(Nathan POV)

The door of the common room opened and she slowly walked in.

\*Sight\*

"This was really tiring." She stroked her forehead.

"Then you should not have gone to that senile old man if it was so tiring." I rose up from my seat.

"Huh? You were awake. I did not see you there." Sister spoke.

"Of course, you did not. I was hiding myself. So….. what happened." I asked

"What happened? Where?" She feigned ignorance

"I meant at his office." I clarified myself.

"At his office. Oh, that..... Nothing particular. Just had a talk with him about...." She stopped there for a moment

"About..?"

"About things. Things you do not need to know about." She turned away.

I simply glared at her.

"Stop glaring at me like that. And why have you not gone to sleep." She glared back at me.

"Because of things you do not need to know about." I backfired at her.

"So now you are going to be like this." She pouted. "Does not matter. I am going to sleep. You can do your things as you like...…" She blabbered but I cut her.

"You do not need to hide it from me. I felt it too you know." I immediately saw her jolt up. "I felt it as well. The intent to kill someone right before the cat incident." I explained myself. "So you have to tell me what you know sis." I kind of pleaded with her.

"Go to sleep." She said without looking. Her voice….. cold.

"But sis…."

"Just go to sleep. And do not even think about doing something rash you hear me. This is not something a kid should interest himself with. Now go to your room." Saying that she left the common room leaving me standing behind.

(Damn her. As I thought she is never going to tell me. I need to do something about it myself.)

And I too walked up the stairs towards my room.

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And a few days went past after that. All my routines went back to how they were. I became isolated again, The shithead inside my head started his ramping again and the classes resumed as usual.

I was in the class with Professor McGonagall. Transfiguration...… Right now she was teaching us how to transform a living creature into a crystal glass.

"Now follow my actions. One, two, three, and there." She cast a spell on her bird and it instantly transformed into a glass.

"And that is how you do it." She said with her stern face. The whole class was in awe of her mastery over the subject. But if anyone would ask me…. it was not that much of a big deal. I mean considering her age it would be weird if she were not a master of one or two subjects.

I pulled out my wand and followed her movements. But I did not have an animal or a pet with me so nothing happened as there wasn't any target. But then again I knew that this spell was not that hard and I would be able to do it without a problem. What I needed to practice was wandless and chantless magic.

"What are you even doing. You don't talk nor eat. You were a book worm but this is too much Hermione." With nothing to do, I unconsciously started to listen to the gossip of others. And the ones sitting closest to me were the three of them. For some time now, I was feeling as if they were stalking me.

Since that incident, They always sat closer to me. And the bookworm had even tried to strike up a conversation with me a few times. I could not even guess what her intention was but considering her record I could bet my swords that she was trying to ask something related to the chamber of secrets. It was exactly like the last year when they could not find anything about Nicholas Flamel, they went to sister, and now they were trying to approach me.

(Maybe I should ask them what they want and be over with this pain.)

"I Have been trying what everyone else in the school has been." She replied to Beatris.

"And what would that be," Beatris asked. Considering the company she kept, Beatris was quite dumb.

"To find out about the Chamber of secrets." Hermione was also bewildered due to the question.

"OH. She what you got." Beatris asked again.

"NOTHING...…." Said Hermione annoyingly. "Nothing at all. I remember reading about it but I just can't put my finger on it." She said thinking deeply.

And just like that, the class ended. The next lesson was the history of magic. It was the most boring thing I had ever done in my life. I did not want to study it and I saw no purpose in studying it. It's not like I would want to be some sort of historian or anything. All the history I needed to know was already in my grasp and I did not plan to learn anymore. So with that in mind, I chose the last bench in the class just so I could practice some of my magic.

Today was as boring as ever. Professor Binns opened his notes and began to read in a flat drone like an old vacuum cleaner until nearly everyone in the class was in a deep stupor. As planned I was trying my best to not pay attention and practice my magic while staying out of his sight. Not that it mattered because he would not have paid attention even if I was playing an orchestra in his class. He spoke for probably half an hour when something happened that had never happened before. Hermione put up her hand.

Professor Binns, glancing up in the middle of a deadly dull lecture on the International Warlock Convention of 1289, looked amazed.

"Miss...er....?"

"Granger, Professor. I was wondering if you could tell us anything about the Chamber of Secrets," said Hermione in a clear voice.

The class that was in a deep sleep was once shaken.

I saw a kid...…. What was his name again...…. Dean Thomas, who had been sitting with his mouth hanging open, gazing out of the window, jerked out of his trance. Lavender Brown's head came up off her arms and Neville Longbottom's elbow slipped off his desk.

Professor Binns blinked.

"My subject is History of Magic," he said in his dry voice. "I deal with facts, Miss Granger, not myths and legends." He cleared his throat with a small noise and continued, "In September of that year, a subcommittee of Sardinian sorcerers...…." He stuttered to a halt. Hermione's hand was waving in the air again.

"Miss Grant?"

(For a history professor...….. isn't your memory a bit too...…..)

"Please, sir, don't legends always have a basis in fact?" She tried to persuade him.

Professor Binns was shocked. He was looking at her in such amazement, that I thought he had seen the tenth wonder of the world. I was damn sure no student had ever interrupted him before, alive or dead.

"Well," said Professor Binns slowly, "yes, one could argue that, I suppose." He peered at Hermione as though he had never seen a student properly before. "However, the legend of which you speak is such a very sensational, even ludicrous tale...…"

The whole class was now hanging on Professor Binns's every word. He looked dimly at them all, every face turned to his.

(He is completely thrown by such an unusual show of interest. I mean before this no one ever did pay any attention to anything he said so it's understandable.....)

"Oh, very well," he said slowly. "Let me see… the Chamber of Secrets…"

"You all know, of course, that Hogwarts was founded over a thousand years ago....the precise date is uncertain...…..by the four greatest witches and wizards of the age. The four school Houses are named after them: Godric Gryffindor, Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw, and Salazar Slytherin. They built this castle together, far from prying Muggle eyes, for it was an age when magic was feared by common people, and witches and wizards suffered much persecution."

He paused, gazed blearily around the room, and continued.

"For a few years, the founders worked in harmony together, seeking out youngsters who showed signs of magic and bringing them to the castle to be educated. But then disagreements sprang up between them. A rift began to grow between Slytherin and the others. Slytherin wished to be more selective about the students admitted to Hogwarts. He believed that magical learning should be kept within all magic families. He disliked taking students of Muggle parentage, believing them to be untrustworthy. After a while, there was a serious argument on the subject between Slytherin and Gryffindor, and Slytherin left the school."

Professor Binns paused again, pursing his lips.

"Reliable historical sources tell us this much," he said. "But these honest facts have been obscured by the fanciful legend of the Chamber of Secrets. The story goes that Slytherin had built a hidden chamber in the castle, of which the other founders knew nothing.

"Slytherin, according to the legend, sealed the Chamber of Secrets so that none would be able to open it until his own true heir arrived at the school. The heir alone would be able to unseal the Chamber of Secrets, unleash the horror within, and use it to purge the school of all who were unworthy to study magic."

There was silence as he finished telling the story, but it wasn't the usual, sleepy silence that filled Professor Binns's classes. There was unease in the air as everyone continued to watch him, hoping for more. Professor Binns looked faintly annoyed.

"The whole thing is arrant nonsense, of course," he said. "Naturally, the school has been searched for evidence of such a chamber, many times, by the most learned witches and wizards. It does not exist. A tale told to frighten the gullible."

Hermione's hand was back in the air.

"Sir....what exactly do you mean by the 'horror' within the Chamber?"

"That is believed to be some sort of monster, which the Heir of Slytherin alone can control," said Professor Binns in his dry voice.

The class exchanged nervous looks.

"I tell you, the thing does not exist," said Professor Binns, shuffling his notes. "There is no Chamber and no monster."

"But, sir," someone spoke, "if the Chamber can only be opened by Slytherin's true heir, no one else would be able to find it, would they?"

"Nonsense," said Professor Binns in an aggravated tone. "If a long succession of Hogwarts headmasters and headmistresses haven't found the thing....."

"But, Professor," added another one "you'd probably have to use Dark Magic to open it...."

"Just because a wizard doesn't use Dark Magic doesn't mean he can't, Miss ...." snapped Professor Binns. "I repeat, if the likes of Dumbledore...…."

"But maybe you've got to be related to Slytherin, so Dumbledore couldn't....." began another boy but Professor Binns had had enough.

"That will do," he said sharply. "It is a myth! It does not exist! There is not a shred of evidence that Slytherin ever built so much as a secret broom cupboard! I regret telling you such a foolish story! We will return, if you please, to history, to the solid, believable, verifiable fact!"

And within five minutes, the class had sunk back into its usual torpor.

(Well that was a nice bedtime story...…... Hmmm, a chamber of secrets..... Well; it's not often that things pique my interest. Maybe I will look into it more.)

And finally, after some time the class came to an end.

I exited the class and went on my way thinking about how to approach this matter.

(I believe sis knows something about the petrification. If she knows and if it is related to the chamber then she might know something about the chamber as well. If I ask her...…)

I thought like that for a moment but my 'reason' slapped my 'impulse' so hard that I felt my head spinning.

(NO NO NO.... There is not even one in a million chance that she will tell me about it even if I asked. She would be something like "Why you wanna know. Do you want to go look for the chamber? If you have that much free time on your hand then I should double your sword practice"...…. NEVER)

And just like that, I dismissed that idea.

(So if I have to find out about the chamber I need to do it myself. First, let's just check the library and see what we can find.)

And with that resolve in mind, I strolled towards the library.

\*THUS\*

"Oh….." Someone bumped into me. She was small….. for my build…. And had brown hair.

"Can't you see where you are going?" I spoke harshly.

"Ah...…" She looked up at my face.

If I had to describe her face at that time I would say that she was lacking sleep. Her complexion was pale and she had serious dark circles under her eyes. I was going to rebuke her. But the words that came out of my mouth instead were.

"Are you alright? What happened?"

"Ah...….. no nothing. I am fine. Wh.wh….where??"

"Where???" I tilted my head.

(Is she asking me where she is..???)

"Notebook."

"Notebook?"

She bent and picked up what looked like an old diary from the floor. And without saying another word she ran away.

(Weird)

|That's new. You showing sympathy for another human. What's next... a laughing mandrake.|

|and whose fault is it you think that I am not able to talk to anyone.|

|I don't know... maybe the one who killed his family.|

I ignored his ranting. Slowly but surely I was getting better at this.

"You little twerp..... I told you to come alone..... why did you bring this bitch with you." I heard some voices.

(What is it now)

"Why are you bullying him ...….. What have we ever done to you." My eyes spread wide.

(That voice)

I hurried to the turn and peaked. As I had thought. A bunch of seniors were surrounding two first years.

AUG and ANNA.

My blood started to boil...….

(They were being bullied like this...….. So the last time when they were admitted to the hospital…. Was it also due to this fact?)

And then right in front of me those good for nothings started to hit the two poor orphans.

(Damn them...…. If they really want to die that badly by my hands, why not just ask?)

I needed to save them but I also had to keep my distance from them or else the next thing that would happen would be them sticking to me from morning till night. I did not want that. Instead, I wanted both of them to stay as far away as possible from me. Now the question was how would I help them while staying out of their line of sight?...…. (Simple enough.)

Quickly I sat down on the ground and placed my hand. In the next moment as I slid my hand across the floor matching my timing...… This happened

\*SMASH\*

"Ow, why the hell did you kick me." One of them shouted.

"I..I...…I don't know how that happened. Somehow my direction got changed on its own."

Obviously, that was my doing. I could simply manipulate the earth beneath their feet to change their direction. The result was this. As he was trying to kick the kids, I changed his direction and he kicked his accomplice. Even with my powers sealed this much was easily possible.

With a smirk on my face, I slid my hand across the ground a few times more and ....

\*CRASH\*

\*SMASH\*

\*THUD\*

"Ow"

"OUCH"

"THE HECK"

Many different sounds echoed and then all of them were simply on the ground.

"The hell is going on here." One of them spoke.

"I don't know. We just tripped on our own. It was like the ground beneath my feet was moving."

"This is scary." One of them spoke.

"Hey is this your doing? How are you doing this." One of them that looked like their leader turned towards the two first years.

"Is this your doing you bitch. Your little brother is a mute so it's not possible for him to cast this magic. that means it was you. How did you do it." He extended his hand and grabbed her hair.

Seeing this the rage inside me started to rise.

(Keep cool Nathan. You cant lose yourself. Just keep a cool head.)

And then he pulled her hair.

"AAAHHHH." The little frail girl screamed.

"Oh shut up." And he punched her in the face.

That was the moment when I lost it.

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(Augustine POV)

The bully pulled Bella's hair and she screamed. If I were able to talk I would have screamed for him to stop. I would have told him that I am ready to even die. I would have told him to not hurt Bella and do whatever he wants with me. But I was only able to watch helplessly as he punched my sister and she fainted. That was when I saw it for the first time. A fireball came hurling out of nowhere and hit the face of the one holding Bella.

"AAAAHAHHHHHAAHAHAHHH" He shrieked loudly and fell to the ground. His face, still on fire.

"HELP, AAAAAAAHHHH, SOMEONE PUT THIS OUT GGGUUUHHHAAAA" He wailed and twisted on the ground.

"What was that." The rest of them became anxious.

"Who is it."

"Just help him first." One of them, a girl pulled out her wand and cast some spell that conjured water. That immediately put out the flame but about half his face was already burnt.

"WHO IS IT SHOW YOURSELF." The girl shouted.

It was then that several fireballs materialized out of thin air and started to circle in the air.

"Oh shit." And they all pulled out their wands.

Immediately the fireballs attacked.

"This is too much. We need to run." One of them shouted.

"Let's run." And all of them ran. They even left the burnt guy laying there

While running they did not see where they were stepping. One of them accidentally kicked me in the face and I hit the floor. Immediately my vision turned blurry.

(Who???????? WHAT??????? It hurts)

I opened my eyes trying to keep my consciousness together.

In front of myself…. Between all the fireballs I saw something sparkling. It was red...….. like a ruby. Glowing brighter than any fireball. That was the last thing that I saw before I fainted.

(Pretty)