(Beatris POV)

"I will leave you to Ana. You are dumb. If it was a broken bone, you should have come straight to me. I or even Ana could have mended a broken bone in a heartbeat but growing one..." She became silent.

Yup, that was correct. She had to grow a bone. And the patient was unfortunately me. How did it lead to this? Well, it's a long story and I still could not believe that there was a bone missing from my body. Well, not exactly a single bone but my entire arm was like rubber.

"But you will be able to grow the bone right?" Asked Hermione in a worried voice.

"Yes we will be able to do that but I have to say that miss Potter here would have to endure a lot of pain. And it will hurt even more at night."

Well, that was bad. But still how bad could the pain be? I mean I had survived a Bludger to the arm. It was pretty painful so how bad would the treatment be?

So, now let me enlighten you all on how I reached this position. You see it all started when I was chasing the snitch during the match. Malfoy was trying his hardest to throw me off the broom. That was when suddenly a Bludger attacked me. I mean it's not like they have some kind of intelligence, and their movement is random but that one was totally attacking me. I dodged it, once, twice, thrice but it would not leave me alone.

"Training for the ballet, Potter?" yelled Malfoy as I was forced to do a stupid kind of

twirl in mid-air to dodge the Bludger. Then he sped up, the Bludger tailing him. I glared back at Malfoy in hatred, and that was when I saw it ....the Golden Snitch. It was hovering inches above Malfoy's left ear, and Malfoy, who was busy laughing at me, hadn't

seen it.

For an agonizing moment, I froze in mid-air, not daring to speed toward Malfoy in

the case he looked up and saw the Snitch.

WHAM.

The only problem was that I had stayed still a second too long. The Bludger hit me into my

elbow, and I actually heard my arm break. Barely hanging on to the broom, I dodged the next onslaught of the crazed ball. My body was going numb from the pain and the cold raindrops produced a burning sensation on the wound. In all the mess I saw his face. He was laughing at me. Oh boy..... the pain, rain, and then his obnoxious face all added up to make a raging fire in my mind and then I had but one thought in my head. Reach the snitch. Through a haze of rain and pain, I dived for the shimmering ball below. At that moment I think Malfoy thought I was attacking him.

"What the..... " he gasped clearing out the straight path for me.

One hand was already unusable, I removed the other hand from my broom and snatched the snitch. But with the speed and the downward motion, I lost my balance. Well, the next thing that happened is missing from my memories. I remember seeing a really obnoxious smile and hearing

"It's a simple charm I've used countless times" Even in all the pain and haziness, I knew who it was. Lockheart. And there was another thing I knew, I was in trouble.

"No please no you..." I whimpered.

"What? Not me? Hah, she must be hallucinating. Okay, everyone stay away." And then he pulled out his wand.

"Can't I just go to the hospital wing?" But it was already too late.

A strange and unpleasant sensation started from my shoulder and spread all the way

down to my fingertips. It felt as though my arm was being deflated. I didn't dare look

at what was happening. I shut my eyes, but I knew the moment the people above me gasped and Colin Creevey began clicking away madly that my worst fear had been realized. My arm didn't hurt anymore nor did it feel even a bit like an arm.

"Ah," I heard Lockhart say. "Yes. Well, that can sometimes happen. But the point is, the bones

are no longer broken. That's the thing to bear in mind. So, Beatris, just toddle up to the

hospital wing. Ah, Mr. Weasley, Miss Granger, would you escort him? And Madam

Pomfrey will be able to….. er... tidy you up a bit."

As I got to my feet, I took a deep breath and looked down at my right side. I mean I had to sooner or later. What I saw nearly made him pass out again.

In a panic, I tried to move my fingers. Nothing happened.

That Idiot of a professor hadn't mended my bones. He had removed them. Gone. Vanished. Nonexistent. My life was a mess.

And that was the long story short about how I had a need to have my bones regrown. And talking about that. Remember when madam Pomfrey said that it would hurt? Well, she was not kidding about that.

"AAAAHHHHHH"

"Silencio" she casually waved her wand and my voice disappeared.

"Now now Beatris. We did tell you that it will hurt really bad. I think you underestimated the pain." She looked into my eyes, and I nodded rapidly.

The pain was excruciating. It was like something was slowly being stabbed through my arm and moving. It was really unbearable.

"We can't even give you an anesthetic because it will obstruct the process. So you have to bear with it until it's subtle." Then she raised her wand and checked the time. "Hmm, ten minutes." And boy believe me when I say that she looked like a devil when she said "It will be like this for at least the next eighty minutes." And she stood up and walked away saying "I'll be back to undo the silencing charm when the time is up. Can't have you making " And she walked away slowly.

I swear she was doing that on purpose.

(You devil, How could you do that to me? AAAAHHHH)

-------------------------------

"So how was your time," She asked as if nothing had happened.

"You did that on purpose right," I asked after taking a few deep breaths.

"I don't know what are you talking about." She did not even try to hide her smirk.

(She is evil)

"So, don't you wanna know why I did this to you." She was not even hiding the fact that she did this

(Pure Evil)

"Then you are accepting the fact that you did this," I asked.

"No, it was the truth that I can't numb the pain." (And now she was contradicting herself. If she could not numb the pain then what did she do…..)

"Just answer my question." She asked again.

"Haaaahhhh. Okay then, why did you do that." I gave up.

"Well do you remember when I said that you can ask for anything? Well, you know that I meant that." She looked into my eyes.

I was always flabbergasted by the fact that how perfect both these siblings were. Her deep blue eyes were looking mesmerizing. I lost words for a moment.

"WELL??" she asked again.

"Oh umm, ahh, I know that so what about it," I spoke.

"What do you mean what about it? Have you ever tried to approach me?" She placed both her hands on her hips.

"Ummm I think so. Whenever Hermione and I did not understand something, we came to you." I replied and that was the truth. She had helped us a lot.

"That is not what I am talking about." She was still kind of mad.

"Then what do you...." She did not let me finish.

"I could tell that you were not at your best when you were flying." My breath stopped for a moment. "Beatris! I am a doctor. I had a hunch that you were not well and then I also checked and yes your body is tired. You have been not sleeping properly. Why is that."

(Wow she is good. Indeed, I haven't slept properly. Whenever I close my eyes, the dreams come back. All about Nathan. The same thing again and again.)

"So there is some problem right?" She spoke

(But I never said a word)

"Yeah, your face is like an open book. Now it says how did she do that? So, yeah you are easy to read." She rolled her eyes.

(Vile Evil)

"Okay. You are right, I haven't been able to sleep properly." I admitted.

"And why is that."

"I have been having nightmares." I paused for a moment and thought.

(Should I or should I not)

And then I went for it. "Nightmares about Nathan," I confessed.

"About Nathan???" She looked worried and confused.

"Yes, the same recurring dream where I see his past when he was little. And there are always these people with him that I have never seen but with the same white hair. I don't see many but there is always this woman. I think it's her mother." I looked towards her and now she was concerned and was looking kind of grim. Then she moved closer.

"Silver hair that came up to her hips, black eyes, and height about 5,8," She asked.

"Yes Ummm." I agreed.

"Yeah, that's her mother alright." She put a hand on her head, "Oh god what is going on here." She sighed.

"What happened Ana is ever....." She cut me again. I felt like I was getting cut a lot nowadays.

"Since when?" She asked.

"Since that time in the common room," I replied. The atmosphere was getting tense. We stayed silent for a moment and then she suddenly got up. She placed both her hands on my head.

"Don't break the eye contact Beatris, I am going to fix this problem of yours. It's a self-made spell, it should work." And then she looked into my eyes and pronounced.

"Mundare" Suddenly I felt lightheaded and then a pleasant feeling filled up my head and then she removed her hand "and done."

"Really??" I was doubtful. "Will this help me sleep well," I asked?

"It should. Now go to sleep." She stood up and walked away. Instinctively I called her out.

"Ummmm Ana."

"Yes?"

"Can you tell me something," I asked?

"Ask away." She said with her regular cheerful tone.

"What actually happened to her..." I asked.

"Why do you want to know that?" She asked rather sternly. That confirmed my suspicions. Something was wrong. There was something dark hidden in their past. I knew that it was not my place to ask but still.

"I know it's not my place but the dream." And then I explained to her about the whole dream. She sat once more.

"Haaaahhhh. How did you even see that much? I have to research that first." She spoke in a low voice.

"You don't have to tell me if you don't want to. It's not like I would die or anything."

(Who am I kidding I would definitely die if she does not tell me.)

"I can't tell you much….. you should understand Beatris." She as if she had not heard me at all. "Let's just say that Nathan grew up without his parents and ...." She fell quiet.

"And what??" Now I was dying to know.

"And he has no one except me. He has no friends or family. And....." She fell quiet once again. A lump was forming in my throat. I had done something wrong. I should not have asked that.

"...and the worse part is." She drew a breath "Her mother was slaughtered in front of him when he was three" She spoke without looking up. And I have to say that I was not expecting this.

(Oh damn)