(Anastasia POV)

(I promised ! I promised that I would never let any force in the world hurt the boy ever again but the one to hurt him was ... me)

"Huh ..... huh .... huh"

My breathing was heavy and after a very long time I was confused. Unsure about what to do. The door was right in front of me. All I had to do was open it and go inside. I could hear slight moans of pain coming from the inside of the door. That meant that he was still awake. It was not a difficult act. I just had to go in and talk too him. So why was I so confused, Why was I so anxious. I had done it before. I had walked into his room plenty of times before so why?

Who was I kidding ? Deep down I knew the answer but I was not able to accept it. What was the reason you ask. Simple ! I had hurt him. I saw it in his eyes that he was hurt ...... that I had hurt him.

"HUUUUH" I let out a final breath and then steeled my resolve

\*KNOCK\*

"Hey Nath. You awake" all kinds of sounds coming from the room promptly became inexistent .

"Yeah I'm up. What ya need" He answered

(Don't do this Nath. Be angry at me. Please!)

"Nothing ... I just wanted to check on you"

"Oh, I am fine. Wanna come in. I'll make some tea for ya"

"What? here"

"Yeah so what?"

"How?"

"Like this" He pulled out a metallic stand and a kettle from his pouch. With a gesture of his hand a pillar rose from the earth upon which he placed the stand. With an 'Aguamenti' from his wand he created clean water. The kettle was on the stand and his hand beneath it. A flame appeared in his hand and the water started to heat up.

"Sorry it's like this. I don't have anything to burn right now" He smirked idiotically. I looked at his hands which now were wrapped in badges. They were trembling and I was sure that they were hurting bad and yet he was making tea for me. I felt heat gather behind my eyes.

(YOU DAMN IDIOT. WHY ARE YOU SMILING AT ME. YOU SHOULD BE ANGRY AT ME. I HIT YOU IN THE FACE FOR NO REASON AND HERE YOU ARE SMILING AT ME ASKING FOR TEA. JUST STOP IT)

"Here you go sis" He poured tea in a cup for me and lifted it with his trembling hands. "So, any reason you are here at this time of the night"

"Look Nath, I.....I-I am sorry" I stuttered a bit

"What for ?" He looked genuinely confused.

"I hit you without aski. ..."

"Drop it sis." He took a sip from his tea. "I deserved it. I let my emotions get the better of me even after all that" He looked at me "Why ain't you drinking your tea. It's gonna get cold. I ain't gonna heat it up for ya"

It was like that I woke up from A deep slumber. Nodding I raised the cup to my mouth. The pleasant aroma of tea leaves invaded my nostrils. I took a sip and boy it was heavenly. Just the right amount of sugar and tea leaves blended perfectly into water at just the right temperature.

(How the hell can he cook so good)

"As always ..... your cooking is unrivaled"

"Oh ..... resorting to flattery are we now"

"That was my honest opinion"

"Oh my I am touched"

"TCH" I clicked my tongue and he laughed.

For the next three or so minutes, we were both quietly drinking. I did not knew how to ask him but it had to be done. I had to know. There were only two ways. Asking him or using legilimency and I would never use legilimency on him. So once again I toughed my resolve and

"Hey Nath ..."

"HMMM ?"

"What did you see ?" I saw visible changes in his face. He felt a bit off. Like he was not mentally there. His eyes were as wide as they could get.

"Nath if you don't want ...." But he cut me

"Mum"

"What ? "

"I saw mum in there ...... She was ... playing with me"

(Of course!)

"Oh ..... but then why did you attack it"

Hearing this he backed up a bit. Supporting his head and back with the wall he closed his eyes. I could he was fighting to hold back his tears.

"Because I saw him as well" He said with a bit shaky voice " He was there with mum and me. Playing... )

My eyes grew wider (No. This can't be. Wait maybe I am not correct) So, to confirm it I asked him, knowing too well what the answer would be.

"Him?"

"Sabas" He answered.

(NO)

"Nath, do you know what that mirror was" I asked him and he simply shook his head. I took a deep breath "It is called The Mirror of Erised. It shows you ........ " I stopped

"It shows you what sister." He asked

"It shows you your deepest desires"

"What?"He left his support and sat straight. His eyes grew wider and his mouth opened. He even clenched his hurt fists.

"It shows you what our hear longs for the most."

"No. It can,t be"

"but that is the truth. Sorry Nath"

"No it is not ..... I-I ..... I get it" He smiled nervously at me "The mirror must be flawed. It must be laying. Yeah that must be it right. Tell me sis, tell me that I am correct." He looked me straight in my eyes but I could not do it. I wanted to tell the little boy that he was correct but I could not do it. I just spun around and left the room

(I really do wish I could tell you that you were right my dear brother)

But the truth in fact was that both of us knew what the mirror was telling was the absolute truth

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(Beatris POV)

I looked and saw no one. Hurriedly I wore my cloak and dashed through the common room and out of the picture door. I had to see it. I had to see the mirror once again. In my mind the sentence was ringing

[Potter] he had said [Never go back to that mirror.] he had said. Bu I did not care in the least. Why should I listen to him. The mirror was showing me the images of my parents and that was what I was going to look at.

I ran as fast as I could and in a minute or so I reached the chamber which held the mirror. I swiftly removed my cloak and looked at the mirror and surely there they were. My parents staring at me, Smiling. I smiled back at them my eyes getting a little wet. I stretched my hand towards them half hoping that they would just grab it and pull me in.

"I warned you didn't I. I told you never to comeback didn't I Potter."

I jumped like a cat, startled from the sudden sound. Hastily I looked back. In the corner of the room a figure emerged. (Nathan !! what is he doing here)

"You never listen to anyone do you now Potter"

"wasn't punching me enough for you. Or are you stalking me now as well. Here to humiliate me again hun Nathan" I snapped back at him

"You will never learn will you. I was telling you to stay away from the mirror for your own good. This mirror is bad news" For a moment there, his eyes shifted from me to the mirror and then I saw him clench his fists so hard that his nails dug into his own flesh.A few drops of blood fell to the floor. It did not need a genius to figure out that he was trying to resist looking at the mirror

"It's not good, HAN ........ so tell me Mr.Morningstar or should I call you the prince of the lions, tell me what do you know about this mirror then"

(Who does he think he is)

"It's called the mirror of Erised. And it will slowly but surely devour you" He said. The without turning he increased his volume "Isn't that right ....... professor"

"sir?"

Out of the shadows another figure walked out. Dumbledore.

"You are absolutely correct my dear boy. Beatris my girl, you should listen to what this young man tells you." Professor said.

"Sir but why ?" I asked wondering

(From where the hell hell did you come in fact from where the hell did the jerk come from)

"You can tell her in your own words. Ms.Potter here might just listen to you. I shall take my leave" and without saying any other word he bowed and left me alone with the professor.

"How did you come here without us noticing?" I poured my mind at him.

"I don't need a cloak to be invisible my dear girl" then he looked back at the mirror "I see that you, like hundreds before you, have discovered the delights of the Mirror of Erised even though that fine young man warned you"

(Fine young man my ass)

"I didn't know it was called that, Sir."

"But I expect you've realized by now what it does?"

"It .... well ...... it shows me my family ........ and Ron himself as the head boy"

"Now, can you think what the Mirror of Erised shows us all?" Dumbledore asked gently

I simply shook my head

"Let me explain. The happiest man on earth would be able to use the Mirror of Erised like a normal mirror, that is, he would look into it and see himself exactly as he is. Does that help?"

I thought for a moment and then said "It shows us what we want... whatever we want... Right ?"

"Yes and no," said Dumbledore quietly. "It shows us nothing more or less than the deepest, most desperate desire of our hearts. You, who have never known your family, see them standing around you. Ronald Weasley, who has always been overshadowed by his brothers, sees himself standing alone, the best of all of them. However, this mirror will give us neither knowledge nor truth. Men have wasted away before it, entranced by what they have seen, or been driven mad, not knowing if what it shows is real or even possible."

I listened to Dumbledore quietly.

"The Mirror will be moved to a new home tomorrow, Beatris, and I ask that you never go looking for it again. If you ever do run across it, you will now be prepared. It does not do to dwell on dreams and forget to live, remember that. Now, why don't you put that admirable cloak back on and get off to bed?"

I stood up and turned. But then I stopped and

"Sir ...... Professor Dumbledore? Can I ask you something?"

"Sure why not my girl. You have already so why not another one" Dumbledore smiled.

"What do you see when you look in the mirror?"

"I? I see myself holding a pair of thick, woolen socks."

I stared.

"One can never have enough socks," said Dumbledore. "Another Christmas has come and gone and I didn't get a single pair. People will insist on giving me books." I smiled at him and then I put on my cloak and leaved. I exited the chamber and gently walked away from the door. It was then I heard a snicker behind me. Looking behind I saw Nathan following me, I frowned

"Socks ....... Really ??" and he laughed again

It was then that I felt that Dumbledore might be lying. Then again I never had any right to ask such a personal question.