(Jacob POV)

I mean what was even the need for this all? It takes hours to reach this place because you can't apparate here. And then from here.... It took days. Even for me who was faster than most it almost a whole day to reach the center last time. And then I was invited. Now, I did not know how long it was going to take. Hell, I did not even know for how long I had been here. But this was necessary. And every time I slashed I thought the same thing.

"WHY THE HELL DO YOU EVEN NEED THIS MANY YOU BASTARD," I shouted as I slashed another undead.

They were weak. Like really weak. But the problem was their sheer number. And that was just one of the security measures he had taken to protect his castle. Why did he even need all those measures? That cock sucker was the strongest vampire in the world. I mean WHY?

I mean the layers, first of all, there was this forest. The whole forest was under a Fidelius charm. And a really powerful one. It would have taken a lot to crack it even if I used the Odin's eye. That thing was the best when it came to seeing through magical formulae. But I was a keeper of the secret as well so I did not need to crack it. Then there was another spell on the forest itself that made it impossible to reach the castle in the center by normal means. Then there was the infinite army of undead zombies and skeletons. And as the person moved more toward the inner side of the forest, the level increased. Then I encountered, banshees, death knights, and Dullahan, and I think that further in I would have to face liches. The strongest of the undead creatures. Well thinking technically about it, vampires themselves were undead creatures. But we were the only naturally occurring undead. Liches were the strongest of the undead creatures but compared to the strongest vampire, count Dracula, a newborn lich was like a muggle with no weapons in front of Merlin. So yeah. I did not understand the point of these defenses. And finally, after tiresome hours I saw the tower of his castle.

"Finally..." I shouted in excitement.

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(Beatris POV)

I could not believe what had just transpired.

"She was speaking in Parseltongue Beatris." Nathan had said. It had taken a few moments for those words to sink down but when they did... I was shocked.

(SHE CAN TALK TO SNAKES AS WELL. BUT THEN...)

The implications were...…. Simply too many. And she understood it. I had been through it recently and it was enough to tell me that this power was not something you could flaunt in front of the whole school as she did. She had possessed this power and no one knew about it. That was the rational decision that anyone would take in such a situation. Then why did she do it?

(Was it just because of me?)

And my question was answered when she said....

"I will see to it that no one ever calls Beatris Potter the Heir of Slytherin. As I too am a Parselmouth, I will take it that any accusation directed towards Beatris is also directed towards me." She spoke loudly. And the respect I had for her in my mind just increased by a lot.

At this point everyone was quiet. Not even a whisper could be heard in the great hall. Even the professors were quiet.

"PFT." I heard someone laugh. I turned around only to see Nathan trying to hold in his laughter. That guy was laughing in this situation. Was his head not in the right place?

(I take back every good thing I said about him. He really is a jerk.)

And then with a menacing grin on his face, he too got up from his seat and stood beside Ana. And then he spoke.

"And any who accuses my sister.... I will kill him." How he said that with a straight face while standing in front of so many witches and wizards was beyond me.

I mean Ana was a fifth year and Nathan was but a second year. There were many students who should have been stronger than them. Yet no one moved. No one said a thing as Ana pulled me up from my seat. No one made eye contact as Nathan passed by the tables in front of us. For whatever reason not even, the professors said a word. These siblings..... their words held some kind of charisma that no one dared to oppose them.

"Come," Ana said as she almost dragged me out of the hall.

"b-b-but where are we going." I shuddered.

"To a place where I am going to slap all the inferiority out of you." She said without turning.

"My inferiority?? But I don't....." I wanted to say.

"PFT... HAHAHAHAHAHA." But the jerk behind me started to laugh.

(WHAT IS HIS PROBLEM? AND WHY THE HELL IS HE COMING WITH US.)

"And why are you here Nathan?" Ana asked him.

"Cuz it's fun." His response was short but it irked me to no end.

(What does he mean that it's fun? My life has been destroyed and he thinks it's just fun.)

I looked back and surely, he was smiling.

"Do what you want," Ana replied and for some reason, it felt as if she too was annoyed. I did not know if it was because of Nathan or me. But she was annoyed.

"I am going to show you something really amazing." She spoke in a gentle tone.

"Amazing?" I asked. "What even is amazing in this situation? This power is a curse. If only I had not been born with this, no one would have suspected me to be the heir of Slytherin. And I would not be going through this. And even you would not have had to reveal your secret." I spoke as veils of tears flooded my eyes.

"That is because you have only seen the worse parts of this power." Ana was still speaking gently. "And don't worry about my secret. It was bound to come out at one point or another. So, it does not matter. I mean the professors knew." She winked at me.

"The professors knew?" I was flabbergasted.

"Yes, they did. I mean why do you think I am such a good healer." She spoke.

"Wait a minute." Now I was even more confused. "How does being a parselmouth make you a good healer," I asked.

"It is a language. Like how you do spells in a language, you can also perform those spells in the parseltongue." She explained. "But not every spell that you perform regularly can be performed in the parseltongue. But those that can be performed become extra powerful. And then there are spells that can only be performed using the parseltongue." Now things were starting to make a little more sense. "And there are a lot of healing spells that can only be performed using the parseltongue."

(So that was why she is a good healer.)

"Moreover," she continued. "We can do more magic that is...…. Ummmm how should I say it…." She was pounding on how to break it to me. "we can perform more...…. Snake-like magic. Magic that deals with poisons. So, we can also manufacture medicines using this." She smiled.

"Ahhhhhh." And suddenly this ability of mine seemed less villainous.

"Yes. What I said is all true Beatris. The power is not evil in itself but rather it's the use that is bad. It is true that most probably the heir of Slytherin is a Parselmouth, but it does not mean that anyone who is a Parseltongue is the heir of Slytherin." She tried to calm me down and I had to say it was working really well. I felt at ease with her words.

"And now it all depends on you." She shrugged her shoulders. It depends on you how you want to use this power."

"Anna...…." I spoke after a long time. "I really don't know what I want to do with this power of mine." I scratched the back of my head.

"You don't need to do anything." The reply came instantly.

"What?" but I did not get what she meant.

"I mean that you do not need to do anything. If you possess a strength, it's better that you use it but in the end, it is your choice. No one will force you to use it if you don't want to." She kind of encouraged me.

"Oh." And truth be told, after all, that had happened, I really did not want to use it. "Thanks for that Ana. I think that I will not use it...…. At least for now." I replied.

"Up to you. But I will not see you being depressed or crying anymore. You can always come to me if anyone says anything to you. I mean what good are those friends who have power and they don't use it for their friends." She winked with her typical mischievous smile and I simply laughed. At that time I had no idea that very soon I would have to learn all that Ana was trying to teach me.

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(Jacob POV)

I knocked at the door.

"Come in young one." A heard a hoarse voice.

(YOUNG ONE!!!)

A tick mark appeared on my head.

I knew that I was young even compared to regular standards and he was Dracula. The count Dracula who had been alive since who knows when. If he called me young, it should not have been that big of a deal but for some reason, it always irked me. But no matter how much it irked me, I had to take it in. I had to control it. There was not a thing I could do against the monster that was waiting beyond the door. Slowly I opened the door and stepped inside.

The air was cold. Immediately my instincts kicked in. Every hair on my body stood up and my senses started to shout about the danger. It always happened whenever I visited him. His mere presence was this intimidating. No one really knew how old he was, but he looked as if he was in his twenties. And once again no one knew how. He was the first ever vampire and he was immortal.

He was simply standing there looking out the window. And then he turned towards me. His lips parted a bit and I saw the signature fangs of a vampire in his mouth.

"What do I owe the honor to?" He asked smiling.

"You don't owe anyone anything. You never forget to repay a dept....." I answered.

"Well, that's a really nice thing for you to say young Morningstar."

"You do realize that I am no longer a Morningstar. They kicked me out. I only call myself Jacob Morningstar because Anastasia tells me to but if not for her I would have shunned the name." I barked.

"Anastasia Morningstar is the current head of the Morningstar household. If she says that you are a Morningstar then you are a Morningstar." He moved to a table near the window.

"Oh really...…. Isn't that too obedient of the great Count Dracula?" I picked a point. He ignored my remark and opened a bottle that was sitting there. As soon as the cap left the nose of the bottle, I smelled an extremely sweet smell.

(Blood....)

It was blood... human blood and a rare type. I felt my mouth water as he poured two glasses. The red liquid exited the bottle in a flow and settled down in the crystal-clear wine glass. And then he picked up both glasses and then pointed toward me.

"Here you go." And the glass floated towards me. Actually, it was not floating rather a thin wire was carrying it. The wire that I recognized as made from blood.

(HAH... to think that he would use blood magic just to simply pass me a glass.)

Blood magic was another specialty of the vampires but it was only accessible to some. And the strength of a vampire increased drastically using it. But it was taxing and difficult because one had to use their own blood. And of course, Dracula could use it. He was the strongest vampire.

I took the glass and the wire folded back into his hand. He turned away again and started to stare out the window.

"What is it....." I asked even though I knew what it was.

"Blood." His replay was short as well.

"No that is not what I am asking... I...." but he cut me.

"I know what you are asking. And yes, it is human blood. He was a human...…. A muggle with some rare blood type. One of us killed him and drained all the blood. He preserved it and when he was caught, I took the bottle for myself." He said all that without taking even a glance at me.

I looked down at the glass filled with blood and immediately my mouth started to salivate.

(It's human..... I.... I.... I want to drink it so bad.)

And I hated myself for it. It was the blood of someone who had died at the hands of another vampire. I should be reprimanding it rather than salivating over it.

I placed the glass on the table and spoke.

"I did not come all the way here to drink some rare blood." Although I did want to drink it but that was not the point.

"I expected that...….." He also placed the glass on the table. And then he moved his hand. A simple gesture and the blood in both glasses flew back into the bottle. And he placed the cork.

"You never change, do you?" He grinned at me.

"I did not come here for this," I replied harshly.

"Then why did you come here young Morningstar." He knew why I was here. But I had no idea why these people at top of the food chain liked to play with us.

I raised my wand and chanted.

"Reprezentacja pamieci." A holographic display appeared on top of my wand. It showed the picture of the staff that Xeros was using.

"THIS." I pressurized.

"And what is this." He rubbed his chin.

(Fucker….. You know what it is.)

"You don't know?" I asked.

"No…. Haven't got a clue." He replied without even thinking.

"Well, then I will tell you what I saw through the eye of mine...." Now, this was when I got a reaction from him. It was not visible. But the perks of being an assassin, I was taught to capture even the slightest change.

(got him.... I was right. He definitely knows.)

"What is this?" He asked feigning ignorance.

"You know very well what this is." I barked.

"No, I don't...…" He still wanted to play these games.

"Fairies...…" But I was so not in the mood. "These are fairies. I know that much. But what I want to know is how? How In eternal damnation did Xeros get his hands on them." I shouted in rage.

"Calm your voice young one. And do keep in mind that if I am tolerating your rudeness for now, it does not mean that I will also tolerate it in the future." It was the first time he ever talked like that. And with these simple words, the air in the room became thicker. I felt my lungs become dry. The pressure on my shoulders increased and it took all the willpower in me just to keep standing.

(What an absolute monster he is)

I bit my ego and spoke.

"I am sorry for speaking loudly your highness." After all, I should have kept in mind that no matter how lenient he was with me, he was still the king of all vampires. And the royalty always had their Egos up in the sky. Drack was the only one who tolerated this but still, that was too much.

"It won't happen again." I completed the sentence and kneeled.

"Oh, hush." And the pressure all vanished. "I have told you always not to call me that." He waved his hand in the air. "Now get up and call me by my name. Don't go calling me your highness."

(I mean seriously. Has this guy gone senile or what? What the hell was the mood swing)

But deep down I knew what the reason was for this mood swing. I got up and stared at him.

"Ummmm, so, as I was asking. How did Xeros…." I had to ask this even if it killed me. "get his hands on....." But this time he did not let me finish.

"I will tell you how he did it...."

(So he did know... I was FREAKING RIGHT)

"If you accept my deal." And he finished it with a condition.

(I should have known)

"I-I-I-I-I...." I stuttered before answering. "I can't." No matter how badly I wanted to know the fact but I could not accept his deal. It was not possible.

"Then we are done here." And with a snap of his fingers, I was standing at the edge of the forest.

"Shit." I face-palmed myself.

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(Nathan POV)

How did things turn out like this? Moments ago I was grinning at the scene of my sister and Beatris talking. And now I was looking at something else. Beatris was hugging Sis and sis was patting her head. She was crying with tears. Sis was trying her best to calm her down but it was not helping her at all. I was standing at the door of the hospital wing. And looking at the scene I don't know why, but my heart was aching. I wanted to kill the bastard who did this so badly that it was explainable. Why was I feeling this... I did not know. Maybe because she was a great wizard. Or maybe I hated it when sis looked sad. But I did not care. I wanted to rip the head of the monster and the person controlling it.

"The only friend I had \*SOB\*." Beatris cried still near the bed where lay a lifeless body of a girl.

Hermione Granger had been petrified.

(I will kill the bastard who did this)