(Nathan POV)

I was floating in darkness. It was becoming a norm for me. I was having a sense of De JA VU.

"NATHANIEL." There was a scream.

(Who? Who is screaming.)

The voice was oddly familiar. And then there was only blackness.

"STOP HIM. Don't let him get away." More shouts. They were all familiar sounds but my mind was simply not registering them. I could not think properly. You know the feeling when you are sleeping. But for some reason, you are awake at the same time. You don't want to hear anyone, but you can still tell what is going on around you. But since you are half asleep, you actually don't understand what is going on. So, yeah...… something like that. There were voices all around me but I did not know who they were or from where they were coming from.

"Nathaniel."

I opened my eyes.

Sis was kneeling over me. I sat up.

"SOOOOOOOO" I asked. "What happened?" I asked rubbing my eyes.

"You tell me that." But sis threw a counter question towards me.

"How would I know? I was sleeping And besides you are the doctor. You tell me." I rebuked.

"Genuine enough." She seemed convinced.

"The last thing I remember is seeing a dementor," I told her.

And immediately as I said that I realized why I had fainted.

Dementors simply had that effect on some people. Well, I never thought that I would be one of them but apparently, I was. New discoveries every day.

"Seems I am weak to this," I said to Sis.

"Seems you are." But she was already thinking of something else.

"Well, there were others that fainted as well." She replied after some time.

"Others?" I was shocked. "Who?" I asked.

"Annabella and Beatris," Sis replied.

(Wow! That was a shocker)

I did not answer her. I was assuming that she was going to make fun of me on something. But she did not. Everything was new today.

"Any idea why these things were here," I asked her.

That question had been roaming in my mind since forever. What were the jailkeepers of Azkaban doing here in the middle of nowhere?

Azkaban was like this super high-security prison for wizards. It held the world's most heinous and problematic prisoners.

So it was quiet off that the prisoners of the great prison doing here.

"They are here because of Serious Black." She answered. Still thinking about something else.

"Who with the what now," I asked. I had no idea what she was talking about.

This was when I gathered all of her attention.

"You are kidding. Right?" She seemed suspicious.

"No, I am not." But I assured her.

"How can you not know about serious Black." And now she seemed shocked.

"What? Am I supposed to know about him? Is he like some big shot? You know I am really bad at remembering the names of these useless big shots. Dumbledore is already too much for me and I don't even know the name of the minister of magic." I said.

"NO, HE IS NOT A BIG SHOT." She seemed frustrated. "Haven't you been reading the paper lately?"

"I have been locked up in one room since the summer." I elaborated.

"Oh right..... that." She seemed to understand now. "Okay wait a moment." She said and went out of the room.

(Now what is she up to.)

|You should pay more attention to your surroundings. |

(What is he, my mother?)

In a moment she came back. This time she had a paper with her.

"here" she threw that towards me.

I caught the paper. There was a headline on the paper.

'Serious Black still not caught!'

"Still not caught? Black??? WHO?" I was not understanding shit.

"Serious Black was a follower of Voldemort," Sis explained.

"Uhaaan" I nodded.

"And recently a few days ago he escaped from Azkaban." She explained further.

"WHAT?" I could not believe her. "Someone escaped from Azkaban? But how can that be possible." I asked.

"No one knows about that." She said.

"No one knows? How? I mean. Isn't that supposed to be the highest security prison on the planet?" I was flabbergasted.

"yes…... yes, it is and that is the problem. No one has ever been able to escape from the prison before. Black was the first one to ever escape."  She sighed.

"There are so many oddities in this case." I rubbed my chin. It was all a big weird mystery.

After thinking about it for a while I spoke.

"You think it has something to do with...…." I paused but she understood what I was going to say.

"Oh come on Nat. Not everything is related to them like that." She shook her head.

"No I mean look at it. The timing. And the disappearance of Jacob." I argued. Yet she shook her head.

"It can't be or J would have informed us." She told me. "Besides what would they gain by freeing Black." She asked.

"I don't know. You tell me." I threw the question back at her.

"Nothing." She said loudly. "A big fat nothing." She was annoyed. Why? I had no idea. "I mean seriously you and J both. You always think that it's their fault for anything that happens in this world." Oh, that's why she was irritated.

"But we do turn out to be correct about eighty percent of the time," I smirked.

"EIGHTY IS NOT ENOUGH." She shouted. "And this is from the rest twenty." She breathed to calm herself down.

"Hey, sis. Chill out." I laughed. She was taking it way too much to her heart.

"Not every problem in this world is caused by them you know. She spoke." I could see where this was going. "And not everything is your fault, Nathan." She said it.

(Come on. Not this again)

"I can see it on your face. You are thinking 'Not this again.' Right?" she smirked.

(The fuck is she reading my mind.)

"No Nat, I am not reading your mind." She read it again. "It's all written on your face." She cleared. Damn, she was good.

"Okay okay, I get it that it was not done by them." I raised my hands in defeat.

"Don't you dare think for a moment that I don't know why you do that?" The moment she said those words my mood started to turn sour.

(I don't want to have this conversation right now.)

"No, you will have to talk to me about it." She was freaking reading my mind.

"STOP READING MY THOUGHTS," I shouted.

"I AM NOT READING YOU THOUGHTS." Maybe she was right. Maybe she was not reading my mind but I was so not in the mood to talk to her about these things right now.

I pulled out a book from my bag. The title read ancient runes. I needed to learn runes as fast as I could. I huddled myself in the corner and opened the book to read. This was going to be a long ride to school.