(Beatris POV)

Of all the people in the school. I was not expecting Nathan to come up to me and ask something like that. I mean yeah everything in the incident was about him but the thing that made me sure he was never going to ask was his inflated ego. But somehow he did it. He came up to me and asked me what had happened. Boy was I taken aback or what. And things went downhill from there. The defense against dark arts was being taught by Gilderoy. And I was starting to believe that he did not know what he was doing. I mean who releases pixies in the middle of the class. Anyway, as if that was not enough, I had my detentions with him. Answering his so-called fan male. My life was a mess.

\*SNAP\*

"OW" a bright light flashed in my eyes.

"Hey, Beatris." Oh yeah. Did I forget to tell you about Collin? He was one of the people obsessed over me. He and Ginny both.

"Should I meet him up with Ginny, Beatris? Both of them might start a Beatris Potter Fanclub. Haha." Ron chuckled and even Hermione could not hold it in.

"Ha HA ha. Very funny Ron." Then I turned towards Collin. "Hey, Collin. How have you been? How's the potion coming up."

"The potion to move the pictures. It's a really high-level potion. I can not make it right now but not to worry I will."

So that was Collin. I would meet him three to five times a day and he would take a picture of mine every time. Malfoy of course did not let it go and tried to make fun of me.

The only silver lining was that today was quidditch practice. Yaaaahhhh. And boy was I looking forward to it or what. Finally some piece after all the misery. "I have booked the field for us to practice." Wood was humming pleasantly. "We have the strongest team. We would have won the cup last year but due to some circumstances beyond our control....." He said.

I got a bit uncomfortable upon hearing that. Obviously, it was my fault. Last year I was in the hospital sleeping when my team was playing the final. So, meaning that they were a player short and they faced a crushing defeat.

"But this year," wood continued. "We win the cup. We will train harder, we will play harder." He said.

We all followed him into the fields. What waited for us there, we were not ready for it.

"Prefect! What are you doing here." Wood asked while blushing.

Well not that I blame him. Ana was probably the most beautiful girl in our school. She was in our Quidditch field. I mean not our field but the school's field. And with her was the person I detested the most. That is after Malfoy and Dudley. Only counting the people I have met. This list was not final and could be changed at any moment. Anyhow, Ana and Nathan were in the Quidditch field.

"Oh. Nothing. I was just playing around with my little brother here." She pointed towards Nathan. I looked at him and Damn did he look beat up or what.

There was dirt on his face and clothes. His clothes were even torn from various places. It was as if he had been in a sand storm.

"Hey is it just me or was he holding a sword right now?" Fred asked George

"Naah it's probably just you." George answered.

Fred Shrugged his shoulders "Yeah probably."

My mind immediately went to the last year.

(Swords. Did he say swords.)

I still remember the twin blades that he carried with him. How proficient he was in using them and how amazing he looked.

(I still remember him fighting that dog. He looked Beautiful.)

\*Slap\*

I slapped myself.

(I was not at all thinking that Nathan was beautiful. I was thinking about his technique. Yes yes, that is right. I was thinking about his technique, not about him.)

Heat rose to my cheeks and reached my ears.

(Wait a minute...…. Swords.)

Something clicked in my mind.

(Is it possible that she was training him in his sword fighting.)

I looked at them. It was a possibility.

(But does he need more training? And does Ana even know the art of sword fighting. And how much of a monster do you need to be to put Nathan in that condition.)

This thought made me look Ana in a whole new light. I was starting to get scared.

(Remember never to get on her bad side Beatris)

Right now wood was trying his best to have a straight conversation with Ana. He probably had a crush on her. Then again half the school had a crush on her. While the other half had a crush on Nathan.

"So it's your practice day." Ana spoke.

"Yes, we booked the field today." Wood scratched the back of his head trying his level best to not look at her face.

"Okay then mind telling me that what are those guys doing here." She suddenly spoke.

"huh? Who?" We all looked in the direction she had pointed at and behold. Slytherins were walking into the field.

"What are these guys doing here." Wood forgot everything else as an annoyed expression appeared on his face.

"These guys are always trouble." I heard Ron

(When did he get here.)

We all walked over to the Slytherin team.

"Flint!" Wood bellowed at the Slytherin Captain. "This is our practice time! You can clear off now!"

Marcus Flint was even larger than Wood. He had a look of trollish cunning on his face as he replied, "Plenty of room for all of us, Wood."

Angelina, Alicia, and Katie had come over, too. There were no girls on the Slytherin team, who stood shoulder to shoulder, facing the Gryffindors, leering to a man.

"But I booked the field!" said Wood, positively spitting with rage. "I booked it!"

"Ah," said Flint. "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 train their new Seeker'. "

"You've got a new Seeker?" said Wood, distracted. "Where?"

And from behind the six large figures before them came a seventh, smaller boy, smirking all over his pale, pointed face. It was Draco Malfoy.

"Aren't you Lucius Malfoy's son?" said Fred, looking at Malfoy with dislike.

"Funny you should mention Draco's father," said Flint as the whole Slytherin team smiled still more broadly. "Let me show you the generous gift he's made to the Slytherin team."

All seven of them held out their broomsticks. Seven highly polished, brand-new handles and seven sets of fine gold lettering spelling the words Nimbus Two Thousand and One gleamed under the Gryffindors' noses in the early morning sun.

"Very latest model. Only came out last month," said Flint carelessly, flicking a speck of dust from the end of his own. "I believe it outstrips the old Two Thousand series by a considerable amount. As for the old Cleansweeps" - he smiled nastily at Fred and George, who were both clutching Cleansweep Fives -" sweeps the board with them."

None of the Gryffindor team could think of anything to say for a moment. Malfoy was smirking so broadly his cold eyes were reduced to slits.

Ron was admiring the broomsticks. I could see the greed in his eyes.

"Admiring them Weasley? Good aren't they. said Malfoy smoothly. "But perhaps the Gryffindor team will be able to raise some gold and get new brooms, too. You could raffle off those Cleansweep Fives; I expect a museum would bid for them."

The Slytherin team howled with laughter.

"At least no one on the Gryffindor team had to buy their way in," said Hermione sharply. " They got in on pure talent."

The smug look on Malfoy's face flickered.

"No one asked your opinion, you filthy little Mudblood," he spat.

I did not know what that mean but immediately as he said the word, I knew it was something really really bad. Flint had to hide Malfoy behind his back in order to protect him from Fred and George who had jumped towards him with murderous gazes. Everyone in the Gryffindor team was in an uproar.

"That is low even for your standard Flint." Wood screamed in pure rage. Even Nathan had pulled his wand. Which was out of this world weird. (What could this word mean to be it this stimulating.)

"DRACO MALFOY." I heard a domineering voice.

Everyone fell quiet. I recognized the voice well. It was Ana and I could tell that even she was enraged. The fighting had stopped.

"Come to the front Draco." She said in a booming voice.

Flint moved away and Draco walked in front.

"That was beyond rude. Such words are prohibited in this school. Who are you to decide whether someone is ...…" She was startled for some time. "That would be ten points from Slytherin. And if I ever hear such insulting words from your mouth for Miss Granger or any other kid, it will be worse for you." She looked into his eyes.

"YOU CAN'T DO TH." He tried to protest but somehow she had an aura that told everyone around that one misstep and you will be killed.

"I CAN AND I JUST DID." He immediately fell quiet again. "So are we clear Mr.Malfoy."

"Yes." He said in a squeaky voice.

"Good." She turned back. "And I will also talk to Professor Snape so that...." But she never completed her sentence.

"LOOKOUT." I heard Nathan cry as he moved from his place and then pushed Ana. She fell down.

Immediately after a bolt of light flew over her. Everyone tried to save themselves. Most of the Gryffindor's crouched while some could not. And among those was Ron. The bold hit him straight into his stomach and he flew backward.

"RON" I cried and ran towards his side. The whole team gathered around him. Ana and Nathan were there as well. I lifted him up. "Say something. Are you okay? What happened."

He opened his mouth to talk but instead of words, many slugs came out of his mouth.

"EWW," I could not help myself. I swear that was unintentional.

"Lets...… \*bleurgh\* ...….. take him to Hagrid's." Said Hermione bearly holding it in. "It's the closest." She suggested.

"Let's." I said as I lifted him up with her help.

Before leaving I looked back. It was Malfoy who had shot the curse and his aim was Ana. She was saved by Nathan and now Malfoy was in trouble. He had just tried to curse a prefect. I could tell he was in trouble. But right now we had more pressing matters to attend to.

Somewhat dragging, somewhat walking we brought Ron to Hagrid's.

"Nearly there, Ron," said Hermione as the gamekeeper's cabin came into view. "You'll be all right in a minute, almost there"

We were within twenty feet of Hagrid's house when the front door opened, but it wasn't Hagrid who emerged. Gilderoy Lockhart, wearing robes of palest mauve today, came striding out.

"Quick, behind here," I hissed, dragging Ron behind a nearby bush. Hermione followed me but she was somewhat reluctant.

"It's a simple matter if you know what you're doing!" Lockhart was saying loudly to Hagrid. "If you need help, you know where I am! I'll let you have a copy of my book. I'm surprised you haven't already got one - I'll sign one tonight and send it over. Well, goodbye!" And he strode away toward the castle.

I waited until Lockhart was out of sight, then pulled Ron out of the bush and up to Hagrid's front door. we knocked urgently.

Hagrid appeared at once, looking very grumpy, but his expression brightened when he saw who it was.

"Bin wonderin' when you'd come ter see me. Come in, come in. thought you mighta bin Professor Lockhart back again." He made an ugly face

Both of us supported Ron over the threshold into the one-roomed cabin, which had an enormous bed in one corner, a fire crackling merrily in the other. I quickly explained the problem to him.

"Better out than in," he said cheerfully, plunking a large copper basin in front of him. "Get em all up, Ron."

"I don't think there's anything to do except wait for it to stop," said Hermione anxiously, watching Ron bend over the basin.

I left him to do his thing and asked Hagrid instead.

"What did Lockhart want with you, Hagrid?"

"Givin'me advice on gettin'kelpies out of a well," growled Hagrid. "Like I don'know. An' bangin' on bout some banshee he banished. If one word of it was true, I'd eat my kettle."

It was most unlike Hagrid to criticize a Hogwarts' teacher, I had to say I was surprised. Hermione, however, did not like it a bit. Her star student attitude would not allow her to hear someone badmouthing her favorite teacher like that. She said in a voice somewhat higher than usual,

"I think you're being a bit unfair. Professor Dumbledore obviously thought he was the best man for the job."

"He was the only man for the job," said Hagrid, while Ron coughed many more slugs into his basin. "An' I mean the only one. Gettin' very difficult ter find anyone fer the Dark Arts job. People aren't too keen ter take it on, see. They're startin' ter think it's jinxed. No one's lasted long fer a while now. So tell me," said Hagrid, jerking his head at Ron. "Who curse him 'gain?"

"It was Malfoy." I said hastily. "Actually he was trying to curse Ana but he got cursed instead."

"Who's Ana 'gain." He seemed confused.

"You don't know Ana?" I was genuinely surprised. "Anastasia Morningstar."

"Aaaahhh that child. Pretty good kid I tell ya. Brilliant I tell ya. Never seen a kid like her."

(Ahhh How could I even think that he did not know. Of course, she is famous.)

"So, why was he cursin' her gain."

"She took points from him. He called Hermione a Mudblood."

"No, he did not." Hagrid rose in anger.

"But what does that mean." I still did not know what it meant.

"It is the worse word that you can say to someone like me. Someone muggle-born." I had not noticed it up till now but Hermione was crying.

"Oh, I did not know." I bowed my head.

"It is a really foul thing you can say to a wizard with muggle parents." Ron spoke through his break. "People like the Malfoys think that they are better than everyone else."

"An' they haven't invented a spell our Hermione can'do," said Hagrid proudly, making Hermione go a brilliant shade of magenta.

"Hey what's that?" I asked while pointing outside.

Everyone looked outside and we saw many Slytherins encircling two first years. They were far away so we could not make out who were who but one thing was for sure. This was a classic act of strong bullying the weak.

"Let's go Hermione. Someone is in trouble." I said and hurriedly outed the room.

Hermione wiped her face and followed me outside.

We ran towards the students. The closer we got the more clearer the sounds became.

"Don't come any closer or I will hit you." We heard a girl say and all the Slytherins howled in laughter.

"Hey, you guys heard that right. The filthy little mudblood says that she is going to hit us. Hah. Get out of the way bitch or else I will hit you. We just have business with the boy."

"Hey stop that." I said loudly.

They all turned and I saw the expressions of clear annoyance on their faces.

"What you want Potter." One of them said.

I recognized none of them They were all years older. Probably fourth and fifth years.

"What are you all doing."

"None of your business."

"It is our business alrigh'" I heard Hagrid from behind.

"Shit.... Let's go." One of them who seemed like their leader said and they all ran away.

"Thanks, Hagrid." I said and then I turned towards the bullied and to my surprise, it was the two Gryffindors. Anna and Gus.

"You did not need to do anything I would have handled it myself." She said to me.

There were tears forming in her eyes but she was still standing guard against her brother who was down on the ground. Both of them had various wounds on their body. My blood started to boil.

(Those damn bullies. I will make them pay for what they have done.)

"Yeah I know you would have handled it." Hermione sat beside her. "But right now your brother is hurt and we need to get him to the hospital." She said even though Anna herself seemed more banged up than Aug.

"Yeah right." She turned hurriedly and patted Aug on his head. "Everything is going to be alright." She said like a big sister.

Aug looked up. He was crying.

"Come on let's go to the hospital." I sat beside Anna in a crouched position and gestured for her to get on my back. Hermione gave a piggyback ride to Aug and all of us with Hagrid walked towards the castle.

(I think I am forgetting something)

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(Ron POV)

(Where are all of them. Did they forget about me?)

\*BLEURGH\*