, she had brought up a desk and had been studying the map gifted studiously, memorising every detail.

“We’re gonna go get food.” Zoro said, voice heavy and gruff from the last tendrils of sleep.

“Hang on, the rest of the school will be back today so if you want we can all go to the hall.” Usopp said, standing up and stretching his back, clicking and popping his joints.

“I would be delighted to go to the welcome back feast.” Brook smiled widely.

Mmm, we should probably check on Hermione. He was too lazy to verbally communicate right now so instead he nuzzled into Zoro.

“Yeah we should Luffy, that’s a good idea, she’s seemed really off lately…” Usopp said, trailing off when everyone stared at him. “…What?”
"Luffy-san did not speak anything aloud Usopp-san." Brook murmured, face arranging itself into one of concern.

"Well done baka." Zoro said aiming to hit Usopp over the head with shusui, except Usopp moved out of the way.

"Kenbunshoku haki?" Chopper questioned curiously.

"Mhm." Luffy confirmed.

Usopp did a little victory dance, skipping around and whooping at his success of – in his opinion – re-unlocking his haki.

"Are you going to let Zoro go before dinner?" Nami asked, raising an eyebrow, hands on hips.

"Nah."
She shrugged. “Okay let’s go."

In the hallways students were giving them second glances as they passed through them. Luffy was 80% sure it was because of the way he was clinging to the swordsman.

They didn’t run into Hermione along the way, just curious students and the odd ghost.

Finally they arrived at the Great Hall and without further ado plonked down among everyone at the Gryffindor table. Luffy unlatched himself from the swordsman and dug into the meal appearing in front of him.

He hadn’t been paying attention to the welcome back speech Dumbledore had skimmed over, too eager to eat the food, and besides, he didn’t really like the old geezer, not because of anything the old man had done, per say but he just didn’t like him.

But, he scanned the hall for a certain bushy haired girl, eyes narrowing when he couldn’t spot her in among the black robes and extending his senses didn’t reveal anything else. “Ne, Nami, did you notice Hermione on the map before?”

Nami opened her mouth but then paused, frowning when she really thought about it. Had she seen her? Then she shook her head. “No, sorry Luffy…”

“Hmm, well, the only place she could be inside Hogwarts is the…” Nami waited in anticipation, whole body thrumming with a renewed energy. “…mystery room.”

She fell face first onto the table, groaning about stupid idiotic, captains, Luffy looked at her in mild confusion and Usopp snorted.

“Perhaps we should confront her then.” Brook inquired, face screwing into one of mild concern.

“Ne, could she have gone for the book?” Chopper asked, looking up from his broccoli.

Luffy stiffened, he wanted to see that book burn.

Nami frowned as well, she had done her best to fortify that box, even going so far as to freeze haki around some of the chains. She knew that it wouldn’t really stop Hermione but she could hope so…

“If she has then… well, I guess we’ll just have to steal it back.” Nami muttered, earning vigorous
nods.

Luffy resumed his hasty eating, figuring that the situation would eventually work out well…

Famous last words? He snorted derisively.

“Yohohoho, Nami-san, to celebrate the start of a term would you be so kind as to show me your-”

“No.” Nami couldn’t be bothered to reach over the table and kick the ex-skeleton in the moment…

Brook face-faulted at the blatant refusal, Robin-san must’ve rubbed off on Nami-san.

“Shishishi.”

“Guys, I know that you don’t care as much but shouldn’t we go find Hermione now?” Usopp finally asked, pushing away his barely touched meal.

Chopper frowned a little but then nodded too. “She’s our friend and she could be hurt. That book, if it’s what’s making people become petrified then we have to destroy it. Brook have you made progress?”

Brook smiled sadly. “I am afraid that I may be unable to destroy the book if we do manage to retrieve it.”

Luffy frowned, as if in deep thought. “I can feel her now.” That last part was said a little too loud, one of the boys down from them turned and stared (Dean? Dentril?) hard. “She has the book.”

Sighing Zoro gulped the rest of his sake down and jumped up, the other straw hats following suit. “Can you two – or three – locate her without the map?” Nami asked.

Luffy and Zoro shrugged. “Probably but Zoro would get us lost.”

“Oi.”

Chopper nodded vigorously. “Remember when you tried to take us to the infirmary? We ended up at the Gryffindor tower, every, single, time.” Chopper enunciated the last sentence for effect. “Or when we were on Shiki’s island? It took us 3 days before a girl led us out of that winter slab.”

Zoro was steadily turning red under the accusations.

“Or when we almost left you behind whilst searching for Hand Island?” Usopp asked rhetorically.

“Oh god the days when were on the dinghy together, how, the, hell, did, you, lose us and end up on an enemy ship?” Nami moaned.

Zoro’s not very bright is he? Luffy thought before shrugging, eh, he could cut through solid steel and spells too, that balanced out his awful internal compass.

“I get it! Jeez.” Zoro muttered, bright red.

“Hmm,” Nami had spread the map out on the floor and scanned all of the locations with a calculating eye. “Got her. En route to the… toilets?”

“Which ones?” Brook asked.

“Um, Moaning Myrtle’s.” Nami pointed out.
“Let’s go get her then!” Luffy proclaimed.

“Baka!” Nami hit him over the head. “There’s no way in hell I’m letting any of you into the bathroom.”

“But nobody uses it Nami.” Chopper said.

“Mm, let’s go any-”

Luffy, Zoro and Usopp froze and the other straw hats felt a strange presence roll over them.

It was neither malevolent nor graceful but, it was powerful.

Luffy shuddered, he knew exactly who it was, and while he was happy that he was alive and well… he couldn’t help but flinch a little from the other aura flaring alongside his Jiji.

Zoro glanced at his captain, noticing the slight tremor in his frame, but it wasn’t really from fear, no, it was one that he had seen before.

Luffy paled and said loud enough to be heard. “We should leave for the mystery room now.” As much as he loved his Jiji, the man was psychotic and Luffy didn’t want to take any chances when they weren’t all as strong as the Golden Buddha and the Fist.

Usopp nodded emphatically, he had a nasty, sinking suspicion that he knew who the insanely strong aura was but if Luffy said they should hide from the man then he wasn’t really going to argue with his captain.

So they unhesitatingly ran to the seventh floor, ensuring that they were as blocked off from the demeaning aura as possible.

But Luffy had a feeling that if Jiji really wanted to see him then the mystery room would invite him inside, especially if he didn’t possess any ill-will towards them.

Luffy smiled despite the fear of seeing his Jiji again. That meant that they were almost all together, well, aside from the bandits and Dadan but that was beside the point. It would be amusing to run away from Jiji’s training together.

That kind of made him ma-so-chi-stic. He frowned internally, Franky had once shared some weird terms with him but Robin had threatened to break every bone in Franky’s body before he could finish. Luffy knew what the terms were but it’s not like he would ever hurt anyone for pleasure.

That was kind of weird.

Although, as he thought about it, he remembered the lady from Impel Down, she had been extremely weird, what was her name? Eh didn’t matter. ‘Mming’ at every word she mentioned about harming people.

Hurting people was a necessity, not something that Luffy found joy in, actually that’s a lie. It’s was always satisfying to break someone’s jaw after they had hurt his nakama, or touched boshi. But they deserved it so…

“Oi, Luffy, you with us?”

“Hmmm..?” He was brought out of his thoughts by the sight of a fire already started up in the mystery room.
Chopper poked his arm. “We still have marshmallows left over from last time so do you wanna make smores?”

“More what?” Luffy tilted his head.

Chopper gasped, looking affronted which was kind of weird, Chopper never looked as offended as he did now, even when people called him a racoon dog. “Luffy, we had them the other week.”

Luffy shrugged. “Did they have meat on them?”

When Chopper slowly shook his head. “Then of course I wouldn’t remember.” He said.

Zoro nodded sagely, his captain rarely remembered a meal if there wasn’t meat with it.

“They’re chocolate and marshmallow smooshed between g-”

And that’s when the mystery room’s door opened.

“There you are ya little brat!”

“Ahhh! No!”

In all of his former glory, Garp, the fist, descended on their group, attempting to hit his grandchild in the head.

Behind him, a scruffy looking man wearing thick coats of fur and leather followed, shaking his head.

Luffy rubbed his head where Jiji hit him, he backed away, wary of the old man and his companion. The rest of his nakama didn’t trust the old man either, judging by the hands creeping towards weapons was anything to go by.

Except for Usopp, Usopp was staring dumbfounded at the man before him. “What the hell?!?”

“Oh, Neville, it’s been a while hasn’t it?” Garp said, shoving a pinky up his nose.

“Great-Uncle Algie?!?!” Usopp shouted in surprise.

“I suppose that’s me too, bwahahaha!”

Usopp shook his head, he wasn’t as surprised as he should be. “Now it makes sense why you threw me out the window…”

“I wanted you to be a strong wizard!” Garp proclaimed, he pulled out a bag of crackers from, somewhere. “I didn’t know you were a straw hat though, the sniper right?”

Usopp slowly nodded, a teensy bit scared for his life.

“Well done, look at how fast you grew up! Probably would’ve been better if I trained you myself.”

Luffy shuddered at that and Sengoku snorted. “You? Training a child? Look at how the four of them turned out.”

“Hey! At least mine don’t chop people into tiny little pieces!” Garp replied haughtily.

Sengoku sighed, this was a battle he would not win.
“If you’re worried about us here to arrest you or something like that, we’re not, are we Senny?”

‘Senny’ stepped forward and grumbled something about ‘stupid Garp always getting me in trouble’. “No, we are not here to cause any harm.”

“Oh yeah? And why would we believe that, Golden Buddha?” Zoro growled, slowly sliding his blades out.

Garp sighed loudly and sat cross-legged on the sandy ground. “Well, you’re technically not pirates now, it would be unsightly for a ministry auror to seize students.” Sengoku says as he also sits down.

Slowly the straw hats relaxed (that was a lie, none of them were relaxed, they were ready for either powerhouse to make a single move, if- no, when they did, the straw hats would strike them down – family or not).

Luffy didn’t like this, he didn’t like Sengoku and he didn’t want the man there, sure the guy had apparently left them all alone after the battle against Doflamingo and his family, but he had also been in charge for Ohara, for the pain and suffering of Robin.

It might’ve been because of the World Government but the ‘Golden Buddha’ had definitely played a part.

And he had been at Marineford, that in itself was…

The Fleet Admiral had been the one to tell the entire world of Ace’s father, and suddenly his older brother was seen as the devil by the entire world. Sure the White Beard pirates probably hadn’t cared and Luffy sure as hell didn’t, but, Ace would’ve been hunted for the rest of his life for a father he never wanted.

And that was why he couldn’t forgive the shiny bastard.

He didn’t care about his father, besides, Dragon had saved Sabo which made him a decent guy in Luffy’s books. He did know the ramifications of a secret like that spilled but again, he didn’t care.

Oh, let’s not forget the endorsement of Tenryuubito that didn’t like being denied what they wished, the Marines were probably the only people that held the power to put a stop to the Gorosei and the Tenryuubito but they didn’t.

And that wasn’t even starting on the mess that were the Cipher Poles. Luffy didn’t really care about what they did, if it wasn’t to his nakama, it wasn’t his problem. But they had been a pain in the ass to deal with.

Okay, so he had a bit of suppressed anger towards Sengoku, it wasn’t really Sengoku, more the World Government but whatever.

It was Sabo’s job to change the world, not his.

So, he held good faith that Sengoku wouldn’t start anything or Luffy would show him just how pissed off the Second Pirate King could become.

“Now, I hear that there’s been a slight, problem, with Voldymould or whatever wanting to kill Luffy.” Garp said, still munching away on his crackers.

“Well, he stores his soul inside things so he won’t die.” Luffy said, crossing his arms.
Sengoku stiffened slightly, the creases in his wrinkled skin folding further. “So, the rumours are true, he never really left.”

“Well, you lot might want to watch yourselves, you might’ve been the prime of your era, but Voldemort is smart, he’s ruthless, he’s eerily reminiscent of that bastard of the past.” Garp commented.

“Why did you try and help us before?!” Luffy asked suddenly, fire burning in his eyes. “Against Blackbeard, you tried to help us, why? You never cared before!”

Garp sighed heavily. “I already lost one grandchild to the World Government, I couldn’t do it again…

“And besides, I retired from the Marines, so there was nothing to stop me aiding my family in the end.”

“Thanks… I guess.”

“Now that that’s outta the way, how bout we catch up over some food, then we can begin your training!”

“No way in hell! I’m not going to join the Ministry!”

“Even if you’re not, you should have the right training!”

He sighed heavily, there was no way to escape Garps’ training, it was better to give up while he was ahead. “Fine.”

“Off to the hall then!” Garp exclaimed as he jumped up, startling half of the pirates present.

“Hang on, isn’t there a process you’re supposed to undergo to get into Hogwarts?” Nami asked, narrowing her eyes.

“Eh, we might have, uh, skipped it.” Garp scratched his head before shrugging. “Shouldn’t be a problem!”

At this, Sengoku hit Garp over the head. “You damn fool! I told you I did it, if we didn’t have the permit the school has the right to detain us on the spot! I even drew a diagram to accompany it to get it through your thick head!”

“Huh, thanks Senny!”

Nami sighed and shook her head, the straw hats said in unison; “They’re definitely related.”

“Shishishi, so you can join us for dinner?”

“Senny?”

“I suppose so, but I doubt the school would let us sit directly with you, they’ll probably give us a room or something.”

“Does that mean we’ll have to go back out and through the front?”

Sengoku sighed, he’d been doing that a lot lately… “Yes Garp, through the front door, like normal people.”
“Welp, I suppose we’re off then. Don’t get into any more trouble without us! We’ll be back soon.” Garp emptied the rest of the cracker crumbs into his mouth, stuffing the plastic wrapper in his pocket and withdrawing a second packet.

“So, now that the two powerhouses are gone, what are we going to do about Hermione?” Nami asked.

“Why don’t we talk to her? She might back down.” Chopper suggested.

“I think that Hermione-san is past that point, she is acting under the influence of the book, I presume. And if Lord Voldemort is the book, we should also assume that he has a strong influence that could possibly extend to malicious intent.” Brook suggested.

“Mm, what about Perona?” Zoro grunted.

“She could easily survey Hermione some more and snatch the book when Hermione leaves it alone.” Usopp said. “Her mini ghosts can pick them up, I think.”

He glanced at Zoro for confirmation who nodded once. “She developed her skills substantially when I was training and plus, she’s had centuries to perfect her akuma no mi.”

“Alright, so, Usopp gets to distract Jiji then.” Luffy said hurriedly.

“No way in hell!”

“Is Garp really that scary?” Chopper asked timidly.

Luffy folded his arms and nodded sagely. “When Ace, Sabo and I were younger, he would pit us against the animals of the Goa kingdom and then he would fight us himself. Oh, and his fists of love hurt.”

“Then I vote that Zoro gets to deal with him.” Usopp said.

“Be a man Usopp.” Zoro said, clapping the shaking sniper on the shoulder. “We’ll remember you fondly if you don’t make it.”

“That’s not very comforting!” He said, twin streams of tears falling down his face. “I’m too young to die! I suddenly caught can’t-train-with-Luffy’s-insane-grandpa-or-I’ll-die disease!” He fell over dramatically into the sand.

“Oh no Usopp!” Chopper shouted, running around the fallen warrior in panic.

“Isn’t he your Great uncle anyway, Usopp-san?” Brook inquired, squatting down next to his friend.

Usopp hopped up. “So?! He dropped me out a godamn window when I was a baby! He’s insane!”

“Shishi, Jiji won’t kill you Usopp, he’ll just… make you hurt a lot.” Luffy laughed. “Oh, make sure to call him Ji-chan, he really likes that.”

“I’ll… keep it in mind- wait! What am I saying? I’m not distracting him!”

“If you don’t I’ll double your debt.” Nami said harshly.

“What debt?! He cried, horrified at the prospect of being in the debt of the navigator.

She smiled slyly. “You’ll owe me if you don’t do this.”
“Nami! Why are you so cruel?!”

Luffy laughed at the snipers’ misfortune.

“So, Usopp’ll go after Garp and hopefully distract him and… oh crap! What about Sengoku?”

Nami cried in distress.

(Usopp at this point in time, was lying on the top deck of Sunny where his green pops were located – he had realised he was absolutely screwed and as such, his soul momentarily left his body.

“I can deal with the Golden Buddha.” Zoro said. “It’ll be training against one of the men who stood toe to toe with Gol D. Roger.”

“Okay.” Nami said, knowing Zoro, the guy would sure as hell not lose against a man of this stature. “If you lose I’m tripling your non-existent debt.”

“Tch.”

“Wait, isn’t multiplying something by zero, zero?” Chopper whispered to Brook, unwilling to draw the navigators’ wrath upon himself.

“Chopper-san, it does not matter, Nami-san will make Zoro a debt.” Brook whispered back.

“I see…” Nami was scary…

“Should we get going if we want to catch them?” Brook inquired.

“Sure, go tell Usopp to hurry up.”

“Yohohoho of course Nami-san, now would you please-”

“No way in hell!” Nami kicked the perverted ex-skeleton all the way over to the Thousand Sunny with ease.

“Yosh, good luck Zoro!”

_Now the question is whether I should slice my eye shut... sure I’ve been training with both but it’s still... weird._

Luffy glanced at him in amusement. _They’d probably just magic you a new eye._

Zoro shook his head. _My depth perception is all off for this fight…_

_Eh, you’ll do fine, we’ve trained non-stop since when we met. But, if you really want to, I won’t stop you, it’s weird to look in a mirror and see nothing of our old bodies._

_Mm._

“Hey Chopper, could you stop me from bleeding out if I cut my eye?” Zoro asked the reindeer.

“Yeah I suppose, why?”

“Good.”

Without another word, Zoro withdrew wado and brought it in an upwards arc past his left eye. “No way in hell!”
His smooth, clean cut was stopped by one, very pissed off navigator. Nami grabbed the blade with her bare hand “Don’t try and freaking sabotage your own body, you should just be grateful you got another body.”

“Tch, witch.”

She released his blade, watching him closely, ensuring that he was going to put the blade away without trying to self-inflict a wound.

“Nice going Nami!” Luffy laughed, clapping the girl on her shoulder. “You can use busoshoku! Can you make it appear again?”

“Hmm, golden Buddha and Garp are probably still being taken on a tour.” Usopp deducted. “How long would it take to leave via the Hogsmeade tunnel?”

“Eek! Fine, I’m coming.”

The two walked in silence toward the two beacons of power resonating through the old castle.

“Bwahahaha Senny, didja see the look on the old coots face when we told him we knew our way around? He looked like he swallowed a particularly sour lemon.”

“Bwahahaha, I like it!”

Usopp stood up and moved forward. “Can you train me Great- sorry, Garp?”

“You’ve got some spunk kiddos. Bwahaha, I like it!”

Zoro smiled, it wasn’t a nice smile and he began to walk towards (at least where he thought it was) the entrance of the school, if they were to go all out, it would have to be outside.
“All right, Neville! Or Usopp?”
Usopp sweated a little. “Either’s fine.”
“Okay, Usopp, let’s go for some training.”
“Yessir.”

Oh god, as melodramatic as Luffy was sometimes, Usopp believed him wholeheartedly about Garps’ ruthlessness.

“So, she’s still in the bathroom?” Chopper asked.
“Yeah, we’ll have to stake her out.” Nami said, tapping the location lightly.
“Perona will be following her so we’ll know if anything bad happens.”
“Let’s go and eat.”
“How can you be thinking about food at a time like this?”
“Na-mi, I’m hungry.”
The woman in question sighed.
“I can’t deal with just sitting around, it’s so boring!”
“Well maybe you should go and fight the golden Buddha!”
“Maybe I will!”
“Nami-san, shouldn’t most of us have gone with Zoro-san and Usopp-san? That way it would be less suspicious.”
“Oh my god.”
“Yosh, imma go fight with Zoro, you guys get Jiji!”
“Ehhhhhh??!!” The straw hats cried in unison.

Luffy laughed even as he ran away. They’d find Jiji or he would find them, either or.

Now, he realised that Sengoku and Zoro were walking in a circle, stupid Zoro, getting them lost.
“I won’t lose to you again, you’ll pay for everything.” He wished that Robin could enact her own revenge, but perhaps it was better this way.
“Oh, I should probably warn Ace and Sabo ‘bout Jiji…
“Eh, they can find out for themselves.”

Within the depths of Grimmauld place, Ace and Sabo began to sneeze violently.
They suddenly felt, terrified for some reason.
They shared a glance. “Jiji.”

And the pair of them cursed Luffy because it was probably his fault.

“Oiii! Zoro!”

“What are you doing here Luffy?” Zoro sounds pissed but that’s okay.

“I’m going to join you, the others are going to train with Jiji.”

“Jeez, always doing whatever the hell you want…”

“Besides, you wouldn’t make it out of here without me.” He laughed at Zoro’s red face and turned to the corridor behind them. “Yosh, let’s go!”

They walk in silence, faces cautiously blank as to not reveal anything to the golden Buddha.

Luffy and Zoro know that the man is sizing them up, no doubt calculating just how much further they came along in their training.

“Would the Quidditch pitch be good enough?”

“No-one will see us, I can set up some wards so nobody sees us and we can fix it after.” Sengoku finally says, waving his wand around the pitch, he doesn’t utter a word but Luffy and Zoro watch as a silky sheen covers the air over the area he charmed.

Nobody moves for a few seconds, all three eyeing each other, waiting for them to make the first move.

Luffy and Zoro leap forward at the same time, Luffy pumps his arm and Zoro withdraws Wado.

“Gomu gomu no…”

“Ittoryu Iai…”

“Jet pistol shi-shishi sonson!”

Sengoku brings both arms up, covered in busoshoku and deflects the blows, the ground behind him splits in two.

Zoro brings all three katana out, biting down on wado. They regroup behind Sengoku.

“Gomu gomu no hawk rifle!” Luffy hurls his blackened arm at the man who deflects the blow and begins to race towards the boy.

Suddenly Zoro comes between them. “Santoryu… kokuko: o tatsu maki!”

Sengoku glides out of the way of the tornado…

Into Luffy’s flying fists. “Buso koka: gomu gomu no gatoringu gun!”

Sengoku growls and says. “Fine, looks like I’ll have to go all-out on you.”

He begins to grow, and grow, and grow. Until he is of the same proportion to a giant, gleaming in the moonlight his fist descends on the pair.

“Zoro!”
“Yes captain.”

“Gomu gomu no elephant gun!” The enlarged fist meets the golden one and Zoro gracefully leaps into the air.

“Santoryu, senhachiju pound ho!” The pressurized blow forces the giant man to take a few steps back, giving Luffy the opening to enlarge his leg, he leaps higher than the Buddha in second gear and cries.

“Gomu gomu no elephant ono!” His massive blackened leg smashes into the top of Sengoku’s head.

However, the man wasn’t the previous fleet-admiral for no reason. He lifts his arms and grabs Luffy’s leg, swatting away Zoro’s flying attack in the process.

Luffy lets the air out of his leg, snapping it back, unable to avoid the heavy punch that hits his body.

He flies through the air and lands on the Quidditch pitch, hard. He lies there for a minute, trying to breathe again.

“Luffy!”

Zoro whirls around and slashes the Buddha’s arm. “Santoryu ogi: rokudo no tsuji!”

It should carve up the bastards arm, well, it would if he was any other opponent.

Sengoku takes the attack with his gleaming arms, cancelling the attack. Luffy leaps back into the fight.

Sengoku raises his arm again, but this time he quickly slams it into the ground, a golden shockwave ripples from the shock area, Luffy brings up his blackened arms and Zoro slices at the shockwave with his three blades.

But still, they fly backwards and land on the stands, probably smashing several ribs in the process.

Zoro groans. “Dammit, this body isn’t going to take much more.”

His face is sticky and he can feel his broken ribs click up against each other, he’s pretty sure that his femur is also out of place.

Luffy groans in pain, the shockwave was eerily reminiscent of White Beard’s and, that bastards. Except this time, the man is clearly stronger.

Zoro just wishes that the man would take them seriously, that was the first time the man had properly attacked them, Zoro has a feeling it’s because of Garp.

“Zoro!”

Zoro knows the weight behind his captain’s cry, he smirks and without another word, two more heads join his, black is beginning to creep into his vision but he will complete this move. “Kiki kyutoryu: asura.”

Sengoku seems a little taken aback but nonetheless widens his stance for the defensive once more. “Asura ichibugin!”
Zoro slashes down onto the golden Buddha, satisfied when he saw the bastard gasp and cracks appear in the impenetrable armour.

He falls, three faces resuming one, but, he had given the right opening for the second attack.

“Gear, second…”

Luffy throws his arm behind him stretching it out. “Gomu gomu no…”

The reddened, steamy arm hardens and, as he snaps it forward it ignites. “Red hawk!”

The hiken slams into the Buddha’s thick arm and Luffy hears something snap. But, at the ends of his limits he collapses.

It is only due to the fact that Sengoku spars with Garp daily that the man does not cry out in pain at the feeling of his arm shattering.

It is of little consequence, Roronoa and Monkey are down. He sighs, it would’ve been impossible to go all-out from the very moment he saw their weak bodies.

Nothing like the terrifying men they were.

And he had the upper hand, having *years* to perfect just about everything.

Sengoku sighs again, he’d hoped to escape fixing demolished stadiums after he died, but, there ain’t no rest for the wicked.

*Reparo.*

Slowly, the split ground knits itself back together, plants living once more. The bleachers that were demolished by the two human projectiles fold back out into neat wooden rows.

As for the two boys who so recklessly challenged him, they’re both nearly unconscious. Sengoku doubts they’ve had to fight like that for a while.

He hopes that the fight has alleviated some of the hatred both boys hold for him.

He understands why they hate him and while he holds no resentment to them now, he remembers the amount of anger he felt whilst dealing with the two.

Sengoku removes the wards surrounding the field that had kept them in their little bubble and conjures two stretchers, levitating the two on top, he’s not particularly adept with healing magic but, he knows the right brews. Combined with the pirates’ doctor, they should be able to keep this a secret.

“Where are you taking us?” The youngest Monkey asks.

“I suppose to where your friends are.” He replies, the two stretchers following him by command.

“That means Jiji… I hope they’re not dead yet…”

As sad as it is, Sengoku could imagine his old friend accidentally punching one of them too hard. As old as Garp may be, he is still insanely strong, probably on the level of his grandson.

He represses a sigh, Garp was a crazy old fool.
Roronoa grunts.

Sengoku wouldn’t be surprised if the two are communicating through haki…

It’s a little difficult but with the right kind of training, one can sense another persons’ thoughts, kind of like what they’re considering saying verbally. If one refines kenbunshoku enough they are able to communicate effortlessly, and with bonds as deep as pirates, Sengoku knows they’re ‘talking’ to each other…

So, we lost.

I guess we did.

He wasn’t going all out either.

I noticed, he only used the shockwave technique once.

Yeah...

We need to get stronger, Zoro.

I know.

I hope Jiji hasn’t killed everyone.

Zoro grunted.

Luffy’s still very on edge, he doesn’t like being this vulnerable to the seagull head but there’s not much he can do to stop it.

He and Zoro had gone all out and their body’s had payed the price. He could feel every single bone in his hand, they were all broken, snapped like twigs from punching the pure gold. Probably didn’t help the man knew haki.

His ribs are all messed up too. He remembers when Sengoku punched him in the stomach at Marineford, it had felt similar to that man’s tremors. The man was just about as strong, maybe stronger.

Which is why it pisses off Luffy that the bastard didn’t go all out on them.

They can handle it.

It was probably because of Jiji, he thinks probably because knowing the man, Luffy reckons the crazy old geezer would endorse the training.

Speaking of, Luffy does hope that they’re alright, he doesn’t doubt that they’ll still be alive. They just might be all broken up like he is.

It was kind of humiliating to be carried like this but Luffy knows that he wouldn’t make it very far on his own.

Soon, they reached the forbidden forest.

There was another warding barrier surrounding the entrance but once you stepped over it, you could hear the cries of the unfortunate straw hats going through Garp’s ‘training from hell’.
“Oi, Senny! They’re not dead, are they?”

The man in question lumbers into view, Chopper held up high in one hand and Usopp in the other, tears are falling from both of their eyes.

But when Chopper sees them he immediately switches into heavy point and rushes over beside them. “You idiots! We need to get them back to Sunny, follow me.”

He switches to walk point and gauges both of the monsters with a calculating eye.

Garp laughs in approval, at least, Luffy thinks it’s approval. “Look at that! He does have a backbone. Alright! The ones that escaped can return now!”

Nami and Brook trudge out of the forest looking quite worn out.

Chopper curses again and his attention is back at the doctor who returns to heavy point. “You’re both imbeciles, I hope you know that. Alright, Usopp, Brook, Nami, go and get as much food as humanly possible, with the way Luffy eats he’ll probably heal faster.”

Luffy grins as they run off.

“You shattered all of the carpals, metacarpals and phalanges in your hand, baka!”

Choppers’ face smooths and he continues in a sterile tone. “You’ve shattered all of your costae bones, a fractured radius and ulna, possible internal bleeding judging by the blood evacuated from the mouth.”

He turns to Zoro. “Both femurs cracked, costae bones shattered, possible internal bleeding.”

Chopper’s been working on his analysis of patients, Luffy thinks, if the reindeer can tell all of that by just lightly touching them.

“Garp, Sengoku, do either of you know healing magic?”

“Not really, if I tried to do it Luffy and Zoro might end up with no bones, bwahaha.”

“I am proficient in brewing healing potions.” Sengoku said, Chopper’s attention turned to him.

“And you! Two clean fractures in both the ulna and radius, heavy blood loss too…” Chopper thinks for a moment. “Garp, I need you to levitate the three of them, can you do that?”

“Sure, not a problem.” The two stretchers float and Sengoku reluctantly conjures a third and lays on it, he was feeling a little light-headed and Garp had silently encouraged him to acquiesce.

The five glide through the hallways, Chopper relying on his senses to warn him of anyone that may cross his path. Luffy could tell the doctor wanted to take them to Madam Pomfrey but Luffy knew that they would be in big trouble.

Chopper knew it too.

“Alright.”

Soon they were inside Sunny and Chopper instructed Garp to bring them aboard the Sunny.

Sengoku looked very uncomfortable at being in a pirate ship, Luffy could tell, it was actually kinda funny.
The man looked around in surprise at the brightly coloured ship but still with mild disgust in his eyes.

“They’re back.” Garp comments, stomach grumbling at the thought of food.

“Oii~! Did ya bring back meat?”

Luffy cries, ignoring the pain he feels from the yelling and listens closely.

“Of course we did baka…” That’s Usopp… he didn’t speak very loud…

“Okay, I need some space.” Chopper applies salves to their ribs and wraps them. He forces a potion down their throats as per Sengoku’s instructions and his own knowledge for the other bones and then turns to the older man.

Brook takes the moment to bring in food for Zoro and Luffy.

Chopper cleans his wounds and stitches them, before giving Sengoku the same potion.

“Okay, no training for at least a day, okay? Those potions should be fast-working so your bones should be mended in a day, I’m not sure about the internal bleeding which means I’ll have to monitor you for a couple of days…”

“Welp, Senny, we going back yet?” Garp asks, chewing on a chicken bone, it looks disproportionately small in his hand.

“I need to keep him here over night to see how the reconstruction of his bones goes.” Chopper looks Garp in the eye.

“Bwahaha, alright, bye for now Senny! Have fun on the Thousand Sunny!”

“You know Sunny’s name?” Luffy sits up, ignoring the pain in his chest and arms.

“Of course I do! One of the most infamous ships in the world.” Garp grins. “She’s a beauty.”

His mouth drops open.

“If you keep your mouth open, you’re going to catch flies!”

With that final remark, Garp the Fist vacates the pirate ship, opening up yet another packet of crackers (honestly Sengoku has no idea how many packets of crackers the man has inside his jacket…).

Luffy flops back down, this whole thing is a pain in the ass but he has a feeling that Chopper is going to only progress with all of the magic he can learn.

Luffy giggles a little, his nakama have come so far already.

And he’s happy that he finally got to see Jiji again.

He may despise Sengoku but he was willing to try and cooperate for Jiji’s sake.

“Oi! Luffy!”

“Usopp! Don’t shake him so much!”
Luffy pushed the offending sniper off him in a long stretch.

“What’s up guys?” He asked cheerily.

“Well, ya see, the thing is…” Usopp scratched his head.

“Garp is missing.” Zoro cut in, having woken up long before the rubber boy. Zoro was surprised by how everything felt… fine.

“Sengoku left to find him a while ago.” Nami added.

“But we were waiting for you to wake up to go locate the pair.” Usopp said.

“Yosh, let’s go find them!” He leapt out of the infirmary bed, pulling on his red vest and, as an afterthought, his cloak to disguise the numerous bandages he was mummified in.

There was a pit of unease within his stomach, pulling down at his very soul.

Jiji was fine, he reassured himself. Jiji was terrifyingly strong, if anyone was able to kick the basilisk’s ass before Luffy, it would be the old man.

“I can feel Sengoku…” Usopp whispered despite the empty hall, but it still carried along the still air.

“Mm, so can I.”

Nami was frowning at the marauders map, logically, she knew what the map was telling her, but she also knew that it should be impossible.

“This is the route to…”

“Yeah.” Luffy answered the reindeer, he now knew exactly what happened and felt his fist clench.

Hermione, she was the only one who could have guessed about the link between him and Jiji. But then, why had Perona not alerted them? Can ghosts even get petrified? Oh yeah, didn’t that headless guy get petrified? That brought the questions of how he was going to be unpetrified.

Robin would probably know.

They pushed the doors to the infirmary open and Madam Pomfrey immediately rushed over to them.

“No visitors!”

They just stared, and stared, wishing for a glimpse of the Fist.

Madam Pomfrey finally sighed and turned to Usopp. “He’s your great uncle, right?”

“I-I guess.”

“Well, only you can see him, he already has a visitor, the one he came with so no more than two.”

With that she turned and bustled away.

Luffy sighed and retreated to outside and slid down on the wall, the other straw hats did the same. “Usopp.”
Usopp startles, but he sighs and walks inside the hospital wing.

“So, playing nice didn’t help us in the end…” Brook finally said, drawing his knees up to his chest.

“It seems that we’ll need to step the ante up.” Nami muttered.

“Do you reckon Penny would help us?” Luffy asked, glancing at Zoro.

The green-haired boy shrugged, the movement causing his earrings to chime melodically.

“I will help you find the one responsible.” The man himself walked out of the hospital wing, pulling his coat back on.

“If you try anything then we will defeat you.”

Luffy stands and slaps the offered hand.

“So, for now a temporary alliance.”

“Oh, and you have to work from the Sunny.” Nami adds.

Sengoku nods.

“So, shall we? I believe you have some suspects for me.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so, the editing might be shit because i only gave the fic a cursory glance to check that there wasn’t anything major... i hope you guys enjoyed...
“So, you obviously already suspect somebody, the question is who?” Sengoku asks, they’re currently in the kitchen of Sunny and drinking tea and coffee provided by the house elves.

Luffy and Nami exchange a glance, Sengoku sensed the reluctance and sighs, heavily. “Look, you hate me for what I did in the past, I understand, but if this alliance is to work there is supposed to be a certain level of trust between us.”

Luffy sighs heavily and blurs out. “She’s being manipulated by a fragment of Voldemort’s soul.”

Sengoku nods. “I see.”

“We were planning on destroying the book with Brook’s akuma no mi but he hasn’t had enough training yet.” Nami says finally, shooting Brook a glance.

“What kind of akuma no mi do you have?” Sengoku asks, vaguely recalling a skeleton on the crew.

“The yomi yomi no mi.” Brook replies dutifully. “However, I fully cultivated its’ powers long after I was dead yoho.”

“Hey that reminds me.” Chopper says, turning to the ex-skeleton. “Would you ever want to be a skeleton.”

Brook frowns and scratches his head. “While I do miss being flesh and blood I admit that I prefer to be a skeleton once more, preferably with an afro, Yohohoho!”

Sengoku internally sighed, they were all insane, very insane.

“What is her name?” Sengoku cuts in because how did they get to meat and swords from skeletons and afros.

“Hermione Granger.” Usopp says, they agreed that they would only bring the map out if Sengoku still hadn’t met her after the next attack.

Luffy didn’t want the man anywhere near that treasure.

“Alright, do you at least have a plan to retrieve the book and defeat the basilisk?” Sengoku asks, tiredly rubbing his face.

At that Zoro nods sleepily. “Mm, Perona is trailing her… Perona!” He suddenly shouts jumping up.

“What?” Chopper asks.

“Well, what if she was petrified?” Zoro asks. “We haven’t heard from her since last night and
there’s no way that Garp just happened to get petrified.”

Sengoku stroked his beard. “What exactly is Perona? Is she like us?”

“Not really.” Chopper explained. “Her body died but she was outside of it in an astral projection because of her akuma no mi, it’s actually quite similar to Brook’s, now that I think about it.”

Sengoku rubbed his temples, they were getting nowhere. “So, you said that Perona has been following the girl since we arrived? Alright, get her to snag it if she’s still alive and then we can worry about talking to her later. Tell me a bit about what’s been going on.”

“Well, it started way back at the start of the year.” Chopper began.

“The first petrification was Felch’s—”

“Filch! Filch’s cat.” Nami cut Luffy off, her cheeks tinted red, others of the crew look mildly uncomfortable.

“That’s what I said!” Luffy said, annoyed at being cut off.

“Yohoho, as Luffy-san was saying, the first petrification was Filch’s cat, Mrs Norris and a message about the chamber being opened once more.”

“Hmph, so really we should be waiting for the next attack.”

“Why don’t we just go to where she’s been hiding? There has to be a place where the basilisk is hiding and it’s probably somewhere near those bathrooms.” Zoro suggested.

“Yohoho, I agree with Zoro-san, we should just confront her now.” Brook said.

“Yeah, but then we lose the element of surprise.” Usopp argued.

“Let’s just do it now.” Luffy murmured. “The sooner we get it over and done with the better.”

Sengoku sighed for the umpteenth time since they had begun battle preparations that morning. “I suggest that we follow her to wherever she goes and then we can destroy the book. If it’s what I think it is… then the very basilisk that we seek can destroy it.”

“What do you think it is?” Nami spoke up, unfolding her arms.

“I think it’s a… horcrux.” Sengoku said, calm façade melting away a little. “Horcruxes are a sort of insurance if the host is to die, one can create a horcrux through the act of killing someone, doing so splits their soul and if they have the right kind of ritual in mind then it is possible to shift that split into another inanimate or animate object.

“Think of it like Big Mom’s devil fruit… except that when her body died, the pieces of her soul spread out among her ‘Homies’ perished similarly.”

“You’re quite knowledgeable.” Usopp commented through narrowed eyes.

“It’s my job to be.” He said, frowning. “As an auror it is my duty to protect the wizarding world from threats, I may not agree with the decisions Cornelius Fudge makes, but through him I have a stable job, although, nobody has asked for my help in years. Since before the war.”

“You didn’t fight Voldemort in the war?” Chopper asked incredulously, if he had then the tables would definitely have turned.
“No, not I, I did hear that they sent out a group of rather… unusual animagi ex-students.” He commented, glancing over at the straw-hat bearer. “They reminded me of some old pirates I used to know.”

“Yeah? What’s your point?” Zoro asked, lazily opening an eye while simultaneously reaching for shusui.

Sengoku shrugged. “The new is replacing the old, times are changing, as much as it pains me to say it, you are the future of this world, whether you change it for the better or worse I cannot say.”

“How are we supposed to destroy the horcrux if Brook is unable?” Nami questions.

“I believe that basilisk venom works quite effectively, there are of course, numerous, however, they require people who are in that particular field within the ministry which shall take time we do not have.” Sengoku replies.

“So, the very thing the horcrux can be killed by, is being controlled by it?” Usopp snorts, “That’s kind of arrogant.”

“I suppose so, but one would not usually expect people of our calibre.” Sengoku comments.

Luffy shrugged. “Whatever pelican-ossan. Can we go already?”

“Just like your grandfather.” He muttered under his breath but nonetheless stood.

“Yosh.” Luffy shouted despite their close proximity. “Grab your gear and let’s go!”

The crew smirked and as one they left the kitchen, clearly considering changing from their uniform into something more… Comfortable.

“Let’s go kick some ass!” Luffy cried from his vest, blue shorts and yellow sash, cracking his knuckles loudly.

“Yeah, yeah, quit your yapping.” Zoro muttered, tying his swords into place.

“Oh, Sengoku.” The furry one (illegal animagus, really?) said, tugging his cap on tighter. “Do you happen to know whether there are any known cures for basilisk venom?”

“The only known cure for basilisk venom are phoenix tears but those are extremely rare.”

“Phoenix tears?” Luffy perked up, wasn’t pineapple-head technically a phoenix?

“Unfortunately, I don’t know whether we can risk the chance of the Phoenix’s tears.” Sengoku adds. “Seeing as the phoenix attained his power through an akuma no mi there is no way to tell whether his tears will work.”

Luffy sulked. “Doesn’t Dumbledore have a phoenix?”

“Mm,” Chopper confirmed. “his name is Fawkes.”

“Have you talked to him Chopper-san?”

“Mm, once, I saw him outside the headmaster’s office and talked to him.” Chopper nods. “He’s a pretty bird, but I only saw him when he was growing old and then kaboom! He exploded and was
reborn as a little chick.”

“Really? Cool!” Luffy said, stars appearing in his eyes.

“Can we come back to the issue at hand?” Nami asked. “If one of us gets part of that poison on us then we don’t have an antidote for it and it’s most likely that one of us will die.”

The silence turned grim before Brook said cheerfully. “Yohoh, I suppose it is of little concern whether I die or not, just be sure that if I do, you remove my very flesh and try and grow me an afro, yohoho!”

Nami shrugged. “That’s only if you die.”

“Let’s all agree to not try and die.” Sengoku said in exasperation.

“I’ll kick all of your asses if any of you die!” Chopper said, face contorting into fury.

“Do you reckon busoshoku would work as a strong barrier?” Zoro reluctantly asked the Golden Buddha.

Sengoku shrugged. “I’ve no reason to believe that it would be a suitable defence, it is against akuma no mi but those are a bit of a wildcard.”

Luffy shrugged. “Meh, let’s just go and get it done with.”

The walk to the girls bathroom was awkward to say the least, it was night-time which thankfully meant that the only people – if they could be called that – to witness their escapade being the portraits that lined the hallways.

Nami almost slapped herself, why didn’t she think of this earlier? Halting their walk, she turned to one of the portraits – a woman in a velvet dress being painted by a decidedly awful artist; the proportions were extremely off – and asked. “Excuse me.”

The lady yawned widely and blinked wearily at her. “How can I assist you at this late hour?”

“Do you know of anyone that has actually witnessed a petrification?”

The man twisted around, moving his hat from his eyes. “Why do you ask this now?”

“I’m just curious, the person would have been caught if you had helped out.” She said, gesturing to the entirety of the portraits.

“Yes well, it is quite dreadful, the portraits of the fifth floor were quite shaken, apparently they just have a gap in their memories around the time of the incident.” The lady leaned in conspiratorially. “One might consider that whoever has done this terrible deed could be charming the portraits.”

“Oh really.” Nami smiled brightly. “Thanks for your information, you’ve been very helpful.”

“Glad I could help, now off with you before Filch catches you all.” With a final wave, they began to walk again.

“What was all that about?” Sengoku side-eyed her.

She shrugged, noticing the way that Zoro subtly moved by her side – as much as the idiot claimed to not care he really really did – “I just wanted to know just how much Voldemort has influenced Hermione.
“She’s clearly stronger than usual if she can charm an entire hallway so that the paintings don’t witness her attempted murders.”

“Well done Nami-san, I agree wholeheartedly- ah! Not that I…” Brook dropped realising the weight of his words. “I have a heart…”

Wisely, Sengoku did not comment; he didn’t want to know.

“It’s okay Brook, when you’re taller we’ll just kill you and burn the flesh off your corpse.” Luffy said comforting, squatting down, his words doing the opposite to half of the crew who cringed at the brutal description.

“Dammit, Robin’s rubbing off on Luffy.” Zoro muttered, “It might be too late for him.”

“Should we be concerned?” Usopp murmured to Chopper who shook his head.

“Well, Hermione is still alive, I can still feel her.” Luffy said, and he could, her aura might not be as strong as it should be but it was still alive.

But as soon as they stepped over the threshold, “Wait, who is that?” Luffy suddenly asked, tilting his head curiously, there were two unfamiliar signatures within the castle, perking up, Zoro frowned.

Sengoku stiffened, “I believe the two at the Headmaster’s office is Cornelius Fudge and one Lucius Malfoy.”

“Sanji’s not-Dad?”

“Mm.”

“Shit.”

“How alive is Hermione right now?” Chopper asked.

“She’s still breathing but she feels like she’s growing fainter.” Usopp commented.
“As much as I want us all to kick some ass… I’m going after Lucifer.” Luffy said, nakama was still extremely important but Sanji was vulnerable right now, and as such, he didn’t want Sanji’s not-Dad to be in the same room as him.

“I’ll come with.” Usopp agreed.

Zoro sighed, “I’m gonna cut up some Basilisk.”

“I’ll come as well.” Nami said, holstering her sorcery clima-tact.

Groups decided, Luffy, Usopp and Nami left the other group consisting of Chopper, Brook, Zoro and Sengoku.

The faces of Group 2 set grimly, they walk inside the bathroom.

Unfortunately, nothing is ever easy and nobody was actually within the bathroom – except for a ghost who apparently was called Myrtle but had been dubbed ‘Moaning Myrtle’.

Their group spread out, looking through the cubicles and the sink, the grates – everything.

“Anyway, how to get in…” They think, wandering around the toilet, looking for any abnormalities, just as he’s about to give in and punch the damn thing Usopp asks him quietly.

“Everyone.” Chopper’s voice breaks the uneasy silence and they silently file over to where he’s crouched next to one of the sinks.

“What did you find, Chopper-san?” Brook asks.

They all crouch down next to the reindeer. “Aha!”

It’s Zoro who finally gestures at the engraved snake on the spout. “None of the other sinks have such an intricate engraving, it at least confirms your suspicions that the entrance is here.”

“I think we’ve found the entrance, if you look here- here not over there Zoro – you can see the snake engraving, considering what we know about Salazar Slytherin and the very fact that we have a basilisk on our hands we can safely assume that this is the entrance.” Sengoku mutters.

“The question then is, how do we get inside?” Zoro murmurs.

“I have an inkling of how we could open it.” Sengoku admits. “If we consider that the only people to have ever opened the chamber were Salazar Slytherin and Voldemort – plus this ‘Hermione’ under the influence of Voldemort then it would only stand for reason that only another parseltongue could open this.”

“Like a secret password.” Brook muses, glancing at Chopper.

“Can you just, speak snake?” Zoro asks.

Chopper shakes his head. “I usually have to actually be speaking to an animal to communicate with them... I can understand animals but I don’t feel like I’m doing anything different when I talk back.”

“Well, that’s useful.” Usopp mutters.

Then the moaning gets louder and a girl soars across the room to their group, she huffs and crosses her arms sternly. “Boys aren’t supposed to be in here.”
“Sorry Moaning Myrtle-san, we’re looking for a secret entrance.” Brook says politely.

Brook doesn’t understand what he did wrong when the cry starts off as a steady whine before it rises to a cacophony of shrieking.

“Shut up!” Zoro pretty much roars.

To his surprise it works and the girl floats down next to him. “You shut up!”

“I’m not the one crying like a baby!”

“Well I’m so-”

Whatever Myrtle was going to say is cut off by a loud screeching sound, they turn around to see a gaping hole where the peculiar sink was.

“Huh, how did you get it open?”

“I just pretended it was a snake and asked it to please open.” Chopper says, as if isn’t a big deal.

They all crowd around the dark hole and without warning Zoro jumps, he can hear Chopper’s little shriek of surprise.

The tube is slimy, other pipes running off through the school, but none of them were as big as his pipe which twisted this way and that, Zoro doesn’t care to where they lead, it’s grimy and it smells.

He reckons that he was further below then the dungeons themselves.

Then the pipe levelled out and he landed on the ground with a loud thump.

He could vaguely hear Sengoku murmur that he was alright and then they all followed.

One by one - Chopper shrieking – they shoot down the tunnel. And when they had all shot out Sengoku raised his wand and without a word (well, for those proficient with haki they heard it resonate through his mind but the point was that it was non-verbal) an orb of light lifted to the ceiling, illuminating the entire tunnel.

“How useful.” Brook murmured.

“Remember, as soon as you hear something suspicious, close your eyes if you want to live.” Sengoku said gruffly.

Off they went, crunching their way through the sea of animal bones – mostly rats and other small rodents.

Wordlessly they approached the large hulking figure up ahead, Brook frowned, “It is not alive, well, if it is, it is soulless.”

Zoro walked closer and poked it with Wado, when he wasn’t killed by fangs, eyes or the body he deemed it safe to move closer.

“Oi, it’s just a snake skin.”

The group unconsciously relaxed. “I wonder how much this would sell for…” Brook wondered, crouching down next to it, breaking part of the skin off and shoving it in his pocket – they were extended. Nami had been explicit on what to do once they killed the serpent and he supposed that
this counted.

Zoro was contemplating just how to kill it, no doubt he was strong enough to simply slice right through the basilisks' neck but the question was, what about crux of the problem? The fragment of Voldemort’s soul that was controlling Hermione?

How were they going to break off a fang from the basilisk without getting venom all over themselves?

While he pondered over his decisions they finally came to a stop at the end of the tunnel, and by end of tunnel he means there was a door with two snakes wrapped around each other, eyes glinting with the emeralds they possessed.

“Those are real emeralds.” Sengoku comments, eyeing the engraved gems with admiration gleaming in his eyes.

“I wouldn’t steal those.” Brook murmurs.

“Why not?”

“It could be a trap.”

Sengoku just shrugged, “Yes, I suppose it is.”

Chopper wondered just how he was going to repeat the word he had uttered up in the bathroom, it was hard okay?

Thinking about how long Hermione had been in the chamber his rage began to quietly boil.

“Open.”

The snakes untwined, slithering out of sight as the doors slid into the tunnel.

The inside of the chamber of secrets was very bright considering that Sengoku had yet to dim his wand, but even so, the entire room was cast in an eerie green light throughout the marble floor and the pillars that rose to incredible heights with snakes circling them.

There was no sight of Hermione but they all knew that she was close, what’s more, they could definitely feel that disgusting presence that had been lurking by for most of the year.

Throwing caution to the wind, Zoro walked forward, ignoring the eyes of the snakes that seemed to follow their every move.

The back wall was illuminated, showing an enormous statue as high as the chamber itself, it was ancient, a wizard calmly facing forward, his beard trailing down to the floor itself.

And at the base lay Hermione, feeling their hearts skip a beat despite what he knew, he raced towards the figure and could hear the others do the same.

“Hermione, I need you to wake up so you can get out of here. Chopper!” When she didn’t respond Chopper raced forward, dropping his medical supplies and feeling her forehead.

Chopper frowned, “I want you and Brook to protect her during the fight, okay?” Zoro requests already feeling the disgusting presence making itself known.

It wasn’t really a question but they nod regardless.
“There’s no use trying to protect her.” Came a soft voice.

Whipping around to the handsome boy leaning up against the nearest pillar who wasn’t all there, Zoro stood.

“Who are you?”

“Who am I?” The boy laughed softly, “I am a memory, preserved in a diary for 50 years.”

“So, you’re Voldemort huh?” He said, listening to the tell-tale clink of Wado and Brook’s sword and the steady breathing of the crew as they began to prepare for the inevitable fight.

“Roronoa Zoro. I would have preferred to meet that captain of yours, he seems to be quite the character-”

“I don’t care.”

The smug look vanished. “What was that?”

“I don’t care about why you wanted to talk to my captain or why you became Voldemort or whatever, we’re here to save our friend.”

“Is little Hermione really your friend? She’s been writing in my diary for months now, spilling all of her darkest secrets and desires, telling me all about her friends who turned out to be reincarnated pirates, and dangerous ones too, how she was pushed aside by everyone for being such a brainy little brat.

“But I, even though I am split from my masters soul, I cultivated her for the perfect sacrifice, as she grows colder, I become more real.” He smiled. “And I know all about your captain Monkey D. Luffy, and not just from dear Hermione but there were pirates before you.”

He feels Sengoku shift a little to his right and supresses a glare. “They were quite fearsome but they weren’t used to their bodies – oh how they tried to play dirty with their devil fruits and raw strength. But after amassing many followers we annihiliated their meagre defences. They weren’t eager to spill their little secrets about ‘haki’ and devil fruits until I wormed my way into their very being, I suppose they’re still in Mungos after what I did to them, maybe you’ll be scared no-”

He was cut off by slash of compressed air not quite folding through his body. The consistency was not quite non-existent. Bringing Wado down Zoro repeated himself “I don’t care.”

(He did make himself a promise to properly include Hermione later on and check Mungos because if other pirates were taken down that easily by Voldemort he had to know.)

Enraged, his face contorted before smoothing out into an unpleasant smile, the not-quite-there Tom wiped blood off of his mouth, “Very well. Then I suppose I might just call the basilisk here and get things over and done with.”

He began to hiss in the foreign language. “Speak to me, Slytherin, Greatest of the Four.”

The stone on the back wall moved, scraping up against more stone Zoro shouted. “Eyes closed now!”

Because he could feel the basilisk awakening from its’ slumber within the statue of Salazar Slytherin.
“Kill them all.”

He could hear Brook humming as the serpent hit the ground, it had been agreed that they would all initially aim for the eyes – those with swords more so.

He could vaguely see the not-quite-there Tom, he was fuzzy and like an old polaroid, fading with time.

Too late, he didn’t realise that his true objective was the trio protecting Hermione, it was only when Chopper cried. “He’s got my wand!” that things got out of hand.

As the enormous snake began its’ slow crawl to their position Tom hurled all manner of spells at them, Zoro had yet to break a sweat from deflecting the death curses, Wado and shusui happily defending him.

Although, he can also hear the grinding of Chopper concocting a medicine and the humming of Brook as he also deflected the spells.

Sengoku is hissing but regardless holding his own against the curses.

Twisting his body as best he could to avoid the flashes he heard Sengoku grunt “I’ll deal with Tom, you deal with the snake.”

“Sure.”

Both Zoro and Brook leapt from their place on the ground and lithely withdrew their swords.

A loud shriek that pierced his very being alerted him to the fact that both had been successfully in their endeavours and he opened his eyes to the sight of the basilisk writhing, four gashes where its eyes used to be.

“You can open your eyes!”

Immediately they all do, eyeing the slashed up basilisk. “Kill them! You can use your nose!” Tom insists, waving the wand simultaneously, an eruption of green flashing by them.

It’s unnerving to watch Sengoku raise to his entire height and smash a golden, gleaming fist down on the corporeal body, deflecting the flashing green wordlessly.

“No!” The fist flattens him, but they all know it’s still in this world because it stands, face contorted and disfigured but very much alive. “We need to destroy the book!”

Tom is waving Chopper’s wand again and they watch as the sewer water around them rises, curling forth for its’ master.

“Kill the basilisk and we’ll have the very thing we need to destroy it!” Sengoku retorted, shrinking to his human form as the not-Tom douses him with sea-water.

The snake finally regained its bearings and turned its’ head back towards Zoro and Brook, face set in grim determination his arms and swords blacken without a thought – he isn’t sure quite how thick the skin is but hopefully he will be able to destroy it.

As it slithers its’ way towards him he leaps into the air, Zoro sends another flying slash, it simply grazes the head of the beast and destroys the statue behind it.

Brook freezes the eyes and Zoro turns to the humming swordsman “Brook! Decapitate it!”
It screams, desperately trying to unfreeze its’ bloody eyes, by this stage Voldemort isn’t looking very cocky any more, in fact, he’s as pale as a ghost.

“Basilisk venom will kill him right?” He shouts out to Sengoku over the screaming of the serpent.

“Zoro don’t touch it!” Chopper screams right back at him but he grins and leaps forward into the very much open mouth of the basilisk.

“Have you ever heard the tale of Tonga?”

The Basilisk is worse on the inside of its’ mouth but Zoro trusts Brook who must have already decapitated it for blood begins to rush into its’ mouth, they begin to gather momentum and the awful screaming stops.

Turning his hands and arms black with armament he grips one of the fangs and rips it out.

“That was easy.” He mutters, crawling out of the falling mouth and landing on his feet, Tom is still hurling spells but this time it’s three incredibly notorious pirates against him + one ex-Fleet Admiral.

Zoro is cleaving the spells left, right and centre and Brook is carefully dancing around them, shouting out freezing attacks for the sea-water the thing tries to catch them off guard with, Chopper isn’t as suited to fighting him as the others so he stays with Hermione, petting her hair, for there isn’t much else he can do.

Still with his tight grip on the basilisk fang he looks toward the diary Chopper is guarding, feels the disgusting evil rolling off of it and leaps at it.

Thrusting the fang into the book despite how the horcrux screams “No!” and rapidly fires at them all.

A black ink begins to ooze out of the book as the basilisk venom brutally tears through its’ composition.

The horcrux is beginning to lose its’ corporeal form and they watch as it desperately tries firing with Chopper’s wand. He looks down at his fading body and begins to silently scream, “You won’t get away! He’ll kill everyone you love, you arrogant fool!”

He just smiles devilishly as it fades out of existence, as soon as he is nothing more than a speck of insignificance, Hermione is gasping and awakening from her induced slumber, upon seeing who she was surrounded by, she shrunk inwards against herself.

Wincing a bit, he moves forward to try and talk to her but as he does, black spots begin to dance on the edges of his vision and moving becomes that much harder.

Well, apparently haki isn’t good enough to protect oneself from the venom of a basilisk.

As he tips he can hear his nakama calling him, even Sengoku and Hermione.

He cannot die. It is simply unacceptable, there’s still so much to do, so many more people to meet – well, re-meet.

Luffy is waiting for him.

And he opens his eyes.
The most majestic creature is perched on his arm, crying into his wound.

“Hmm, a phoenix, how handy.” He mutters, but even that causes him to wince.

“Dumbass! Don’t scare us like that.” Despite Chopper’s harsh words, there are tears gathering in his eyes as he checks the wound out and a cursory glance reveals that the rest of his crew are visibly shaken up.

“Hmph, sorry, I still have a promise to fulfil, I won’t die that easily.” He reassures.

They sigh in exasperation but the tears are gone, replaced with smiles.

“Is he dead?” Came the quiet question from Hermione, she was curled up into a little ball and looking everywhere except for them.

“Yes, Hermione-san, we are all quite sorry for not including you within our group as much as we should have and I believe I speak on behalf of the crew when I say, we are very sorry.” Brook bows.

Hermione shrinks in again but doesn’t utter a word, just nods.

“We’ll be here when you need us Hermione.” Chopper says earnestly, medicinal herbs pressed to his chest.

“Okay.”

It’s not fixed but they will be able to make her see, just how much they love her.

Zoro grunts as sitting up requires too much energy and too much pain.

That was quite anti-climactic, wasn’t it?

But, whatever.

He lithely dodges a ghost that would have disappeared right through him if he had stood still and grimaced as Perona descended from the ceiling.

“Do you know how long I’ve been trying to find you?” She all but screeches.

Zoro winces again, “Well-”

“No wells!” She says, hands on hips, “I can’t believe you! If you want to know where Herm-”

She cut off once she realised that Hermione was trailing after them, “Oh.”

“If you’d have waited, we would have told you that we defeated both the basilisk and Voldemort.” Zoro says grudgingly.

“Well, I’m sorry that I had to leave as soon as I realised just where the basilisk was, I didn’t want to become petrified.”

She sighs and floats along with them.

Realising now that Cornelius has left the building, he wonders what became of the encounter between the trio and the governor.
Luffy whips out his wand, it hums displeasured in his hand, it probably didn’t appreciate being thrown into the grand stand with him.

“Hey, can you figure out what they’re saying?”

His wand smirks and scoffs like it takes offence that it couldn’t hear a secret meeting floors away of all things, “Hmm, I should really name you something…”

Standing in contemplation is never a good thing with Luffy so in the end he sighs and says “Suteki! Because it’s my favourite food ever.”

The newly named Suteki just thrums with a little more power, Usopp and Nami exchange a grin, some things never change.

How Dumbledore managed to keep Lucifer (was that Sanji’s not-really-Dad’s name?) from finding out that the Draco Malfoy had been petrified would remain a mystery to the remainder of the straw hats.

“How is he?” Lucifer demanded, accompanied by a hissing sound and a light pop from the floo network within Hogwarts.

“Cornelius, Lucius, what may I do on this fine evening, ah, sorry, it just turned one, morning for you?” Dumbledore, to his credit, says evenly, even warmly. “Would you care for a liquorice leg?”

“You know why we’re here!” Lucius growls.

The trio are huddled around Suteki, listening in.

“I presume it’s for my imminent departure.” Dumbledore says.

“Yes, but more importantly, why did you try and keep the status of my son’s health a secret?” Lucifer demands, cane hitting the desk with an audible snap.

Cornelius tries his best to diffuse the tension but apparently, despite his position of power, he clearly has no authority over the men.

“Enough! Dumbledore, take him to see his son and then you will be escorted to Azkaban, it was decided by the twelve governors!”

“I see.”

Cornelius leaves, clearly trusting in the man. “Take me to him.” Lucifer demands.

He wasn’t a father, just the one that had provided genetic material for Sanji’s new body.

“Why was I not informed of this?” Lucifer’s cold voice echoed through the hallways, accompanied by the clicking of his cane and shoes.

“As I am so far aware, Mr Malfoy did not spend his summer with his family.” Dumbledore replied.

“That does not excuse your impudence!” Lucifer all but roared.

The pair burst into the hospital wing, straw hats in stealthy pursuit, before the door could close, they slipped in, hiding around one of the beds.
Luffy slipped Suteki back into his pocket, trying to communicate that it had done a good job.

It got the message, if the warmth running through him was to be accredited to the almost sentient wand.

Lucifer looked at the placement of his ‘son’ next to the straw hat and Robin, lip curling in disgust. “Why is my son anywhere near this lunatic?”

Dumbledore smiled, the light not reaching his eyes, “I’m afraid they were found together, you will have to talk to our head of Medicine, who is not here at the moment.”

Lucifer grasped Sanji’s hand, “Stupid fool! Will you allow me some time alone with my son?”

It was a not a question but regardless, Dumbledore nodded, “Very well, I shall be waiting outside.”

“Why would you taint yourself with them,” He murmured angrily, “we could have been made to be his saviours.”

Glancing at the straw hat, he snarled again and gripped it tightly within his grip, Luffy stiffened but did not move.

“Dobby!” with a crack Dobby appeared, mollified. Blood boiling, Luffy observed the bandages wrapped tightly around his fingers, and the burns present over his body. “Now, is this Harry Potter’s hat?”

Trembling Dobby nodded silently, stepping out of the comfort of the hidden compartment, Luffy simply stood there, waiting for Lucifer to notice him.

Usopp and Nami followed silently, standing on either side of him.

“Excuse me.” He finally uttered as Lucifer withdrew his wand, whipping around the man smoothed out his features but did not put the straw hat down.

“This is a private meeting, I assume you’re after this? Hmm?” He twirled the straw hat around a finger. “Well, fetch!”

As boshi was thrown into the air, Luffy left it to either Nami or Usopp and applied pressure to the weak man in front of him.

Lucifer crumbled under the weight of his willpower, face crumpling like a marionette with cut strings, landing on the floor with a thud.

Nami shoves boshi onto his head and he allows a small smile.

Usopp goes and sits next to Dobby quietly, observing the orange-haired woman as she pats down Lucifer’s pockets for items of use.

“Aha!” She procretes a potion from one of the extended pockets, its’ label of ‘Mandrake Restorative Draught’, “I was wondering why the Governor’s didn’t just send in litres of this stuff, it seems that he was probably blocking the supply.”

Luffy glances at it, “So that will fix everyone who’s petrified.”

“Mhm.”

He grins widely and drops boshi back next to the frozen straw hats, “You’ll be fine soon.”
“I’ll go get Madam Pomfrey.” Usopp says, leaving the house elf with them.

“Hey Dobby.” He grins widely, squatting down beside the injured elf.

“Mister Luffy!” Dobby smiles hesitantly, “I’m sorry that I wasn’t able to do anything.”

Luffy frowns, “Whaddya mean?”

“I couldn’t stop master from dropping the diary in Miss Hermione’s cauldron!”

“That’s not your fault.” He says resolutely. “You warned us and that’s all that matters, without you we probably wouldn’t have made it this far.”

Dobby looks up, tears streaming down his eyes and throws his arms around Luffy, “Thank you so much Luffy-san!”

He just laughs quietly, “Don’t sweat it Dobby.”

Truth is, the house elf reminds him of an old friend, but either way, Dobby is his friend, and he hates the fact that his friend is a slave to the family he despises.

“Oh dear.” Madam Pomfrey huffs stepping over the unconscious body of the governor. “What trouble have you gotten yourselves into this time?” She asks, unimpressed.

They purposely avoid answering and the doctor sighs heavily, “Alright, thank you for kindly relieving Mr Malfoy of this potion, while it may be a few days before everybody else is relieved of this curse, a few will be awake.”

“What about the rest of them?”

“Well, the correct brew is being imported as we speak, I suppose that Mr Malfoy was blocking the orders.” She replies.

“Oh.”

“They’ll be right as rain in a day or two.”

“Yay! I’ll finally be able to eat Sanji’s food!” He almost cries with relief, Sanji’s food was the best.

“What should we do with him?” Nami asks, toeing the unconscious governor, nice and softly.

Nothing but the best for the asshole that made Sanji’s life a living hell.

Madam Pomfrey sighed heavily, “I suppose we can dispose of the body before anybody notices… but then again, it would probably be best if no acts of murder were committed today…”

“Shishishi!”

“So, who are you going to relieve?” Nami questions, still nudging Malfoy none too gently.

“That is none of your business. I’ll administer it in the presence of Pomona and Albus.”

“Naw. Ne, Dobby, could you possibly take care of Lucifer?” He asks, gesturing to the slightly bruised form of Lucius Malfoy.
“Of course Luffy-san!” Dobby bows deeply, nose touching the ground, “I will not forget the kindness you have showed me!”

And with another snap of the fingers, the unconscious form of Lucius and Dobby disappear from Hogwarts.

“Now shoo!” And she does just that, forcing the trio out of the hospital wing.

He freezes once they are outside for Zoro’s light is fading but even as it blinks out of existence it flares back with twice as much gusto.

“I have a feeling I’m going to need to beat Zoro when I get back…” Nami murmurs, eyes wide.

“You and me both…”

Meeting the Group 2 somewhere between the hospital wing and the Mystery Room, he is happy to see that Zoro is only leaning slightly against Chopper.

“Everyone!”

“Luffy!” They all smile and wave, and he notices Hermione at the back of the group.

“Hermione!” He leaps forward and suddenly she’s being surrounded from all sides, and-

It isn’t as unpleasant as she had expected.

Hermione melts under his touch and tentatively hugs him back. “I’m glad you’re okay.”

She just breathes into his back, “This calls for a party!” He says and all but throws Hermione over his shoulder, racing back to the mystery room.

He can hear his nakama laughing after him, but Nami calls, “Wait a moment, we need the basilisk.”

Sighing they silently agree and Nami pulls Hermione into the Mystery Room and sends them all back down to the Clamp of whispers or whatever.

There wasn’t much left – they had carried the dead carcass back into the Mystery Room and attempted to preserve it with various salts and a reduced temperature for Sanji to cook.

Man, he was gonna be pissed when he realised that he had missed out on such a big fight.

Nami had carefully explained that basilisk skin was extremely expensive and would pay well for.

Sengoku tells them that he will talk to Dumbledore along with Nami and Brook.

So, it is reported that the basilisk is dead, the student in charge of the attempted murders, controlled by a living part of Lord Voldemort’s soul.

Hermione’s parents are summoned and told the delicacy of the situation and she doesn’t leave but she comes very close to it.

Her parents may be muggles and not understand the full ramifications of Voldemort possessing their child, but they understand just how close they were to losing their daughter.

But afterwards, they throw the biggest party within the Mystery Room and eventually, they spill
out into the Forbidden Forest under the cover of night and have a bigger celebration with some of the creatures that reside within.

Sengoku was still cordial with them but that was fine, because they had kind of made amends. He would never apologise, he was far too prideful too, but in some essence, he supposes that they might be tolerant of him.

Luffy just does it for Jiji.

Speaking of, the man is revived using the ‘stolen’ medicine.

And the first thing he does is put them through more training!

Not that he’s truly complaining because it means that Jiji is just happy they survived.

Bouncing on his heels he peers around the corner excitedly, today was the day the potion had arrived which meant that Robin and Sanji were going to finally wake up!

Feeling their auras flicker back into the present time rather than the coldness they were prior to today, he whooped in joy.

It was always comforting to know where his nakama were.

Their auras were so pretty and strong, behind him, an amalgamation of the straw-hats + Hermione were a steadying presence.

After half an hour of check-ups and an explanation of why they suddenly had a huge gap in their memories, the two straw-hats are released.

“As soon as they’re out of the door, they’re gripped by a rubber projectile.”

Grunting slightly they indulge him for the moment, and after a moment an arm pushes boshi over his eyes, “Shishi, thanks for keeping it safe for me!”

“No problem, Luffy.” Robin says, smiling brightly, she produces more arms to encompass the trio and Sanji smiles indulgently at the straw hatted boy.

“Why don’t I cook a feast for us all?” Sanji smiles again, Luffy unwinds and grins again.

“Hell yeah!”

And another party is thrown, this time with all of them present.

They shove chopsticks up their noses and shove little baskets about, Brook throws them an honest to god concert with amplifiers and ropes the rest of the crew into various parts with instruments.

They’re all god awful but it’s okay because they’re all laughing, Hermione playing the tuber magnificently.

The following morning they stumble out of the Mystery Room into the Great Hall to give Sanji a bit of a break from the simply astounding workload he managed to produce.

It was a shame that they had been unable to discover just how Lockhart was a fraud, the man was wearing a hideous shade of pink today, and from the ceiling, pink love hearts and non-lethal pixies of every kind were floating about.
Today was Valentines Day and it was simply surreal to be doing normal things.

“Happy Valentine’s Day!” Lockhart shouted. “And may I thank the forty-six people who have so far sent me cards! Yes, I have taken the liberty of arranging this little surprise for you all — and it doesn’t end here!”

Lockhart clapped his hands and through the doors to the entrance hall marched a dozen surly-looking dwarfs. Not just any dwarfs, however. Lockhart had them all wearing golden wings and carrying harps.

“My friendly, card-carrying cupids!” beamed Lockhart. “They will be roving around the school today delivering your valentines! And the fun doesn’t stop here! I’m sure my colleagues will want to enter into the spirit of the occasion! Why not ask Professor Snape to show you how to whip up a Love Potion! And while you’re at it, Professor Flitwick knows more about Entrancing Enchantments than any wizard I’ve ever met, the sly old dog!”

And with that, the school erupted into discussion of ‘Oh no what am I going to do?’ “Who should I send one to?”

The mumblings increased with the arrival of the daily post,

Three unusual birds came and dropped three separate letters on top of Luffy’s fourth serving of breakfast, fishing them out of the scrambled eggs he looked at the crests stamped and set aside his breakfast.

One of the birds had metallic wings and a helmet over its’ small face, plumage a cyan blue. The other stamped with the same crest as one of the letters, feathers speckled white and brown.

And the last one looked more like a sea-gull than anything.

“Hmm? What’s wrong?” Robin asked, glancing over at the man who had set aside his breakfast, he usually finished at least six plates before declaring himself full.

Luffy fingered the straw hat wax seal before ripping it off and opening the contents,

Yo Super~ Mugiwara-bro!

So, Harry Potter? Wouldn’t expect anything less of you. Me and Trafalguy are attending the school Drumstrang, I’m not entirely sure where it is but if you ask Nico-sis or Mikan-sis they’d probably be able to tell you (if they’re there, that is).

Anyway, we’ll be coming to your school in a couple of years to compete in one of our tournaments so I ask that you wait for me there.

If you want to reply, just attach some parchment to Mechabird and he’ll return it,

Super~ Cyborg!

Grinning widely he said, “Franky and Torao are in Dumbstung, although, he talked in code.”

“Naturally, if they were to be seized we don’t just want everyone to know, do we?” Usopp muttered.

Luffy just shrugged, “One day.” He pulled out some spare parchment and wrote out a quick reply in his black pen.
Hey Super~ Cyborg,

It’s super~ to hear from you, almost the entire crew is here, we’re just waiting on you and the Knight of the Sea.

Can you make it here earlier than that? We all want to see you again!

Say hi to Torao for me!

He wordlessly passed the letter off to Robin who read it out loud, “Oi, gimme!” Usopp said and snatched his own letter off him.

Shrugging he glances at the other crest, “Hmm, this is familiar…”

“I believe that crest to be of the Kuja pirates.” Robin said, leaning over and tapping the sealed wax lightly.

“Hammock!”

My beloved,

I hope you fare well, my sisters and I are currently attending a school within France, I am afraid that I am unable to easily escape its’ clutches so easily, but fear not for we will be reunited in two years time when the tournament takes place.

Love from your dearest

P.S. Will you marry me?

Bringing out some more parchment he scrawls out a hasty reply for the Kuja pirate.

Yo Hammock!

I’m glad you’re still alive and with your sisters, it sucks that you can’t come over here because it would be cool to spar with you!

P.S. I’m not marrying you.

Nodding at his words he reattached it to the bird who he had dubbed as ‘Speckles’.

Zoro raised an eyebrow, “Who was that?” his nose had picked up a lot of perfume that probably acted as a love drug, but to his knowledge, Luffy had not been affected.

“Hancock.” He said nonchalantly, opening the last letter.

“Hancock?” Sanji asked abruptly, “Like, Boa Hancock?”

“Mhm, she just wanted to say that she was alive.” He murmured absentmindedly.

Sanji’s eyes turned to love-hearts instantly, “Oh, how the gods have cursed me, for the only person in our crew to ignore the forthcomings of such a wonderful woman is the one she loves!”

Hermione glanced at him in amusement, “Do I want to know?”

“Oh, only the most beautiful woman alive is in love with our captain.” Usopp says sullenly.

“Quit your whining.” Zoro mutters.
“Ooh! It’s from Jinbe! Fishman island is above ground, and he wants to come visit us!”

“Jinbe-san!” Brook cried in delight. “Oh how my heart soars at the thought of being reunited! Not that I…”

“Oh dear.” Robin comments, glancing at Brook’s prostrate form.

Luffy just laughs again.

sencho-kun,

I trust you’re doing well, I am currently within Fishman island, above the ground like Queen Otihime wished.

I will make my way here the following year to make your acquaintance once more, Dumbledore is an old friend of the current King of Fishman Island.

I have much to tell you but it can wait until we meet again,

Your shichibukai, Knight of the Sea.

Nami grabbed his letter and scrawled something out on it to Jinbe,

Nodding she attached it to the seagull.

“Hopefully now we’ll have the entire crew.” Chopper said.

“Mm, I wish we were all reunited!” Brook cried happily.

Zoro, smiling wickedly, gestured to one of the ‘cupids’ and walked hurriedly out of the hall, not one to be outdone, Sanji followed, bringing his own dwarf with him.

What they wanted the dwarves for, was revealed during potions when two of the cupids approached, Professor Snape, looking like he’d just been subjected to some of Luffy’s cooking, allowed the dwarves to deliver their messages.

“Ahem, a little poem for one ‘stupid, curly-que’,” it declared, Sanji was steadily turning red and Zoro was grinning maniacally next to Luffy, “His brows are like question marks to question his sanity,

His cooking tastes like crap and his infatuation with women is dumb,

I wish that that godammed ero-cook would get lost!”

Snape’s eyebrow twitched, “Thank you for that scintillating poem.”

The dwarf bowed deeply and waddled out of the room.

“That didn’t even rhyme you stupid mossheaded fool!” Sanji roared and flew right out of his seat, leg blazing with fire, the absolute manifestation of his rage towards the swordsman.

Many students began to scream from the fire steadily licking its’ way up Draco Malfoy’s leg but the object of his anger was simply smirking.

“Enough!” Snape bellowed, his wand spraying the flying boy with water, it did nothing but cause the fire to hiss and create steam.
“What’s the matter, curly brow? Lost your nerve?” Zoro snarled, inching towards his concealed swords.

Brook ‘yohohoed’ loudly and Hermione watched on in disapproval.

Luffy laughed as well, but they were both interrupted by the loud coughing of the second dwarf, within a second, Sanji was back in his own seat, flames extinguished, he smirked.

“I have a poem for Mr shitty lost mosshead,

His hair is as green as the moss on river beds,
He gets lost so often that I wonder whether he has moss in his head,
He is a brute and an idiot that has no concept of the finer things,
Stop burdening my damn presence and disappear which would be the blessings!”

The little dwarf also disappeared from the eerily silent dungeon, before the two could resume their fight, Snape picked them up by the scruffs of the neck and stepped into his fireplace.

The trio disappeared in a flare of emerald flames.

“Whoops?”

The term passes quite quickly, in blazes of sunshine, and eventually, Robin and Usopp reveal Lockhart to be a fraud, reputation ruined, he leaves in flourishes of fake confetti.

“You’ll never take me alive!”

Good riddance…

But either way, they pass their exams with not quite flying colours except for the areas they were particularly proficient in.

“Oi, Luffy, you coming home with me?” Zoro asks, because it would only make sense that the boy comes.

He shakes his head, “Nah, I’m gonna go stay with Ace and Sabo for the summer.”

They just smile indulgently, because they could never deny him time with his brothers.

“Why doesn’t everybody else come with us?” Brook suggests, they have plenty of space and his mother would be delighted that they have so many friends.

“Yeah, there’s a lot of spare rooms and besides, you live pretty close too, don’t you?” Nami says, turning to Robin who smiles secretively.

“Yes, we live over the hill.”

“Would you like to come too?” Nami asked, looking at Hermione and her trunk.

She smiles and nods silently, “Just let me owl my parents.”

And so it happens that the Weasley household would be plus six occupants, “Oh wait,” Sanji pulls off his tie and snaps his fingers, Dobby appears, looking quite happy to see them all. “Okay, so I’m
technically still one of your master’s, correct?”

Dobby nods, smiling at him. Sanji drops the tie over his head, “I’m giving you this to tell you, you’re fired.”

Dobby looks down at the Gryffindor tie in his hands with astonishment, turning it over like it was the most sacred thing in his life and promptly burst into tears, “Th-th-thank y-you m-mister Sanji!” He manages between sobs.

Sanji just grins, “You deserved it.”

And that’s that, Dobby, still sobbing his little heart out, disappear with a loud crack and a promise to be there should they ever call for him.

“Alright, so, would you mind if we came to visit?” He asked them with his doe eyes.

“Of course Luffy-san!” Brook declares.

They all pile into the train and when they arrive at the station many people are confused to see Harry Potter of all people, racing towards two older men who simply hug him tightly.

“Sabo-kun, it’s a pleasure to meet you again.” Robin smiles, guiding her father over.

“Robin! I’m glad you’re okay.” He says, grinning widely, “Come visit us at some stage.”

“Actually, I’ll be with the rest of the straw hats at Mrs Weasley’s house, so I might suggest that you visit.” She smiles.

“Hello sir, it’s a pleasure to meet you.” The eccentric man smiles and shakes Sabo’s gloved hand, “I’m Xenophilius, Robin’s father.”

“Pleasure to meet you too, this is my brother Ace.” He replies pleasantly.

Formalities over Luffy throws a goodbye over his shoulder and follows his brother out of the platform.

“How was school?” Ace asks, giving him a noogie to his hair under boshi.

“Eh, it was fun I guess. Oh! Guess what? Jiji’s alive!”

Both men shudder visibly, thinking of the countless ‘training’ sessions spent with their self-proclaimed grandfather.

“Are you fine with using the Floo network?” Sabo asks, neither of them particularly liked apparition after an incident of Ace splinching.

Even though he had his devil fruit to heal him almost immediately, it was a terrifying experience which neither wish to undergo again.

“This summer’s going to be awesome!” He declares, and, surrounded by warmth on both sides from both of his very much alive brothers, he can believe it.

End Notes
Yosh, I'm back baby. Sorry it took so long but to be fair, it is still January and I did say sometime during January. So, yes, i introduced a shit ton of characters at the end because that is definitely what would happen. And I'm not sure about what would happen to Perona if her body died but her astral projection was still out. I think that this is what would happen. Anyways, I kinda screwed up on my Brook introduction - I was supposed to introduce him slowly but whoops, it all came out like word vomit. Anyways, hope you enjoyed the first chapter and I'll probably see you in a couple of weeks.

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