(Beatris POV)

"I mean it could be possible. Look at them. The whole lot of them have been in Slytherin for centuries." Ron presented his opinion.

"Yes that might be true but the fact still remains that no one was able to find the chamber. Even if he is the heir, how does he know where the chamber is." Hermione asked.

"I don't know. Maybe his family was given some kind of map. Or...….. oh even better maybe you need a certain key to find and open it." Ron pointed at her face.

"Hmm, you may actually be right you know. If there is something like this then it may have been passed down generation after generation. In that way, Malfoy opened the chamber using the key. But it still leaves the question that why now." She stroked her chin.

"Hmmm, OF course." Ron punched his hand. "It's because of Beatris."

"Yes, that is logical ...."

\*SMACK\*

I face palmed myself as hard as I could.

"Are you guys real for now? I mean think about it. Malfoy...…. Seriously. He has neither the guts nor the brains for such an operation. I think it might be as farfetched an idea to think that he is the heir as it is to think that Nathan would ask me to be his friend." Upon this, both of them looked at me with awkward gazes.

"What???" I asked

"Nothing"

"Nothing"

Both replied at the same time.

Right now we were walking in a corridor talking about what professor bins had said to us. Both of them thought that Malfoy was the heir of Slytherin but if they asked me, it was a far-fetched idea. I mean all he ever did was try to shame me, not that he ever succeeded but still. I mean I did not like the guy but for some reason, I did not think that he was the heir of Slytherin. I mean it was a possibility but...

"so what do you think we should do," Ron asked. He seemed kind of pissed for some reason.

"I don't know," I said.

"I do share the same view as you Beatris. Malfoy might not be the heir but he is the best lead we have." Hermione spoke.

"Haaaahhhh" I let a breath escape. She was absolutely right and how things were turning out right now, something had to be done.

"What do you guys suggest then," I asked them.

"I don't know. Maybe Crab and Goyle would tell us if we asked." Ron suggested.

"Come on Ron...… even they are not that thick." Hermione retorted.

"I guess you are right but then what are we going to do." He asked

"There is a way but it will be extremely difficult and if we get caught there is a chance that we might get expelled. We would be breaking about fifty rules." She said

"Hermione." I grabbed her hands and looked into her eyes. "Are you sick?" I placed my hand on her forehead "Do you have a fever? Shall I take you to the hospital?"

"What.... No, I am not sick. What gave you that Idea." She pulled her hand.

"I mean you are suggesting that we break school rules… So I thought…."

\*SMACK\*

She hit me hard in the head.

"Seriously Beatris. This is a serious situation and you want to joke around," she was really angry.

Damn. Maybe I should not have said that. I mean my timing was awful but I could not help it.

"Sorry. So what were you saying" I asked.

"Let's go to the library."

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"Here it is. The Polyjuice potion." Hermione placed a book in front of us. "It will allow us to transform into anyone we desire for a short time." She explained.

"Wow, this is amazing then. I mean we could become anyone and then ask Malfoy." Ron exclaimed.

"That is right but I have never seen a more complicated potion ever. Many of the ingredients, I have never even seen before." She said.

"So what does it need," I asked.

"It is a very complicated potion and requires ingredients such as lacewing flies, leeches, fluxweed, knotgrass, powdered horn of a Bicorn, and shredded skin of a Boomslang as well as a bit of whomever the drinker intends to turn into." She started to explain.

"Wait, wait, wait, what do you mean by 'a bit of whomever the drinker intends to turn into'?" I asked hoping that it would not mean what I thought it meant.

"It is literally as it says. A part of someone. Hair, nails or…." She wanted to say more but any more and my stomach would not have been able to take it.

"Stop...…. Just stop. Let's not talk about that. So how long is it going to take." I asked.

"A month." She replied.

"A MONTH." I was simply flabbergasted. "By then, if he is the heir, Malfoy would have killed half the muggle-borns in the school." I nearly shouted but restrained myself so others might not listen.

"I know but we do not have any other way to do it. And the potion is complex. If we make a slight mistake, we will have to do it again."

"Then that would mean….." Ron looked horrified.

"Yes! a whole month of work down the gutter and another month of hardships." She nodded

"Ugh...… This is extremely troublesome. Maybe we should ask someone to help us just in case." I suggested

"Like who" Hermione had a valid point.

"Maybe we could ask a professor." Ron gave the most dumbest suggestion ever.

"Like what are we going to ask? Please tell us about the Polyjuice potion so that we might spy on a fellow schoolmate whom we think could be the heir of Slytherin." My voice was oozing sarcasm.

"No, but maybe if we say that we need it for sake of our studies." He tried to make a comeback.

"Yeah. No professor is that dense Ron." Hermione spoke.

"Then maybe someone else. What if we ask Nathan? I am sure with that mind of his, he might have a solution." I looked down at my feet while saying.

As my head rose I saw both of my friends looking at me weirdly again.

"What..... what did I say? Is there something on my face?" I touched my face.

"Beatris you have been acting weird." Hermione made her statement.

"Weird, in what way?" I was still confused.

"Last year you would not even look towards him and now for some time, you have been talking about him frequently. Nathan this Nathan that. He is not even your friend but you still try to approach him. He is not someone deserving of your attention like that." Ron seemed pissed.

"What.... Did... I .... Did I really….. I am.." But I was confused.

Was I really doing that? I did not know.

"Yeah! Beatris. You have been talking about him a lot in the previous days. Specifically after that incident in the common room." Hermione explained.

"I…." I was at a loss for words.

"Did something happen? Did he do something to you? Did he hit you again like last year? I am going to kill that guy." Ron clenched his fists, ready to go to war.

"No, no, there is nothing like that, it just that….." (You have not seen what I have seen)

"Then what is it... you can tell us." Hermione placed her hand on mine.

"No, it's nothing." I got up from my place. "Okay, guys. We have to make this potion and we can't ask for help from anyone. So let's begin. The sooner the better but right now I have quidditch practice. So, I gotta skedaddle. See you later." And with that, I made a run for it.

I had to admit that I did not notice it but it was certainly true. I really was mentioning Nathan a lot. And thanks to them I had noticed it. Truth be told I had had Nathan on my mind for some time now and the reason for it was the weird dreams I was having. Ever since the incident in the common room I had been having dreams about Nathan. It was not too grand but the repetition of the same dream dozens of times would disturb anyone. I had no one I could talk to about this.

The dream itself was nothing much. That night I had the same dream again.

It started off as me walking in pitch black darkness. I ran through to find some way but there was none. And then suddenly I saw a ray of light. As I neared it I started to hear things. People. And then I saw it. The view of a young and cute boy with silky white hair and crimson red eyes. Immediately I knew who he was. Nathan. Younger and purer. A woman was holding his hand. She was simply gorgeous. With the same silvery white hair. I supposed that she might be some relative.

The thing I thought was the most amazing was, that Nathan was smiling. Laughing like any other boy of his age would and then the scene changed. Nathan was still there but this time he was on the floor. It was all blurry and I could not see much but I heard him say.

"I am sorry… I did not mean to… I did not." As I tried to get closer to him he got further and further away and then eventually the voices disappeared and the light escaped as I was left in complete darkness. Now here was the terrifying part. As voices came back to me. Louder than ever. People shouting and screaming. Not even a single word was understandable. And then I jolted up.

(Ahhh shit… that same dream again.)

I grabbed my hair and ducked my head between my legs trying to calm my nerves down.