(Nathan POV)

I walked briskly and entered the great hall. The tables were filled with students eating their food. No one even looked in my direction. I quickly took a look around the hall. There was an empty space near my sister. It was always there. I don't know why but this had become some kind of silent rule that no one sits beside my sister but me. At least on one side because the other was occupied by Beatris.

(Ugh)

But I sat next to my sister anyway.

"Hmmm, I smell something." I heard her say as soon as I sat.

"What?" I should have but I did not guess what she was on about.

"I smell a failure..." She grinned at me.

"You smell a .... WHAT?"

(The hell is this woman talking about)

"I said I smell a failure. It's like a burnt smell. And it's coming from you...… So what happened." She spoke in her typical mischievous tone.

"What do you mean by that." I was seriously getting annoyed.

"I think I made myself, clear." She made a fake worrisome face.

"YOU DID NOT MAKE ANYTHING CLEAR. THAT IS JUST NOT YOUR THING." I did not know if she was doing this on purpose or not but if she was, then I had to say that she was hell a good.

"What I am saying is that You failed at something recently. So, what was it." She eyed while resting her face on her hand.

(OH damn. She guessed it so fast. I was not planning on telling her she already knows. Now what?)

I was in a pinch. It was true what she had said. I did fail. After completing my defenses I tried to undo a bit of the seal. But no matter how much knowledge I had, I was still twelve and lacked experience. The formula went haywire and exploded in my face. And now my room was in shambles. Just another usual day with my bad luck.

"What are you talking about?" I decided to feign ignorance.

"you know exactly what I am talking about." But it was as if she had memorized a script for this moment.

(Note to self, plan things more thoroughly next time and take into consideration the scenario of your failure as well.)

"No, I don't know what you are talking about." I was not going to admit to it or else I was dead.

"Haaaaah" She exhaled. "Look Nat, You may be a really good liar but you are still a kid. And trust me I know you like the back of my hand. And from the looks of your mental defenses, I would say that was not a failure. Then what else?" She said while smiling.

She was right. I was still a kid. I had let my guard down and she had used that against me. Immediately after realizing that I averted my eyes from her, grabbed the first thing that came to my hand, and stuffed it into my mouth

(OH GOD SHE SAW THROUGH EVERYTHING. Was she reading my mind? She probably was. Or else how would she know about my defenses? That was dirty.)

"So, you gonna tell me or what?" She asked.

"Why did you read my mind?" I asked her straight.

"I did not…" She took a bite of her food.

(An obvious lie.)

"And since when did you start to lie," I smirked. I had finally gotten her cornered for the first time.

"I am not lying. I did not read your mind." She was still insistent.

"Then how did you know that I had strengthened my defenses." My grin grew wider.

"I did not." She was still casually eating her food. "you told me."

(Wait .... What)

"Haan?" Now I was puzzled.

"haah." She finally dropped her food back on the plate. "When will you grow up."

"What does that have to do with me growing up." I was getting more and more annoyed.

"That." She face-palmed herself. "Okay. So, I could tell the moment you entered the great hall that something had gone wrong. You were wearing your typical, 'where the hell did I go wrong' face. So I knew that you messed up some project of yours. And I also knew that you had been trying to practice occlumency. So one plus one.... You busted at that. But then again..... thinking about you why would you fail at that? I know it's hard but I think you could do it. So I just played a gamble and said that line about your defenses. And you fell for it and told me that you had indeed practiced occlumency." Now it was her turn to grin. "So, now will you be so inclined to tell me what happened." Her face was annoying beyond belief.

(Shit. I can't beat her no matter what. Now how do I tell her that I tried to undo the seal? She will kill me.)

"Ummm" I was just looking for something when my ass got saved by the mail.

"Oh, look the mail is here." Someone shouted.

(Damn I wish that we also had received some kind of mail so that she would be distracted.)

Unexpectedly my wish got heard. Out of all the white and brown owls, there was a single bird that caught the eye of everyone.

"What is that?"

"a blackbird?"

"Is that an owl?"

"Does not seem like one."

And I had gotten my chance.

"Hey sis. Isn't that?" I looked towards it.

She turned and then I saw the look of clear discomfort on her face.

The Black Raven that stood out like a sore thumb in the flock of white owls, swooped down and dropped the letter in front of sis. And then it circled around and sat on sis' shoulder. I hastily looked at the seal on the letter and as expected. The seal had a 'J' written on it. The letter was in a black envelope. On the back side of the letter was an Ankh, not like the real one but it had a curved end like a blade from which blood was dripping.

(The Ankh is the symbol of the ancient vampires and 'J' for Jacob Morningstar. As expected, It's from him. But.....)

There was no reason for him to send us a letter unless.

I placed a hand in my pocket and pulled out the round pocket watch. I opened the front lid and yep. As I had feared, the black smoke was still there and now it was even greater than before. But what caught my attention was not the smoke or the various dots in it instead there was something else. It was kind of like a silhouette of a crack. A black crack. In the small dial, it seemed as if the black smoke was leaking out of the crack and spreading all around.

(A CRACKKKKK. THIS IS BAD. REALLY BAD)

I felt my hands and forehead get wet.

"Sis...…." I tried to ask her but I had to stop. The air around her felt odd. She had just completed the letter and now she was angry. And like a lot angry.

"Ummmm sis..... are you….." I tried to touch her shoulder.

"Those fuckers." I heard her say.

(DID SHE JUST SAY 'FUCKERS')

But I did not dare ask her that.

"Listen Nathan and listen closely." She spoke without looking at me.

"Yes." I could only obediently answer her.

"You are not to try and come with me. I will have to go..... and by the looks of it you also know what is going on." She asked me and I nodded.

"Good then. I will be going." And with that, she got up from her seat.

"But how will you leave the school premises? The old man won't let you go." I asked her referring to Dumbledor.

"He will." She replied calmly. Her anger quickly subsided. "Although ruined the Morningstar household can even order the ministry of magic. Remember?" She started to walk away. I also let go of my food and followed her.

"I do remember but...…" She cut me mid-sentence.

"There are no buts Nathaniel. I have to go and he will have to let me go or else." There was an authority in her voice that made me go quiet. "And don't you dare try anything funny? I will not tolerate that." She glared.

"But I too am a guardian and it is my sworn....." I tried to protest but she was totally not in the mood.

"NO, YOU ARE NOT." She said in an annoyed tone.

"I AM." I was pissed as well. "I passed the trial remember and I have my own armaments and....."

"The head declares if you are a guardian or not. And since I am the head…. What I say goes." She closed the argument. I knew that whatever I said next did not hold any meaning at all. It was set in stone that I was not going with her.

"Then be careful out there." So, I gave up. There were some fights that I could not win no matter how hard I tried.

"I will" She smiled knowing she had won and then left me standing in the corridor all alone.

"Fuck my life" I closed my eyes and cursed my weakness.

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(Beatris POV)

"Hey, I seriously think we should reconsider. It's not something we should butt our heads in." I pulled her gown.

"What is wrong with you? You were the one who wanted to do it the most. And now that we are going for it, you are backing down. What has gotten into you?" Hermione asked annoyingly.

"I know I was but...…" I was worried sick. My mind always went back to when Ana spoke those words to me. I could still hear her as if she was standing right in front of me.

(You are still a kid. Let the adults do their jobs. Just play and study. Eat and sleep. You do not need to shoulder all the burdens in the world. They are not yours to bear Beatris.)

"Can't you do as Beatris is saying, Hermione?" Ron butted in with his so-called wise words.

"Can you just keep quiet Ron... just for a while please." She literally pleaded with him "And you." She pointed at me. "Now tell me what is going on in that messed up mind of yours."

We were going towards the spot that Hermione had suggested to make the Polyjuice potion. Quick recap, It was a potion that allowed us to transform into anyone we wanted. And we were headed right now towards our destination.

"Okay leave that and tell me...… Where are we going right now." I asked her.

"The girl's Bathroom. Leave that and tell me...…." She wanted to ask me something but I had to cut her.

"Pardon.... Where?"

"The girl's Bathroom." She replied

"WHY WOULD WE MAKE A BANNED POTION IN BROAD DAYLIGHT IN THE GIRL'S BATHROOM ON THIS FLOOR?" I literally shouted.

"Because no one goes there..." She was still as calm as a cucumber.

"What do mean that NO ONE GOES THERE? IT IS THE GIRL'S BATHROOM." I was not understanding her at all.

"Ever heard of moaning Martel." She asked.

"Who?" Ron replied.

"Moaning Martel." She spoke.

"And who is that," Ron asked.

"Ron, you haven't heard of THE Moaning Martel. Where do you live?" I tilted my head.

"In the dorms. Why?" Was he born dumb?

"That was just as expression….." I facepalmed.

"Let me tell….." Hermione handled the case that was too much for my brain to handle.

"She is someone who died in the girl's bathroom and now haunts it. She lives in one of the toilets there." She explained it to him.

"What.... But why?" But he was still as dumb as ever.

"Ron... Ghosts do that. They usually hunt the places where they had died." I explained further. At that point, we were in the Bathrooms.

"let's go." Said Hermione as she walked into the bathrooms.

If I had not pulled her back immediately, we would have been in deep trouble.

"shuuuhhh." I placed my hand on her mouth.

"Don't worry I will be back in some time." There were voices coming from the bathrooms.

"I thought you said that no one came here," Ron whispered.

"No one does."

"No one does."

Both of us whispered in union.

"So who is in there." He asked with the same annoying tone.

And honestly speaking, we too did not have any idea who it was.

"NOOO, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH THE KIDS BULLY ME." I heard Martel speaking.

"If anyone bullies you can tell me. I will see to it that they will get what they deserve." That was the moment when I noticed it. I knew immediately who it was.

"We need to get out of here right now," I said hurriedly.

"Why? What happened?" Hermione asked.

"Don't ask just come," I answered. And while holding her hand I pulled her. She resisted and at that moment the caldron that she was holding fell.

\*CLANG\*

"Oh no." I placed a hand on my mouth. "Quick hide." I pulled out the invisibility cloak that I had just in a case brought with me. And believe me, if we had been any late we would have been caught.

"Who is there." Because the person who came out of the toilets was Anastasia Morningstar.

She looked around for a moment to clear her suspicions. And then turned around.

"Then I will be going Martel. Tell me everything that happens while I am gone. Okay?" And she left. And with that our only hope of ever brewing the Polyjuice potion.

(Now.... We can't do anything.)