

Chapter 1: The Arrival

Her breaths came thin and quick as she pounded down the sidewalk, feet rhythmically beating in front of the other. Sweat drenched her clothes, the sun barely coming up over the lake as she took her early morning run. Lynna halted in front of a Georgian brick house and let herself in through the red front door. Silently, she climbed the stairs and went into her room, so she wouldn't wake her collie, little sister, or parents. Only one member of her family was up. Her owl Orion sat atop his cage, quietly hooting good morning to her. The bedroom was richly furnished and painted in white, bordered in blue. She collapsed into the comfortable desk chair, and sighed happily at the calendar hanging next to her on the wall. For the last month, she had crossed out every day in a big red X since she had come home from Hogwarts School.

A little more than a year ago, she had found out she was a witch. Working hard, she caught up with the years of training she had missed, and made it into one of the top magic boarding schools, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. She'd learned so much, had a lot of fun, and had made a lot of friends. A month ago, she had gone home for the summer break, returning to the United States, and separated from her magic friends in Europe. They wrote constantly back and forth with her, owls fluttering into the house every week, until her parents nearly pulled their hair out. Hardest of all, had been being away from her boyfriend Harry Potter for so long, and they missed each other a lot. At times, she felt a yearning ache for his presence, he only was allowed to write her by owl, his guardians restricted his use of the phone.

Her parents had invited him to come visit them in the States over the summer. The calendar showed that he would be arriving tomorrow, July 6th. Finally, she couldn't take sitting still, and threw on her swimsuit, to take a break in the backyard pool. An hour later, her family began waking up, and resuming their day activities. Her collie Jade, was let into the yard with her, through the windows, she could see Lizzie (her younger sister) and their dad reading the newspaper, and her mom starting to make breakfast. The dog suddenly barked, letting her know someone was at the front door. Being modest, Lynna pulled on shorts over her swimsuit bottoms, and went scurrying to the front porch. Waiting there, were two of her Muggle friends, Eve and Janie, who hurried over and greeted her. None of her Muggle friends knew about her or the rest of the Happs being magical, or even knew it existed. All of them thought she had been sent to a private school in the UK, and came over constantly when they heard she had come back home.

Except for her best friend Eve, every one of her Muggle friends had honestly become boring to her, and had a little rich view of the world. Lynna was a completely different person than they remembered. Last spring, she'd been fifteen, and still had attended West Spring High, an exclusive and private school, thinking she was an ordinary teenager. A detached feeling crossed her heart as she lay eyes once more on her old school friends.

"Hi," squealed the two girls.

"Morning," Lynna replied shortly.

Naturally, the three then trooped into the house, and settled at the dinner table with breakfast.

"So has your English friend come yet?" prodded Jane.

Sighing with frustration, Lynna told her yet again, "No, like I said, he doesn't get here for awhile." (She slightly lied as well.)

Eve elbowed Janie to shut up. "Lynna, ignore her, she's just boy crazy."

The rest of the day, Lynna was pulled around the mall with them, and finished preparing the guest room next to hers. Hardest part was organizing her walk in closet, which connected her room to it, piles of clothes, witch robes, and shoes everywhere. That night, Lynna slipped on her pajamas and said goodnight to Orion before placing a picture frame on the end table next to her bed. The photo was of her and Harry leaning against each other, next to them, their best friends Ron and Hermione. They all sat next to Hogwart's lake in the bright summer sun, all of them laughing. She fell asleep staring at the picture, and dreamt of tomorrow.

Seven o'clock the next night, Lynna was pacing back and forth, waiting at Gate five in Chicago airport for Harry's flight to get in. Her parents had allowed her to go pick him up alone, since in the last month, she had earned her driver's license. The plane was on time, but she was nervous and frustrated as she waited, the past weeks seeming more like years of separation from him. She didn't mind too much that they weren't allowed to use magic over the summer, but did miss the wizard's world.

Utterly distracted by her annoyance, she didn't notice the plane finally pull into the runway, and passengers start getting off. She finally looked up as a bunch of them started passing her, and glanced at the gate exit. A tall boy with dark hair and glasses appeared, and upon seeing each other hurried as fast as they could.

"Harry!" she cried with delight, and forgot all of her apprehension.

They embraced each other tightly, and he softly whispered her name before they tilted into an urgent, bottomless kiss. Each leaned back and noticed the differences that had taken place over the summer month. Her skin was a slight shade tan and had more freckles, plus her hair was shorter and lighter, bleached a brighter red from the sun.

"Harry-" Lynna choked out. "You cut your hair!"

He grinned at her, his black hair sheared quite shorter, slightly stood up, and was less messy than normal. The lighting bolt scar no longer partially hidden, smack in the center of his forehead, his green eyes behind the glasses more vivid and prominent, lovingly looking her over. His muscles felt stronger, and slightly stood out against his black t-shirt.

"Do you like it?" he asked slowly.

"It looks *really* good," she answered dreamily.

He went slightly red, and curious, asked, "Are you here alone?"

She nodded, and told him how her parents let her come by herself since she had her own car and license. They went to the conveyor belt, and Harry picked up his heavy trunk, bag, and empty birdcage, politely refusing her request to help him carry it. In the parking lot, Harry's jaw dropped as Lynna stopped in front of her car, a red Porsche Boxster convertible with a leather interior.

"Wow," he gasped, and stood there stupidly, until she snapped her fingers in front of his face.

They put his luggage in the trunk, and she put the top down, their hair whisked by the wind as they zoomed on the road. A half hour later, they pulled up in front of the Happ house, awing Harry even more. As Harry tottered up the walk with his belongings, Jade came bounding from the side of the house, and jumped on him, knocking him down.

"Sorry!" Lynna exclaimed, and she dragged the dog away by collar before she could start licking him.

"It's okay," he muttered, and straightened his glasses before he struggled to stand up again.

He followed Lynna through the front door, stopping in a wide entrance hall that had a flight of curved stairs in the center, and many doorways off to the side. Lynna stuck her head in one of the doorways and called to her mother.

"Hey mom, we're here!"

A voice answered, "Ok, dinner will be ready later, help Harry put his things away."

Motioning to Harry, she then guided him up the stairs and past a few doors. They came into a beige painted and carpeted room, that had a slight male touch to it. It was outfitted with a television, double bed, desk, wall

shelves, easy chair, and to his surprise, a birdcage stand. He dropped his trunk onto the bed, pulled out his things, and put them along the closet, shelf, and desk. Lynna grabbed his hand, and led him toward the walk in closet.

“Come to my room,” she said.

“You live in the closet?” he joked, confused until she showed him how it was double doored and entered her room. Curious, Harry wandered around her room, feeling as if he’d been here before, the whole room feeling like hers. He smiled amusedly at the bookshelves along the walls, piled with books from animals, magic to science. Orion kept a wary eye on him, puzzled to why Harry was in his house. A delicious smell wafted up from downstairs, causing Harry and Lynna to bolt to the kitchen, and throw themselves at the dinner table. Not too soon after, Lynna’s dad came in, and gleefully shook Harry’s hand, he was followed by Lizzie, who came in, and sat in the corner chair, very shy.

“Nice to meet you at last son, we’ve heard a lot about you from our daughter,” Mr. Happ said.

Harry smirked as he saw Lynna blush, and as a distraction, she pulled Lizzie over, and introduced him to her. Being nine, Lizzie was starting to be interested in boys, and would be turning ten this summer, so she stared at Harry long after she sat back down. Mrs. Happ interrupted them, and put down dishes of steaming food in front of them, before sitting down herself. They all smiled warmly at Harry during dinner, causing him to feel very happy, and like he was part of a family. The Dursleys hated and were half scared of him, and treated him like a house elf, never daring to hug him or say nice things.

(He didn’t exactly mind it anyway, since they were pretty nasty people)

Everything was delicious, a few of his favorite dishes on the table, and Mrs. Happ having outdone herself. After supper, Harry sat with Lynna in her room, sprawled lazily on two comfy armchairs. They chatted about what had happened over the month since Hogwarts, telling each other almost everything. Lynna left out the fact her ex-boyfriend had rushed over the day she came back, bothering her, and that she was allowed to practice flying in her Animagus form as a crow every morning. Harry was just happy being here with her, and couldn’t bring himself to tell her how he’d been having more nightmares about Voldemort attacking people, magical and not. Hedwig arrived around the time they started going to bed, and worn out, immediately crawled into her cage, ignoring the interested hoots from Orion.

A long good night later, Lynna immediately fell asleep, and Harry went to his room and lay down. For quite awhile he was on his back in the bed, unable to sleep, even past the time he heard everyone else go to their rooms for the night. Unable to take it anymore, he finally sprung out of bed and quietly walked through the closet to the room next door. He alarmed Lynna as he slipped under the covers of her bed with her.

“Ouch!” he whispered loudly as she hit him in the face.

“Harry?” she said groggily. “Sorry!”

Confused as she was, she didn’t ask any questions, and scooted over, allowing him to lie down and put his arms around her. Now calm, his eyes became heavy, and he dozed off right after Lynna.

Chapter 2: Summer Days

She slowly opened her eyes, the light of the rising sun coming through the window. Lynna was snug under the covers with her back up against Harry’s chest. Her skin tingled where his hand lay on her bare belly. The shirt had shifted up a little when there’d been moving of hands very late last night. She started sliding away from him, so she could get dressed for her usual morning jog. The slight movement woke him up, and he tightened the hand that was around her waist.

“Where are you going?” he asked mischievously, and lightly tickled her with his hand.

Laughing quietly, she kissed him, then pushed him away as she got up and grabbed clothes out of her closet.

Sitting up, he said, "Want me to leave?"

Only shrugging her shoulders, he watched in amazement as she pulled her shirt off right in front of him. She had a tank top underneath it, which she threw a sleeveless shirt over before going out of sight into the closet and pulling on gym shorts.

"Want to come with?" she yelled while still in the closet.

He laughed a yes as she came out, hopping on one foot while trying to tie on her sneakers. Catching her before she fell over, he then scuttled into his room to change before following her outside. They ran for an hour along a lake path, the air slightly cool from the water and left over from the summer night. Many people waved hello to them, mainly recognizing Lynna from the daily morning exercising she did. The Happ's neighbor Mr. Jenkins was out picking his newspaper off his driveway as they passed him, staring at the pair as they then went into the house.

Since they'd started running late, breakfast was ready by the time they got in, Lizzie, and the parents quickly rushing through the meal. Harry and Lynna took their time eating, and halfway through, Mr. and Mrs. Happ got up to leave for work.

"Don't forget to drop Lizzie off at summer camp!" her mother yelled over her shoulder.

The Jaguars zoomed loudly out of the garage, leaving Lizzie to grin innocently at her older sister.

"Do I really have to go? I'd rather stay here with you, Lynna," she said delicately.

"Sorry kid, but you begged in February to go there. I thought you liked going to a day summer camp?"

Lynna threw her boyfriend and sister into her car, and dropped a still protesting Lizzie off at the recreation center before heading into the main part of town. It was an upscale place with a friendly small town feel to it, and they went on a short driving tour, showing Harry the stores, restaurants, parks, and her old schools. There were no traces of magic or wizards anywhere, completely Muggle, although a few times Harry swore he saw an owl fly by with a letter.

Both spent the rest of the day back at the Happ's house in the backyard, tanning and splashing around in the pool. Sometimes she caught him staring at her in her swimsuit, it showed off her form a lot since it was a bikini. Harry wasn't a very proficient swimmer, the Dursley's having never given him swimming lessons, (likely hoping he'd drown some day.) but managed to glide around for awhile. Lynna horrified when he told her this, gave him quick swimming lessons, (to the best of her abilities) and continued to do so the rest of the week.

Everyday, they went swimming in the pool, occasionally went to the beach. After a few weeks, Harry could move through the water fairly well, and for the first time in his life, got a tan. Occasionally, Lizzie hung out with them, and Mr. Happ put on dinner barbeques, being a very good cook himself. Many times during the evenings, the two teenagers were blasted with the horn of the Happ's car, as they often hogged the driveway where the basketball hoop was, or sent a ball sprawling there while playing a sport. Harry was amazed at how fun Mr. and Mrs. Happ were, often taking the kids in games, and during the weekends drove with them places.

Lynna often slept in the same bed as Harry, switching back and forth between her room and the guestroom. He was so happy, he nearly forgot his sixteenth birthday was coming up. The morning of July thirty first, Harry was woken up by a kiss from Lynna next to him.

"Happy Birthday!" she whispered.

He kissed her back, then glancing at the clock, was surprised to see it was way past the time they went running.

“Are we going out for a jog today?”

“Nope, I’m not going to put you through that on your birthday,” she answered, grinning.

Quickly, they dressed and went downstairs, finding Lizzie at the stove with her mother, Mr. Happ already sitting at the table reading his morning paper. Everyone wished him a great day as they sat down, and pushed a plate of pancakes to him. He grinned in amusement at his plate, syrup having been drawn onto the pancakes in the shape of a smiley face by Lizzie.

Lynna’s parents left them at home, it being a weekday, and having to go places. He was given the choice of going anywhere for the day, and easily decided on the beach. Lizzie was allowed the day off, and came with them.

While buying lunch at the snack stand, the three were interrupted by a few of Lynna’s friends, who came rushing over the minute they recognized her. Eve, Lynna’s closest Muggle friend tried to rein in Rob (Lynna’s ex-boyfriend) and Clara (an old gossip friend of Lynna), and failing, was dragged with.

“Lynna, haven’t seen you in awhile,” Clara exclaimed. “Where’ve you been?”

“Busy,” she answered exasperatedly, annoyed that they had come over, and being given a look of sympathy by Eve.

“Still running around single?” the boy, Rob sneered.

“No,” she said, and tried to shield Harry from their view.

Clara noticed Harry, and giddily asked, “Oh who’s your friend?”

“Who?” Lynna said stupidly, trying to throw them off.

“The one buying your sister a hamburger,” Rob said flatly.

Eve was unable to harness her interest, and blurted, “Is he the friend from England?”

Lynna slowly nodded, and backed over to Harry, pulling him over and introducing him. His mouth was stuffed with his food, and surreptitiously swallowed it so he could speak. He’d left his glasses off, able to see clearly enough as long as he wasn’t reading anything. The three eyed him over, Rob resentfully, the two girls with interest at his allure.

Breaking up the little reunion, Lynna grabbed her sister and Harry by the arm.

“Well we’re just going to go hang out by *ourselves*,” she said. “Eve, you can come with.”

Put off, Clara and Rob turned on their heels, and left them alone. Nothing else interrupted their afternoon, Harry had a lot of fun with Lynna, Lizzie, and the only real Muggle friend of his girlfriend, Eve. At five thirty, they separated and walked home from the beach, finding the parents home early.

“Have fun today?” asked Mr. Happ, and smiled as the three nodded quickly. “Well can you get dressed and primp up a little, we’re going out to dinner.”

After shaking off the sand, and quick showers, Lynna came down dressed in a blouse and a skirt, Harry wearing a collared shirt and slacks. They piled into Mr. Happ’s Jaguar, driving into Chicago, pulled up in front of a Japanese hibachi steakhouse. The tables were set in front of flat frying surfaces, their dinner flipped and cooked entertainingly right in front of them by a chef. After stuffing themselves with shrimp, steak, and rice, the Happs and a few people from the restaurant sang “Happy Birthday” to Harry. A large all chocolate birthday cake cooked

personally by Lynna and Mrs. Happ was served, and finished off by the five of them. He was then given birthday presents from all of them.

When they got back to the house, there were two owls besides Hedwig waiting on the porch, tied down with packages and envelopes. Upon opening them, Harry found birthday gifts and cards from Hermione, Ron, Hagrid and Sirius. Exhausted, he stumbled to bed with Lynna, (not under the eye of her parents) very happy.

“This had been one of the best birthdays ever,” he whispered contentedly to Lynna, before dozing off.

The next morning, Harry and Lynna were hyper and sweating from their morning run. Everyone took their time over breakfast today since it was the weekend, Lizzie sharing the comics with the two, parents engrossed in the newspaper, the dog with her head on Mr. Happ’s foot. Orion, Wira, and Hedwig sat lazily on the windowsill eating out of their dishes, the windows standing open since the intense heat had finally let up for awhile this morning. A sudden annoyed hoot from the owls sounded, and a thrush of wings startled everyone as it stopped at the place they were sitting.

“No owls at the breakfast table,” Mrs. Happ said absentmindedly, not lifting her head from behind the paper.

Looking up, Lynna saw letters, two in front of each of her plate and a strange owl that flew off as they looked it in the eyes. The front of the envelopes had their names written in green ink, and picking them up, saw the familiar seal of Hogwarts on the wax. In the first note, there was the usual announcement of when school would start, and the new list of supplies they’d need. Lynna’s eyes opened wide as she opened the second one, and read.

HOGWARTS SCHOOL of WITCHCRAFT and WIZARDRY

Headmaster: Albus Dumbledore

(Order of Merlin, First Class, Grand Sorc, Chf. Warlock, Supreme Mugwump,

International Confed. of Wizards)

Dear Miss Happ,

As your head-of-house, I am pleased to inform you that I have named you to be a prefect, effective when the new term begins on September the first. This is due to a problem with last year’s

female Gryffindor prefect that caused her to be stripped of her duties. You were chosen above other females in your house due to your high academic integrity and scores, clean record, and good behavior. You were the only prefect nominee to be agreed on anonymously. You will be expected to help uphold rules and regulations, a responsibility and leadership role. As a prefect, you will have access to select school facilities not available to general students, and will be expected to attend standard meetings of prefects from fifth- seventh years in all houses, overseen by the Head Girl, Alicia Spinnet, and Head Boy, Wayne Hopkins.

Congratulations.

-Professor McGonagall

Deputy Headmistress

She showed her letter to Harry, who didn’t looked too surprised.

He leaned over and whispered that the position had been reopened last year, since the girl had gotten in trouble. Lynna only briefly nodded to him in her excitement.

“Mom!” she exclaimed. “I’m a prefect like Harry!”

Everyone dropped what they were holding, and looked at the letters as it was passed around. A silver prefect badge was inside the envelope,

“Congratulations,” her father grunted, and both parents and Harry smiled proudly at her.

For Harry and Lynna, the middle of August came too fast, and the night of August sixteenth was spent packing. They’d be flying alone by Muggle airplane the next morning to Shannon Airport in Ireland, to be met by Aunt Nora. She’d been nitpicking the Happs about visiting again, since Lynna would be on her way to school in Scotland. Mrs. Happ constantly sent clean laundry up to the teenagers, both ran around the house collecting the things they’d need, and jamming everything into trunks.

Harry shook her awake early the next morning, and they both grumbled down to breakfast. They shoved their breakfast down their throats before they were hustled out the door by Mrs. Happ. Surprisingly, Mr. Happ managed to stuff the empty owl cages (Orion and Hedwig had been sent ahead to Aunt Nora, customs would be too suspicious) two huge trunks, extra baggage, and two teenagers into the car, before dropping them off at the airport.

“Goodbye Dad,” Lynna said sadly, and hugged him tightly.

Harry shook hands with him, and they were left at Gate five to check their bags and wait for their flight. One of the workers gave the two strange looks as they had the owl cages tagged, but they ignored it, and finally made it onto the plane. Their seats were in First Class, (very comfortable) and they were surrounded by curious yet polite people, who glanced at the pair throughout the flight. Harry and Lynna consistently talked and played games quietly with each other until they fell asleep. Nine hours later, they arrived in Shannon Airport, tired and Harry watching Lynna be squashed in hugs by her Aunt Nora.

They bumped along the long road to her house in an old beat up Honda Integra, which hadn’t been used in years. As they passed along the dirt road through the village, Harry pointed out things Lynna hadn’t noticed last time she’d been here. (She had only hung around Aunt Nora’s house last summer.) Familiar *magic* plants grew along the front of the cottages, people walking down the street wore long wizard robes, the names of the roads like, “Merlin Lane.”

“You live in a wizard village!” Lynna exclaimed at Nora.

She chuckled a yes, and commented at how her great niece hadn’t noticed it before. At last, they finally pulled up into the stony driveway that led up to the familiar leaning white washed cottage. Harry pulled his trunk easily out of the car, but as he grabbed Lynna’s nearly fell over.

“What do you have in there?” he asked incredulously.

“A couple books...” she replied slyly.

Aunt Nora tottered over, waving her wand, and made all the luggage float up to the door, and stack neatly inside the foyer. Harry and Lynna settled into chairs in the den, while Nora went into the kitchen to start dinner. A loud racket started up, sounding from pots, pans and food that started to cook and clean themselves. Harry was startled, never hearing anything like it before, and his eyes opened wide when Lynna lazily told him Nora was only cooking.

“Are you sure? Sounds like she might need help or something,” Harry said hesitantly.

Laughing, she shook her head. “No, you’ll get used to it, every meal sounds like that.”

The food was very good, tasting a lot like Mrs. Happ's. Nora repeatedly asked them questions during dinner, being quite inquisitive. Halfway through dinner, Hedwig and Orion arrived, interrupting them, and repeatedly talking to Lynna until she put them away in their cages. Buddy, Nora's owl was sent with a brief letter home to the Happs to say that the teenagers had arrived all right. Everyone went to bed early, worn out from the long day, both guests with a separate room and lumpy bed.

Chapter 3: Summer Endings

After showing Harry the hidden wooded arena behind the cottage the next morning, he spent the day there with Lynna zooming around on their Firebolts. They'd sorely missed their broomsticks, and wanted as much time possible now that they could fly safely. Exhilarated from it, the next morning Lynna turned into her crow form, and flew into his room, sitting on his chest until he woke up. He sat up alarmed as he saw the blurry black form through heavy eyelids, but realized the bird was handing him his glasses in its beak.

"Thanks Lynna," he whispered, and she formed back into herself.

Cutting down time, they slipped on loose clothes, leaving off their shoes so they'd make less noise. He followed her out the window, broomsticks over their shoulders as they climbed out the bedroom windows. The sills were very low, and allowed them to slip to the ground and through the bushes to the wooded area. Wearing no shoes, their feet grew wet from the dewy grass as they mounted their brooms in the crisp cool air, still slightly chilly from the night, and bringing the sun barely above the horizon. A wind ruffled their clothes as they went circling around the pitch. Grabbing an apple off one of the trees, Harry tossed it to her. When he expected her to throw it back as a game of catch, she shook her head, and took off away from him. Chasing and grabbing at the apple proved useless, so he lined his broom with her tail, and jumped on back, hi Firebolt to the ground, and unexpectedly tickling her. She broke into laughter, allowing him to gain control of the broom, and gently roll it onto the earth. His arms tightly around her, they struggled playfully until she finally gave up as he pinned her to the ground. She threw aside the apple, and faked a look of seriousness.

"Ok! You win," she whispered. "Now what shall your prize be?"

He only shrugged his shoulders, being right there with her was good enough, and he told her so. Her hands slid around his neck as he bent his head to affectionately kiss her. His mouth moved down her neck, longing for the other burning within as they became more physical. Clothing pushed aside, their bodies moved rhythmically together in the soft grass of the early morning.

They returned in time later to the house, straightening their rumpled clothes and hair right before Nora got up. A lot of time was spent out in the wooded area alone, constantly flying and fooling around. Clueless Aunt Nora chastised them for being there so often, and had to drag them to the yard to do anything, mainly talking with them inside, or sending them wondering around the village.

Early on the morning of August 24th, Harry and Lynna traveled with all their luggage by Floo Powder to Kayla's house. She was Lynna's older sister, and they'd be staying with her for the final week of summer until they returned to Hogwarts. Ron and Hermione had sent owls to their friends, saying they'd be around Diagon Alley that week too, buying school supplies.

They surprised Kayla as they landed on the floor from the fireplace, and she screamed before recognizing them. She rushed over and helped them to their feet, Kayla crushing her little sister in a tight hug.

"Uh Kayla, can you let go?" Lynna said as the wind was knocked out of her.

She was freed, and stood standing there a few moments wheezing while Kayla glanced at the clock.

"Uh oh," Kayla murmured. "I have to leave now for work. You can have some fun, but I don't want you lost in London! Both of you can go to the park across the street, Charing Cross Road, or Diagon Alley only. There's now money in mom's vault at Gringotts Bank, Lynna you can get it out to buy your stuff today."

Handing a little golden Gringotts key to Lynna, Kayla then hurried out the door to work, leaving the teenagers alone. Stuffing their bags in the guest room, both then hurried down the few blocks to the Leaky Cauldron. As usual, it was dingy and dim, and a few people in the pub openly stared at them as they walked over to the back room.

Taking out her wand, Lynna tapped the five bricks clockwise, and said, “Alohomora.”

The brick wall slid into the familiar arch, and allowed them to go dashing down the lane. They filed into Gringott’s Bank, a large white building, and handed their keys to a goblin. He led them into a cart, the ride practically making them sick. Lynna got a glimpse of Harry’s vault, surprised to see a huge pile of gold, silver, and bronze coins. She tried to hide her parent’s vault from view as she saw how much was in it, mounds of Galleons, Sickles, and Knuts, but failed and Harry’s eyes popped as he glanced in it. They were soaked in refreshing sunlight as they stumbled out of the bank with their moneybags, and turned toward the robe shop a few doors down.

They ambled along, casually glancing in the store windows on both sides of the lane. Harry nearly pulled Lynna over as he pulled on her shirt to stop her, and pointed in the direction of Florean Fortescue’s Ice Cream Parlor. At a table outside the bistro, were their friends Ron and Hermione eating ice cream, and nonchalantly talking to Ginny and Fred Weasley. Everyone nearly dropped their spoons as Harry called their names and ran to their table with Lynna. Their jaws plunged as they saw the change in Harry. (He’d decided to permanently keep his hair short.)

“Harry?” Ron choked. “You look so-”

“Different,” finished Hermione.

He grinned at the two of them, running his hand through his hair impulsively. “Yup. I got my hair cut over the summer, and I actually got a suntan from spending so much time in Lynna’s pool.”

He uncomfortably turned away from Ginny Weasley, whom he noticed was staring strangely at him.

Well don’t focus on Harry, Lynna looks great too,” George said sarcastically.

She blushed, and Harry cut them off, mentioning that they still had to go shopping.

Hermione brightened and replied, “Oh, we haven’t gotten our stuff either, we waited for you.”

They pushed aside their dishes of food, and followed them into the Madam Malkin’s Robes for All Occasions. Harry and Lynna flipped through the racks of expensive robes, they’d grown over the last year, and desperately needed new ones. Both felt Ron keeping his eyes on them while he stood off to the side with everyone else, (he tended to be very sensitive on the money issue) he couldn’t afford to shop in this store. Hermione, who didn’t need anything, finally went on ahead to Flourish and Blotts to wait for them.

They stood in front of the mirrors for an agonizingly long time getting measured, their legs stiff as they stepped off the footstools. The ability to wander unreservedly along Diagon Alley gave them a strong sense of freedom, even if George had been forced to come and keep an eye on everyone.

Afterward, they met up with Hermione at the bookstore, wandering the aisles until they had all the books on their lists. Lynna and Hermione almost had to be forcibly dragged from there when everyone was done. A quick smelly trip to the Apothecary replenished their potion ingredients, the last stop being Quality Quidditch Supplies. Everyone except Hermione went drooling through the store, taking in every item and section, later retiring outside the café.

Late in the afternoon, Harry and Lynna headed by themselves back to Kayla’s house, tottering with their purchases. They were asleep in their rooms by the time Kayla came home, very late. Everyday, Lynna and Harry went somewhere in Diagon Alley with Ron and Hermione, who were staying at the

Leaky Cauldron until the start of school, or alone to a store or restaurant along Charing Cross Road.

On September first, Kayla came into their rooms fairly early to start their day.

“Come on, get up!” she said hurriedly. “You’ll be late!”

“What?” Lynna moaned through half closed eyes. “It’s only seven o’clock! Can’t I go back to bed for awhile?”

“NO!” scolded Kayla. “I was a teenager once, it’ll take you a chunk of time to get ready!”

She was right, it took Lynna an hour to shower, dress, and get ready, Harry took awhile too (he wasn’t as picky as Lynna though) since they wanted to look good on their first day. They were prefects after all. Another two hours were devoted to eating breakfast, and scrambling through the house at the last minute to find things that were hidden. They sat stuffed in Kayla’s car with their owls for a half hour in traffic until they reached London train station. Tears welled up in Kayla’s eyes as they stood in front of the pillar gate entrance to Platform 9 ¾.

“Oh you’re growing up, and I won’t see you again for a whole other school year.”

She grabbed Lynna in a hug, smothering her, and even lightly hugged Harry before shoving them both through the gate. They fell forward into their luggage carts as the platform appeared before them, already crowded. Students and parents were milling everywhere, and they had to fight their way through, looking for their friends. Ron and Hermione came up behind them, having secured a compartment already, as they had been early. As they were dragged along, hands closed on Lynna and Harry’s arms stopping them in their tracks.

“Potter, Happ, where are you going? The prefect compartments are this way,” said a voice.

Both stupidly pointed at their friends, torn. Alicia Spinnet gave them a firm-judging look.

“I’m sorry, but you have to sit up front with us. Its really a school guideline.”

Sadly nodding, the two had to leave their friends behind and put their bags into one of the four prefect compartments in the front of the train. The rest of Gryffindor’s prefects were already there, and looked slightly amused and shocked to see them, eyeing them suspiciously as both sat down next to one another. Colin Creevey, Natalie MacDonald had been chosen as new prefects for the fifth years, Lee Jordan and Alicia Spinnet two years ago for their grade.

“So you’re the new prefect, eh?” smirked Colin.

“Guess so,” murmured Lynna.

“Looks like you too,” Harry threw in.

“Yeah, well the teachers figured I have a sharp eye for noticing things, with my camera and all,” he jauntily said. “Rumor is that last year’s girl prefect was caught in a dirty act, that is why the position was open. No secret why Happ was chosen this year, she had the highest grades, and Harry was well, Harry.”

Lynna sighed, and she whispered to Harry, “Remind me to wring Ron’s neck later for telling everyone.”

He nodded exasperatedly, and both turned back to the others in the car. The next two hours were extremely boring, though the others were nice and all, they weren’t the same as their friends, even lunch break didn’t cure them. He noticed people glancing occasionally at him, ultimately surprised by the changes that had taken place. Ignoring protests from Head Girl Alicia, Harry and Lynna got up at one o’clock with their stuff, and headed down the train hallway to find their friends. At last, they found Ron and Hermione sitting with Neville and Ginny, grinning as both came in.

“Why aren’t you up front?” Hermione asked slyly.

“Everyone is boring!” both piped, and settled into seats across from them.

“Harry-” Neville stuttered, observing Harry’s new hair do. “You-”

“Cut it,” he finished for him, and laughed along with everyone.

Finally relaxing, he put an arm around his girlfriend, and enjoyed the ride back to Hogwart’s School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Everyone took turns changing in the compartment, and donned their school robes and uniforms, Harry and Lynna pinning on their prefect badges. Both noticed Ron stealing glances at the pins, and felt uncomfortable every time they saw him at it.

Five o’clock, they came rolling to a stop in front of Hogwart’s gate, the older students clambering into horseless carriages, first years being taken across the lake in boats by Hagrid. The tall stone castle appeared over the hills as they rode up the trail, and stopped them in front of the ten-foot main entrance doors. Alicia Spinnet ambushed them on the way into the Great Hall, and made Harry and Lynna sit with the other Gryffindor prefects near the front of their house table, a stubborn Ron and Hermione following them, and sitting on stools next to the group. Everyone settled into the Hall, the Sorting Hat placed at the front on a three-legged stool. It began singing a song:

*Centuries ten or more ago
lived a powerful four,
choosing me to place wizards forever more.
Ravenclaw desired those
book and instinct smart,
Gryffindor those with
courage and stout of heart,
Hufflepuff took faithful
ones as a fancy,
Slytherin liking ones
sly and chancy.*

*The four did dream Hogwarts,
and magic taught the young,
but did part in the end,
leaving a message to send.*

*Their heirs are loyal and true,
yet I the tattered one
will choose for you.
Before you start to clap,
set me on with a slap,
you will be placed with your kind
according to your mind.*

Applause rang out, and continued on and off for the next fifteen minutes as they watched new members join each house, and Dumbledore finally get up to make a speech, everyone impatient with hunger by that time.

“Welcome back to another school year! First, please note that the Forbidden Forest is completely off limit to every single student, including prefects. Those with permission will be allowed to travel into Hogsmeade for the first trip on Halloween. For safety precautions, every student is required to wait until nine o’clock those mornings for a teacher to first go down, and return with everyone promptly by seven o’clock. Nice to see your bright faces, and I wish you a happy beneficial school term. Sip not!”

Harry could have sworn the Headmaster looked straight at him when he mentioned the prefects, but his pondering was cut short. Murmurs and gasps occurred, a wave of sound breaking out in wonder at the new policy. Golden platters on the tables suddenly blossomed with food, everyone falling silent as they stuffed their faces with it. Lynna felt very conspicuous in her new robes and silver prefect badge that gleamed in the candlelight.

After everyone was done, the candles started dimming, and teachers motioned for people to start leaving.

“Lead your group of first years to the tower,” Alicia commanded Harry and Lynna before turning to the others.

The first years nervously and slowly followed them up flight after flight of stairs. Their short legs unable to speedily keep up with the sixth years’ long strides. Harry lazily chatted with Lynna, and she couldn’t help bringing up the Hogsmeade restriction.

“I wonder why Dumbledore did that.”

“Likely because Voldemort has been attacking more and the teachers just want to be careful,” he said.

Her face flickered with surprise, then hesitantly she asked, “How would you know.... Harry! Is there something you haven’t told me-”

“Shh! I’ll tell you later,” he replied abruptly.

The first years had come closer, and innocently craned their necks trying to hear what the older two were whispering about. She turned away with a sigh, not talking to him again on the way to the tower. They stopped in front of the familiar pink lady painting, and gave the password that Alicia had given them earlier. (Quick Quidditch)

It swung open and they walked into the Gryffindor common room, the first years stopping in amazement and mumbling.

Lynna announced, “Welcome to Gryffindor tower, this is the common room. Girl’s dormitories to the left,”

“Boys dormitories to the right,” finished Harry. “Please follow your prefect to your dormitory.”

Lynna led the first year girl up into the dorm set aside for them, boys following Harry up the stairs to their room. He had a lot of trouble the minute they opened the door, the boys flocking into the room to each claim a four-poster bed. Three of them wanted the one by the window, but split it up once he pointed out that their luggage was already next to the bed they’d have. He found himself wishing for last year’s bunch, they’d been so much better. One of the boys looked remarkably like Harry’s old Quidditch captain Oliver Wood, and turned out to be his younger brother Mitchell.

“Prefect Harry, I don’t like cats, can you make him get rid of it?” one of them said.

The boy then pointed at the white tabby cat curled on another boy’s bed.

“Sorry, but it’s in the rules that students are allowed to have cats, you have to deal with it,” he answered very sternly.

After settling the argument, the five boys ogled at him when they realized he was Harry Potter, easily noticing his scar. A half hour later, he stumbled down the stairs to the common room, frustration showing all over his face and full of tension. Lynna was already sitting on a couch, and smirked at him as he sat down next to her.

“When did you finish with them?” he breathed.

Her smirk grew even more and she answered, “Only took a minute, the girls are very well behaved. What took you so long?”

“Those kids are a handful, complaining about each other. I’m this close to going nuts,” he replied faintly.

She stopped grinning, and nodded her head sympathetically; causing him to put his arm around her, head on his shoulder.

After sitting in silence a few minutes she quietly asked, “Harry, about earlier, I asked if you hadn’t told me something-”

“Yes,” he interrupted, and answered slowly. “I knew about it, cause during the summer I had more dreams of Voldemort attacking people when we were apart. I wrote Dumbledore every time, and he told me everyone had happened.”

She felt him shudder like a cold breeze had just hit them.

“Oh Harry,” she groaned slightly, and fell short.

Suddenly, Ron’s head popped up from behind the chair, clearly startling them.

“Whatcha doing?” he said suspiciously. “Kissing?”

“No,” Harry answered immediately, and defensively.

“Then what-”

“The Quidditch season,” Lynna cut him off, and lied, she wasn’t sure Harry wanted to reveal what they’d been talking about.

“Good idea,” Ron said with a grin. “What about it, I mean when does the season start?”

Harry straightened up and let go of Lynna. “They usually tell the captains when to begin.”

“But we have no captain! Angelina graduated last year,” Ron grimaced. “We’ll have to decide on a new one....”

“Alicia Spinnet is the only other player left, I don’t think she’d want to be,” Lynna said. “Ron and I haven’t been on the team that long, why not you Harry?”

“What?” he exclaimed. “Me? Quidditch captain?”

Ron stuttered with shock, unable to say anything, *he’d* been hoping to become the captain this year.

“Why not?” she continued. “We could do a mini vote right now, and then ask Alicia tomorrow.”

Ron cleared his throat and blurted, “Are you sure Harry? It is a big responsibility, you’re already occupied as a prefect...”

Ignoring him, Harry said brightly, “Ok, I’ll do it, but the vote has to be anonymous.”

Lynna quickly held up her hand for him, Harry voted for himself, and reluctantly Ron put up his too.

“Gee thanks,” Harry said.

Colin Creevey came up behind them, cutting in on Ron who started to say something.

“Alicia told me to tell you there’s a prefect meeting tomorrow night. After dinner in the Charms classroom.”

He gave them an odd look as the three nodded, but turned away to leave them alone. Hermione joined them awhile after, spending time talking with them until the clock chimed nine. Harry spent a particularly long time kissing goodnight with Lynna, feeling distant from her. Ron and Hermione pecked, but quickly ran up the separate staircases to leave them alone. They broke apart, and each spent another half hour unpacking their things in their dormitories. Lynna fell quickly asleep, Harry climbed into bed right after Ron did, and as he closed the bed curtains, heard Ron muttering to himself.

“Only got it because of his girlfriend...already Mr. Popular, humph.”

Despite the ill feelings from his friend, Harry lay comfortably back in his bed, happily imagining winning the Quidditch Cup as captain, Lynna on his arm grinning at him, and fell asleep.

Chapter 4: Back to Hogwarts

Harry woke up early the next morning, the sun starting to pour into the room, and felt something wet on his bed sheet near his thighs. You're kidding me, I'm too old to wet the bed! he thought with a groan. Rolling over, he got up and peered at the damp spot on his bed, realizing he likely had *not soiled his bed in the way he had thought*. He was very embarrassed even though nobody was awake, and crumpled the sheets up so the house elves would change it later. Quickly, he took a shower, changed into his school clothes, and went down to the common room to wait for his friends and lounge around.

Lynna came down with Hermione much later, and the three left Ron in his room, since he was running late. The Great Hall was filling up with students as they got seats at Gryffindor table, almost everyone there as the food finally appeared. Professor McGonagall, the deputy headmistress, started passing out schedules as she came around at her house table. She actually smiled as she passed them to Harry and Lynna, she had personally chosen them as prefects for Gryffindor.

“Potter, where's Weasley?” she asked bluntly.

All of them shrugged their shoulders, but her question was answered a moment later when a red faced Ron came running up to take the empty seat next to Hermione. McGonagall promptly shoved the schedule underneath his nose.

“Honestly Weasley, try to be on time!” she said before turning away.

Ron, Harry and Lynna went over their schedules as they stuffed pancakes in their mouths. All three had the same schedule since they took the same classes.

Monday:

9am: Divination

10:30am: Care of Magical Creatures

Noon: Lunchtime

1pm/2pm: History of Magic

“Not Trelawney on a Monday morning!” Harry groaned, and was joined by his friends. After they were done with breakfast, they said goodbye to Hermione, who had Ancient Runes, and hurried to seventh floor for Divination. Breathlessly they climbed the ladder, and found people already sitting at tables, as they took spots near the middle. The other Gryffindors outright stared at them, having not noticed the change in Harry before, making the three feel uncomfortable and turn to look the other way.

Within a few minutes, Professor Trelawney came into the stifling classroom, looking peppy and cheerful.

“Good morning class,” she said arrogantly.

Nobody answered her, except for a few students who actually liked her and the class.

“Today, we will be studying Padomancy. It is the ancient Chinese technique of interpreting patterns of the foot,” she announced.

Gagging and disgusted noises interrupted her speech, until she glared and silenced them.

“You will need to pair up for this task, and take turns translating each other’s foot. Open your books to page three hundred twenty, and begin,” she continued, and clapped her hands to end it.

There was a rustle of bags, books, and feet as people whipped out their things and looked around for partners. Harry immediately grabbed Lynna, figuring her feet would smell pretty good compared to another guy’s. Ron gave him a sad look as Neville came up and paired with him. She pulled off her right knee sock and shoe, wiggling her toes joyfully, very happy to have her feet free. He picked up her leg in his lap, lightly running his hand down her smooth shin before slightly lifting her leg to look at the sole of her foot. Knitting his eyebrows, he pretended to be deeply analyzing the patterns, not able to find anything as he looked back and forth with it and the book. Frustrated, and feeling playful, he slowly widened his eyes, and caught Lynna’s attention as she noticed his look.

“What Harry?” she asked softly.

“I foresee you being attacked by.... the tickle monster!” he replied, and teasingly ran his fingers down the middle of her foot, tickling her.

She giggled, and tried to pull her leg away, but he held onto it, grinning mischievously.

“All right, your turn mister,” she snickered.

Seconds later, he kicked off his shoe, pulled off his sock, and put his leg on Lynna’s lap.

“Read me,” he said, widening his smile.

“Oh I dunno, I might not be able to see through all that toe cheese,” she joked.

With a small impish kick he pushed his leg farther up into her lap. They burst out laughing, Ron looking over from his side of the table, sitting a foot away from Neville, blinked in surprise. Trelawney noticed the goofing around, and to their annoyance, came over and broke it up.

“Potter, Happ, move apart, put your feet on the table,” the teacher commanded blankly.

They solemnly did as she said, and watched her pull up a chair and place herself in front of them. Interested humming came from her, as she steadily looked both over, and then with her eyes slightly wider, looked up at both of them.

“I say, you two have very interesting feet,” Trelawney told them.

Neither of them could stop the snort of amusement that came out, and Ron couldn’t help cracking up alongside Neville.

Ignoring their laughter, the teacher went on, “Potter here is a born romantic and responsible, a natural leader, and will have an enduring love. Happ is bold, fervid, with natural instincts and intellect. You have many hidden enemies, but you will be a powerful foe, unbridled anger and passion is your only undoing. The two matching lines on your feet near the small toe indicates a fateful end for both of you.”

By now, everyone else in the room had been watching their tables and everyone dropped their jaws. Harry set his leg on the floor, and sat up straight, Lynna doing the same.

“How dare you bring her into that phony death telling,” he scowled loudly.

Her face flickered with surprise, and she narrowed her eyes at him.

“Potter, I cannot help telling naught but the truth. I expect you to curb your behavior from now on, I will not tolerate it in my classroom,” Trelawney answered coldly before walking away.

The rest of the time went blurring by, Harry and Lynna keeping to themselves and quietly talking, dashing out the minute class ended. Sunshine blazed brightly on their backs as they headed to the edge of the Forbidden Forest where Hagrid’s hut was, and the place for Care of Magical Creatures. Nobody was there yet, so they took a seat on the paddock fence to wait.

Other kids started showing up three minutes later. Ron looked slightly miffed as he sat next to them on the fence (they’d basically ditched him) and watched the rest that were behind him. To their disgust, the Slytherins came their way, looking like another dreadful year of being stuck with them in this class. Draco Malfoy, Crabbe and Goyle with sneers on their faces came marching up to Ron and Harry. They could tell his eyes opened a little with surprise at seeing the difference in Harry.

“Hmm, Potty’s a prefect now? Ha, now Weasel can be bailed out of trouble. What happened to your hair, that ugly scar finally make it fall out?” Malfoy sniggered.

Harry got off the fence and opened his mouth to retort, but was pushed aside by Lynna.

“Malfoy, you will not talk to a prefect like that,” she scolded. “Apologize.”

He was put off, but quickly shook his head no.

“Five points from Slytherin,” she said simply.

His jaw dropped, and he edged closer to her.

He said smoothly, “Oh come off it Lynna. Why are you defending riff raff like him?”

“Back away now, Draco,” she seethed. “Before I’m tempted to take more points, and put my fist in your face.”

His face went blank, and he motioned for his friends to follow him to the other Slytherins.

“That was bloody brilliant!” Ron exclaimed happily at her.

Harry grabbed her around the waist and tilted her backwards into a kiss. Hagrid opened his door at that moment and amusedly told him to cut it out when he saw them at it. Flushing, he reluctantly let go, and walked with them over to Hermione who had just arrived with the rest of Gryffindors in the class. Hagrid set covered cages on the steps of his hut, and straightening up, called the class to attention.

“Good mornin! Today, we’re goin to be studyin’ these little fellers.”

Then he reached and pulled a cover off some of the cages, revealing small, blue, speckled birds that sat serenely on leafed twigs.

“Can anyone tell me what these are?” he asked.

Lynna being bird crazy, was the first to throw her hand in the air, and realized she was the only one. Chuckling, he pointed at her to answer.

“They are Jobberknolls, small birds that eat mainly insects and live in America and Northern Europe. The

feathers are used in Truth Serums and Memory Potions, and when they die, let out a long backward scream that is composed of every sound they've ever heard,' she said promptly.

"Yes, exactly!" Hagrid gleefully said. "Fifteen points to Gryffindor!"

He turned back to the class and continued talking about today's lesson.

Harry, Hermione, and Ron stared amusedly at her.

"How'd you know that..." Ron started, but then trailed off. "Never mind, Ravenclaw..."

Everyone was grouped off into fours, and got a cage with a Jobberknoll in it, Hagrid keeping a close eye on the Slytherins. Hermione and Lynna furiously scribbled observations, Harry watching the birds interestedly while writing slowly, Ron's quill didn't move at all, and he sat boredly staring at them.

"Tell me why this is so fascinating," he yawned.

"Oh come on you crum bum, work," Hermione prodded.

"Ron, you got to admit, they're cute," Lynna said, her chin in her palm.

"I guess a little," he admitted. "But I've seen cuter."

He conspicuously looked at the two girls, causing them to laugh. Harry rolled his eyes, and told them to get writing, these notes are important. Personally he'd decided to work extra hard for the rest of his time at this school.

Lynna sighed, "Oh Harry, even you have to admit that just watching them is a little boring."

He shrugged his shoulders at her, but didn't pick up his quill again. She got an idea, startling her friends as she began quietly talking in Avertongue to the small bird. It turned toward her, its eyes slightly opening and hopping to a branch closest to her.

"Hello friend, my name is Lynna Happ, how are you."

"Oh, good morning. Nice to meet you, are you one of the magical folk? I'm fine, a bit hungry though," it chirped cheerfully.

Lynna looked up from the cage, and asked Hagrid if she could feed the Jobberknoll, it looked hungry.

"Well I did feed them this mornin', but ok, here," he answered, and handed her a small jar with seeds in it.

Her friends sat in amazement (even though they knew she had the ability) and watched her feed it, and continue squawking back to it.

"Do you have a name?"

"My family called me Ewa," the bird answered solemnly.

"Can I call you something a little easier?"

"Yes."

She thought for a moment, and came up with the author of her favorite bird book.

“How about Arita?” she asked.

“I like that, yes please,” Arita twittered.

Ron finally interrupted, and nudged her to tell them what it had said, which she did. Although Hermione protested a bit, they spent the rest of class taking notes from questions Lynna asked Arita in Avertongue and translated for them. (She considered it cheating a little) They had many more notes than other groups, and the four reluctantly handed the cage back to the teacher.

“Hagrid,” Lynna blurted. “What happens to these Jobberknolls after we’re done with them?”

He scratched his beard thoughtfully, and answered, “Well most go to Diagon Alley to be sold as pets, they are domesticated animals by the way. Some will go to Potion stores to spend time supplying feathers as ingredients.”

“Is it possible I could buy this one off you, I really don’t want to part with her.”

He stared in astonishment at her but smiled. “Probably, let me talk to Dumbledore, and I’ll let you know next time in class, okay? I’ll save this particular bird too.”

The next few hours passed quickly, lunchtime and the double period in History of Magic rolling by fairly fast. Professor Binns assigned an essay their first day back, a very long one they had to write about the deriving of mythology from magic. To quickly get it over with, they sat in the common room writing until dinner, except Ron who cut out halfway and picked up a comic book, “Adventures of Marvin the Mad Muggle.”

Everyone stuffed themselves at dinner, the food rich and delicious, and sorely missed by those who didn’t have good cooks at home. Alicia ambushed the prefects near the end of their meals, making them leave early for the meeting in the Charms classroom. She positioned herself in the front of the room, and directed each group as they came in, the Ravenclaws second, Hufflepuffs third, and the Slytherins five minutes late, and last. Wayne Hopkins, the Head Boy, stood beside Alicia and began talking about rules, opportunities, and meetings.

“...prefects have the privilege of using special bathrooms on the fifth floor. The entrance, is next to a statue of Boris the Bewildered, the password is creeping clabbert. Only you are allowed to use this area, anyone not with the authority will be in a lot of trouble. We meet once a month to discuss policies et cetera, the next gathering here at seven pm on October 2nd,” Wayne said.

“In addition, each prefect late to the next meeting will lose their house fifty points,” Alicia added furtively, and slammed her hand on the desk to adjourn.

Everyone slowly trooped out, Harry walking beside Lynna. A few girls were eyeing him with interest, and Padma Patil came up to him, commenting on how nice he looked this year.

“Uh thanks,” he replied nervously.

“I agree,” Cho Chang added as she passed them by, and glared at Lynna. She had decided to join her friend in poking fun at Harry’s girlfriend.

Lynna scowled angrily at the girls.

“C’mon,” she whispered to Harry.

Hurriedly, she pulled him down the corridor and back to Gryffindor tower, only stopping in front of the painting to give the password. Harry, confused and surprised, halted her, and turned her around.

“What was that about?” he asked.

“Those snooty offensive girls...”

He met her blue eyes and saw she was full of fury and spite, her face solemn and burning.

Smirking lightly he teased, "You're so cute when you're jealous."

Her face twitched and she smiled, trying to look innocent. "I was not jealous..."

"Alright-"

Harry was cut short as Lynna suddenly leaned into him deeply with lips, her arms around his neck. On impulse, he slid his arms around her, bringing her closer while they moved their lips in unison. He was too occupied to notice that the rest of Gryffindor's prefects were passing by, and stared at them until they walked into the painting. Her tongue moved to his, and his to hers, and they started French kissing.

"Wow," he breathed as they let one another go a few moments later.

"Definitely," she replied, tenderly smiling at him.

They went into the common room, and separated at the dorm stairs in different directions. Lynna stayed up for awhile to write letters to her sister and great aunt.

Dear Kayla,

I love being back at school, although I wish we'd seen more of you. School is really good, except for a little problem I'm having with some kids here. I might be getting another bird, in class we studied, (and I talked) these pretty blue birds called Jobberknolls. They might have a miserable life, so I offered to buy the one I made friends with. I'm sure mom and dad wouldn't mind another bird that's so small. Talk to you soon.

Lynna

Dear Nora,

Thanks again for letting me take those books. I've already started them since I've had good chunks of free time. (We haven't really gotten a lot of homework yet.) Just wanted to say hi, hope you and Buddy are well!

Lynna

In the boys' sixth year dormitory, Harry lay on his back wide-awake, his thoughts tangled. From what he'd seen lately, some of the girls at Hogwarts seemed to have decided it was open war on his girlfriend. It wasn't really fair to put Lynna through that, and he couldn't stand just sitting there, he needed advice.... *Sirius* a little voice told him. Yes, his godfather wasn't really old, and probably had dealt with lots of girls before. He reached over the side of the bed, pulled out some parchment, and scribbled a letter to Sirius asking for advice that'd he'd mail in the morning.

Chapter 5: Captain

Alarms on Harry and Lynna's watches went off at six o'clock the next morning, simultaneously waking them up. Both threw on clothes and went down the stairs to the Owlery, not meeting each other because Harry took a couple minutes looking for his slippers. She dashed quietly to the Owlery, and slipped through the door so she wouldn't disturb the owls.

"Orion?" she called in Avertongue. "Where are you?"

There was no reply, or any eyes looking down at her, every bird was sound asleep from the long night. She became irritated and repeatedly called his name to no avail, not hearing the footsteps behind her. A tap on the shoulder flipped her out and made her scream in alarm, dropping her bath stuff and letters before turning around as she heard laughter. Harry stood there in his pajamas and slippers, with a smirk on his face, an envelope and pouch in his hands.

“Harry!” she scolded, but couldn’t help smiling. “Don’t do that!”

His smile grew more and he replied, “Sorry. What are you doing up here?”

Picking her things off the floor, she waved her letters and toiletries.

“Mailing letters to Nora and Kayla, then taking a bath in the prefect area.”

“Me too,” he answered, his face brightening.

Her scream had finally wakened the owls, and every single one was staring at them, irritated Hedwig and Orion fluttering down onto their owner’s shoulders.

“Could you have woken us up better?” they asked Lynna, clicking their beaks.

She answered yes and told Harry what they said before following him to the window. After tying their letters to the owls, each was dropped out the window and took off into the sunrise. They ran to the fifth floor and located the statue of Boris the Bewildered, a confused wizard with his gloves on the wrong hands, and a heavy wood door on the right, the entrance to the prefect bathrooms.

“Creeping clabbert,” she whispered to the door, and walked in with Harry as the door swung open.

A T shaped hallway split off to the left and right, each way leading to the girl and boy’s bathrooms. After pushing the separate doors open, Harry heard Lynna exclaim, “Wow!” and chuckled to himself. It was softly lit by candles in an elegant chandelier, everything even half the walls were made of white marble, including something that looked like an empty, square swimming pool sized bathtub sunk into the middle of the floor. About a hundred golden taps stood around the edge, each with a different jewel set into the handle, and a diving board in the middle. A row of showers stood off to the side in an alcove, sinks and bathroom stalls lining the opposite wall. (Everything trimmed in gold too.) Slight wind came through the windows, fluttering the long white linen curtains, a large pile of fluffy white towels sitting in the corner, and a rack on the wall holding green, yellow, scarlet, and blue robes with the house crest sewed onto the shoulders.

She put a towel and her things near the edge of the large bath and fooled around with the taps, finding they gushed jets of different colored and sized bubbles, some sending heavily perfumed clouds, the two plainest taps only hot or cold water, and filled the big area within a few minutes. After taking off her slippers, pajamas, and under things, she slid into the water, and barely touched the deep bottom of the pool with her toes. As she swam around for a while, she happened to look at one of the taps, where she saw a ghostly eyeball peeking from within. Lynna gave a loud shout that echoed off the walls before ducking farther into the water, hands over her chest as she peeked with only her eyes above the water.

Harry heard it in the boy’s bathroom, and worriedly dashed from into the other room, only a towel wrapped around his waist.

“What’s wrong?” he cried, then saw Lynna in the large bath.

A ghost sadly sat atop one of the taps, frightened and confused as it stared at the girl. He was about fifteen, very skinny and spindly, with a crew cut, severe thick glasses, and flat neat robes, a prefect badge pinned on them. Lynna surreptitiously picked up a bottle of soap from the bathtub edge and hurled it at him.

“Pervert!” she yelled.

It went right through him, and he got up dejectedly to float away. She turned around to look at Harry, but he asked the ghost to stop.

“Who are you?”

It turned around and grinned at Harry, as if that question was the highlight of his life.

“Loser Lewis,” he squeaked. “I haunt this here bathroom-”

“But this is the girl’s area!” Lynna interrupted. “How would you have died-”

“Ah, I get that question much. I was a prefect, and teased a lot during my life because I was very geeky. So it would stop, I followed a dare, in which I was to grab one of the girl’s shirts. One of them screamed and startled me, causing me to slip in and drown,” he said.

“Oh I’m sorry,” Lynna said sympathetically. “You scared me, it is kind of rude to spy on girls!”

“I apologize for both,” he sniffled. “But I swear on the prefect oath that I didn’t see anything. I don’t look when you can see things.”

She sighed with relief, Loser Lewis waved goodbye and slipped away down the tap. Finally she turned to talk to Harry, and caused him to blush as they realized he was only wearing a towel, she only covered by bubbles.

“So are you okay?” he said abruptly, and a little loudly.

“I’m not sure, I hope he doesn’t come back,” she said.

“Well I don’t think he will, he must be pretty scared of us,” Harry sniggered.

“And why is that?” she asked carelessly.

“Well because you screamed and...” he fell short in shock as he watched Lynna.

Her hand reached for the towel and slid it around her as she climbed out of the tub. Nothing showed as she grabbed her bathing stuff and walked behind the wall that went just past her shoulders and turned on a shower, rinsing off the suds and washing her hair. The temptation too great, Harry busied himself with emptying the bathtub of the water.

The knob creaked off, and she asked, “Harry, could you throw me a bathrobe?”

He grabbed a Gryffindor one off the rack and threw it over the wall, going perfectly into her hands.

“Thanks,” she said, tightening the belt as she came around the corner.

It ended halfway down her thighs, and slightly clung to her form from the dampness of her skin. As they went out the door of her bathroom, he put his arms around her and they went into a kiss that was slightly hungry thanks to Harry. He couldn’t help noticing the increased amount of skin that slid underneath his hands as they traveled her shoulders and legs. She noticed the towel still around his waist and pointed this out.

“Uh, are you going to walk around the castle like that? You’ll have lots girls after you,” she teased.

He grimaced and retorted, “Well that’s your fault. You distracted me.”

To her surprise, he playfully (and lightly) pinched her on the butt before he went into his bathroom. Memories of the time spent in Aunt Nora’s wood, and nights during the summer flashed across both their minds. He came out with his things under his arm, and a longer bathrobe on. They leisurely walked back to the tower, changing into weekend clothes and coming back down. She gave him a peck before pulling away as Hermione, Ron, and Seamus appeared behind both of them, the two girls walking away ahead of them.

“I think I’m going to go crazy,” Harry said as he watched her.

“Instinct Harry, that’s all,” Ron said before clapping him on the back.

“Especially with a girl like that,” Seamus added cheerfully.

He only nudged them aside and followed the girls down to the Great Hall for breakfast. He took a seat between Ron and his girlfriend, sighing with relief as she showed him the schedule. Luckily, they didn’t have Potions today.

Tuesday:

9am: Herbology

10:30am: Herbology

Noon: Lunchtime

1pm: Defense Against the Dark Arts

2pm: Charms

“Wonder if we have Moody again for Defense Against the Dark Arts?” Ron commented, mouth still full from his waffle.

Harry shook his head and said, “Don’t think so, he only promised Dumbledore for last year to teach.”

“Good! I couldn’t take it again,” Ron interrupted, and shuddered.

“He was a good teacher....” Hermione said.

“Just a little, uh, over eccentric,” Lynna added.

It was very hot in the greenhouse and everyone knew it was going to be a very long class as they took their seats. Harry, Lynna, Ron, Hermione, Neville, and a Hufflepuff girl sat together at a table. They watched Professor Sprout, a round, sturdy woman come in and take her place in front of the class, silencing them with a hand.

“Good morning class, welcome back!”

“Good morning Professor Sprout,” the class chorused cheerfully.

“Today, we’ll be doing very important work, you’ll have to pay close attention to me for safety. Can anyone tell me the identity and use of these plants?”

The teacher pointed to their tables, where three pots sat in the middle. Purplish red flowers extended from slightly gray stems, and had deep black berries hanging juicily there. Lynna was the first to raise her hand, and was called on.

She answered promptly, “They are the belladonna plant, used in many varieties of health and active potions. It can be very poisonous and deadly.”

“Excellent Happ, ten points to Gryffindor,” Sprout announced.

There were a smatter of polite claps, no one really surprised that she’d known it. They were shown how to carefully, properly handle the plant with tools, and preserve it in unbreakable glass jars.

“...and remember, never touch it without gloves. It can irritate the skin when undiluted like this,” Sprout finished, then motioned for them to start working.

Hermione paired with Neville, Harry with Lynna, leaving Ron with the Hufflepuff girl, who was fairly pretty. This had a disastrous result, causing Ron to have the first accident of the year. The Hufflepuff happened to smile at him, making him very giddy, and accidentally he pinched the belladonna with his ungloved hand. He shouted alarmingly in pain as his thumb and forefinger suddenly swelled and tinged purple, everyone turning to look at the pair, the teacher rushing to check his hand.

“Weasley!” she said. “I warned you, go to the infirmary to be healed.”

Glumly, Ron picked his things up with his healthy hand and trudged out of the greenhouse door. After the double period of Herbology, everyone happily ran to lunch, their robes stanching with the smell of sweat and generally nasty smell of belladonna. Lunch was soon over, and everyone dashed to Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom, eager to see whom the new teacher was. The two person desks forced Harry and Lynna to sit together across from Ron and Hermione in the front row. A minute into the time class was supposed to have started, the door swung open creakily, the new teacher walking in, slightly flustered. The young woman wore thin robes of light purple that rustled as she walked to the front of the room to take her place.

“Very sorry, I am still getting to know this school,” she announced, a French accent halting her English. “I suppose many of you recognize me from your fourth year. My name is Fleur Delacour, but you shall know me as Professor Delacour. I am the permanent replacement teacher for this class.”

Her tone and face had become serious and flat. Harry and most people gasped in recognition, she had competed in the Triwizard tournament against him his fourth year. She looked older, and had her silvery blond hair swept into a tight bun. Lynna noticed most of the boys were staring fixedly at her, even Ron. (Harry had no eyes for any woman other than Lynna.) Catching Hermione’s eye, they sniggered to each other before Ron was shaken back to reality by his girlfriend. Fleur didn’t notice, but did look strangely at Harry and Lynna sitting together.

“Our first unit will be on specialized animal techniques that defend themselves against spells. Our first creature, the dragon,” she continued, and then glanced at Harry. “Though you may have experienced the terror of dragons a few years ago, we will show what’s beneath the scales.”

The rest of class, they were to read about Herbidean Blacks, and answer questions from the book on a piece of parchment. Small talk was made with the teacher as she came around to look at their answers. Lynna and Harry’s desk was last, and they were too absorbed to notice her picking up their papers and reading their work.

“Ah bien.”

Startled, both peeked over the edge of their books like disturbed rabbits.

Deciding to have some fun, Lynna responded in French, “Merci Mademoiselle.”

Delacour’s face lifted in surprise, smiling happily, and answered in French.

“You can speak the French language! How charming, good work on your paper!”

She walked away and Lynna turned back to her book, noticing Harry staring at her.

“Avertongue and French,” he whispered sarcastically. “Any other languages?”

Looking at him uninterestedly she answered, “Latin. I learned them in school-”

“Could you teach me?” Ron interrupted with a loud urgent whisper.

“Probably, but you might want to check with Hermione first,” she answered hastily as she noticed the less

than amused expression on her friend's face.

“We will begin the year with ability charms,” Professor Flitwick announced.

The students came out of their stupor, wide eyed and alert. This was the last class today and everyone was worn from the day dragging on, and to add to it, this year they had Charms with the Slytherins.

“When cast, they can give abilities not common to anyone such as the muscles, breathing, voice, et cetera. Today we will be studying the reflex charm, can someone tell me what it is?”

Hermione had become noticeably irritated since their class with Fleur Delacour, so Lynna didn't bother raising her hand when she did. Professor Flitwick easily picked her with a wave of his hand.

“It is a spell which gives the caster uncanny reflexes to react to what's going on around them.”

“Excellent Granger, ten points to Gryffindor,” he squeaked. “Now I'll need a volunteer, we will be throwing things at you after the Charm is performed.”

No one immediately raised their hand except for Lynna.

“Miss Happ?” Flitwick called, surprised. “Very well, come here then.”

He pointed his finger at a spot six feet from him. Harry silently grabbed her hand but dropped it as she glanced at him and walked to the front. There was murmuring as she patiently stood there waiting, she was known as a non-adventurous, quiet, and studious person off the Quidditch field who normally didn't draw attention to herself.

Flitwick shut the Slytherins up and continued, “Miss. Happ, follow my lead.”

He showed her how to do a little wand movement in the shape of an “r” and to properly pronounce the spell, “Refluso,” while turning the wand on herself. A slight yellow beam came out and hit her chest, confusing her for a minute.

“Excellent. Now class, when I say go, levitate those balls around the room trying to hit her,” he said and pointed to the rubber balls on each of their desks.

Ron stood up from his chair, and yelled, “Sir, its madness!”

Everyone gasped, expecting the teacher to be mad, but all he did was chuckle and reassure him that the spell would protect her. Grudgingly he sat back down with his friends pulling the back of his robes too. On command the students flung the balls at her, everyone except Malfoy, Harry, Ron, and a few Gryffindors who surreptitiously rolled them away off their desks. A wave of rubber balls came at her from all sides, but to her surprise, she actually knew where every single one would fly. As if in slow motion, she moved forward and dodged hurriedly and instinctively between the balls, not getting hit once. Reaching the end of the classroom, Professor Flitwick yelled for everyone to stop. Balls dropped midair and bounced all over the floor.

“Bravo Happ! Ten points to Gryffindor.”

Beaming, she walked back to her desk, and noticing her leg slightly twitching, whispered, “Finite Incantato.”

They practiced throwing and dodging the balls at each other with the Reflex Charm until the end of class. Hurrying out the door, she overheard Slytherins complaining that she hadn't been flattened, and couldn't help laughing to herself. Sitting in their regular seats at dinner later that evening, Lynna felt extremely hungry for some

reason, and heaped her plate with food, going through it fairly fast.

“You’re eating as much as Ron!” Hermione chortled as she glanced at her friend’s plate.

“Well, magic makes you hungry,” she replied sarcastically.

Alicia Spinnet who was done, came edging over to tell the prefects their duties, but was interrupted by Ron.

“Hey, the Quidditch season starts soon, we need to pick a captain, who-”

“Do you mind please?” she said irritably. “Prefect business....”

Harry shook his head, “No, I think we need to do this now, we don’t have a lot of time.”

“Alright,” Alicia answered hesitantly. “I put my vote in for Harry.”

“Then we voted anonymously for him, so okay Harry is Captain,” Lynna said.

He couldn’t keep his face from lighting up, and repeatedly stuttered thank yous.

“Okay we got the point Harry,” Ron said abruptly.

Later, the four sat in a familiar scene, quills scratching across parchment, stacks of books in front of them. Sixth year was looking absolutely full and hard, the classes all assigned complex homework the first class back, even Hagrid and the new professor, Fleur Delacour. They were working on her homework, which was to write a very long introduction essay on the lives and habits of dragons.

“Couldn’t we just Hagrid for help? He’s dragon crazy,” Ron asked hopefully.

He shut up after a disgruntled no from Hermione, who considered that to be a shortcut and cheat. Harry on the other hand was quite enjoying himself, he was fairly interested in dragons and flipped through the chapter, only looking up once. He leaned over and showed Lynna a picture of a Hungarian Horntail, which looked like the one he’d fought in the Triwizard Tournament. It happened to list it’s favorite foods under the picture as humans, sheep, goats, and what exactly it liked to eat off of it. She went green from reading it.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, startled at her sickened expression. “We’ve studied much grosser stuff than this, and you never cared-”

“Well maybe I’m just grossed out by little goats having their livers ripped out,” she snapped.

His eyes widened at her remark, absolutely stunned, and Hermione added, “I agree, it’s heinous they even allow them to get their teeth on such things.”

“Oh really, are you going to go start a goat rights group? We use their parts in school all the time,” Ron interrupted.

She only muttered a no, and everyone went awkwardly back to work. Lynna felt exhausted at 8:00pm, gathered her things off the desk, and headed for her dormitory to go to bed early.

Harry looked up in surprise as she passed him, and asked, “You’re going to bed *now*?”

With only a slight shrug, she said yes and hurried up the stairs, collapsing into sleep on her bed.

Chapter 6: Confliction

The next morning, Lynna was still tired, but much happier looking and feeling, Harry breathing with relief as he realized it. She cheerfully chattered with her friends at their house table, let Ron hog her schedule, and surreptitiously took food in stretched amounts. Some reason, she felt a lot hungrier, and not too well either, so she figured it was some sort of stomach irritation.

Wednesday:
9am: Transfiguration
10:30am: History of Magic
Noon: Lunchtime
1pm: Potions
2pm: Potions

In the middle of breakfast, the owls came fluttering in with a loud racket, Hedwig and Orion landing in front of their owners to their surprise, each carrying a letter.

“She’s back already?” Harry exclaimed. “How?”

Hedwig let out a soft hoot, and Lynna interpreted for him.

“She says he’s close by, it wasn’t too hard to find him,” she said confusedly.

“He’s back in the country?” he practically yelled, getting looks of wonder from Hermione and Ron as he ripped open the envelope.

Dear Harry.

Like you may have just guessed, yes I am back in the country, in fact, Hogsmeade.

Dumbledore called me up here to keep an eye on us both, especially with all the recent dark activity.

Sounds like you got a bigger problem there though. Girls can crawl like that all over guys, guess it was the Black charm in my case... No just kidding, it was really James and Remus they were after. (Lily wasn’t too happy about that.) All I can say is ignore them, and PAY a lot of ATTENTION to Lynna, or you’ll be single again within a second. It really can get your hormones rushing, so don’t do anything dumb. I’ll personally come there and knock your teeth out, escaped convict or not. (James and Lupin would do the same) Write soon.

-Sirius

Ps: I’m very proud that you’ve become a prefect, and that does give you credit as being responsible.

He was torn between shock that Dumbledore would do that, and anger that Sirius called him a hormone crazy teenage boy. (Which unfortunately he was) Stuffing the letter in his pocket, he solemnly sat and watched his girlfriend reading the letters from Kayla and Nora that Orion had brought.

The middle of the week always made teachers touchy, and their first class hung by a thread. Professor McGonagall welcomed them back and immediately set them down to business, giving a long lecture on this year’s topic, intermediate transfiguration.

“This won’t be anything to mess around with, we will be working with larger objects than we ever used, and making animals bigger than you’ve ever done. Don’t work, and you’ll fail,” she announced.

No one dared to even flutter their eyes sleepily, for she looked threatening about this topic, and was very serious. They ended up listening and reading a lot, and with another essay to complete by Friday. Second period, everyone nearly threw their three-foot long parchment essays at the teacher, he’d been one of the first to assign homework, and it had taken all of them a very long time to finish it. Professor Binns only ignored their nasty looks, settling down with the usual flat ghostly voice, and giving them a research paper to do by Monday on the Druids of Ireland.

Ron was absolutely bursting as they left the room, and couldn’t help shooting his mouth off as they headed to lunch.

“Damn, when did school become so hard, and ...boring! You think they’d lighten up!”

Lynna faked a disgraced look at him, and flashing her prefect badge said sarcastically, “Bad mouthing teachers, hmm I’ll have to report this Weasley.”

His mouth dropped open, but she only laughed and told him he was the one who needed to lighten up. Harry fretted a lot during lunch, and his friends who couldn’t help noticing tried to reassure him constantly. It didn’t help a lot, and they ended up dragging him down to the Potions dungeon, where Harry’s dignity finally kicked in, and he loosened himself from Lynna and Hermione.

“Ok, ok,” he said. “Let go, I’m almost fine now!”

Lynna’s eyebrows went up questioningly, “Almost?”

“Yes, I just need a little boost...” he answered mischievously, and wrapping his arm around her waist brought her closer.

Hermione said it was sweet, Ron looked put off a little, but both looked away as the two went into a kiss. They sat paired at worktables, Harry being given an absolutely dirty look by Draco Malfoy as he saw him sitting with Lynna Happ, and had to take a spot next to a slobbering Pansy Parkinson. Professor Snape came thundering in, looking murderous as usual while he placed racks of potions bottles on the table in front of him.

“Today, we’ll be working with the belladonna you preserved during Herbology class,” he said. “This is even more dangerous, any students having accidents, and you will receive immediate double detention.”

He glanced at Neville Longbottom and then at Ron Weasley, who’d already had an accident with this plant in Herbology class.

After listing a long explanation of the procedure and ingredients, he finished with, “...the last pinch of belladonna leaves will turn it to a deep red color. This potion is called Movement Mixture, it increases the rate and gives an object movement, possibly exploding a human heart if the beat goes too high. Come to the front with a beaker of it, and it will be tested on this marble. Get to work now.”

The room fell silent as every student focused intently on their cauldron, getting help from better students if they felt they were in danger. Harry’s hand slightly unsteadied as Lynna brushed against his shoulder reaching for the beaker, sighing with relief as he didn’t spill the last ingredient all over the table.

“Sorry,” she whispered, and immediately grabbed the beaker as she realized Snape was watching them.

The next moment, his attention was captured by the other side of the room, where Malfoy screamed in alarm. Goyle had added the belladonna before it was cool enough, causing the potion to bubble fast.

It splashed onto Malfoy’s arm, his robe being burned through, and it went onto his skin, turning it purple boil covered, and making the hairs move fast. Every Gryffindor turned their head and delightfully watched Snape almost crying as he went to help his student, he’d said any student could get detention, but he hadn’t expected a Slytherin!

“D-Draco,” Snape stuttered angrily, and slowly. “D-Double, D-e-t-e-n-t-i-o-n.”

“But sir,” Malfoy whined, pain from his arm overtaking him.

“But nothing, get your butt up to Pomfrey NOW!”

So no one would lose house points, they all looked away and silently laughed in amusement to themselves. For the first time ever, a Slytherin had gotten detention from Snape. Unfortunately, Snape was in a very bad mood,

and spotting the hidden smirk on Harry's face as he worked, topped him off.

"Potter! You will join Mr. Malfoy in detention, for lack of concern," he shouted, and cut off any possible protest. "Bring your potion up here now!"

Harry's smile faded and nervously he helped Lynna pour it into a beaker. A few Slytherin legs came into the aisle as they slowly walked up, but were avoided, and instead had their toes crushed by Lynna's foot. Greedily Snape took out a stirring rod, dipped it into their beaker, and with a quick back forth motion put it onto the marble. To their amazement, it burst off the desk like a rocket, and hit the classroom wall with a clatter, slightly bouncing off and rolling away.

"Humph! That barely had lift, you should've done better. Happ this is below the level I expect of you, remember my little warning fifth year to stay away from him, hmm?"

Her eyes flashed with anger, and her stomach almost doubled her over with rage, when the stirring rod in Snape's hand exploded. Sharp shards cut his fingers and flew everywhere, not hitting anyone else. He silently swore, and noticing the blood trickling down, announced the end of class, he needed to go see the nurse. With one suspicious glance at the pair before him, he stomped out of the room.

With the extra half hour, the four went up to the common room, Ron lounging around, Harry pacing around the room as Sirius's letter came back to him, Hermione and Lynna starting early on their homework to finish faster. Still apprehensive from Potions class, and unable to concentrate, Lynna pushed aside her books and started doodling on a piece of scrap parchment. Drawing was something she always did when she was nervous, and had gotten quite skilled at it, covering a lot of her notebooks and spare sheets of paper. Harry finally took the seat next to her, and absent-mindedly looked at what she was so absorbed in, and saw she was putting shadows on a drawing of a bird in mid-flight.

"That's pretty good," he said, unable to keep the surprise out of his voice.

He hadn't known she was a really good artist, and she only slightly nodded as her pencil moved across the paper. She still used Muggle school supplies occasionally here, and found them more efficient than quills when it came to certain things. He slid his hand over her free one, and she finally put them pencil down and looked him straight in the eyes, his hand full of tension.

"Harry what's wrong?" she asked softly.

Not answering, he reached and pulled out his letter from Sirius, and showed to her. Her eyes widened in horror, but her face was written with relief when she looked up.

"I can't believe Dumbledore summoned him here-" she muttered hesitantly.

"Neither can I!" Harry interrupted, but shut up as she glared.

"But," she continued. "Didn't you once tell me Hogwarts is the safest place besides Gringotts? That means Hogsmeade falls under its protection too."

"He'll get caught, and it'll be my fault," he protested. "Doesn't matter how safe Hogwarts was."

Lynna's belly slightly lurched, but she tried to look innocent as Hermione and Ron had overheard and joined in their conversation.

"Harry, he's an Animagus, so don't worry," Hermione reassured him, and both looked away.

Lynna smiled amusedly at him, and whispered, "Now you only have to worry about where to find replacement teeth, he'll be up here in no time."

"What?" he replied, startled.

“What do you mean *what?*” she said, anger rising in her voice. “Summer-”

“Oh! I’m sorry,” he stuttered apologetically. “I just, you caught me off guard.”

She looked very annoyed at this point, but didn’t elaborate, and changed the subject to Quidditch. He clapped a hand to his forehead, and said he’d completely forgotten, he needed to schedule Quidditch tryouts.

“How about this Saturday?” Ron inattentively added.

Grabbing two large pieces of paper off Lynna’s desk, he quickly started scribbling down information, but Lynna put out her hand and stopped him, shaking her head.

“Sorry Harry, that’s not going to work,” she said. “Watch.”

Sliding it toward herself, she flipped it over, and wrote in large attractive block letters the information he’d had on the opposite side, and drew a faceless Chaser on broomstick, and two Beaters for both signs. (Those were the positions they needed to fill) Harry smiled gleefully at them when she was done, and ran off saying he needed to make reservations with Madame Hooch. He smacked one with a pin onto the common room bulletin board, then dashed through the portrait entrance. Half an hour later, it was time for dinner, and he hadn’t come back yet, so the three headed down to the Great Hall, unable to wait. On the main board next to the Hall entrance, hung the Gryffindor tryouts poster, and puzzled, they sat down at the House table. A few minutes after them, teachers and students poured in, and took their seats, Harry near the end of the crowd plunking down on the stool they’d saved for him.

“Hey Harry, what took you so long?” Ron hissed.

Having their full attention, he started, “Well Hooch gladly gave me the time I posted, but she made me stay and carefully plan out the times I wanted the Quidditch field for practices. I got this log with our games and schedules in it, but you’re not allowed to see it.”

“Why not?” complained Ron.

Harry lightly argued with him for the next five minutes, both not noticing that the food had sprung up on the golden platters, or that Hermione and Lynna were now eating intently. The girls pulled on their arms, and embarrassedly, the boys turned to the food in front of them. Harry pushed away his food early, and scribbled a note to Sirius that he’d mail after dinner.

Sirius,

Excuse me for being straightforward, but are you insane?

You can’t come running back into the country, Voldemort or not!

They’ve even placed some new time restrictions on our visits to Hogsmeade.

I’ve been made Gryffindor Quidditch team captain, it looks like a big responsibility, but I’m happy. You don’t have to worry about me doing anything stupid, now.

Harry

Lynna having to mail her letters to Kayla, Nora, and family, followed him afterward up to the Owlery, where Orion and Hedwig happily took off with the messages. The heavy owl dropping scent in there made her a little nauseated, and she took off toward the door before Harry.

“Wait I need to talk to you,” he said, and he reached for her arm. “Alone.”

She nodded understandingly, and before he started, was kissed raptly.

“Hmm, I don’t exactly call that talking. Although it says a lot,” she said teasingly.

Harry smiled, but made his tone serious. "About Potions class, when the stir exploded in Snape's hand, did you do that?"

"No," she said immediately. "Although whatever did it has to be powerful to be able to be that direct with it. I thought you had done it..."

He only shook his head, and followed her back to Gryffindor tower, where Hermione had already thrown herself into homework, and Ron pulled him aside for a game of wizard's chess. Like her friend, Lynna exhaustedly hid herself behind a pile of books, and slowly scratched at her Transfiguration essay. It was only seven o'clock, yet she was very tired, and couldn't stop herself from closing her eyes and falling asleep on top her homework. Around ten, Harry and Ron had been working on their homework for two hours alongside Hermione, and all were ready to call it a night. Ron stared at Lynna's desk, where her head had bent behind the book stack for three hours.

"She has barely moved since seven!" he said exasperatedly. "How does she work like that?"

"Well she just tries harder," Hermione said teasingly, while she closed her books finally.

"Oh ha ha," he retorted lightly, then yelled over at Lynna's desk. "Hey Happ, you can quit now."

No answer. Ron repeated himself, but she didn't answer because she was still snoozing. Harry, afraid she was upset about something, went to her desk, and to his friend's confusion, laughed.

"She's asleep!" he exclaimed.

Lynna was so out of it, she didn't wake up when he called her name. To everyone's surprise, he carefully put away her things, flung the bag over his shoulder, and then gently picked her up in his arms. He carried her up the stairs, Hermione close behind got the door into the Sixth Year girls' dormitory for him, and he put his girlfriend onto her bed. Slowly he took off her uniform, leaving on the tank top underneath, and sliding her legs into a pair of pajama bottoms. Her eyes fluttered slightly, but she was too drained and groggy to help much, feeling him pull the covers over her, kiss her cheek good night, and walk out of the room.

Chapter 7: Birds

The next morning, Lynna opened her eyes and confusedly didn't know where she was until it started coming back to her how she got here. Looking at the her watch, she noticed she still had two hours till she had to start getting up, but her stomach was bothering her, and her bladder screamed for relief. Nauseated and limbs feeling like lead, she pulled out of bed, noticing it was still dark out, and went into the bathroom. Before she could do anything, she was clinging to the edges of the toilet bowl, heaving last night's dinner into it through a very dry throat. After a bathroom break, and a thorough cleaning of her mouth, she stumbled back to bed, feeling only a little better.

At 7:45 am, she woke up finally, and was horrified to find that the other girls had gone already, and that she was waking up an hour later than usual. It took her a precious seven minutes for her to shower, dress, and stumble for the stairs. Her hair still wet, and though she felt ill, sprinted with her heavy book bag down to the Hall. Hermione, Ron, and Harry looked up in amusement as she sat on a stool next to them at ten after eight. They already had food on their plates and forks, but she looked in disgust at seeing so much.

Sarcastically Ron asked, "Have a good nap?"

After a few gulps of air, her breathing finally slowed down enough for her to retort, "Very funny, as a matter of fact, no I did not."

His face went solemn and he muttered an, "Oh."

She pulled out a book from her bag and casually flipped through it. After a good ten minutes, Harry

reached across the table, pulled her book down, and met her eyes with a suspicious look.

“Why aren’t you eating?” he asked slowly.

Lazily pointing a finger at the dishes, she answered, “Because I got sick at four this morning and if I eat any of this, I’ll just puke again.”

“How’re you sick?” he asked, startled. “No wonder you were out of it last night.”

Her face lightened, and she said softly, “Thanks for helping me last night.”

“No problem,” he whispered.

He winked at her, but they were interrupted by Ron loudly asking, “What you murmuring about?”

“None of your business,” she snapped, and immediately left the table with her things.

“What was that about?” Hermione asked confusedly, she hadn’t caught what was going.

“Ah, just the annoying girl monthlies,” he groaned.

“Ron!” his friends simultaneously scolded.

Divination class was a double period this morning, and Lynna, Ron, and Harry lazily sat together. She wasn’t feeling any better, and Harry had finally forced toast and an apple on her. Admittedly it had slightly helped her.

“Our unit, astrological physicality, will also include today’s lesson, body horoscopes. Use page four hundred six hundred eight and a cusp chart to calculate your planetary health positions,” Trelawney announced, and set them to work.

The teacher hovered a lot their table, clucking her tongue at the boys’ charts, completely ignoring Lynna until she turned towards her.

“Dear girl, I foresee you having much upcoming sickness. Do feel better,” Trelawney cooed. “And I daresay, being born mid March, your sensitivity may stress you out.”

With a raised eyebrow, Lynna replied, “I was born February 12th...”

“Perhaps, but I sense you carrying someone else’s emotional burden with you, do try to fix that then,” she interrupted.

“Ron’s born in early March,” Harry piped up from behind his parchment, and was elbowed as Ron looked up.

Lynna made an annoyed face, and said teasingly, “Ron, stop making me carry your emotional burden.”

The three broke out into laughter that rang into ceiling, Professor Trelawney slouching away as people looked interestedly at their table. At lunch, her growling stomach got her to eat three helpings of food, feeling absolutely starved. Afterward, they had Charms, and only a lecture, which Lynna boredly sat through, eager for the next class. The bell rang at one thirty, Lynna half pulling Harry out of his seat to the castle grounds for Care of the Magic Class. To her delight, Hagrid was already outside with stacks of the Jobberknolls in their cages. Specifically, he handed Arita to Lynna and her group as they came over, later distributing them randomly to others.

“Ok class, you better get crackin’ today, you got to clean, feed, and take more notes. Ever’ one but Harry’s

group had very short ones on these tiny fellers,” Hagrid announced.

Everyone muttered angrily as they turned to the Jobberknolls, Harry’s group the only one not having to continue with notes. Ron actually played with Arita, practically laughing as they bird nibbled with fingers while he fed her. Halfway through the class, the four noticed other groups being amused by the little birds too.

Hermione startled them by saying thoughtfully, “You know if Hagrid lets Lynna have Arita, maybe we can get other students to buy them too.”

Her friends nodded in agreement, at the end of class, Hagrid motioning Lynna over, and not collecting her birdcage.

“Dumbledore’s agreed, you can buy the bird,” he said, a slight smirk hidden by his thick beard.

“Thanks you so much,” she said calmly as possible, then mentioned Hermione’s plan too.

“That’s a good idea, but Dumbledore already told me if any students wants a Jobberknoll, they’ve just got to fork over five Sickles, and its theirs,” he added.

“We can help them find homes? Brilliant!” Hermione said brightly.

Lynna handed over a full Galleon to him, since she didn’t have change, (her friends’ eyes widening) but got back twelve Sickles. To everyone’s surprise, Ron dug in his pockets too, and poured a pile of Knuts and two Sickles into Hagrid’s hand.

“Uh Ron,” he said hesitantly. “You’re short one Sickle.”

Surreptitiously, Lynna reached in her own pocket, and added one Sickle before Ron could protest.

“You can’t”

“One condition,” she said. “You have to get one of Arita’s brothers or sisters.”

She pointed to a row of three cages, and he gleefully picked one up.

“I’ll call him Feige.”

The two cages swung from their arms as the four went scurrying back into the castle. They posted signs that announced the need for the Jobberknolls to find good homes. They sat after dinner with Arita and Feige perched on the edge of their desks, seven people interrupting them during homework to ask about the birds and adoptions. At eight o’clock, Lynna went up to bed early, and said goodnight to Arita, who hopped off her finger into the cage. Since the bird was very attached to her, she left the cage door open, so the little bird could have some wing freedom.

Chapter 8: Truth and Tryouts

“@%\$%!”

“Ron!” Hermione reprimanded. “Watch your language!”

“Oh ignore him, that’s the second time he’s done that in an hour,” Harry laughed.

It was the next morning, and Herbology wasn’t turning out too great today. They had to repot snapdragons, and these plants really did try to bite you, really hurting if you were caught without dragon hide work gloves on. No one could stop sniggering at the plants blindly waving around trying to catch an unwary hand. Lynna stood a little away from them, in her pocket sat Arita, who’d snuck in there this morning while she’d gotten dressed. At breakfast, she had been scared out of her skin when the little bird had politely pecked her, asking for a piece of fruit. Arita

jostled around, nervous about what was going outside the wall of cloth. Lynna had to repeatedly shush her, getting strange looks until Defense Against the Dark Arts, where the Jobberknoll had fallen asleep during a lecture. Since it was slightly ridiculous, she didn't tell her friends that the bird was traveling in her pocket. She was severely hungry at lunch, and fed the stowaway until she heard something that sounded like a pleased whistling burp.

"What was that?" Ron said, his head alert, and looking at Lynna.

"Hmm?" she asked innocently.

He gave her a weird look, but was stopped from commenting as Lynna hurriedly excused herself from the table. Arita breathing hard and whispering she had to tell her something. Rounding the corner of Ravenclaw's statue, she dipped her hand into her robe pockets, withdrawing her pet.

"What is it?" she asked hurriedly.

"Thanks for the food," it chirped.

"That's what you pulled me from the Hall for?" Lynna asked flatly. "You got to start being quiet during school-"

"No," the bird peeped, and rustled its feathers in annoyance. "And you aren't aggravated with that, you didn't like that he was giving you that weird look."

"What? How did you know what was going on?"

"I can read anyone's thoughts, and if they're telling the truth, that's how I know. No wonder wizards like to pull our feathers out!" Arita twittered sadly. "He gave you that look, because he thought you were trying to say something to him, he was happy about it."

"Why would he be happy..." Lynna trailed off.

"Feige's pet likes you, a lot, and for a very long time," she answered, reading Lynna's mind as she gaped. "Perhaps he cares for this Hermione, but our species cannot read emotion."

After their little talk, the bird stayed silent, Lynna trying to avoid Ron in the rest of the day's classes, staying particularly close to Harry. They sat after dinner cuddled on the couch, Lynna trying to ignore the repetitive glances Ron gave them while he studied next to Hermione. Harry was absorbed in a Quidditch magazine, she in a book, but his mind was apparently elsewhere, because a quiet chirp came to Lynna.

"He wants to kiss you."

Though she could only understand it, Lynna went slightly red. Mischievously, she reached up and pulled Which Broomstick from Harry, surprising him, but he didn't make a grab for it, only tightened the hand on her waist. Sliding up, she put a hand on his cheek and pressed her mouth to his. Eagerly he responded with movement back, and locked both hands around her body. Their friends noticing, focused more intently on their books, Arita hopping out of Lynna's pocket to go sit on the fireplace mantel.

Their heads appeared over the edge of the couch as they sat upright again, trying to look innocent. It was evident they'd been fooling around, her hair in disarray, Harry's glasses lopsided, and his hair sticking up more. Hermione silently sniggered to herself, Ron sat intently, and only glanced as Lynna passed by, Arita hopping for the ride upstairs to the dormitory. She put a big dish of extra sweet nuts in the cage, the bird quite confused as it hopped in and saw it. Though it was Friday night, Lynna fell asleep at nine o'clock, listening to her bird gorging itself, and the clock silently ticking.

Harry crept silently up the dark stairway toward the Sixth Year's girl dormitory. It was dark out, the sun only starting to come up, and no light yet coming through castle windows. Without warning, he was slammed into very hard by something coming down the stairs, causing him to go into the wall, and into his foot.

"DAMMIT!" he couldn't help shrieking as pain went shooting through his leg, head, and back.

"Shhh!" a voice said, and recognized it as Lynna. "Harry? What the heck you doing up here?"

"Coming...to...wake...you...up," he answered falteringly as his head thumped.

"Well I'm already up," she said slyly, and lifted a ball of crackling light in her hand. "Oh I bumped you hard, are you okay?"

"Hmm, I'm not really sure, maybe this would make me think clearly."

Harry grabbed her, and she nearly dropped the light ball as he swooped her into a kiss. They were startled by a blurry eyed Ron standing behind them, who'd got up after Harry had left, and very much surprised by what he found.

"Honestly, you probably woke up the whole castle Harry!"

Lynna was freed, and scooted past them and down the stairs, Harry about to follow her when Ron grabbed his shirt. Rolling his eyes, he turned to face him, a concerned look on his friend's face.

"Think with your head, not pants."

"What?" Harry said blankly.

Ron narrowed his eyes, "You heard me, don't go and do something stupid, and I won't. Prefect or not, you'd be automatically expelled!"

"Are you implying that-"

"Guys?!" Lynna called, interrupting them. "You coming or not?"

"Yes," Harry said firmly, wrenching himself out of Ron's grip and going to her, Ron trudging behind.

On their fifth lap around the Quidditch arena, Alicia came up to the three with a bunch of fellow Gryffindors in tow. Harry, Lynna, and Ron had been silent with each other until now, very nervous about this morning's tryouts, they had to pick replacement Beaters, and a Chaser for their team. Filing in a single line, the students trying out wrote their name nervously on the sign in sheet, ranging from first to seventh year, and many people that the team knew.

Gryffindor Quidditch Tryouts List:

<u>Name</u>	<u>Year</u>	
<i>Paul Pageman</i>		7
Burt Demond	3	
Ginny Weasley		5
Mitchell Wood	1	
<i>Walter Wilkins</i>		5
Will Caven	7	

Ron looked really worried that his little sister was trying out, Quidditch was dangerous, and he'd been hoping to have a year of Gryffindor glory by himself. Mitchell Wood was the only first year, slightly shaking with

nerves as he was surrounded by so many older students.

“Understand, this will fill the three positions on the team, this means we will choose the best. Try hard and show us what you got!” Harry announced.

One by one, the trainees were tested by team members, trying to shoot hoops, or dodge and aim [Bludgers]. Everyone was very good and afterward caused the Quidditch team to sit arguing amongst themselves.

“Ginny was very good,” Ron shouted.

“Well she is your sister?” commented Alicia.

“What’s that supposed to mean? You’re dating her brother!” argued Ron.

“SHUT UP!” Harry barked. “We cannot get anything done with constant bickering! Raise your hand and vote.”

All four of them voted, and were almost anonymous on their decisions, except for Will Caven. Harry absolutely refused to do so, having a personal grudge against the boy that liked Lynna *a lot*, she not seeming too happy about this. At noon, they marched into the common room, and were swamped by eager and curious people who’d sat there a long time waiting, standing on tiptoe to see the list Harry posted up.

Final Decision

Ginny Weasley- Chaser

Will Caven- Beater

Walter Wilkins- Beater

Reserve Players (in order)

Paul Pageman

Burt Demond

Mitchell Wood

Harry had done something unique, and kept all the extra people as reserve players who’d train with the team, but not play unless in an emergency. There were happy yells from everyone, even the extras, who were just pleased not to have been cut.

Starting as soon as possible, Harry eagerly had booked the next morning for the first Quidditch practice. Even the seasoned Quidditch players had to complain that he’d gotten them up at the crack of dawn on a Sunday to run two miles then fly. At six thirty, a separate Quidditch team came from their locker rooms, looking smug as they saw the Gryffindors in flight.

“Hey Pot-Her, get your ass off my field, it’s my time slot!” called a voice.

Harry looked down and was filled with rage as he saw the seven Slytherins sneering at them.

“Team ground,” he commanded his players.

All of them landed neatly in pairs behind him, angrily following him to confront Slytherins. Draco Malfoy had called the insult and stood his ground, as the whole team got right in their faces.

“What do you mean your time slot?” he [Harry] hissed.

“I’m the new Slytherin Captain, and I signed for this time frame,” Malfoy answered mockingly, flashing

his watch that had the wrong time of seven o'clock.

Harry's insides writhed with anger, instantaneously believing it, but his antagonist's smile faded next. Lynna put her arm around Harry's shoulder, bringing her arm right below his chin, and allowing him to see it they still had a whole half hour on her watch.

"Wrong Malfoy," he assertively barked. "I'm Gryffindor's Captain, signed for up till seven o'clock, we still have a half hour, get you and your slimy team's butts off *my* field."

"Snotty Potty team captain? No surprise." scoffed Draco, his eyes turning on Ron, Lynna, and Alicia. "Weasel has no brains, and you likely laid the other two just to get the position. I on the other hand, bought my whole team brand new Nimbus 3000s."

Lynna tightened her grasp on her boyfriend as she felt him tensing up, he wanted to beat up Malfoy. Lazily she noticed the name on Harry's broom was facing the Slytherin team, and rolled her Firebolt around so that they could see "Firebolt" inscribed in gold on her broom too.

"You bought your way into a team, we're so impressed Draco," she answered flatly. "We on the other hand got in on talent, then got nice brooms, like these two Firebolts."

Eyes went wide at the *pair* of the best and most expensive racing brooms in the world. With a single glare, the Slytherins turned on their heels and silently left them alone.

By the end of the next week, every single one of the Jobberknolls was bought in a hurried frenzy, even Professor Flitwick adopting one after he talked to Hermione. This really set her off, she started writing to the Ministry of Magic about other magical animal rights. For the following weeks, her friends watched in amazement as she continually wrote in her notebook each night, carefully outlining plans after she did her homework. This was the final year of the OWLS (Ordinary Wizarding Levels) the teachers assigning work like crazy as the month progressed, Harry swamped with prefect and captain duties, Ron working until he was strained, even Lynna was unable to completely finish it night after night.

Chapter 9: Quidditch

At her slight command, her Firebolt went into a downward arc, so that she could fly parallel under Alicia. A sudden wave of queasiness overcame her, and Lynna barely caught the Quaffle as it was passed downwards to her. It worsened as she came speedily up, swamping her senses and unsteady her arm as she heaved it toward the goal posts. For one of the very few times in her life, the Quaffle missed the hoops, and a dumbfounded Ron easily captured it.

Harry shouted for the scrimmage to halt, his voice unintentionally cutting into Lynna as her heart and head pounded with misery and nausea. He turned his broom in her direction as if to speak with her, but before he knew it, she'd landed on the ground and started running. Everyone too shocked to react, turned back to their game. Through her confusion, legs carried her quickly, collapsing on the edge of the Forbidden Forest where she crawled behind a tree, and retched her stomach contents. Propping herself against a tree trunk, her mind and body started to clear. The leaves whispered with a slight chilled wind from the late October afternoon, the golden sun barely glinting through the shadows even on the edge of the forest.

This wasn't the first time she'd basically messed up in Quidditch practice (the first time she'd run off) or work, and she wasn't sure how long she could keep up the charade that she was fine. Physical exhaustion and sickness took its toll, and brought mental weakness at points. Two or three times a week she'd throw up, no matter what she ate or how she tried to keep it down. Madame Pomfrey had insisted it was only a digestive problem and it'd likely go away in very soon. None of her friends knew about it, especially not Harry, who had very high hopes and was working very hard toward Gryffindor's first Quidditch match on November sixth. Their team practiced six

days a week, and helped each other with homework when overloaded.

“Only one more week,” she said aloud, and slowly got up off the ground.

Her stomach threatened to churn once more, but was settled as she fought it and headed up to the castle, and into Gryffindor tower. Hermione and a few other students sat sprawled throughout the common room, each thoroughly involved with what they were doing, but she looked up as her pale friend passed by her chair this early.

“Practice done already? Thought Harry was working everyone into the ground,” she asked, a slightly amused tone peeking out.

Lynna only shook her head and muttered she felt like leaving early, her friend’s face turning into a frown of concern as she was answered.

“Are you okay? Hope you won’t feel too sick this weekend, Sunday is Halloween!” Hermione prodded. “We got that Hogsmeade visit too.”

With an agreeing grunt, Lynna plodded up the stairs, and collapsed facedown onto her bed. Falling asleep, still clad in boots, gloves, and practice clothes, her Firebolt clattering to the floor.

The alarm, went off on her watch the next morning, telling her to get up, it was seven o’clock. Physically she felt better, her legs and arms only slightly sore from having spent the night in Quidditch equipment. She shuffled down to the prefect bathroom in a robe and slippers, and as usual, shooed Lewis away, threatening to hex him if he dared peek, though she wasn’t absolutely positive how to do that. After a quick breakfast, she dashed to the library, reserved a chair then went wandering through the aisles. Interesting books went right into the crook of her arm, collecting five before walking into the new release section. A quick glance at the rack brought nothing interesting, so she twisted back and went around the bookshelf corner, and banged into someone, sending them to the floor.

“Harry!” she exclaimed exasperatedly, and handed him the glasses that had dropped onto the ground.

He shoved them on his nose, and gave her a sheepish look as he saw surprise and suspicion flickering in her eyes. Struggling to stand up, he did so and did his best to straighten his robes.

“What are you doing here?”

“Looking for a book...” he said immediately.

Putting her hands on her hips she gave him an amused disbelieving look. “Right, and which one were you searching for?”

“Uh...” he answered with a nervous voice. “This one on Quidditch, by Seri Silkins. Do you know-”

“Harry, Seri Silkins only writes *mysteries*,” Lynna chortled, Harry’s eyes opening in surprise.

Arita (who’d started riding in her pocket again) chirped, “He was following you.”

“Why?” Lynna asked immediately, but in English.

“What?” Harry said, with a look of confusion.

“Oh,” she answered. “Why were you following me?”

“How’d you know that-” he said, eyes wide as he then realized his mistake. “I mean-”

“Aha,” she said quietly, and raised her eyebrows questioningly.

“Ok,” he sighed. “I was worried. You ran off, and Hermione mentioned that you looked ill. Is she right?” His voice faltered, and turned his eyes on her face, burning with concern and anxiety. Trying not to fidget, she only shook her head at him.

“It’s nothing, I’ve only been feeling off color for a few days.”

“A few days?” he asked instantly and exasperatedly. “You’ve been sick, and haven’t told me?”

Taken aback she answered, “It’s not a big deal Harry, I didn’t want to worry you-”

“It is a big deal!” Harry interrupted, his voice getting louder. “Did you think I wouldn’t care?”

“Don’t yell at me Harry James Potter! Of course I knew you’d care,” she snapped. “Like I said, it’s not a big deal, and I didn’t want you obsessing about it. You’ve been so absorbed about our upcoming Quidditch match, you didn’t notice it anyway, like you normally do!”

Furious, she moved to go past him, but he took her arm, stopping her, she refusing to look at him, and pulling.

“I do not-”

He was cut short by a book hitting his head, another one following suit, then every volume on the shelf flying off it, towards him and the opposite wall. To duck, he had to let go of her arm, in which she twisted away, and made a beeline for the library exit. Feeling like he’d been hit by Stupefy, Harry sat up dizzily from underneath the books, finding his glasses cracked, and everyone staring at him. Confused and embarrassed, he stumbled to his feet, and dashed out of the library.

Halloween morning had dawned bright and clear, with only a slight chill in the air from the autumn season. Lynna sat on the school entrance steps, occasionally glancing up from her book to watch students headed down to the village, not exactly sure if she wanted to take advantage of the Hogsmeade opportunity. Often she had to bury her face deeper into her book, students who came out of the main doors stared at her, she being one of the very few older kids not going. At noon, her rumbling belly got the best of her, and she gave in, heading down the trail for The Three Broomsticks pub/ restaurant. It was more crowded than usual, most of the people being students getting lunch, civilians out for a drink, or Hogwarts teachers. There weren’t any empty seats except for at the counter, where Hagrid and a lot of seventh years sat. She picked out Will Caven from the blur of faces, and he motioned her over once she caught his eye.

“Hey, want a seat?”

He moved his bag off the stool next to him enabling her to sit down. She got a plate of food from the waitress and munched away. They went back into the conversation he’d been with Paul Pageman, and Wayne Hopkins, which turned out to be an argument over upcoming European Cup.

“The Bombers will make it to the finals-”

“No way! They’re good, but they’ll get knocked out by the Harriers-”

“You got to be kidding me! Quafflepunchers will crack both of ’em in the fourth round!”

Lynna caught up, threw in, “Hey! Don’t be forgetting the home teams! Harpies have been looking very good this year, they’re the favorite for UK.”

Wayne rolled his eyes and said, “Uh huh, the girls always root for that team.”

“Don’t be so sure of that Hopkins, this one knows what she’s talking about!” Will said enthusiastically, and lightheartedly punched her in the arm.

Lynna blushed and was interrupted as she moved to answer, by Ron who had rushed up and blurted hello, Harry dragged along with him. The four had been noisy, and he’d overheard them talking about Quidditch, he being more obsessed than anyone. He immediately started chattering with Will, Paul, and Wayne, insisting about the Cannons winning, and edging his two friends out. Lynna felt Harry’s eyes on her, and feeling awkward, edged off her stool and out the door of The Three Broomsticks. That night, Hermione caught her at dinner, and she sat silently through the Halloween feast, even though the Great Hall was magnificent with decorations, and had a haunting ghost show afterward.

Not once did Lynna give Harry the chance to talk alone with her the following week, always staying near other people, and ignoring his attempts during classes and Quidditch. Friday afternoon, he was particularly irked and was very distracted as he directed the Gryffindors during Quidditch practice. This was their last real practice before the game between Ravenclaw and Gryffindor tomorrow, the players uptight; had to work hard to stay focused.

Mitchell Wood let out a terrified scream for the fifth time that afternoon as a Bludger came catapulting at him from Will Caven, and he ended up slamming into Burt Demond as he avoided it.

“OW!” Burt yelled, then shoved Mitchell hard away from him with both hands.

They started yelling at each other and at Will, swearing and screeching, circling each other on broomsticks dangerously. Alicia and Ron grabbed their robes, and pulled them apart, forcing them to the ground.

“That’s it,” Harry yelled. “All reserve players off the field, including you Paul.”

Pleading and butts issued from the three boys, but Harry only shook his head angrily.

“I don’t care if I lose a member and have to play with just six tomorrow, none of you will ever have a chance to participate. Get off the field or you’ll be off the team!”

He waited impatiently as they trudged with their brooms to the locker rooms, the team glancing amusedly at him. Lynna’s eyes rested on him, and locked with his, causing his heart thump more in his chest, till he thought she could probably hear it. Turning away broke the trance, and he initiated the practice back into session. At six o’clock, darkness was already falling, and everyone was dismissed for dinner, extremely exhausted and hungry. They sat through dinner quietly, keeping their eyes on their food while they ate, only half listening as Ron and Hermione chattered a great deal. Harry finished before any of them, and was back in Gryffindor tower as they came up after dinner, hunched over a desk with a pile of papers in front of him. The two went off in a corner to talk, leaving Lynna alone. As she stood there for a few moments watching him, her feelings clicked, causing her to easily walk over and sit in the chair next to him.

There was a weary, heaviness lingering in the air, and she leaned forward slightly to get closer to him.

Her hand went over his as she whispered his name resignedly, “Harry, I need to talk to you.”

The quill in his right hand dropped to the table, his eyes meeting hers as he sat up more, trying not to intimidate her.

“I, I’m sorry I pushed you away. Said that you didn’t care, and kept things from you, even if I was trying to keep you from being hurt.”

“I know, and it’s alright,” he murmured, and put his hand to her face, tracing it along her cheek.

She gave him a somber smile, and he put his arm around her waist, drawing her close to the desk. The quill was left on the desk as the two then went inch by inch over the charts with their fingers, tracing plays and maneuvers. Spotting an odd arrangement, she moved her finger over it, turning her face to meet his.

“Hmm, it’s not a good idea to have a Woollongong Shimmy coming out of a Porskoff Ploy.”

He brought his nose very close to hers, grinning as he commented. "And why is that?"

She smirked back, but her tone was serious as she continued, "Too awkward to use a ruse after another. It can throw off your flying."

Lynna was interrupted as her roommates came past, awing and saying how cute they were.

Both tinged red, and looked back down at the desk, the lines and words swallowing them again. Ron came over later complaining that they were excluding the Keeper, until they commented that a Beater wasn't there either.

Loud, clattering rain attempted to drown out the enthusiasm and shouts of the crowd, but failed miserably. The cheering could be heard through the locker room walls, the Gryffindor team smiling to themselves as they heard the voices, clapping, and rhythmic stomping of the bleachers. It was their first Quidditch match of the year, the fans and team ready as they'd ever be for it, going up against Ravenclaw. They were slightly nervous, Ravenclaw was rumored to be top notch this year, having replaced almost its whole team, and straining the training with everything. The girls met up with the boys in the hallway, lining up single file and waiting...

As the doors banged open, a gust of cold wind met them, blowing the rainfall inside, trying to soak their scarlet and gold colored robes. There was little sun, hidden behind deep gray clouds as they flashed out one by one, the announcer calling their names. Ravenclaw had the same entrance, both teams circling their hoops in warm up laps before coming to a stop in the center to meet the referee.

"Ok! I want a good, clean game!" Madame Hooch commanded, then directed the captains to shake hands.

Cho Chang, Ravenclaw Seeker and Captain, primly stretched out her hand to Harry's, and shook it gently, glancing at a venomous Lynna as she did so.

"Formation," they simultaneously told their teams, both promptly doing so, and steadying themselves for the start. The Quidditch ball chest was dropped to the ground, and on the whistle, the two Bludgers, Golden Snitch flying out as the Quaffle was tossed into the air. Keepers, Seekers, and Beaters scattered over the field as the Chasers dove into the middle for the Quaffle. A Ravenclaw elbowed Lynna as she reached for it, shoving her to the side, the ball falling into the other team's possession. She followed it up and over the pile of players, Ginny and Alicia tailing her while she sped after him. Will Caven hit a Bludger at the Chaser, knocking the Quaffle out of his hands, and into the air. In a swinging motion, she caught it, and curved upwards as the two other opposing Chasers came at her. She passed them, and flung it downward in a Porskoff Ploy to Ginny, who reverse passed it to Alicia halfway up the field, and came back to Lynna as they neared the posts.

"Clang!"

"GRYFFINDOR SCORES! TEN-ZIP!" shouted the announcer.

Within the next ten minutes, Harry soaring high above the game watched in amazement as his Chasers scored four more times, their planned techniques working. Cho Chang flew in huge swerves around him, seeking to distract him so his attention might be drawn from the game and Snitch. He was already distracted enough by the water that filled his glasses, he having to occasionally wipe them off with his sleeve. As he twisted away from her once more, the angry throbbing in his ears was replaced by yells.

"Ron!"

The Gryffindor Keeper swung around too late as his teammates tried to warn him, the Bludgers pelting him in the head and stomach. Instantly through his dizziness, he grasped his broom tighter, but the wet wood slipped beneath his hands. Strength and presence of mind left him as he went tumbling off his broom in a long fall to the ground, sand and mud splattering around his body.

“AND THE LION’S KEEPER IS OUT. RAVENCLAW SCORES, TEN-FORTY.”

Gryffindor team wasn’t listening to the call, their captain was yelling instructions as they kept their focus on the game.

“...everyone, defend those goal posts! I don’t care how, just do it!”

Harry was cut short as Cho once more came across his path, and he saw the glimmer of gold get away. Their way free, Ravenclaw became fierce in repeatedly scoring when they could get their chance. Gryffindor Chasers and Beaters went on the offensive, clashing brooms, walloping Bludgers, stealing the Quaffle, and offset every one of the Ravenclaw goals with goals. Twice more, Cho Chang stopped Harry from getting to the Snitch, directing her team and self at him when she saw him getting ready.

“THEY’RE TIED! RAVENS BRING IT ONE EIGHTY TO ONE EIGHTY!”

Ginny Weasley angrily caught the ball after it passed through the hoop, and flung it to Lynna, a majority of their goals relying on her. She zipped down the field, using long shimmies to avoid the players that flew next or at her. A Bludger came from Walter at the blue Keeper as she flew up, he having to prevent her goal and keep his nose on.

“Clang!”

He flung it out in a straight pass to a Ravenclaw Chaser, who grabbing it, headed for the Gryffindor end. Halfway over he tossed it downward in the direction of his fellow Chaser, but it was intercepted as Lynna split between the two and stole it. In a swoop, she arched back toward the Ravenclaw end, focusing her senses as she straightened out, oblivious to the sounds that came at her. A Bludger whizzed right by her left ear, narrowly missing the side of her head, a blue form following it down, then cracked it back in her direction with a bat.

The heavy iron ball caught her unawares (she had thought it passed) as it smashed into the inside of her right elbow, scratching flesh and splintering bone, pain ripping through her arm in needles and streams. A shriek split the air, chilling everyone’s blood as the loosened Quaffle fell from her hand. In the next seconds, pain overtook her mind and body, strength falling away with her other hand as she tried not to slide over her broom. In the blur, she leaned forward, plunging in a sharp traverse to the ground, skidding through mud, dirt, and dead grass before stopping. She rolled off, broom lying listlessly in her left arm like her right arm beside her body, having to close her eyes against the rain, and heard the referee’s whistle blasting. There was a thumping of feet as someone came running up, and some people landed their brooms, coming to her. Her breaths were sharp and quick, trying to dull the pain as her eyes reopened, and found Harry, her teammates, McGonagall, Hooch, and a medic wizard squatting beside her.

“Happ, where do you feel it?” Madam Hooch asked, putting two fingers against her neck for a pulse.

“Arm,” she gasped, holding her cries inside, her pupils taut as she did so.

“Get her to the infirmary,” McGonagall ordered, people got back up again as she said so.

“Gryffindor, get back on your brooms!” Hooch shouted to them.

“We can’t go out there again, we’re losing!” hollered the team. “Happ was the last chance!”

“Harry we have to forfeit!”

Lynna was infuriated as she saw Harry lower his head, and run his hands through his hair. Gathering her wits and might, she kicked her leg hard into Harry’s, and yelled.

“NO! BLOODY HELL HARRY CATCH THE SNITCH!”

Everyone gaped at her incredulously, Harry turning around in amazement, smiled at her, a spark in his eye was the last thing she saw as the pain dragged her unconscious. Disturbed yet motivated by this, the team watched sadly as the adults took Lynna away, and to the exit of the stadium.

“We’re still up by one goal, the goal she made. Team, keep that damn Quaffle away from the post,” Harry commanded.

“And you get the Snitch!” they called back as everyone hopped onto their brooms.

Ravenclaw stared, flabbergasted at the team, but dove into action as the whistle blasted. Harry decided to finally lose Cho Chang, swerving to the left when the whistle came, causing her to follow him. He flew in a figure eight around two observation towers, then purposely flew directly at one, flying up the side at the last second, a sickening crash behind him as she slammed into the wall, and fell to the ground. Gathering his mind, he pinpointed it on finding that little flash of gold, when not a minute later it skittered across the path of his broom. He lunged after it, pursuing it across the field, dodging between the posts, up into the air, where he went full speed, avoided one last Bludger, and enclosed his hand around the golden ball.

“POTTER CATCHES THE SNITCH! GRYFFINDOR WINS IN A CLOSE SHAVE THREE HUNDRED FORTY TO ONE HUNDRED EIGHTY!”

A roar of joy erupted through the stadium, rattling hearts and stands, Gryffindor team slapping high fives and hugging each other, tears trying to push against their eyes as they landed to greet the crowd. Harry briefly congratulated everyone, but ran ahead of the masses, ripping off his Quidditch robes, and sprinting towards Hogwarts castle.

Chapter 10: Expectations

Madam Pomfrey had her hands full over the weekend as multitudes of people tried to get in and see her patients. Cho Chang, Ron Weasley, and Lynna Happ were extremely popular after the Quidditch match, supporters and admirers leaving candy, cards, flowers, and other knick-knacks for when they all woke up. They were all in bad condition, not even their teams were allowed in, only one friend per person to help change them into pajamas, and organize their gift piles. Harry wasn’t allowed in at all because his two friends were lying unconscious, so he had to pump Hermione for details.

Lynna woke up late that Saturday afternoon, but was so exhausted and hurt, she went to sleep. The sunlight streamed brightly through the windows and lit up the white infirmary walls as she opened her eyes again Sunday morning, well rested at last. Her head ached alongside her right arm, which she felt and saw was severely bruised, the only traces left in the now mended bones as she sat upright.

“Hello? Anyone here?” she called.

Glancing around, she noticed poor Ron lying in a bed, and to her surprise, Cho Chang in one near the door. He must’ve gotten the Snitch! Lynna thought with amusement and relief. The nurse came marching in, armed with her medical equipment and potions, setting beside the table, and hooking the stethoscope around her ears. After checking on her quickly, and forcing medicine on her, the nurse almost smiled amusedly.

“Quite amazing, worst hurt, first to get up, and heal the fastest.”

“What do you mean worst hurt? I only broke my arm,” she asked confusedly. “They got hit everywhere.”

Madame Pomfrey clucked her tongue, and shook her head. “Happ, you sustained a dislocated shoulder, unhinged elbow, shattered and broken bone, muscle strain, cuts and bruises to skin, neck whiplash, and severe head

pain. Not to mention your other condition!” she ended shrilly, eyes starting to become piercing.

“Uh what other condition? You mean that stomach thing? I haven’t been or felt sick for a week.”

“No,” she said promptly. “It’s good you’ve stopped that sickness, but I’m afraid it’s more serious than that.”

Lynna paled, a cold shiver running down her spine as the words went through her head, a questioning croak only escaping her lips.

“You’re pregnant,” Pomfrey said slowly, but glared as Lynna snorted in amusement. “I’m serious young lady. To deal with this state and go through severe Quidditch injuries-”

A cry escaped Lynna, numb disbelief in her chest, a deep void within her stomach as a million worries and questions poured into her head. The older woman only smiled in sympathy.

“Do not worry, there was no harm of any kind done to your baby. It is actually healthier than average, and it took quite good care of itself.”

“But wouldn’t I be like as big as a house at this point?”

A small laugh escaped the nurse as she shook her head once more.

“No, witch pregnancies rarely show at all, usually only a gain of about ten pounds externally. A kind of internal expansion charm takes place in the belly, leaving it quite roomy, and a protection field or shield charm if you will, takes care of them. Carrying time is considerably less since they grow slightly faster than Muggles. They’re more active than average Muggle babies emotionally and mentally, so you may have had magic from it taking place, or reactions to other people?”

Feeling dumbfounded, Lynna sat there silently, smiling weakly when the nurse was done talking, and letting herself be pushed back into bed.

“Happ, do not be troubling yourself with this at the moment. Focus on getting better, this will be handled later.”

A lukewarm cloth was placed on her forehead, the nurse turning and walking away, her footsteps echoing on the marble floor. Lynna lay there taking it all in, impulsively putting a hand on her belly, feeling calmer than she had in weeks, though she should be screaming at this point. She took another nap, waking up at noon, her eyes opening to the bedside table, where stacks of her gifts and flowers stood, along with a tray of food. She sat with her feet dangling over the edge, her stomach growling hungry at the smell as she gobbled it down, not caring exactly what it was. Afterward, she occupied her time opening the cards and notes, most of Gryffindor house having sent her one, including some Hufflepuffs, Draco Malfoy, even Ravenclaws. One blue envelope caught her attention, it was taped to the outside of a book, and she found it was from Harry.

*Lynna,
I hope you're feeling better, you took a big hit, please be okay.
The nurse wouldn't let me in at all, said I was "emotionally distressed," well blimey to that.
Thank you so much for what you did at the game, (even if you half kicked my shin off....) we won! See you soon. ;)
Love,
Harry*

Unsure of her feelings, she pushed it aside, and dug into her pile of Chocolate Frogs and Bertie’s Botts Every Flavor Beans, the wrappers crinkling fairly loudly. A grunt from her right startled her, and looking over, saw Ron sitting up, propped on both arms, looking hungrily at the candy. His red hair was pushed up off his forehead by

a winding white bandage, another also peeked out from underneath his rumpled shirt.

“Gosh I’m hungry,” he said dizzily, and wistfully.

She smiled and giggling said, “Glad to see you’re up. I’ll be sure to tell Hermione the first words out of your mouth were, where’s food!”

He smirked, and faking a pout said, “Oh sure, make fun of a guy who got his stomach bashed and hasn’t eaten in a day....”

“Here,” she said, laughing as she tossed him a Chocolate Frog, and pointed out his pile of goodies.

His eyes went wide before he submerged himself into it, but his head popped up again, a horrified expression on his face.

“Wait!” he gasped. “Why are you in here?”

Raising her arm, she showed him how bruised and bandaged it was.

“Got it broken during the game, and fainted.”

“No!” he cried. “We lost? It’s all my fault-”

“You big ninny, we won!” she said. “I broke the tie by one goal, then Harry got the Snitch.”

He gave a loud sigh of relief, as he settled back into his bed, and yelled for the nurse, he needed nourishment.

Cho Chang woke up not too much later after them, and had much more extensive injuries than them, and took advantage of the infirmary hospitality. She paid no attention to them, only glaring if they made too much noise. Ron became absolutely bored until he moved his bed and things next to Lynna’s, whittling away the time with talk, games, and sleep. Lynna received get well cards from her family the day she woke up, and almost drove Madam Pomfrey nuts when her owl Orion wouldn’t leave.

“He misses me ma’am,” she argued politely.

“Ok, I give up! Just keep him on that table, and he can stay,” the nurse ordered before stomping away, leaving she and Ron to fits of laughter.

Professor McGonagall notified their friends of their consciousness, but they weren’t allowed to visit their friends until Monday after school, according to the nurse. Harry and Hermione stumbled quickly to the hospital wing, practically crashing through the door as it was unlocked. Sitting upright in their beds, and talking were Ron and Lynna, who shut up and grinned as they saw them, and had arms thrown around both of them.

“Harry!” Ron exclaimed. “You saved the team! I could kiss you!”

“Well don’t, kiss Mione instead,” he responded, breaking into laughter, straightening up and locking eyes with Lynna as he settled down again.

He put his arms around her, kissing her repeatedly, sensing changed about her, and pretty sure it just wasn’t the injuries or weakness. His hand brushed hair away from her face as he thoughtfully leaned back, still gazing into her eyes, a light there he had never seen.

“You seem different,” he said quietly, so that only she could hear.

A soft smile appeared on her lips. "I'll tell you later," she whispered.

"Alright," he said confusedly, and only shrugged his shoulders.

Lynna was released early Tuesday morning from the hospital wing with Ron, though the nurse told her to expect being "contacted" within the week about her condition. They met up with their friends at breakfast in the Great Hall, and were pelted with questions by people from their house until Harry told them to get lost. She paid close attention to which foods she ate, slowly eating with her left hand since her right one still ached. It caused a slight problem during Herbology, her hand unsteady as they carefully clipped hemlock leaves. Her work was slow and deliberate, while the other students hurried the task, hoping to get out of class early. Professor Sprout had a sympathetic look on her face that almost drove her insane, feeling like a weakling. If she didn't pull herself together, she'd end up flunking Potions class tomorrow, and probably put a hole in the ceiling. Charms class was worse, the Slytherins having decided that Saturday's match was a laughing matter, saying how the Gryffindors got smashed to bits, and fell off their brooms like scared kittens. They only dared to say this while waiting for Flitwick, and as they came out of the classroom, finally out of earshot of the teacher.

"Hey Happy, too bad that Beater didn't aim higher, he should've knocked your whole bloody arm off," Dick Muller, a Slytherin Chaser, hooted as Lynna was turning for a corridor.

Harry's hand enclosed over her arm as he saw the infuriated expression on her face, turning around himself to face the taunter.

"Ten points from Slytherin," he hissed. "And don't worry, I'll be glad to have my Beaters blow off your arm in the next match."

The hideous laughter stopped, Muller and his friends glaring at the two.

"Oh look at Saint Potty sticking up for his wittle girlfriend," he sneered. "Like your pitiful weakling team could get anywhere near me."

Lynna swung around, and to everyone's surprise, (even her own) stomped right up to Muller, talking in a low threatening tone.

"Then I'll personally rip it off with my bare hands."

She marched off, Harry hurrying to catch up with her as they left astounded Slytherins behind.

The next night, the two of them sat curled up on a couch in the common room, her head on his chest as he chattered one way about something. She only caught half the words, the sound of his voice calming as she lay there, hand near her waist, the other clasping his. She suddenly felt movement in her belly. It felt like a slight nudging by a hand, and caused her eyes light up as she lifted her head to look at her hips.

"Hey, you're not listening to my brilliant ideas," he said teasingly as she moved.

She met his eyes, and he noticed that contented glow again in her eyes, that'd he first seen in the infirmary on Sunday. He grinned at her as she smiled at him, slightly perplexed.

"Why are you so happy?" he asked humorously.

"Remember Sunday, I was going to tell you something?"

Her grip on his hand tightened, and she continued as he nodded, "Well I found out from Pomfrey that I, I'm

pregnant.”

Harry’s eyes went wide, and after a moment, he stuttered, “When? How? I mean-”

“Uh well,” she said slowly. “According to our uh, encounters, I’m guessing it was early August.”

His eyes went even wider, and he croaked nervously, “You’re that far along!? And you’ve been playing Quidditch! And I let you!”

“Harry, I didn’t know, and especially you didn’t know,” she said soothingly. “I should’ve guessed from my sickness, and the fact things went wacko around me.”

“Snape’s accident, and the books flying off the library shelves?” she added as he looked confused.

He only grumbled an okay, leaning back into the couch and getting a faraway look as he began to think, his arm still around her. Getting an idea, Lynna lifted her shirt slightly, abruptly pulling Harry’s hand to her stomach. His eyes met hers, baffled and startled until he felt the movement within the hips, the kicking of *their* baby. A grin broke out on his face, and he leaned to her face, brushing his lips against hers. They were interrupted as the painting swung open, Ron coming in, and heading for them. Both sat up quickly and tried to look complacent as he hung an arm over the couch.

“Hey what’s going on?”

Grinning like a monkey, Harry opened his mouth to announce the news, but stopped as Lynna surreptitiously pinched his arm.

“Oh nothing much,” he said instead, his voice higher than normal. “Just sitting around.”

“Oh,” Ron responded boredly, not seeming to notice the nervousness. “Well, catch you later.”

He went off, leaving them alone again, Lynna turning to Harry instantly.

“Please, can you agree not to tell anyone? At least not for a while? I mean not even my parents likely know yet,” she pleaded.

“I understand, don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone, not even myself,” he answered seriously, and patted her hand.

The next morning, they sat in the Great Hall eating breakfast, when the owls came swooping in, Orion and Hedwig landing next to their owners. Pulling the notes off, Lynna and Harry found identical notes printed on the same paper in scarlet ink.

Please report promptly to Headmaster Dumbledore’s office immediately after breakfast. You will be excused from your morning classes to do so.

-Professor M. McGonagall

“Bet I know what this is about,” Harry whispered to her solemnly.

A sinking feeling weighed in Lynna’s chest as the meal finally ended, and they hurriedly walked to the entrance of the Headmaster’s office, both clutching hands. They stopped in front of a golden griffin statue, that to their surprise, swung open the minute they reached it, the stairs within a tower like hallway escalating them upwards. The office door swung open, letting them slowly walk in, coming upon figures crowded around the main desk. Dumbledore’s sat behind it in his chair, the other people being Professor McGonagall, and causing them to gulp nervously; Sirius Black, and Lynna’s parents. All of them turned to look at the arrivals, Mr. and Mrs. Happ and

Sirius getting up to greet them.

“Hi,” the teenagers croaked at them, terribly nervous and embarrassed.

Harry could not help but feel incredibly guilty as he shook hands hello with Sirius and Mr. Happ, and was swamped in a hug by a teary eyed Mrs. Happ, the same being done to Lynna. After they'd been so generous and hospitable, he'd knocked up the Happ's teenage daughter, and betrayed Sirius's trust. All of them were directed to seats in front of the desk, where Deputy Headmistress McGonagall began the discussion.

“Mr. Potter, as you may have guessed, there is a very serious reason why you, Miss Happ, her parents, and your guardian were called here. Over the weekend, Madame Pomfrey found while treating Happ's injuries that-”

“Sorry to interrupt, but I already know Professor,” Harry said assertively, his hand still holding Lynna's. “And I already claim it as mine.”

She didn't look too all surprised, and continued, “Well that eases up a few things then. You understand how serious this is Potter. We've had cases like this, and have dealt well with them, do not worry.”

Both became quite fearful at that point, even from her words. What would happen? Expulsion, having to give up the baby, what would their families say? Last night they'd stayed up discussing what they'd do if something did happen, they'd follow the other, and keep the child, no matter what sacrifice. Fear and anxiety wrote all over their faces, Lynna and Harry's hands shaking together, one of her free ones put protectively over her belly. Her eyes wandered through the office, coming to rest upon the perch next to the desk, where Fawkes the Phoenix sat. The bird's eyes met with hers briefly before he tilted back, and sung a few melodic notes, Lynna understanding the few bits he said.

“Damian foresaw correct, Altair has much to affect.”

No one noticed her eyes open wide, McGonagall immediately launching into a lecture, about consequences and options, nearly pushing the words away from her mind. After an hour of sitting there arguing, the teachers, guardians, and teenagers finally came to a plan. Dumbledore pointed to a report on his desk as he spoke.

“Madam Pomfrey has informed me Miss Happ is due around early April. That will give us enough time to prepare.”

“Prepare what exactly?” Harry asked confusedly.

The Headmaster continued, looking right his two students. “You two are the only other people we've had in which both parents claimed responsibility. Privacy and quiet are required to effectively raise a child. For the duration of her terms in Hogwarts, Miss Happ will reside in quarters set aside, preferably near a busy teacher's area. Unless you wish otherwise?”

“Oh Professor, you're too kind!” Lynna exclaimed, and he smiled at her.

“Wait what about me?” Harry balked.

“We're going to have one of our relatives come and help with the baby after it's born. It won't be as stressful for you then,” grunted Mr. Happ.

Hanging his mouth open angrily, Harry restated what he meant. “No I mean, where am I going to be sleeping?”

“In the place you are now Potter, we're not moving you,” McGonagall responded flatly. “This meeting is really over, please show your guardians back to the main entrance, prefects.”

Sirius transformed into a dog before leaving the office, the adults following the two students quietly down the stairs. Harry stood to the side as Lynna exchanged goodbye hugs and quiet words with her parents, causing him

to look down at the black dog beside him.

“I’m sorry Sirius.”

He only gave him a solemn and interested look, then left with Mr. and Mrs. Happ through the main doors. Lunch and classes passed quickly for the two teenagers that afternoon, leaving them to collapse into sleep that night.

Chapter 11: Foresight

“Can I borrow a quill? I misplaced mine again.”

“Really Ron, that’s got to be the third this week,” Hermione sighed, and rolled her eyes as he smirked. “And you didn’t misplace it, you *lost* it.”

Lynna let out a laugh, and shaking her head with amusement, reached into her robes for one. Pulling it out, she tossed it to a thankful Ron, who dove back into his paper. The three of them and Harry were starting in on their homework Friday night, so they’d have the weekend free, not even Ron able to argue with that good of a plan. She turned back to her essay, but unable to find the right wording, became stumped, and let her eyes wander with her mind. The rich red and gold colored tapestries hung along the wall caught her eye, jolting her memory of yesterday morning. Fawkes, the gold and scarlet phoenix having mentioned those strange words.

“Damian foresaw correct, Altair has much to affect.”

“What is that? Damian?” Lynna muttered to herself.

“I wouldn’t know. My name is Harry though,” interrupted Harry, sitting close to her in the silent room had enabled him to catch her words.

She rolled her eyes at him and retorted, “I didn’t mean you.”

His face went confused, causing her to tell him about Fawkes’s singing of those words.

“Foresaw? Would that mean some sort of fortune telling?” he asked thoughtfully.

Her eyes opened wider as she realized, “Of course, it must be some sort of Seer. Altair must be something it saw as influencing the future. Have you ever heard of it, Harry?”

Shaking his head he answered, “No. It’s probably nothing.” He lowered his voice and added, “And look, it won’t do any good to worry over it, especially with, you know...”

A sigh escaped her, exasperated as she decided not to argue and realized something else.

“Harry the baby is coming out soon enough. Are we going to tell Ron and Hermione soon?”

His eyes widened in surprise. “I thought you didn’t want to tell anyone?” he asked.

“Uh, it’s a little hard to keep something this big from people,” she replied with a grimace. “They deserve to find out from us, and not the school body.”

“Ok, but wait awhile, then we can,” he murmured.

Neither of had an easy time holding it in over the following week. Their friends became notably suspicious of them, having seen a change in their behavior. The next Friday, the four sat sprawled in the common room, having it to themselves as they had left dinner early. Books slightly hid the girl’s faces as they also watched the boys quietly engaging in a game of wizard’s chess. Lynna finally decided to take action, and clearing her throat, caught

everyone's eyes. Harry's face was slightly horrified as he read her look, but kept quiet as Ron asked what she wanted.

"Well Harry and I have something to tell you two."

Both friends snapped their heads in his direction, Hermione dropping her book as she exclaimed, "Aha! I knew something was going on."

"Out with it Harry," Ron said pushily.

Completely nervous, Harry stuttered, "Uh well, Lynna's going to be, is uh, having, a uh--"

"Baby," Lynna finished, quite loudly. "His to be exact."

Jaws dropped.

After a few moments of shock and absorbing this, Ron said blankly, "You're joking. Right?"

"No we're not."

Hermione, quite shaken, said, "What are you going to--"

"You'll be expelled!" Ron interrupted, hollering. "Harry, you blockhead! Couldn't keep it in your pants eh--"

"RON," Lynna said sharply, shutting him up. "The adults already know, and it has been dealt with. No one needs to be panicking."

"Are you really sure?" Hermione asked worriedly, calming down as Lynna and Harry vigorously nodded.

The rest of the weekend, both boys had to listen to the girls babble happily about the baby whenever they were together. Sunday afternoon, as they sat in the library, Hermione intently listened as Lynna quietly explained about certain occurrences that'd happened to her so far. (Like the library, and Snape accidents.) Ron moaned about this to Lynna so Harry decided to break them of it with a distraction.

"Hermione," he said fairly loudly, catching her attention. "Have you ever heard of some future telling thing called Damian?"

After a moment of thinking, Hermione's eyes opened slightly wider. "You know, I'm pretty sure I have. Why?"

Lynna proceeded, telling her about Fawkes singing a certain phrase, even snapping Ron out of his stupor. Hermione jumped from the table once she was finished, instantly heading for a section in the library. Skimming her fingers over the volumes, she stopped several times, pulling out four books before dropping them back at their table. Her friends sat staring and waiting for the next few minutes as she scanned over the words.

"Aha!" she said, lifting her finger in triumph, turning a book so her friends could read it. "I've read these books before, and knew I'd seen it before, likely in here."

The book looked fairly recent, but was worn down with all the reading it had taken.

"The Damian Oracles:

A group of three witches in Ireland, around 77-25 BCE. They were exceptionally gifted with the ability of foresight, and made numerous predictions, which many have accurately come true so far. Their claim was that they increased their scope and powers by tapping into the flow of time and force of nature. Simon Sideal, a wizard from Gaul, left a written account of an invitational visit there, made near of the end

of their years.

“Their place was one of the purrtiest things I ever did see in my life, I betcha that. They worked in this circle shaped building, everything made out of pretty white stone, looking like some great big temple to the gods. How much gold did that cost them, and how the heck did they get that big old circle roof onto it? That made out of white stone too I reckon... There were only a bunch of thick white columns, standing the length of one arm apart that served as the walls. They’d wait till the sun was about to go down, then move around the circular stand in some weird hymn and dance, a white and blue fire springing up from the rostrum as they did it. Their cloaks were light and airy, hoods pulled over their heads and twirling about them, made out of some white fabric, that had gold sewed around the edges. For a long time they’d do this, hands raised and chanting, until the moon appeared. At this point, I’m not sure if I was drunk or not, and even if I’m a wizard, and magic can do lots of stuff, I barely believe what happened next.

“They stopped moving, and sat cross legged in a sort of triangle around the rostrum. Closed their eyes and humming, in some sort of trance. Some beads of light came from the fire, and circled around them, weaving in and out like those drama performers. Cerdwin, the leading mystic, was the first to say something, her voice was high and sweet as she began saying something with the other two, Wynne and Dana, in Latin. (I didn’t understand it, and when I asked her later why she’d want to use it, she said it was a language to be used for a very, very long time, that’d reach far. I still didn’t get what she meant though)

After they stopped, the lights went back into the fire, Cerdwin walking up to these five tall flat and shiny panels of stone It looked like all of them were carved with small phrases, and she walked up to the one on the end, where it was only half filled. In her hand, a beam of light came out, she moved it across the block while saying the thing all three had just sung. They tried chanting and going into that trance later, but nobody wrote on the block further. She told me that they wrote all their prophecies on those blocks, so people could find them forever. When I left the next morning, I decided to never come back, I’ve never even set one foot near Damian, Ireland again. Those witches were too scary and creepy, though they were very pretty.”

Simon was not one of the only people to visit, flocks of people, Muggle and magical went there after several of their prophecies came true. (These had predicted Carthage, Julius Caesar, and Cleopatra, all exact and to the point.) In an effort to stop the invasion, the prophetesses put up charms and shields for more privacy. It drained them and took much of their time to do this, so in the final months of 25 BCE, all three abandoned the sanctuary, never heard or seen of again. All that was left were the shrine and prediction blocks. When it became known one of the blocks seemed to predict the fall of Rome, a band of angry private citizens came there in 67 CE to destroy it, no one could move or put a crack in any of the blocks. They only managed to collapse most of the pillars and roof, before they fled in confusion. Over the centuries it had been proven the blocks are indeed unbreakable, which has led to one much supported theory. Magical experts believe that since the stone is etched with the future, and now past and present, this is why it cannot be done harm. Fate cannot be changed, as time cannot be broken, only manipulated, the panels being destiny and truth, cannot be destroyed therefore. Particularly interesting axioms seem to be named or titled, (though no one knows why) and have been indexed and thoroughly studied. A total of one hundred fifty two prophecies were written, and have been translated and read repeatedly. For the individual ones, and more on the Damian Oracles, we suggest you read: [“Deciphering Damian, Complete Works and History,”](#) by Samuel Fitch.

“Interesting,” Ron said sarcastically. “But no mention of the word Altair.”

“Well then it’s got to be in that book they mention,” Hermione retorted.

“No way,” Ron continued. “If we got to go through millions of books like we do with other things-”

“Then it’ll be worth it,” Lynna finished, cutting him off. “I just know there’s something important about this, especially if Fawkes led us to viable information.”

Harry leaned in, and very quietly whispered to the three, “I think that bird is more important than we

think.”

The four immediately went to Madam Pince, and asked where the book was, getting an unexpected answer.

Her eyes were surprised, but narrow as she answered flatly, “Restricted section. And unless you have permission, it will stay there.”

“But-” Harry stuttered angrily.

“You know the rules, get a signature, get the book,” she interrupted, and stopped further arguing by turning away.

“Damn,” Lynna uttered. “How are we going to get it now?”

“We’ll find a way, don’t fret,” Hermione said seriously.

The owls dropped in as usual the next morning, Orion carrying so many letters and notes, they were tied in a neat stack, thumping as he landed next to Lynna. Her family had been informed of the news, and this week, she was getting more than quadruple her usual amount of mail. Luckily all of it so far was letters of interest and well wishing, a few sentences here and there disappointed in her, and that blah blah, if the father wasn’t Harry Potter, he’d have been hexed till he was forty. No red Howlers were in this batch, and she hoped to not get one, or she’d die of total embarrassment, the whole school finally knowing.

“Please save me from your quill happy recipients,” he squawked woefully.

“Aw poor birdie,” Lynna said with a slight sardonic tone. “I can use another owl for while-”

“No, I’ll do it!” he rejoined, and once free from her mail, snapped up bacon and flew off.

After breakfast, she reluctantly hurried to Divination with Ron and Harry, and took their usual seats. They had a boring class with planetary charts, Trelawney trying to once more get a snoopy update on them, without success. Lynna quickly finished hers to be done with it, and was left with plenty of time to stare vacantly around the room. She happened to watch the teacher for a second, when a crazy, possibly workable idea popped into her head, almost forgetting it as Trelawney announced the class end.

“Now today was review, but these will count for a grade. Make sure to stack your predictions neatly. Homework for Thursday will be to read Four hundred twenty to four hundred forty, and answer questions one through sixteen. Dismissed!”

Lynna snatched the book permission form out of her bag, purposely waiting at the end of the line to turn in her work. Everyone was heading quickly for the exit as she lay it down carefully, the teacher eyeing it interestedly, Lynna waiting till she was done and standing there.

Harry and Ron looked back confusedly, and called, “Hey Lyn’, you coming?”

“Just a minute,” Lynna called back sweetly, their voices catching Trelawney’s attention.

After watching the boys leave, she turned to her student. “Yes Happ? I sense you need something.”

“Uh yes,” Lynna chortled, trying to keep her amused snort in her throat. “I happened to have this very confusing dream.”

“Oh? Perhaps I can help to interpret it.”

Lynna had come up with a plan to lie about dreaming about Damian and Altair to Trelawney. Hopefully the teacher was such a fruitcake, she'd be manipulated into signing the book permission form.

Nodding her head, Lynna continued, “The first thing was that I was walking through a white mist, listening to my name being called, when I came upon this boulder. On top of it, was this black crow that had been calling, ‘Lynna.’ When it looked down at me, it said, ‘Damian foresaw correct, Altair has much to affect.’ Then it started calling my name again, and I woke up. I thought to myself, golly that’s got to denote something, but I didn’t know what. I looked in a book to find out what these things meant, and I only found that Damian was some sort of-”

“Oracle,” Trelawney interrupted, her eyes sparking as she looked at her. “Remarkable, and not so much. You are one of the Ravenclaws, am I correct?”

Slightly confused, Lynna croaked a yes, while setting her face into a questioning look.

“You truly must be the one...” Trelawney said almost greedily. “A Ravenclaw to be told this does mean it...”

Her expression was starting to make Lynna uncomfortable, and wanting to get out of there, she thrust the permission form under the woman’s nose. It seemed to bring her out of the thinking stupor.

“The book suggested reading this transcript, but I can’t get it without permission, because it’s in the Restricted Section. If the stars chose to relay this dream to me, I’d like to know what it means. Can you please sign it for me?” Lynna said in her formal voice.

Looking almost flattered, the teacher nodded, and with a swish of a quill, put her signature onto the form. Quick as lightning, Lynna snatched her things and flashed away with a brief thanks, nigh bumping into Harry as she came down the ladder.

“What have you been up to?” he asked teasingly.

She held up the parchment and smiling said, “Solving our problems.”

Author’s Note: This story will NOT be completed.