(Beatris POV)

"YOU" I did not expect to see this guy here. (What is Quirrell doing here. Wasn't Snape supposed to be here ?)

Quirrell smiled. His face wasn't twitching at all.

"Me," he said calmly. "I wondered whether I'd be meeting you here, Potter."

"But I thought, Snape..."

"Severus?" Quirrell laughed, and it wasn't his usual quivering treble, either, but cold and sharp. "Yes, Severus does seem the type, doesn't he? So useful to have him swooping around like an overgrown bat. Next to him, who would suspect p-p-poor, st-stuttering P-Professor Quirrell?"

This was just too much to take in.

"B-But Snape tried to kill me"

"No he did not Potter." Nathan replied instead "He never tried to kill you. Quirrell did. Snape was just trying to chant the counter curse, trying to save you."

"The young man is right. I tried to kill you. I accidentally got knocked over when your Friend set fire to Snape's robes. That broke my eye contact with you. Another few seconds and I'd have got you off that broom. Even with that bastard muttering a counter curse." He then turned to Nathan. "You have sharp eyes young man."

(Snape was trying to save me? NO NO NO NO THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING)

"I'll take that as a compliment." Nathan was smiling now.

Quirrell snapped his fingers. Ropes sprang out of thin air and jolted towards us. In horror the only thing I could do was close my eyes. But nothing happened.

"Ropes ? seriously professor. That is the best you can do????" I opened my eyes and saw Nathan standing in front of me, The ropes burning.

"Not only you have keen eyes but also a very strange magic. Would you enlighten us as to how you figured out that the culprit was me." Quirrell asked seeming intrigued.

"Well there were just too many proofs." Nathan begun. He started talking and at the same time he came in front of me. A small piece of paper left his hand and floated just behind him. I immediately understood and grabbed it.

"First was your behavior. I mean that who changes this much after just an encounter with a bunch of vampires. That stuttering voice, those shitty classes, and that scared act, all were dead give aways. He kept Quirrell's attention towards himself. I took a peak on the paper.

[The Mirror] were the only words written over it in a bad shape.

(What do you mean?) I scanned the room. There was a mirror at the end of the room.

(Now what to do with the mirror? .... Wait, it feels like I have seen this mirror before ...)

"Huh" A small gasp left my mouth but a quickly placed my hand on my lips blocking most of the sound.

(Mirror of Erised)

"But your behavior can never tell anyone about what you are up to. So, lets skip it shall we. Then it was the troll incident." Nathan was slowly walking towards him and the mirror. "I mean you are the teacher of DADA and you faint after seeing a troll. Please could you have been any more obvious about your things. Every single teacher was then told to go fight the troll but you ..... you were the only one left in the great hall. Perfect chance to go to the third floor."

(Now what should I do with this mirror ????)

"And not to mention that silly turban that you are wearing. Who wears these now a days. You do not live in a desert do you now."

Quirrell was getting more and more uncomfortable. But yet he was listening, just standing there, doing nothing. My mind was running as fast as it could (The mirror, the mirror ... wait I get it If I see in the mirror, it will show me what I desire the most in this world. That means I will get to know the place where the stone is hidden.)

"Of course there was the match. Not only snape but also you my good professor were not blinking at that time and even sis noticed that the one cursing was indeed you not snape. There was a slight time interval between the fire and the time when her broom came back to it's senses. So this takes us to the final conclusion."

(I just need to look into the mirror)

"Even if your lessons were rubbish, You sometimes let valuable info slip. Like about very ancient dark arts. And that my good professor brings us to the fact that you are standing right here right now talking to me without stuttering. What a change."

(Now what?) I was in front of the mirror with Nathan. But Quirrell's attention was towards Nathan. So I looked in the mirror and I saw it. My reflection winked at me and put a stone in my pocket. Something heavy instantly fell in my pocket.

"If you think about it all and and put two and two together, Even a monkey can guess that your mind is being controlled by someone. Isn't that right professor Quirrell"

Quirrell's grin immediately changed into a frown.

"You are dangerous brat." He growled at Nathan

"OHHH so a follower of the dark lord is now afraid of a little child now is he. Well shows that how much of a mentally unstable person was the not so great lord moldyvort"

"YOU SHALL NOT TALK ABOUT MY MASTER IN THIS WAY. HE WAS AND IS THE STRONGEST WIZARD WIZARD TO EVER WALK THIS EARTH" Quirrell immediately became furious.

"Your master ?" (He is working for some one. Could it be that .... MOL...DY....VORT...wait ....VOLDEMORT WTF !!!!)

"Voldemort was never the strongest wizard and he never will be professor. If he was something, it was the most idiotic wizard that ever walked this planet. Who names himself MOLDYVORT. Sounds like mold" Nathan said and I felt a little hate in his voice.

"I WILL KILL YOU" Nathan was using his special weapon and it was working wonders. He was doing all this so I could get away with the stone. (YOU ARE A FUCKING GENIUS)

"Did I step on your tail little mouse of the moldyfart. Hey that seems even more nice no?" Nathan was using his best talent, his ability of provoking people and it was working wonders.

"You insolent brat I will kill you and feed you to the vampires and warewolves" And before Quirrell could lunge at Nathan another voice sounded, Cold as the tundra and hoarse as a rugged mountain.

"Don't be a fool" Quirrell stopped immediately. I quickly searched the room.

(Where was the sound coming from?)

"MA-M-M-Master." Quirrell stumbled on his own words.

"Don't be provoked by this child. I like him, his way of thinking is just unmatched. Even after all I taught you were still angered. You have been playing in the palm of his hands. Let me speak to him" Said the voice.

"Master, you are not strong enough!"

"I have strength enough... for this..."

(I need to get away) A stabbing pain was felt in my scar. "UGHHHH" I looked back and saw a scene that made me want to gag my stomach out. Quirrell had removed his turban and where his head should have been was another face. The most ugliest I had ever seen and that is saying something after Ron, Malfoy and Dudly. He had glowing eyes and nose like slits that reminded me of a snake. As I looked at the face, The pain increased and my legs just gave in. (COME ON GET UP. The stairs are right there. FUCKING MOVE)

"So, This is the dark lord right now. Not much impressive if I say so myself" Nathan mocked

The face spoke "I am no more then a Mere shadow and vapor... I have form only when I can share another's body... but there have always been those willing to let me into their hearts and minds... Unicorn blood has strengthened me, these past weeks" (It was him that was drinking the unicorn's blood)

"EEW that's gross even for you moldy." Nathan covered his nose and lips.

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHGA" The face gave a rough laughter. "I like the way you do things. Quirrell might be fooled But unfortunately, I cannot be. So now Potter girl why don't you give me the stone in your pocket." I felt like the floor under my feet vanished.

(He knew from the very start)

"RUN POTTER" Nathan shouted and I got up and made a run for it fighting through the pain.

Voldemort screamed "SEIZE HER!" And Quirrell flew towards me but was instantly trapped inside a dome of stone. I looked back and saw Nathan sitting with both his hands on the floor

"DONT YOU DARE STOP. RUN LIKE YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT. BECAUSE IT DOES" Nathan shouted and I forced myself to run. The door was fifteen steps, ten steps, two steps, A mere half meter and then

\*BOOM\*

\*SHATTER\*

Some thing exploded. An explosion occurred in front of me and one behind me. Now the door was blocked by fire and the dome was broken.

"WHAT NOW NA....." My eyes expanded with horror to see Nathan in mid air holding his throat and in front of him was Voldemort using some kind of telekinetic magic to choke him.

Something came over me and without knowing, my legs were already carrying me towards them. I pulled out his blades and I jumped. A single swipe, Blood,

\*PLOP\*

AN arm fell on the ground.

"AAAAAAHHHHHH" Quirrell screamed, crimson blood gushing from the open hole. Nathan also fell to the ground coughing. I looked at the scene that I had caused. A realization came to me. The blade fell from my hand and I threw up.

(WHAT HAVE I ...)

"I WILL KILL YOU." before I knew it Quirrell was on top of me. his hands reaching for me but then

\*BAM\*

A foot reached his head and he flew back. Nathan lifting me up.

"We can't fight him. I am not yet that strong even with my powers." He supported me with his shoulder and we climbed the stairs."Lets get the hell out of here" He raised his hand and a hole appeared in the fire wall.

Before we could take another step Quirrell was upon us again. I fell and he grabbed Nathan by his throat again. He tried to hit Quirrell with his flames but they were extinguished immediately by Voldemort. Nathan could not move. I tried to help him and grabbed Quirrell hand. Immediately his hand crumbled like dust and then it was no more.

"AAAAAAAHHHHHH MASTER MASTER HELP ME" He was screaming. I did not knew what was going on but even I was not that big of an idiot. (he can't touch me). I ran and grabbed his face. It like his arm also turned to dust. Cracks appeared and it broke. completely turning to dust he fell on the floor. The fight was over.

"You are an idiot." That was Nathan's first comment

"You do realize that I saved your life."

"I saved yours, you saved mine. we are even. Why did you come back. You could have gotten away. What if we had not won. Then what? "

"I-I" I was speech less.

(WHAT THE HELL IS YOUR PROBLEM)

"What's done is done now Get up and let's go" He said and gave me a hand.I had no energy to get up. Before I took his hand abruptly another sound appeared in the room.

"POTTER" The Horace voice was menacing. We looked back towards the supposedly dead lord and saw a dust cloud rising from the corpse. It hovered in mid air reforming, turning upon itself untill it had a shape. A face. THE face of the dark lord and then lunged itself towards me. I was just standing motionless. I had no energy to move.

"watch out" and then I was falling and Nathan was in my place. (What? why did you....) The face disappeared in his chest and then ..... Nothing. Nothing at all happened. The both of us were just standing motionless half expecting Nathan to go bald and grow another face. No offence. Gladly, that never happened.

"That wasn't so bad" he smirked

"NAThan are you al...." I did not complete my sentence as he fell to the floor. Trembling, it felt as if he was being shocked and then it all stopped. He rose and then his eyes stared directly towards me.

"What amazing magic power. I love this body" It was the dark lord, talking from Nathan's mouth. I felt my whole world disappearing (oh no. Voldemort took control over Nathan)

"Now then Potter, I am strong again, Give me the ..." I was scared. I could not fight Nathan let alone Nathn 2.0. 'Dark lord' possessed Nathan. Special and limited edition.

(Can't I do anything ?)

But he never completed his sentence. Nathan was again on the floor. This time with an odd pose. like he was groveling. He raised his head above the ground a bit and

\*BAM\*

His head hit the floor with a loud noise

"GET THE HELL OUT OF MY MIND" NATHAN's voice returned. (he is back in control) But I was a bit wrong. It was like he was fighting himself.

"BUT I CAN GIVE YOU POWER"

Nathan punched himself in the face. Blood came out of his mouth

"I CAN GIVE YOU ANY THING"

Nathan punched himself again and again.

"WE CAN DO ANYTHING TOGETHER"

"YOU FRECKING MOLD GET OUT OF MY HEAD." another head butt to the floor.

\*BAM\*

this time blood gushing from his head making his silvery hair red. I was just standing there scared for my life as Nathan beat himself. Punches after punches to himself and then it was enough. His body could not hold all the beating anymore.

Nathan fell to the floor lifeless. I ran to his side. "a-a-are you ...." a smile appeared on his lips. "SIS would kill me if I she knew that I had another face on the back of my head. So, get out." Nathan's eyes dropped as he muttered.

(HOW CAN YOU JOKE AT A TIME LIKE THIS)

"NATHAN" I shouted. Before I could reach him the dust cloud rose again.

"the little brat is strong. He could be trouble". It looked at me and then flew. I could not move, I cold not block as it passed through my chest. There wasn't any pain. No feelings or anything else. I only found my consciousness slipping. I tried to hold it down but it slipped and I fell into a world of dreams