(Nathan POV)

"Nathan My dear child......… Keep living. Your Mother will always love you" And the image faded once again.

I slowly opened my eyes to the same old sealing of my dorms.

"Haaaahhhh" I exhaled a deep breath.

(When will these stop)

It was as if the Dementor had triggered something inside me. I was having constant nightmares. Nightmares about my past. Nightmares about all the people I had lost. Nightmares that were slowly driving me to insanity.

I grabbed my head with both my hands. I wanted to bang it against the wall. Anything to make it all go away. I had a headache that was there for some time now. I had not contacted the hospital wing thinking that it would go away but it was not. And now I was thinking that maybe it was due time that I contacted. I was sleeping with the headache thinking that sleep might cause it to go away only to wake up again with the same splitting headache.

Well, no one was at fault here. It was the sleep schedule that was causing this headache. I had not been able to sleep properly because of the dreams since the time I had encountered the dementor. And from the looks of it, this problem of mine was not going to solve itself. I had to do something about it."What the hell man," I spoke lightly to no one.

I raised my head and checked the time. It was almost time for my classes to start. But I did not want to go. So, I simply lay again with my arm covering my eyes. All this was already exhausting enough and now it was getting annoying as well.

My mind started to drift towards that night on the train.

(Only two people from the entire train had fallen unconscious. )

I thought grimly.

(Me and Beatris Freaking Potter. The Girl Who Lived.)

Freaking

"Hah Cliché." I laughed.

I had not been able to get these out of my damned head. The girl I wanted to absolutely stay away from, The people I had nothing to do with, why were they on my mind all the time nowadays? I had tried to get rid of them but it was not working.

I lay there, unmoving. My head was pounding, the weight of exhaustion pressing down on me like a ton of bricks. I had barely slept, if at all. I shifted slightly, my arm still covering my eyes, blocking out the golden rays.

(Why do I even bother?)

I should get up. Get dressed. Go to class. Pretend like everything was fine. But my body felt heavy, my limbs unwilling to cooperate.

(Just another day. Just another morning where I wake up feeling like I never even slept.)

I turned my head slightly, my gaze landing on the window. Outside, the sky was a soft shade of blue, the kind of color that made people feel hopeful. I didn't. If anything, it only made the weight in my chest heavier.

"Haaahhhh…" I sighed again, pressing my palm against my forehead. The headache hadn't eased. If anything, it was getting worse. Maybe I really did need to go to the hospital wing. But then again, what were they going to do? Tell me to rest. Drink a potion? None of that was going to fix what was really wrong.

I closed my eyes again.

(Just five more minutes…)

But I knew it wouldn't make a difference.

Nothing would make a difference.

Not until I had all the answers.

Not until I had had my vengeance.

But right now, none of it was on my mind.

(Is she having such dreams as me or am I the only one?)

This was a question that I had asked many times over the days. With no answer and no way to get one, I tried to get rid of it but just like every other useless thought, it kept coming back. It was not my problem; it was not a concern I should have burdened myself with but yet here I was... helpless.

But maybe I never really wanted the thought to go away.

Maybe it was some twisted way to get some closure. Maybe I just wanted to have hope. Maybe I was feeling good knowing there was someone else who was like me.

(But then again how could anyone be like me)

"This needs to stop...." I turned on my bed turning my back towards the shining rays of light.

"Just five more minutes..." And with that, I closed my eyes.

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(Beatris POV)

I opened my eyes, staring at the same old ceiling of the Gryffindor girls' dorm. The morning light was streaming in through the tall windows, casting long streaks of gold across the room. The deep red curtains around my bed swayed slightly from the draft, and the soft murmurs of my dormmates getting ready filled the space. Someone was laughing. Someone else was rummaging through their trunk. Normal morning sounds. Nothing out of the ordinary.

Except for me.

I exhaled slowly, running a hand down my face.

(Again...)

The same dream. The same voice. The same feeling of something slipping just beyond my reach. The worst part? I had no idea who the voice belonged to. It wasn't anyone I could remember. And yet, every time I heard it, my chest ached like I had lost something important. Something I never even knew I had.

I turned my head towards the window, watching the soft blue of the sky. It looked so calm, so peaceful. It almost pissed me off. How could the world be so… normal when my head felt like it was constantly spinning with questions I couldn't answer?

"UGH THIS IS SO INFURIATING." And as salt in my wounds, the only person who could have... might have, related to me was none other than the most annoying person I knew. Nathaniel Morningstar.

(Only two people on the train had passed out that day...)

I frowned.

(Me and Nathan Freaking Morningstar.)

"Hah. Figures." I let out a dry chuckle, shaking my head.

Of course, it had to be him. The one person I wanted to stay away from. The one person who made my blood boil every time we were in the same room.

I should stop thinking about this. About him. About all of it. But the more I tried to shove it aside, the more it came back. It was like an annoying itch in the back of my mind that just wouldn't go away.

(Is he having the same dreams? Or am I the only one?)

I hated that thought. Hated that I even considered it. But it made sense, didn't it? We had both blacked out. So just maybe he too had heard something. What was it? Was it like a side effect of being targeted by Dementor? Or was it something else entirely? I was not sure and I had no source to confirm it either.

Not that it mattered.

I didn't care. I shouldn't care.

shouldn't

But I did.

And that was the most frustrating part.

Nathaniel Morningstar. The one person I was certain I wanted nothing to do with. And yet, for some stupid reason, I felt something else too. It wasn't sympathy. It wasn't a concern. But it wasn't nothing either.

A contradiction.

I let out a deep breath, rolling onto my side, pulling my blanket over my head as if that would make it all disappear.

"This needs to stop…" I muttered.

I didn't want to think about him. I didn't want to feel like we had anything in common.

(But then again, how could anyone be like me?)

Yeah...…. This was better, there was no way he was like me. No one could be like me. He was from the great house of Morningstar. Although I had never heard anything about his parents or household, I imagined that it would be nice. He probably had a nice and rich family.

Probably.

"Just five more minutes…" I whispered to no one.

But I already knew.

It wouldn't make a difference.

"OH NO YOU DON'T." But how could it be that the extremely punctual bookworm would just let me lay in the bed for a while?

"Come on Hermione just five more minutes…." I tried to pull the sheets over my head.

"NO. NOT A SINGLE MORE MINUTE." But all my luck had lost. She pulled the sheets over me and the sunlight illuminated my face.

"UGH…." I covered my face with my hands. "YOU DAMN WITCH YOU WILL BURN IN HELL FOR THIS," I shouted while squirming over my bed.

"Oh, we will see about that when the time comes. But right now there is another hell that you need to go to." She spoke as she tidied my blanket.

I hated to say it but she was kind of awesome.

"What do you mean by that?" I barely got up. "What hell?" I asked.

"The Hell named Divination."

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(Nathan POV)

I walked through the corridor, hands shoved deep into my pockets, my mood as foul as ever. The headache was still lingering like an unwanted guest, but I had decided that going to the hospital wing was not worth it. I had absolutely no energy and it was of no use. Not like they could fix it anyway.

And to make things worse, of all the classes I had today, the first one had to be Divination.

Divination.

Bloody useless nonsense.

I didn't know what was worse, the professor pretending to see our future in tea leaves or the overly dramatic students gasping every time she predicted someone's untimely death. It was all just a joke, and yet, I had to sit through it because apparently, it was important.

I could already picture it, The Professor draped in some ridiculous shawls, staring into a crystal ball as if they had just seen my tragic demise.

"Oh no, Nathan, I see a dark shadow looming over your future," I mumbled.

(Yeah. No kidding. It's called fucking school.)

|HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE, CLASSIC|

I heard a burst of laughter inside my head.

It was not helping my headache at all.

I ignored it.

These days he was keeping to himself most of the time. As I trained my mind more and more his consciousness seemed to get dull and dull but it never truly left. It was always there.

I ran a hand through my hair, sighing. The halls were mostly empty now, with only a few students rushing past, probably late for their classes. I wasn't in a hurry. If anything, I was hoping I could be late enough to miss half the lesson. But of course, knowing my luck, that probably wouldn't happen.

I turned the corner sharply.....

\*WHAM\*

\*WHAM\*

Something, or rather, someone, slammed straight into me, sending me stumbling back.

"Bloody hell..." I started, already irritated, when I looked up and immediately scowled.

"You've got to be kidding me." Was this truly happening?

|Boy...… Your luck even makes the devil look in anticipation. I mean even he could not have thought of such misfortune on anyone.|

|SHUT UP BASTARD|

Yeah, he was usually quiet but not when I wanted him to be.

"Oh, for Merlin's sake…." I heard a female voice.

The voice of Beatris freaking Potter.

Just my damn luck.

She looked just as annoyed as me, rubbing her shoulder like she had been the one who took the worst of the hit. Which, obviously wasn't true.

"Of all the people I could have run into, it just had to be you." She practically spat the words at me.

you

"Trust me, I'm not thrilled about it either." I rolled my eyes.

"What the hell are you even doing here?" She crossed her arms.

"Walking. Ever heard of it?" I scoffed.

Her eyes narrowed, unimpressed. "Oh, hilarious. Are you always this much of a pain in the morning, or am I just lucky today?"

I let out a dry chuckle. "Oh, you're very lucky, Potter. It seems like misfortune follows you around like a lost puppy."

She looked about five seconds away from hexing me.

For a second, neither of us moved. Just standing there, blocking each other's way, too stubborn to step aside first.

"Move." I huffed.

"You move." she spat back.

I clenched my jaw. This damned woman.

"For God's sake, you're insufferable," I muttered, stepping to the side and brushing past her.

"Right back at you," she shot back, adjusting her bag and walking off in the opposite direction.

I exhaled sharply.

(Just my luck.)

As I continued toward Divination, I couldn't help but feel even more annoyed. Not just because of the collision, but because for that brief moment, when our eyes met I could tell that she too had not slept well. It could have been anything in the world but my mind wanted me to think against that.

And I hated that.

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(Beatris POV)

(Why the hell did you talk like that Beatris? Why?)

I could not focus on anything the professor was saying. I simply couldn't.

(Why can't I talk normally to him.)

I wanted to dig a hole and just stay there for the rest of the day. I had been thinking about him all morning and then he just had to bump into me. And my idiot's brain had to lash out all my anger out on him.

(I could have just talked and asked him. I mean he too asked me before. And I also wanted to talk to him about other things.)

I was going crazy. And if nothing was done about the professor soon I was going to go crazy quite literally.

"Beatris may I see your cup?" I heard Hermione's voice.

"HUH….." I was startled. "Gosh, when did you get here? I mean...… where were you?" I asked.

(On second thought I had not seen her since the morning.)

"What do you mean Beatris I had been here the whole time." She replied.

"Huh?"