

Nymphadora Tonks and the Metamorphmagus's Crush

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Nymphadora Tonks and the Metamorphmagus's Crush

by [KofukunaShiNoKami](#)

Summary

Every witch of her decade had heard of the Great Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived, the saviour of the entire wizarding world. But that was where her problem played in. She wasn't exactly an eleven-year old. He was. And that was the end of it. Or it should have been, had they not been living in a world of magic. HarryxTonks Fluffy! A bit different from the usual HarryxTonks.

Notes

Hey guys and gals!

This is the second story I am cross-posting here from FFN, and trust me when I say it isn't stolen. Just go and find out for yourself on FFN, where I am with the same username.

This was an idea that popped into my mind and I began working on, because I was always intrigued by Harry/Tonks, and I have come to really like the pairing after having read some spectacular fanfiction on it as well.

So, read through it, and tell me what you think after. I have two more chapters ready to be posted here, and I am currently working on the fourth as well.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Disclaimer : I do not own Harry Potter

"GRYFFINDOR!"

The entire audience of the Great Hall watched as Harry climbed off of the three-legged stool, and returned the hat to Professor McGonagall. He had already taken two steps in the direction of the Gryffindor table when the Hall burst with noise from every direction. The teachers were either clapping or smiling at the boy. The Hufflepuffs and the Ravenclaws were clapping politely. The Slytherins seemed slightly upset, and except for a few first years, none were clapping at all. The Gryffindors, however, were celebrating with great vigour, slamming their hands against the table, and clapping loudly.

Harry smiled as he sat down on a bench, next to the Longbottom boy who had lost his toad. The two redhead twins - who shared a striking resemblance with Ron – were making faces at some of the Slytherins. It took almost a minute, but the students finally calmed down, and McGonagall was finally able to continue the Sorting.

As Harry was congratulated by his housemates on having made it into the house of the brave, a certain Hufflepuff continued to glance across the Hall and look at the boy occasionally, her dark eyes following him imperceptibly. A soft prod to her side made her pry her eyes away from the Gryffindor table and turn to her best friend. "What's the matter Tonks? You didn't honestly think Harry Potter would have been a Hufflepuff, did you?"

Tonks raised an eyebrow with indignation. "No need to discredit our house just yet, Hestia. He could have ended up here just as well as Gryffindor. Other than Slytherin, it was all fair play."

Hestia chortled. "The Boy-Who-Lived, the saviour of the wizarding world. What part of that doesn't scream courage and chivalry, eh?"

Tonks sighed. "Fair enough. But he still would have been a nice addition to Hufflepuff, wouldn't he?"

"Stop pining for him." Hestia teased. "His housemates are already giving him enough of a hard time."

She nodded over to the Gryffindor table pointedly, where Harry Potter had been swamped by a group of Gryffindors who had gathered around him. The boy was smiling awkwardly as the group asked him questions upon questions. Tonks thought Harry might burst, had it not been for the Sorting ending at that moment, with Ronald Weasley seating himself next to the Boy-Who-Lived.

"Now, I would not like to keep all of you from your dinner any longer, so I shall only say a few words. Nitwit. Blubber. Oddment. Tweak." With that the Headmaster sat down, and an

array of food appeared across the table. Harry was amazed by everything. There was pot roast, fried chicken, shepherd's pie, dinner rolls, sandwiches and so much more. Ron had begun to eat, as had most of the people sitting at the table, so he followed suit and began to fill his plate.

He ate slowly, in small portions, just as he was used to. He could not believe how delicious everything was, and the only explanation for it he could think of was that everything was magical.

Soon, everyone had had their fill and were ready to retire, when Dumbledore stood up once more. "Now that all of us are fed and watered, I would once again like to remind you that the Forbidden Forest is out of bounds to all students, and that if you value your life, it would be best if you remained away from the third floor corridor. Now, off to bed."

With those final words, the Prefects moved to lead the first years of their respective houses to the dormitories. After the first years had left, the rest of the students would make their way to their dorms themselves.

As Tonks and Hestia entered their dorm, Tonks immediately set to change into her pajamas while Hestia plopped down onto her bed with a slight groan. "N.E.W.T. classes start tomorrow, and I already know it's going to be terrible." She looked up to glare at her best friend. "Thanks a lot for convincing me to take five of them."

Tonks merely sighed as she situated herself on her own bed. "I did nothing of the sort. You and I want to be Aurors, and five N.E.W.T.s is the bare minimum anyways. I have six, but you don't see me complaining, do you?"

Hestia groaned once more. "Well, I'm sorry if we can't all live up to the incredible standards of the magnificent Nymphadora Tonks." She concluded on a haughty and high tone, only to squeak as Tonks cast a sharp stinging hex at her arm. Tonks glared at her, with her dark eyes turning steely and remaining that way until Hestia whispered a quick apology.

"OK, we're even now. But I'm serious, how do I get through five N.E.W.T.s? The O.W.L.s were hard enough."

Tonks sighed as she lay down on her bed and blew out the candles next to her bed. "Simple. Just study. We'll look into it in the morning, Hes. And I promise, I'll help you out with it if you have any problems. We are both going to be Aurors, that was the deal."

Hestia shifted in her bed, and glanced over to her roommate. Tonks always had been a true Hufflepuff, through and through. More hard-working than anyone she knew, and even more loyal to her friends. "Ok Tonks, but I'm going to hold you to that promise."

Hestia then blew out her own candles, and darkness fell over the room. Their year had been a bit unbalanced, with there having been only two girl Hufflepuffs, and seven boys, but the two would never object, since it allowed them much more privacy and space.

Though she was trying her best to fall asleep, Tonks was unable to do so. She had even tried the counting sheep method her father had told her about. It had always worked for her before, but today it was proving futile. Her mind insisted on returning to a very specific wizard again and again. The Boy-Who-Lived. *'The very young Boy-Who-Lived. Very, very young.'* Tonks sighed as she turned onto her side, thinking about the person she had grown up reading books about. She knew many of them were improbable, but she had been charmed by them nonetheless. Who could blame her? Every young witch who grew up in the magical society had heard of Harry Potter, and she had to admit she had a huge crush on the boy when she was a preteen. Her crush on him had weakened slightly as time passed, and the matter of the six-year age gap had obviously helped in that regard, but a part of that crush lingered. And it had been rekindled when she saw him in the Great Hall. *'He was just like all of my picture books showed him to be.'* To make matters worse, she had grown up with Andromeda Tonks as her mother, and she would always talk about how the Potters had been amazing and kind people.

James and Lily Potter had always been at the forefront of the Order of the Phoenix's offence and defence, and the two had welcomed Sirius into the fold when he was banished from the family. When Andromeda Tonks was declared a blood traitor, she became a primary target for You-Know-Who, along with her husband and daughter. The matter was made especially worse by the fact that House Black gave the Dark Lord immense support. Ted Tonks may have been good with a wand, but he would never have been able to fight back a full-fledged Death Eater raid.

But then, she was offered the Order's protection by the Potters, and she and her family were kept safe. On multiple occasions she visited the Potters, and grew to know them as friends. And she insisted that there was not a couple out there who deserved happiness and peace more than James and Lily Potter. And one time, when she went to congratulate the family on the birth of their son, she came back extremely upset, at having learnt that the Potters would have to go into hiding, and that Voldemort was now targeting them himself. That was the last time Andromeda had seen the Potters, and the only time she had seen their son, Harry. *'Mark my words,'* she would often say whenever the topic of the Potters was brought into conversation. *'The kind of people that James and Lily were is special, and their son will be the same. He'll be a damned good wizard, and an even kinder person.'*

Tonks sighed again, trying to push her pillow into a comfortable position. *'Doesn't change the fact that he's six years younger than you, Tonks. And the sooner you get that thought into your mind, the better.'* She closed her eyes, finally feeling herself grow a little drowsy. *'Though who knows? Maybe he'll grow up to be into more...mature women.'* She was soon asleep, and the invasive thoughts of the famous wizard finally gave her a rest.

Harry strode into the Great Hall with his bookbag slung over his shoulder, and plopped down onto his seat, shoving the bag under the table. Ron quickly entered behind him and sat down next to him. "Don't worry, Harry. Fred and George always tell me about how Snape never lets them do anything. He's like that to everyone, you know." He paused here, taking a moment to give the Slytherin table a harsh glare. "Everyone except for those snakes. Them he treats like bloody royalty." The boy then turned his attention to the lunch spread across the table and began to eat. Harry himself wasn't feeling too hungry. He was still feeling a little nervous

about his first flying lesson which was scheduled that afternoon. Ron had told him a little bit about it, but it still seemed like a very daunting experience. Nevertheless, he took a piece of toast, and slowly began to eat it. He did not notice Tonks enter the Hall, closely followed by her best friend. "So, have you gotten started on Snape's homework yet?" Hestia asked, as the two sat down at their table.

Tonks sighed with frustration. "I knew I forgot something! Well, we have a free lesson, we'll just have to complete it then." Tonks took some waffles, and began to chew on them as Hestia stared at her.

"Tonks, are you sure you're okay? You've really been out of it for the past two weeks, and I don't think you're doing too well." Tonks swallowed her waffle quickly, before looking over at her friend with a raised eyebrow. "No, I'm good. I think it's just this N.E.W.T.s stuff that's really coming down on us, but no, I'm good."

Hestia knew her best friend well. They had stuck together since the start of term feast in their first year, and they'd been thick as thieves ever since. But right now, Tonks was being...weird, to put it in one word. Hestia knew that if this persisted, the girl's grades would start to suffer too. *'I need to get to the bottom of this before that happens.'*

Meanwhile, Tonks was having a similar conundrum of her own at the very same moment. *'Get it together Tonks, this is your N.E.W.T. year. You can't go around just thinking about stupid boys, especially if there isn't anything to be done. Of course, had you been a first year, it would have been a different deal. But you aren't.'* At that point an idea struck Tonks, who started coughing as a piece of waffle got stuck in her throat. She washed it down with a sip of juice, before turning to her friend. "Hes, I need to go, for a moment. It's really important, and don't worry, I'll meet you in the library at the start of next period so we can finish up our essays, okay?" Before Hestia could reply, Tonks had gotten up and marched out of the Great Hall, leaving her friend to watch her retreating back worriedly. *'I just know this isn't going to end well.'*

Tonks stood in the second floor's girls' bathroom, looking into one of the mirrors above the basins. *'Ok, take a deep breath, and do it just like you've been practicing at home.'* Tonks focused upon her hair, and imagined it to be changing its colour. She watched as her hair turned from a light brown to a sharp, bright, bubble-gum pink. She then closed her eyes for the hard part. She imagined herself to be shrinking, and felt her boots grow a little loose on her feet. Soon, her robes barely hung on her much smaller figure. She opened her eyes, and grinned with triumph. In the mirror was a much shorter version of her, who still had her slightly round face, and her dark eyes. She was also, for lack of a better word, developed, as any eleven-year old might be.

She took a few minutes to look over herself. The idea had hit her suddenly, and the more she thought about it, the more she began to believe that this might be the only way for her to get to know Harry. *'Now, no getting ahead of yourself. You're going to become his friend first and foremost. Maybe if it turns into more, you can think of that.'* She brushed a strand of her pink hair behind her left ear. *'But maybe this turns out well.'* She thought. She could picture herself becoming friends with the Harry, and a part of her felt like one of those princesses or Noble Ladies that Harry would always fall in love with in some of the more romantically inclined

books written regarding the boy. *'Ugh, now I'm getting ahead of myself.'* With that thought, she closed her eyes once more, and allowed her Metamorphmagus abilities to shift her back to her true form. She opened her eyes to see that she was once again taller, and that her hair had turned back to its usual shade of brown.

"Hey Tonks, have you heard the news?" Hestia asked as she joined her best friend at the common room's study table. "Rumour is, Harry Potter's been selected to play as Seeker for the Gryffindor team." At the mention of the boy, Tonks raised her head from her Transfiguration homework. "Yeah, apparently he'll be the youngest Seeker to play in a century. Hand-picked by McGonagall herself."

This piqued Tonks's interest. Of course, Quidditch. Almost every wizard knew of it and loved the game after all, it only made sense that Harry Potter would as well. "Well, that's nice. Guess we'll find out if the Boy-Who-Lived can really fly as well as a dragon."

Hestia sighed. "Tonks, come on, you now most of those children's books are rubbish. He may be Harry Potter, but the boy is still an eleven-year old." She sat down and pulled close her own Transfiguration book and a fresh roll of parchment. "But forget that, we should get this essay done quickly, we have an early class with Flitwick tomorrow."

Tonks nodded absentmindedly, before getting up from her seat. "Uh, I'm done Hes, so you can look over my essay if you want to. I trust you won't just copy it down." Hestia was surprised by Tonks's actions once again, but nodded. "Yeah sure, I'll try to do most of it myself."

With that, Tonks made her way to her dorm, and collapsed on her bed while facing the canopy of her four-poster bed. *'UGH! The hell am I doing? Hestia's right, he may be the Boy-Who-Lived, but he's just eleven. I am honestly thinking about an eleven-year old boy! He's probably still afraid of cooties.'* Tonks frowned as she felt a guilty pit form in her stomach. *'I might be able to look like a kid, but I'm still seventeen for fucks' sake. I'd be lying to him about everything.'*

Tonks had been so engrossed by her own thoughts that she did not realize that her best friend had entered the room. "Hey Tonks, I know you're probably going to say you're fine, but are you really?" Hestia sat down on the Metamorphmagus's bed. "You can trust me Tonks. I just wanna help you."

For a minute Tonks said nothing, and Hestia thought she wasn't going to have any luck this time either. But the girl spoke up just as she was about to ask again. "I-I think I have a crush, on a boy."

To her credit, Hestia tried to control herself, but she just couldn't. She burst into a fit of laughter, and it wasn't disguised at all. She laughed loudly at how ridiculous all of this was. "You, Nymphadora Tonks, were freaking out for the past three weeks just because of some boy. I swear to god Tonks, sometimes I wonder what's going on up in that noggin of yours." It was a testament to how embarrassed she was feeling that Tonks didn't even do anything about being referred to by her first name.

"But seriously, what are you so worried about? You're a great student, an excellent Hufflepuff, a real looker, and you can literally morph into looking like anything you can think of. If any boy's throwing that away, he's too dumb for you in the first place."

Tonks giggled slightly, though she did try to smack her roommate with her pillow lightly. The two then sat there in a companionable silence for a few minutes, until Hestia's curiosity finally got the best of her. "So, who's the lucky lad?"

Tonks smirked in response. "I'm not telling you just yet, Hes. Perhaps a story for another day." Hestia shrugged. "Meh, it was worth a try, I guess. But now I really do need to finish my essay." The girl got up and walked to the door of the dormitory. "And I was serious, Tonks. Any guy would be a fool to not like you. I mean, what's there not to like?" With that she exited their shared dorm, leaving Tonks to her devices. *'She has a point though. I could try, no harm done.'* With that she was decided. Now all she needed to do was find Harry, and have a reason to talk to him.

"Hey Harry. What're you doing?" The boy looked up to see a girl about his age looking straight at him. The first thing that really stood out was the girl's hair. It was bubble-gum pink.

"I, uh, I was just trying to do some of my Potions homework." Harry responded, gesturing to the books laying open in front of him. He hadn't been able to focus in the common room, so he had chosen to try studying in the library. He was doing much better with the essay, but he still felt guilty because of the hurt look Ron had given him when he left. "What about you?"

"Oh, I'm actually here to see you, Harry." She said, as she sat down on the bench next to Harry. She managed to not show it, but she felt a surge of nervousness, as Harry continued to look at her intently. *'His eyes are nothing like the ones in the books. They're...beautiful.'*

"Um, why did you want to see me, Ms...?" Harry asked, pulling the girl out of her reverie. "Nym Dora." "Nice going Tonks, real creative." "Yeah, I actually wanted to speak with you about a certain rumour going around, one about you being the new Seeker for Gryffindor." Harry stiffened at that point. "I-I don't know what you're talking about." The boy tried to deny weakly.

The girl smirked. "Don't worry, your secret's safe with me, Harry. I actually wanted to recommend a book you might want to read, to help you understand Quidditch a little better, and to maybe see some of the higher-level plays." Nym concluded, before offering Harry a book she had tucked away in her bookbag. The title read: *Quidditch Through The Ages*.

Harry was a little perplexed, but gingerly accepted the book nonetheless. "Thank you very much Nym. I'll be sure to give it a read." The girl blushed a little as Harry smiled straight at her, and began talking before he could notice. "So, who taught you how to fly, eh?"

Harry turned to give her a questioning glance. "Oh come on. You must have learnt how to fly from someone to have been selected as playing Seeker in your first year. So, who taught you?"

Harry looked away from her for a moment and lowered his head. Tonks felt as if she had been punched in the gut. *'Me and my big, stupid mouth.'* "Are you alright, Harry?" She asked, hoping to not screw up her first impression on the boy.

"Yeah, I'm fine. And to answer your question, I didn't have anyone teach me how to play Quidditch or fly, or even tell me about it. I actually just flew on a broom for the first time a week ago." Harry was a little amused by how Nym's jaw fell slack. "My friend Ron told me that it's probably in my blood. My dad was the Seeker for Gryffindor too."

Tonks's mouth remained open for a moment, until she realised that Harry was staring at her. She made to move the topic. "Wait, how come you didn't know about Quidditch? It's practically the only sport that wizards have nowadays." Tonks asked the boy.

He began to wring his hands as he looked at her. "Well, I was raised in the muggle world, so I didn't know much about the wizarding world until recently. I actually didn't even know it existed until I got my Hogwarts letter."

The girl raised an eyebrow and continued to look at Harry, half-expecting him to burst into laughter and then tell her that he was pulling at her leg. When he didn't, her confusion only grew further. "But that doesn't make any sense. You're the Boy-Who-Lived. You beat Voldemort. There are literally hundreds of stories about the amazing things you've done for the Wizarding world. How could you have grown up without knowing about magic?"

Harry grew a little more upset, as the discussion shifted toward a topic he'd rather avoid. "It isn't like I got to choose where I grew up. Trust me, I wish I had grown up in the magical world, Nym. And as far as those storybooks go, I saw a lot of them at Flourish & Blotts, and they were all full of rubbish and lies. I'm not nearly as special as people think I am."

"But then who did you grow up with?" She asked. "The Dursleys. Petunia Dursley is my aunt, and I lived with her, her husband and my cousin Dudley." He replied in a sharp, clipped tone, which worried Tonks. "They weren't fans of magic to put it lightly, and they didn't tell me anything about it." Harry chuckled, though it didn't seem humorous. "They didn't even want me to go to Hogwarts in the first place. If it weren't for Hagrid being there, I would probably still be living with them."

Nym didn't want to jump to any conclusions, but the Dursleys were not shaping up to be the nice kind of relatives. She didn't want to come off as prying, but she was curious as to the extent to which these Dursleys 'weren't fans of magic' as Harry put it.

"So, how does it feel like to live in the muggle world? My grandparents on my dad's side are muggles, so I know a lot more about the muggles than most wizards or witches, but I still haven't ever lived there on a permanent basis."

Harry seemed pensive for a moment, once again going silent. Nym was almost sure that the boy was thinking over what he would say in response. And that worried Tonks. She never knew an eleven year old to tread lightly with their words, especially not someone who was supposed to be the entire wizarding world's saviour. *'I might have to write to Mum about this. Harry does not seem to be alright with his relatives.'*

"Well, it was alright. I mean, I had a place to live, and I usually got food too." Harry quickly stopped, realising what he had just said. "B-But I should really be going to my dormitory. I want to change out of my work robes before dinner." He said, slightly panicky as he began to gather his books.

Tonks was not convinced, but she decided that she couldn't exactly order him to stay. "Yeah, sure." She was happy to note, however, that he had accepted her copy of *Quidditch Through The Ages*. "It was really nice to meet you, Harry Potter. I hope we can talk again sometime."

Harry stopped for a moment. "Yes, it was nice to talk to you, Nym, and thanks for the book, I'm sure t'll be very useful, and I will return it after I read it." With that, the boy walked straight out of the library, not even looking back.

"All things considered, that went better than expected." It honestly had. She had been able to engage in friendly conversation with Harry, even if it had been cut off rather abruptly. But now, she was more intrigued regarding the boy's past. He was more than just a famous kid, or the Boy-Who-Lived. He was Harry Potter, and until less than a year ago, he didn't even know about magic at all, let alone his position in the magical world. And for some reason, she felt angry at the Dursleys, but she didn't quite know why. *'I definitely need to owl Mum.'*

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dear Mum,

I hope you're well. The start of term is going fine, though this year is much harder than the last, with how we have to prepare for our N.E.W.T.s all the time. I think Hestia might go spare before winter break, at the rate she's going.

I also need to tell you something more important, regarding Harry Potter. I talked to him, and he seems like a good person, but the real shocker is that he didn't know anything about magic, at all. He was raised by his aunt's family, the Dursleys, and they never told him about magic. And Harry told me that they didn't exactly approve of his magic. He even said something about not always getting enough food. Harry also really seemed anxious when we were talking. I didn't know what to do, so I'm writing to you.

I don't know if there is any cause for concern, but if there is, I want to help Harry. I'm writing to you because you knew the Potters, so you might know something about it.

Write back soon.

Tonks.

Andromeda Tonks read over the letter she had just received from her daughter and felt her heart sink as she finished going over it. 'The Dursleys, of all people! That poor boy.' She grabbed a page and a pen – a nifty muggle invention her husband had introduced her to – and began to write her daughter a response.

Andromeda recalled what Lily Potter had told her about the Dursleys. They were the wrong sort of Muggles, and hated magic with every fibre of their being. Petunia had always considered her sister a freak for having magic, and she had preserved that opinion of her to the very end. *'Lily never wanted her son to go to that woman, she was well aware that Harry would not be raised well there. But why was he still there?'* Her thoughts clouded her mind as she penned her response. *'I can think over that later. Right now I need Nymphadora to make sure that boy is okay, though I doubt it considering how he behaved with her.'*

She finally finished writing her letter, and immediately went to the window, where Meredith, Nymphadora's owl, sat waiting for a reply. She fed her a few extra owl treats, and then attached the note to her foot. Meredith ruffled her feathers, before taking off from the perch through the window. *'I hope that the Dursleys didn't ruin the boy forever. He deserves better than that, much better.'*

It was a week after their first meeting that Harry saw Nym again, when he was sitting in the library. "Oh, hello Nym. It's really nice to see you again." He flashed her a bright smile, which made Tonks feel as if a small part of her melted a little. "I want to say sorry for being so short with you. I was just a little focused on my homework."

Nym smiled right back at him. "I understand Harry, and it's nothing, just water under the bridge. Though I do have one question to ask you." Harry grew a little nervous at the mention of questions. She extended her hand to the boy sitting next to her. "Would you like to be my friend, Harry Potter?"

Harry was a little surprised by how easily she had made the offer. Other than perhaps Ron, Harry didn't have any friends, and he'd come to see them as rare treasures. The sort that he wouldn't let up easily. "Sure, it'd be a pleasure." He said, as he took her hand and they shook upon it. The handshake quickly grew a little awkward though, as the two then silently pulled back their hands, staring at the other.

"So, Harry, now that we are officially friends, do you have any questions for me?" Nym asked as she moved their focus to another topic. Harry was glad for the distraction. "Well, I have been wondering about which house you're in. I didn't see you anywhere in classes or in the Great Hall after we met I even looked across all of the tables." Tonks could not resist blushing softly at the boy admitting he'd tried looking for her, but her mind was also on the new conundrum posed by this problem. She was a seventh year with six classes, and could not just up and vanish from the Hufflepuff table. But at the same time, that was not an explanation Harry might take well. So, she finally decided upon a half-lie.

"I'm actually a second year in Hufflepuff, so we don't share any classes, but the reason you can't see me is that I have a special magical ability. I am a metamorphmagus." Harry stared at her with an eyebrow raised, and his head cocked to the side in confusion. *'I swear, this boy can not get any cuter than this.'* "A metamorphmagus is a magical with the ability to literally morph their entire body or parts of their body, and can change the size, complexion, shape, and even genetic makeup. Like so." Choosing to elaborate with a visual aid, Tonks raised her hand and slowly darkened the complexion until it went from olive to a caramel. She then proceeded to enlarge her hand, until it became the size that an adult's hand would be. "Wow, th-that's amazing." Pleased with the praise, Tonks reversed the changes to her hand. "And that is the gist of what we metamorphmagi can do. I usually change my appearance to something random during mealtimes, just to mess around with my friends, so that's why you couldn't see me."

"Sometimes, I still can't believe magic is real, but then it's things like that that convince me it is real." Harry stated. "Though how does someone even do that, or become a megamorphmagus."

Tonks giggled. "It's Meta-morphmagus, Harry, and it's actually something you're just born with. So you either are, or you aren't. It runs through a lot of the Pureblood families as a rare genetic trait." Harry raised his eyebrow again. "Draco Malfoy also said something about being a pureblood and them being special. Why just purebloods? Are they more magical or something?"

'Ugh, of course he wouldn't have any idea about this stuff, why do I keep forgetting?' "No, purebloods are not better than muggleborns or half-bloods, despite what they'd have you believe. It's just that purebloods are the descendants of the first magical settlers in Britain and they pride themselves over that. Of course, some like the Malfoys take it too far and even think they are superior to others, but magically speaking, that isn't the case. The reason mostly purebloods are metamorphmagi is that the original genetic trait is of a pureblood family, and purebloods usually don't have kids with anyone who isn't a fellow pureblood. They want to keep their magic 'pure'. Bunch of horse shit if you ask me. I mean, I'm a half-blood, and I'm a metamorphmagus just as well as others." Tonks sighed, trying to calm herself down after her little tirade. She didn't like it, but whenever she brought up pureblood, she had a habit of getting incensed. It always came back to their arrogant attitudes and how they made others suffer because of that. *'Good people like mum get pushed around by those buffoons.'*

Harry noticed that Nym was growing a little annoyed, so he did what he knew any good friend would. "Are you alright, Nym? You seem a little, upset."

Tonks sighed. "It's just that I know first hand that purebloods can really be cruel to those who do not think the same way they do, and those people end up suffering. Their families end up suffering. My mom was just like that. She was the eldest daughter of House Black, a really important, and really rich pureblood family." She took a moment to calm herself. "But she didn't want to marry a pureblood wizard like her family asked her to do. My grandparents were even ready to marry her off without her permission." Harry was horrified at the prospect of something like that. "But my mom didn't agree, so she ran away from home as soon as she graduated, and married my father, a muggleborn wizard. And that was the worst thing that a pureblood could do, in the eyes of her family." She stopped and chuckled dryly. "Actually, scratch that. The worst thing would have been if she had married a Squib or a Muggle. But what she did was almost just as bad, and her parents removed her from the family for it."

"But, she did the right thing. Why'd they punish her for it?" Harry asked, as Tonks leaned toward him slightly. "Yeah, she did. But even these days, my mom gets upset that she couldn't attend her sisters' weddings, or that she couldn't be there when her parents passed away. She was never even allowed back into her childhood home, and that really hurt a part of her. And it was all because some purebloods wanted to keep their egos intact." She finished, gritting her teeth to hold herself from swearing. Harry wrapped an arm around her shoulders awkwardly in a sign of support. She was too angry to actually even consider its implications. *'This is ironic. Here I was, trying to help him with whatever he went through with his muggle relatives, and he's comforting me now. I swear, mum was right about this kid. He's too good for anyone, and way too kind for his own good. He may not be the same hero that was in all of those books, but he's a hero for sure.'*

"Guess there are bad apples in both the magical world and the muggle world, eh Harry?" Tonks asked the boy. His expression seemed to darken imperceptibly for a millisecond, but Tonks caught it before he put up a look of confusion. "What do you mean, Nym?"

Tonks wanted to keep Harry's arm around her, she desperately did, but she knew that this conversation held precedence over that, so she begrudgingly moved a few inches away from the boy so she could turn to face him. "Look, Harry, I know that you might not have had a

good childhood with the Dursleys. Now, I know that they are your relatives, but if they abused you or treated you badly, you can tell me, as a friend. No matter what they might tell you about magic or anything, no one deserves to be treated badly, especially not a child." Harry merely lowered his head and refused to look her in the eye. "Harry, please tell me if there is something wrong, because that's what friends are for. Things can be arranged so that you don't have to return to the Dursleys. But that can only happen if you tell me about it. I need you to trust me." She took his chin in her hand and gently lifted his gaze so that he'd meet her eyes. "Can you trust me Harry, please?"

The boy's eyes seemed clouded, almost as if the bright green had grown dark and murky all of a sudden. He was nervously fidgeting with his hands, but he did not look away from her. Tonks felt her heart wrench at the thought of what might have caused the boy to act like this.

For a few minutes he remained silent, though Tonks could tell that he was struggling to muster up his courage. She could not fault him. She let him take his time. After Harry finally calmed himself, he began to speak. "The Dursleys didn't really like me. They gave me less food than they ate themselves, and they made me work harder than they ever did themselves. And if I ever complained or asked for more food, they'd get really, really angry. Usually they would lock me up in my cupboard for a few days, but sometimes Uncle Vernon would even hit me." The boy lowered his gaze once more, as his lower lip trembled. "And this one time, when I regrew my hair overnight by magic, they beat me up harder than ever. And then they locked me into the cupboard for two weeks. That was the longest I had ever been in there, but it was horrible, just horrible." He looked up at Tonks, who seemed to be petrified by shock herself. "I-I didn't want anyone to know, because I don't want to be the freak anymore. I want to be just Harry."

Tonks pulled the boy closer to herself and wrapped him in a hug. "That is the last thing you should have worried about Harry. No one here sees you as a freak. We're all magical, just like you, and there isn't any shame in that. Your relatives were bad people, the worst kind possible, and they were wrong. Here, at Hogwarts, you can be just Harry." She whispered to him.

"But that's the thing," he replied softly. "Even here I'm not normal. I might be magical just like everyone else, but I'm still looked at weirdly, like I'm different. Most people see me as the Boy-Who-Lived, or their saviour. In fact, when I went to the Leaky Cauldron for the first time, a man who I had never met before greeted me as if I was some superhuman being. I don't want to be treated different, Nym, especially not because of my parents being dead, and me being alive instead."

Tonks wasn't sure how to respond to that. A part felt like just hugging the boy and telling him that not everyone was like that. Another part of her felt guilty at having grown up with an image of Harry which was mostly construed by rumours and fantasy books. "I guess some people will always be like that. But some won't, and you'll just have to tell the difference. I know it isn't a perfect solution, but people can be hard to deal with sometimes." She said, as she continued to hold Harry. "But you can't just ignore everyone or push them away, because in the end everyone needs friends, even you, Harry Potter." She finished on a perky note, which earned an amused smile from the boy.

"What about you? Do you ever feel, not normal?" Harry asked suddenly, and Tonks found herself taken aback by the question. "W-Well, I used to feel a little different and separate because of my Metamorphmagus abilities, but I don't think I feel that anymore. Some girls just disliked my ability to look like whatever I wanted to, and some guys only like that I could look like whatever they wanted me to, if you catch my drift." She looked down at the boy who was leaning against her shoulder, only to notice his puzzled look. *'Great going Tonks. How is this boy going to know anything about your drift?'* "What I mean is that they liked to see me turn some of my body parts into different animal body parts. They thought it was funny." To illustrate her point, she pulled at her nose and lips until they stretched and adopted the shape of a duck's bill, along with a yellow colouring. "Wow. You're amazing..." Harry whispered. Tonks knew he meant it in no way other than her metamorphmagus abilities, but she still blushed at the praise. She reverted her form to respond. "Thanks, Harry." The two sat in silence for a moment.

"Hey, Nym, I think I need to go. I have an Astronomy class tonight, and I'd like to get a few hours of sleep before that. Professor Sinistra can get really mad if we seem tired in her classes."

Tonks chuckled. "I'm aware. So I guess we can talk again later, right?" She asked hopefully. Harry grinned back at her, with one of his. *'I swear, in just a couple years, the girls'll be clawing at each other to get to him.'* "Of course we can. We are friends after all. But could you please not tell anyone about, you know, the Dursleys? I'd rather too many people not know about it."

Tonks immediately nodded. "Yeah, of course. But let me remind you, whatever happened with the Dursleys is not your fault. They were the ones who hated magic and they took it out on you. You were just a child." She then added with a cheeky smile. "You were just Harry." She said, getting up from the bench along with him.

He smiled softly this time. "I'm glad you're my friend. I really am. We can meet here again, whenever you want to."

"It's a deal, Potter, one I intend to hold you to on Friday." She said, as the two walked away from the library, and split up in opposite directions to their respective dormitories.

Tonks entered her dorm, and immediately fell back onto her bed, a smile on her face as she continued to think of Harry. *'He's a perfect gentleman. Kind, polite, thoughtful, even comforting and incredibly cute, and. And he's only eleven right now!'* "So, that good, eh?" Tonks fell off her bed as she tried to turn around in a hurry, only to hear her the familiar laughter of her best friend. "Hes, what the fuck! Why didn't you tell me you were here?" She snarled as she got up from the floor, glaring at her still-laughing friend.

"This *is* my dorm as well, Tonks." The girl replied from her bed. "But more importantly, how'd your date go?"

Tonks's face burst into a sharp blush, and she was sure her hair had turned a deep red as they often would. "I-I was not on a date. I was just in the library, doing some research."

Heat is was not convinced. "Sure. That's why you're as red as a tomato. That must've been some intense reading." She said with a coy smile. Tonks glared at her, while willing her hair to return to their real colour. "Think that you will, I'm telling you the truth. Now, if you don't mind, I actually have a letter to write." With that Tonks grabbed herself a piece of parchment and a pen, and left the room.

"She's got it bad." Hes said, as she continued to read her book. It was a really interesting story, about some gods and their rebellious teen children.

Harry felt happy and unburdened as he entered the Gryffindor common room. *'I guess it's true what they say. Sharing can sometimes make it better.'* He was glad to have met Nym. Having a friend was incredible. A friend who he could share with. A friend who would comfort him. A friend he could trust.

He was quickly interrupted from his thoughts when a familiar redhead walked up to him. "Hey, Harry mate, where've you been? Seamus and I were playing Snap, and we looked for you everywhere." Ron placed a hand on his shoulder, causing him to turn around. "But come on, we're still good for a couple games, if you're up for it."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "I was just in the library, Ron. And now I'm going to sleep. I don't want to fall asleep in Sinistra's class again." He said, as the two boys walked up the stairs to their dorms.

"The library? What were you doing there?" Ron asked as the two entered the dorm.

"I was just trying to read ahead on Potions. I don't want Snape to hate me for the next seven years. Plus, we have our midterms soon, and I don't want to fall behind." Harry responded.

"But why would you care about your grades? You're rich, aren't you?" Ron gave him a look that seemed like he was honestly confused.

"Well, I do have some money, but I don't want to just live off of my parents, Ron. I want to make my parents proud by proving to them that I can take care of myself as well. And for that, I need good grades." Harry said, growing a little irritated at Ron's assumption that he'd just be happy to blow through his parents' savings.

Ron was also growing a little annoyed by Harry's stubborn attitude. "That's crazy. What's the benefit of being rich if you don't get to not work or study. Why would your parents care if you worked or not? I swear, Granger must have gotten you up to this. She's the only person who's enough of a bookworm that can convince someone else into studying."

That was the last straw. "Ron, I don't care what you think about studies or grades, but I want to work and do something for myself. No parent would want their kid to just sit around and burn through their savings. And even if my parents don't care, I still do. I honestly don't see why you have a problem with me wanting to study."

"Because you're the bloody Boy-Who-Lived! You're rich and famous, and you're eleven! If anyone gets to not worry about grades, it's you. The rest of us need to study to feed ourselves."

We don't have a choice! Why do you want to study? You don't even have parents who make you study!"

Harry felt a little bad when Ron mentioned having to study to survive, but all of that guilt was incinerated by the inferno of rage that rose within him after the boy made the last comment.

"What did you just say?!" Harry asked as he rounded on the boy. "You think I care about money or fame, or that I think losing my parents was worth it? I would do anything just to have a moment with my parents. I'd give away all my gold and fame in a second, just so that I could tell them I'm doing well in school, that they have a reason to be proud of me. I'd do it just to get to hear them tell me to do well in school. You have a family who loves you, you have parents, and siblings, and everything I don't! I am not just the Boy-Who-Lived, Ron! I'm Harry Potter, and I thought you knew that." He levelled a glare at the boy. "Obviously I was wrong." He still felt some rage brewing inside him, so he left the dorm, and marched down into the common room. Any plans of sleep had effectively been ruined.

Albus Dumbledore smiled as he leaned back in his chair. A certain portrait located in the library had just told him of what was occurring between Nymphadora Tonks and Harry Potter. *'It seems that Nymphadora is having a positive effect on Harry. Their relationship certainly is helping him overcome some of his own insecurities and doubts, at the very least. I just hope that Nymphadora remains careful of her intentions. Becoming romantically involved with a minor would not do well for her future if anyone comes to know of it.'*

Albus was well aware of Tonks's little crush on the Boy-Who-Lived, but he hoped she would get over it in time. He himself did not object to the idea of the two being together, but it would not be seen the same way if she were brought in front of the Wizengamot. *'I can't force their friendship to an end either. Not after the suffering the boy has already endured due to my mistakes. Today, what he needs most is a friend, and Nymphadora is exactly that.'* Dumbledore was aware of what had occurred at the Dursley household. He had looked into the matter when Harry didn't receive his initial Hogwarts letter. What he had learnt of was awful, but he could not do anything at that point. The wards around No. 4 Privet Drive had grown strong enough to protect the boy from just about anything. And he could not afford to have Harry be unsafe. He regretted his initial decision, but that was far behind him now.

'If only Sirius had not betrayed the trust of Lily and James, he would have made a good guardian for the boy. Perhaps a bad influence at times, but a great guardian.' Albus sighed. He always loathed looking over all the mistakes he had made in the past, and how that had affected innocent people in turn, but he had to do so in order to not make the same mistakes over and over again.

Author's Notes:

Ok, so I just dropped this one as is from FFN, along with one from TEoM. I'll be adding some tomorrow too - or at least I plan to.

Now, one thing that is really, really important to me is developing the characters, while not making them OOC right off the bat. So, please tell me if you read something that seems off - just put it in a comment and I'll respond.

Other than that, go ahead and give kudos if you liked it! I love all support, and it really helps me find inspiration when it comes to writing.

Oh, and for all of you who want the Harry/Tonks thing to really kick off, just wait on until the next couple of chapters. Nothing official or really big, but it is going to be some good fluff. XD.

Well, see y'all with the next update! Tell me what you think of this. And that's a wrap!

Peace Out

Kofukuna Shi No Kami

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry and Tonks continued to meet through the month of October, taking out the time to see each other about once a week. They had taken up one corner of the library as their decided rendezvous location, and the two were slowly but surely getting to know each other much better. Harry had begun to tell Nym more about how he was doing with his classes and the professors, while Nym had also discussed some of her own classes, making sure to be vague enough for him to believe that she was a second year. Harry had even gone and talked about some of his Quidditch practices, though that was only after Tonks promised she wouldn't spill any beans to the rest of her house. The Hufflepuff was very glad to note that the boy was slowly growing more friendly around her, and she took the opportunity to enjoy every smile he gave her and every hug they shared. She did not want to admit it to herself, but she did not have to - her crush on Harry was growing stronger and stronger with every time they met. But as October was drawing to a close, the two had forewarned the other that their meetings could not be just as frequent as before. Tonks had a slew of N.E.W.T. assignments and projects to work on, whereas Harry would be spending more time studying and practicing, as both the midterms and the Quidditch season were drawing nearer.

However, that did not keep Tonks from thinking about the boy in most of the free time she got between applying for Junior Auror training and studying. Just now, as she was walking up the stairs from the dungeons, heading to the Great Hall. 'I wonder what snuggling with him feels like. He's probably a little, warm ball of sunshine, just so adorable. He has the cutest face, but his smile is just perfectly handsome. And he may be the sort of person to be the little spoon right now, but I can only imagine what it'll be like when he's a little older...and taller. He could probably wrap me up in his arms and just...press me up against his...muscles.' The girl felt her throat dry, as she felt herself warm up despite the cold chill of the dungeons. She shook her head vigorously. 'No! No! You can't think of that sort of stuff Tonks! He's still a kid. Maybe one day, but not now.' She quickly reprimanded herself, reminding herself of what she was doing. 'C'mon, just get to the Great Hall, and no more ped-' "Thinking about boy wonder, eh?" Tonks bit back a shriek - but just barely - as she missed a step and fell forward, falling face first onto the ground floor's landing. Some of the other students who were headed to the Great Hall looked over to see what the fuss was about, but they all kept on moving along.

"I swear, Hes, you nearly killed me. Never do that again." Tonks hissed up at her friend, who stood over the girl with a cheeky grin plastered over her face. "Now what are you smirking about?"

Her grin turned into a coy smile. "Nothing. Just couldn't help but notice you were out of it, and your face and hair had turned all red. I just wonder, whatever could you have been daydreaming of, Tonksie?" She stood with her hands firmly on her hips, and Tonks was sure that the girl knew exactly what she was daydreaming of. The Hufflepuff pulled herself to her feet, and brushed off some of the dust that had gotten on the back of her robes. "I wasn't

daydreaming anything, Hes. I was just thinking about the next assignment we have to hand in to Professor Quirrell, that's all."

Hestia was even more amused by her friend's weak attempts at excuses. "Of course. I am sure that a detailed report on the magical abilities and weaknesses of Dementors would get you all hot and bothered. Makes complete sense." She just giggled as her best friend ignored her to the best of her abilities, and walked ahead into the Great Hall, leaving Hestia to catch up to her.

As the two entered the Hall, Tonks couldn't help the slight warmth she felt as she looked over the decorated room. Some of the candelabra that would usually be hovering overhead had been replaced by jack-o'-lanterns. For some reason, which Tonks strongly felt was a magical one, the room remained just as well-lit as it would all-year round. Most students had already arrived, and were waiting for the famous Halloween feast to begin. The two seventh-years sat down at their house table. There were just a few minutes left until the feast would commence, so they did not have to wait for long. But as they did sit at their table silently, Tonks felt her eyes drifting toward the Gryffindor table. Toward a specific boy at said table, actually.

She did feel a little warmer as she thought of what she had just 'daydreamed' as her friend had put so eloquently, but she did not allow her mind to stray this time. As she watched the boy, she did notice that he seemed a bit more sullen than usual. She also noticed that neither Granger nor the youngest Weasley were sitting anywhere near him. 'Why is he sitting alone?'

"Hey, Tonks, you there?" Nymphadora nodded mutely in response. "Hey, have you ever noticed that Potter isn't sitting next to anyone?" She felt her stomach turn a little at referring to Harry as 'Potter', but she had made a habit of doing so whenever she mentioned him in front of others.

Hestia quirked an eyebrow, before turning her head to look over to the Gryffindor table herself. She quickly scanned the table, finding the boy sitting lonesome at one end of the table. "He isn't exactly alone. The Longbottom kid is sitting just a little bit away. Anyway, I don't imagine how the boy-who-lived would have any problems making friends." She finished off with an amused smile on her face, which didn't sit too well with Tonks.

"That isn't necessarily true, Hes. All I see right now is that nobody is actually even talking to him." She said, doing her best to seem not too interested.

Hes couldn't help but stare at her friend weirdly for a moment, before bursting into a fit of chuckles. Tonks jabbed her friend in the side not too lightly, as some of the other students at their table even looked over at them to see what the ruckus was about. "Care to share what's so hilarious?"

Hestia took a few seconds to calm herself down. When she finally took ahold of her laughter, she turned to her best friend. "Tonks, he's Harry fucking Potter. He's famous, he's rich, and he's kinda cute too. By the time he's in his third year, he'll be knee deep in girls who'll be willing to do anything to get with the Boy-Who-Lived, and that's if its just girls from his year, which I really doubt. I mean, just think about it. Most of those girls have grown up reading about the glorified Harry Potter. He's sort of like that one Muggle you told me about, if you think about it. What was his name again, the prince guy?"

"Prince Charming," Tonks said softly. "And he's not a real person, he's just a fictional character."

"Either ways, Harry Potter is actually there! It's like all of those girls suddenly got an actual chance at getting to know their Prince Charming. Most of them would jump at that chance, don't ya think?" She said, giving her friend another bemused smile. "Harry Potter is the last person in this castle who would need to worry about making friends."

Tonks gave her a shrug which she hoped came off as nonchalant. "Well, we won't be around to find out, now will we?" She said, wanting to change the topic. Luckily, their conversation came to a quick close when Professor Dumbledore stood up and cleared his throat, alerting the students to the fact that he was about to begin his patented Halloween speech.

Though as he spoke, Tonks zoned out, instead focusing on her own thoughts. 'Hes does have a point. Harry is the most eligible bachelor in all of Magical Britain at this moment, and that's only going to become more true as he grows up. Who am I kidding? He could literally take three hot, rich, well-connected girls to all be his wives, and nobody would bat an eye. I might be able to make myself look hot, but that's pretty much all I'd be good for. No one in the magical world particularly respects the Tonks name, assuming they've even heard of it, and even being a Senior Auror doesn't pay well enough to be considered a lucrative job.' She tried dismissing her darker thoughts, wanting to just call them stupid insecurities, but a deeper part of her was not willing to ignore this, despite how it made her feel as if a ghost was reaching into her stomach and pulling at her intestines. 'He may not be thinking about these sorts of things right now, but he definitely will once he grows up a little. Why would he want to date someone older than him when he could be with someone his own age, or even someone younger than him, and I don't want to have to lie to him about this forever. He'd hate me for that.' The mere thought of the object of her affections telling her that he hated her and could not trust her caused her heart to ache a little. She knew it was stupid and irrational. She had barely known him for two months. But it was what it was.

"Well, what are you waiting for, eh?" Hes asked from beside her. "The pumpkin pie looks absolutely amazing this year." The comment snapped the metamorphmagus out of her reverie. Apparently the food had arrived already. Tonks didn't say anything in response and instead chose to merely pile some roasted chicken onto her plate, and begin eating. She did not want to take her upset feelings out on her best friend, and she really wasn't in the mood for chatter either anymore. She just wanted some silence.

Of course, three minutes later, she would discover that was far too much to ask for.

"TROLL! Troll in the dungeons!" Quirrell seemed to be running with all the might that his scrawny legs would provide as he entered the Hall. To be honest, most of the student body hadn't even realised that he had been missing in the first place, but they did not care to address that fact at the moment, in face of the information he had just given. As he slumped forward, evidently knocked out by his own stress, a surge of panic flooded the student body, resulting in frantic movement, loud shouting and a lot of shoving. It was a good few seconds before the Headmaster was finally able to gain the full attention of the students. "Prefects, you shall escort your housemates to their dorms. Teachers, you shall spread out and look for the troll." He bellowed.

The prefects immediately jumped into action, forming closely knit groups of their own housemates, and marching out of the Great Hall. Tonks also followed suit with her own housemates, though she did stop long enough to cast a worried look in Harry's direction. 'I hope he stays safe.' A couple of prefects might be able to take down a troll, but she felt slightly worried. She did not let those thoughts cloud her mind for too long, however, as the seventh years were expected to also give the Prefects a hand here, considering they were the best trained students in the school. She shifted her mind to keeping a group of third years safe as they headed for the Hufflepuff dorms.

Harry was running wildly, trying to control his panting as best he could, looking for Hermione. He remembered Parvati Patil having mentioned that she had been crying in the girl's bathroom all day. He hadn't seen her at dinner either, so he was sure she still had no idea about the troll. And the last thing he had wanted to do was let her get hurt just because she was upset. He had considered going to a professor first, but had dismissed the idea when he realised that they might get angry at Hermione for having skipped on the Halloween dinner. So, it was decided that he'd have to go alone. He had considered asking Ron as well, but he hadn't needed much time before dismissing it. Not only was Ron the very reason that Hermione was upset in the first place, but he had also been avoiding Harry like the plague since their little altercation in the boys dormitory. Honestly, Harry had been fine with that. He may have taken some time to get used to being alone most of the time, but it was better than hanging out with someone who did not have the decency to appreciate his own parents.

The toilets finally drew into his vision, and Harry felt a little happy that he had made it. That feeling immediately evaporated when he heard a shrill scream from inside. He was already too late. He ran into the bathrooms, only to see Hermione cowering against a wall as a giant monstrosity stood looming over her, with a club in his hand. The troll raised his club lazily - which honestly amazed the boy, given that the club seemed to be as large as most first years - and threatened to bring it down on the girl at any moment. In that moment, Harry did something which he would later come to realise was the most stupid thing he could have done.

"Hey, troll! Leave her alone!" He screamed at the top of his lungs. That seemed to work, as the creature turned his head to stare at the small boy in confusion. For a second the troll did nothing. But then he suddenly jumped into action, and Harry was more than a little surprised by how fast the troll seemed to be. The creature charged at him, swinging his club as if it were a tiny twig. And that was when Harry realised just how stupid of a decision he had made. Of course, he wasn't allowed to ponder over that epiphanic thought for long, as his brain reminded him that a twelve feet tall troll was coming straight at him with all the grace of a bulldozer.

The Boy-Who-Lived turned sharply on his heels and began to clamber down the hallways. He ran with everything his legs could manage, but it was barely enough to keep him out of the troll's smacking range. He could feel every missed hit send deep reverberations through the hallway, and a morbid part of him felt as though every hit was getting just a tad closer. 'I don't have time to think about that! I need to run faster and find a professor!' He told himself, forcing his legs to go even faster.

"Wingardium Leviosa!" A familiar voice called out from behind him, but Harry didn't dare look back right now. He kept running until he felt a heavy thud behind him. He slowed down as he realised that he could no longer hear the heavy footfalls of the troll. He slowed down and turned to look behind himself, and felt a surge of relief fill him, as he saw the unconscious form of the troll lying on the floor, with its club suspiciously close to its skull. On the other end of the hallway stood Hermione, with her wand in hand. She immediately ran toward him, and that was when Harry realized that in between his anxiety, fear and exhaustion, he had fallen to his knees, trying to settle his gasping breaths.

"Harry! Are you okay?" She asked as she knelt down next to him. He seemed unharmed, but she still wanted to make sure.

"Uh, yeah...I'm fine. But, you saved my life Hermione. That troll would have killed me any second." He said, looking at the girl with immense admiration. Hermione's only response was to blush softly at the unexpected intensity of his praise. "Well, you did the same for me, so let's just call it even." Harry nodded. He then pulled himself up, and brushed off some of the dust from the back of his robes. "I think we should get back to the dorms. The professors told the students that we were supposed to go straight to our dorms, and we might get into some trouble if they catch us here."

Hermione felt a question rise in her head. "But then wh-"

"Tsk tsk, Potter. It seems you have indeed inherited your father's arrogance." A drawl came from behind the two, and the two students turned around to see their least favourite professor standing behind their backs, a wicked smirk on his face. "And it seems your contagious ego has even affected Ms. Granger here. Quite...unfortunate. She had been shaping up to be a somewhat acceptable student as well. For your direct disobedience, I shall have to deduct fifty house points...each." His smirk grew smug as he raised an eyebrow. "Am I to understand that you do not have any problems with that?"

Harry was about to speak up, but Hermione beat him to it. "Sir, I don't think its fair to deduct any points from Harry. He only came here because he knew I didn't know about the troll. I would be dead right now if it weren't for him." She meekly glanced over to the boy standing next to her. "He saved my life."

However, her complaints fell on deaf ears, as Severus only clicked his teeth. "That does not excuse his stupidity. He should know better than most that he isn't some great hero as most people make him out to be." Harry felt a torrent of anger flood him, but he was sure Snape was just trying to push at his buttons. The three of them looked up when they heard the sound of shoes clacking against the floor.

Professors Dumbledore and McGonagall came walking up to the students and Severus, their eyes wide at the sight of the fallen troll. "Severus, I am glad you were able to make it in time to subdue the troll. Though I must admit that I am very disappointed that Mr. Potter and Ms. Granger are not in their dorms." The last part was a statement, but the questioning look she gave the two Gryffindors indicated that she wanted an explanation. "I find your decision to deduct points wise, in this case." She admitted rather reluctantly.

"Professor McGonagall, Harry came here to warn me about the troll, because I hadn't been at the Halloween feast. If he hadn't, I would have been killed." Hermione responded quickly, causing the Transfiguration professor to raise an eyebrow. "And Hermione knocked out the troll. I was just trying to get away from it." Harry admitted.

McGonagall was now thoroughly surprised. "Well, th-that does seem reasonable, but it was still very reckless of Mr. Potter to not inform a teacher first. You got lucky, and I can not even imagine what I would be seeing right now if you had not been so fortunate." Her words were stern, but they betrayed her underlying concern for the two students as well.

"Now, now, Minerva. It would not be wise to fret over what could have been. I myself believe it was incredibly brave of Mr. Potter to have stepped up for a friend in such danger." Albus said, his eyes twinkling with pride as he looked at the two students. "And it is entirely possible that even a moment's delay on Mr. Potter's behalf may have been fatal for Ms. Granger. A feat worthy of a true Gryffindor, if you ask me, and his timely action should not be reprimanded. As such, there shall not be any deduction of points on his behalf." Albus turned his smile to Severus. Harry was almost sure that Snape's head might explode at any moment with how red he was growing, but he did not comment.

"If that is the case, I must apologise, Mr. Potter. Your intervention may not have been advisable, but the results certainly are very agreeable. As such, I believe you have earned your house fifty points. But I do hope that you do not make a habit out of such adventures." She finished proudly, with the corners of her lips twitching upwards. Snape's lower lip seemed to be convulsing with anger. "And if Ms. Granger was the one who defeated the mountain troll, I do believe she may have earned herself twenty points as well, for ingenuity and excellent use of limited magical skill in an adverse situation." At this point, Harry and Hermione worried that Snape might be having a stroke, and watched as particles of spittle landed on his chin. In fact, even the Transfiguration professor noticed his repressed rage. "Are you alright, Severus? I am aware that tonight has been a rather *trying* evening, so it would be best if we all retired for today. Mr. Potter and Ms. Granger must also need quite a bit of rest. Tomorrow is still a Friday, and they shall be attending their classes as per the usual, so it's best if I just take them back to their dormitories."

She did not wait for Snape to respond, and she instead walked up to the two students, and led them down the hall with a firm hand on their shoulders. "Good night, Professors. I shall be making a small stop at the Hospital Wing to ensure that these two are not hurt." She then continued to march away, maintaining a sedate pace that the two children would be comfortable with.

Severus finally snapped back to reality, as he turned to the headmaster. "Albus, you can't let him get away with this! He endangered himself, and more importantly, another student. And now you are letting him walk away unpunished?"

"He may have acted rather rashly, Severus, but I cannot punish him for saving the life of another student. And I see no reason why you cannot understand that fact yourself." He stated, before casting a rather disappointed look upon the younger wizard. "He is not just James's son. He is his own person, and you can't hold this childish grudge of yours against him forever."

Snape only grew more infuriated. "How can you expect me to do that? He struts around the castle just like his father, acts as if he owns the place, and gets himself into trouble, only to be rewarded for all of that. He is pulling the wool over your eyes, Albus, and you should realise that before someone gets hurt." He then stomped off himself, his face still contorted into an expression of rage and annoyance.

Albus sighed. 'Severus is being much more stubborn about this than I had imagined he would be. But there still is hope. There is always hope.' He'd just have to wait for the Potions professor to come around to seeing things his way.

Harry felt no exhaustion whatsoever as they neared the Gryffindor tower. He supposed it was mostly because of the half-dose of 'Invigoration Potion' that Madam Pomfrey had given both him and Hermione when they had made a stop at the infirmary. The woman had fussed over them for a good hour, and had given them quite a talk on how irresponsible their actions had been, but she had also been very happy that they hadn't sustained any injuries. Professor McGonagall could not agree more.

After she gave them some of the potion, she had them stay in the wing for several more minutes, to ensure that the potion didn't cause any adverse side effects. McGonagall had taken that time to get a much more thorough recount of their encounter with the troll. She had even gotten Hermione to confess as to why exactly she wasn't at the Halloween feast, and she had been very displeased with the answer.

Now, however, the two were finally back in front of their dorms, and were glad to be there. "Caput Draconis." With that phrase, the portrait guarding the Gryffindor common room swung open, and revealed to them the familiar gold and scarlet room. McGonagall was the first to step into it, closely followed by the two students. Harry noticed that there were still quite a few students there - which made sense, considering that curfew still wasn't over. One of the central tables had been covered with a deep red tablecloth, with large dishes of the foods that had been at the feast sitting atop it. On one side of the same table were stacks of plates and glasses, and countless sets of cutlery.

"As dinner had been cut short, we had this brought up to each common room. Please do help yourselves." She said, gesturing over to the table. "And do not worry, Ms. Granger, I shall be having a word with Mr. Weasley tomorrow about his recent behaviour. It has already caused some *catastrophic* results." With that and a short goodbye, she exited the tower, leaving the two by themselves.

That is, until they were rushed at by half a dozen students from around them. Or to be more precise, Harry was.

"Hey, Potter, did you kill the troll?"

"How many were there?"

"They must have been real strong if the professors ended up needing your help!"

"What sort of spell did you use to take them down? It must have been powerful to kill an actual troll!"

"And you rescued Granger from the troll too! You're a true hero, just like in all the story books."

"So, are the two of you dating now? Because that would be a real bummer..."

Harry felt very overwhelmed by the sudden limelight he had been shoved into. And he was really thrown a curveball by the last two comments. "Uh, I actually didn't do much. Hermione's the one who knocked out the troll. I was just there." He said honestly, picking at his wrist as he answered the group. He wasn't even sure where to begin with their ridiculous ideas that he and Hermione were *dating*. They were literally eleven for god's sake.

"And the two of us are just friends. We were just in the wrong place at the wrong time." Hermione meekly continued. The small group surrounding them did let out a collective groan of disappointment - along with a singular squeal of joy - though they still peppered the two first years with more questions and details on what had happened.

It was almost fifteen minutes later that the other Gryffindors let them be, and the two then finally hobbled over to the buffet table. Harry wasn't quite sure whether it was an effect of the potion he had drank or if it was because of how much he had exerted himself not too long ago, but he was feeling famished. He plated himself some beef wellington and immediately began to eat. He absently noted that Hermione also seemed just as hungry.

After another serving of the beef wellington, he set his plate atop the table and watched as it was whisked away seconds later by some unseen force. He was sure that it was almost past curfew at this point, so he might as well go back upstairs. Hermione had moved away to speak to another one of the first-year girls - Parvati, he thought her name was - in a corner of the common room quite a bit ago. He was not especially tired yet, but he chalked that up to the Invigoration Potion, so he might as well try to go to bed.

He walked to the staircases, only to quickly be approached by Hermione.

"I-I wanted to say thanks again, for helping me." She said, and Harry could see that she was clearly still a little dazed by the entire ordeal. To be honest, the same could be said about him. "It was nothing, Hermione. I just did what anyone else would have."

The girl nodded. "Still, I sure am glad someone was there. So, I guess I'll see you in class tomorrow."

"Yeah, good night." Hermione reciprocated, and Harry made his way up the staircase. He was beginning to feel tired because of the encounter with the troll, and all the questioning from the other people in the common room had not helped much in that regard. 'I ran into an actual troll! I expected some strange things in a world full of magic, but this was just...insane.' When he got to the first-year boys' dorm, he was glad to see that no one else was still up. It was half-past ten already, so he wasn't too surprised. He was glad that they were asleep though - he wasn't sure if that was because he wanted to avoid Ron or to not want to answer any more questions about the troll. Harry wasn't as upset with Ron as he had been three

weeks ago. In fact, he even felt a little guilty for having dug into him as he had, but he was still upset with the way that Ron had talked about his fame and his parents so callously.

He groaned as he lay back in the bed. He had made up his mind, however. He would just stick to focusing on things like Quidditch and his studies, and try to do the best to just be a normal student. Or as normal a student as one can be in a school for witchcraft and wizardry. And he'd try to get along with the one friend who he had been able to keep for more than a month past the beginning of term - Nym. She was someone who he could really trust and call a friend, even if she wasn't in his year. She was always just normal around him. Sure, she had made a couple flippant comments about him being the Boy-Who-Lived and all of that stuff, but she didn't seem to let that cloud her judgment of him, and he liked that. It was refreshing, not just being some kid who was famous for something he never even knew about. He knew nothing about being Harry Potter, the celebrity of the wizarding world, but he knew how to be Harry Potter, the kid who grew up in No. 4, Privet Drive, Surrey.

He groaned again. Thinking about how he wouldn't fit in was not going to help him much, so he might as well go to sleep. He took off his glasses and put them on the table beside his bed. The invigorating potion was probably wearing off because he was feeling sudden waves of drowsiness come over him. He allowed himself to drift off, as his mind continuously went over the events of the evening.

Chapter End Notes

Author's Notes:

Okay, so this is the newest chapter, and I will just say, take it easy on me with this one. I know it came out a little awkward and fillery?, but I intended on that being its purpose. And I loved all the comments and kudos, it really made my week!

Now, I know there are going to be some complaints about Ron and the whole scenario that went down, but I want you guys to really consider whether it's that weird. Ron has only known Harry for about a month, they're both stubborn kids, Ron has a bit of a track record for saying some insensitive stuff, and Harry would be less invested in a friendship if he has other friends and his friendship with Ron is only a month old. Sure, it's AU stuff here, but it isn't exactly unbelievably alien.

Most of you are right in believing that it will be a slow-burn/ friends to lovers sort of situation, and obviously, I'm not going to be excessively weird with it, even if it is a shotacon story (none of that Harry gets laid at age 11 stuff).

Oh, and thanks to the reader who noticed the little PJO easter egg. Kudos to you!

Peace Out

Kofukuna Shi No Kami

Chapter 4

Harry was in a particularly secluded section of the library, poring over one of his Charms books, as he was trying to ignore the tight knot he was feeling in his chest. On his right side, Nym was sitting with an essay of her own open in front of her, but she had long given up trying to finish it. She looked over to the boy and broached the topic that was definitely on both of their minds. "So, Harry, how're you holding up? Tomorrow's a big day, and it's normal to feel nervous or afraid." She reassured.

Harry didn't respond at first. A moment later, he looked up at her, closing his textbook as he did so. "But I'll be on a broom, in front of the entire school, about fifteen metres in the air. And to make it even worse, I'm going to be the smallest person there. What if I let the team down?" He quickly turned even more worried. He wanted to do his best on the Quidditch team, and to live up to the legacy set by his father. It was less about the fame, and more about wanting something that would connect him to his parents other than just the bloody scar on his forehead. But that was now threatened by the very likely possibility that he would embarrass himself in front of his entire school. "The game is tomorrow, and I have no idea what to do."

Nym shook her head lightly. *'Of all things, I didn't think performance anxiety was something he might suffer from.'* "Harry Potter, you charged at a troll headfirst, and a Quidditch game has you shaking in your boots?" Harry's lips quirked slightly. "I don't think that's hardly a fair comparison. All I really did was run away from the troll before Hermione hit it with her spell. She ended up helping me more than I actually helped her."

"Harry, it's no coincidence that you were the only person in the school who went to help her either. You were the only one who remembered while everyone else panicked, you were the only one stubborn enough to break the rules, but most importantly, you were the only one who wasn't afraid of the troll, or at least not more so than you were afraid it might hurt another student." Tonks smirked as she noticed how the boy's ears seemed to flare red as she spoke. If she didn't know better, she would've sworn he was a Metamorphmagus just like her. "And I know that you might be worried, but it's just a game. The entire school faculty will be there to make sure that no one gets hurt too terribly, and Madam Pomfrey is always close by." She promised, before throwing her arm over his shoulder. "And, I haven't seen you in action, but if I know anything about old McGonagall, she would never pick you unless she was absolutely sure that you're the best seeker in all of Gryffindor. She might not seem like it, but she's really big on the Quidditch season. "

Harry couldn't help the smile that tugged at his lips as the girl lifted his spirits. "T-Thanks, but I don't think I'm nearly as good as everyone seems to think I am for some reason. I just don't want to let everyone down."

"Well, you just need to do your best Harry. That's all you can do, and trust me, that'll be more than enough. Plus, it isn't all up to you, you know. The entire Gryffindor team is going to be up there and all of them will help you no matter what." She said as she squeezed his shoulder.

"They might not be as good as the 'Puff team, but they're no slouches in the air." She added jokingly. The boy chuckled a little, and to Nym that meant whatever she was doing was working. "No need to get all sullen and broody on me just yet, Potter. You'll do just fine."

Harry still seemed a little unsure, but he was clearly feeling much better now than he was before. "Well, I'm glad you think that." He defeatedly closed his Charms textbook. "Might as well do this over the weekend. It's not like I'm really getting any work done." He glanced over to the clock. It was almost nine. "I think I should get back to the common room. It's almost curfew." He said. Nym nodded, before proceeding to close her own textbooks. "I'm thinking the same. Don't really think I could stomach spending a detention with Pince and Filch after all. *'These school assignments really aren't leaving me with any free time.'* She thought, as a small worry also crept back into her head, regarding the fact that this was her very last year at Hogwarts. She knew that after May, she would not see Harry at Hogwarts again, in all probability. She'd already applied to the Auror Office's prestigious and competitive training programme, and she'd be receiving either an offer or a rejection by March – *that was a bare four months away!* She felt rather good about her chances; she had gotten a total of ten O.W.L.s (of which she managed five O's, four E's and even an Acceptable in History), had fairly competitive N.E.W.T. courses in which she was doing well, and had secured a glowing recommendation from Professor McGonagall – her natural skills in transfiguration that stemmed from being a Metamorphmagus helped incredibly in that regard.

Minutes later, the two were standing outside of the library. "I guess I'll see you tomorrow, in the game." Nym said, as she looked at the boy. Harry nodded. "Yeah." Then Tonks moved quickly, almost causing Harry to start backward as she wrapped her arms around him and gave him a short squeeze. "Good luck with the game, Harry. I'm sure you'll be amazing." She said softly once she had released him from the hold, before walking away in whatever direction would take her to the Hufflepuff dormitories.

Harry was rooted on the spot. Nym's recent hugs had been growing more frequent and he didn't object to them in any way, but he was still taken back by the sudden contact. Of course, he had seen Dudley and the other children from Privet Drive smothered in them all the time, but his aunt and uncle had naturally never extended the same warmth to him and he was barely getting used to hugs of all things. The gesture felt nice, and it was surprisingly uplifting. In fact, it had even managed to eradicate most of his fears for the next day's game. Soon, he was also moving back to the Gryffindor Tower. *'I'm glad she's able to get back to joking about what happened with the troll. A week ago, she wasn't even talking to me after hearing about what happened.'*

It was a Saturday, so most of the Great Hall was still empty when Harry arrived there at half past eight. He sat down opposite Hermione, absentmindedly grinning when he noticed she already had a small book open on the table next to her French toast. The two had begun spending significantly more time with each other after what had come to be known as the 'troll incident', and they had formed an awkward sort of friendship. Hermione usually tried not to be as bossy with Harry as she might with some other students, and Harry refused to see her as just the nerdy bookworm after she had literally saved his life. As far as he was concerned, Hermione just had a little trouble fitting in with others, just like him.

"So, are you nervous?" Hermione asked him after he sat down, "about the game, I mean?" Harry nodded slightly. He merely sat there for several minutes, making some small talk with Hermione. He didn't trust himself to not feel sick if he ate anything. A noticeable influx of students began to pour in as the clock soon ticked past nine, and a good number of them watched him curiously from across the entire Hall.

"Well, if it isn't-" "Our dear little Seeker." The Weasley twins each gave him a light slap on the back as they sat down on either side of him. "So, how are you-" "Holding up for our first match of the season?"

"I-I'm fine." Harry said, though his tone betrayed his true thoughts. He then turned to the twin on his left - George, he thought it was - curiously. "How often do people get hurt in Quidditch?"

The twins smirked. "Well, there haven't been any gory deaths," "For quite a few years, especially since Quidditch got some real rules," "But, things like concussions, broken bones and nasty falls?" "Still pretty common."

Evidently, the answer didn't calm Harry much. "Wait, but isn't there going to be a referee and Madam Pomfrey on the field?"

The twin to his right spoke up. "They can't actually do much when you're plummeting from 15 metres in the air." "Mostly they just try to soften the fall or limit the injury, and prevent death." Harry felt his throat dry up. "But don't worry Harry. Quidditch is basically in your blood."

That thought did give the boy some courage. He had a reason to do this, and while he understood that him being a Seeker wouldn't bring his parents back, it was something that attached him to his parents nonetheless. It would help him show the school that there was an actual person called Harry Potter, and that he wasn't just a kid who was famous for something he doesn't even remember.

Hermione, on the other hand, was not nearly as calm. "That can't be true!" She insisted immediately. "The Headmaster would never allow a sport in which someone could die. Are you sure you aren't pulling his leg, because this is actually serious."

Fred and George looked over to her. "Think what you will, Granger, but it's true. Quidditch can really be a bloody sport, in the literal sense, of course. But don't worry your little heads off. Madam Pomfrey will fix you right up before you even realise you broke something."

Harry guessed that was the best he would be getting, so all he could hope was that it wouldn't come to that. He absentmindedly glanced over to the Hufflepuff table once more.

"Anyhow, you should change into your Quidditch robes and head to the grounds. Wood likes to make us warm up, a lot. Last year he had us running laps for nearly an hour, and that was only the start of it." Harry paled as he listened to one of the twins. *'I know that the guy loves working us hard - that's clear after any practice - but that seems a little excessive.'* The boy also seemed to lose any appetite that may have gotten past his growing anxiety.

With that, the twins got up, and left the table, both of them carrying a couple slices of buttered bread with them. Harry watched them leave, as his mind was still flitting around nervously.

"I don't think you should take them so seriously, Harry." Hermione said from next to him as she reached for a croissant. "Even if they are right, the entire staff will be there to make sure nothing happens. I guess all you can do is go out there and play the best you can."

Harry nodded. He then got up from his own seat as well and decided to take the twins' advice. He might as well get ready for the match because as he was right now, he wasn't really doing anything else.

It was four hours later that Tonks and Hestia entered their dorm, still amazed by the Quidditch match they had just seen. "Potter was absolutely brilliant! He actually managed to somehow survive on that crazy broom of his, and he even got the Snitch in his first game! The kid's got a real knack for the game." Hestia said as she walked over to her bed. "He might even give Diggory a run for his money if I'm being honest. I mean, that was just his first game, ever."

Tonks merely nodded. Her own mind was still buzzing as she recalled how Harry had practically been flung across the field by his broom. She was glad that the boy had survived unharmed, but she still felt a heavy feeling settle about her. Harry had literally almost fallen off of his broom, from a height that was just small enough for no one to be able to catch him, but just long enough for him to seriously injure himself. But what really worried her was why it happened. Harry's broom had been brand new. It had arrived mere weeks earlier, and Ministry regulations were very tight when it came to broom production, and then there were the regulations and safety checks that the Nimbus company had of their own. A malfunction of this scale on a brand-new Nimbus broom was almost unheard of.

Tonks turned to her friend, who was still going on about the match. The rest of the school was also still abuzz with what happened. Even in Hogwarts's hectic Quidditch League, it isn't every day that a first year is nearly bucked off of their broom. The fact that it was the Boy-Who-Lived made it considerably worse. But what worried Tonks was that no one seemed to be taking this as seriously as they should have. Most of the student population was treating this like either one of the many adventurous mishaps of the Boy-Who-Lived's life, or as something he himself had engineered to seem like a better player once he retook control of the wayward broom. Those were the two explanations she had heard just on the way back to the Hufflepuff Common Room, and she was sure that the Hogwarts rumour mill would come up with many more that were just as ridiculous within the hour.

The boy in question himself was currently sat in the Gryffindor Common Room, speaking with Hermione. "Harry, I saw it myself. Professor Snape was whispering something while your broom was going out of control, and the second he took his eyes off of you, the broom stopped malfunctioning. I don't want to believe that a professor might be responsible, but this can't be a coincidence." The girl's voice was a hair above a whisper, and Harry could understand why. Almost every other kid in the Common Room was trying – and

spectacularly failing – to eavesdrop on their conversation, as all of them were just as curious to hear what Harry had to say about the incident on the pitch.

“I knew Snape was out to get me in one way or the other, but that was actual danger. I’m going to have to be more wary of him.” Harry said pointedly. He briefly considered discussing it with McGonagall or Dumbledore, but he fast realised it would have been the word of two first-years against the Potions Professor and a Head of House. Just as he was about to continue, he saw a familiar face approaching the sofa he and Hermione were seated on. Hermione must have also noticed, as she quickly grew silent. Ron stopped in front of the two rather awkwardly and scratched the scruff of his neck. “Uh... That was some bloody good flying you did today Harry. Fred and George told me you were good but...you really smoked Higgs out there.”

“Thank you, Ron,” Harry responded civilly. He did feel a slight twinge of guilt as recalled how he had snapped at Ron in front of the entire Common Room the other day, but the sensation was stomped down as he remembered Ron’s own words.

“Uh, yeah, no worries mate...” The Weasley continued, obviously trying to piece together his thoughts. “I uh, I also wanted to apologise for some of the things I said last time we spoke. I didn’t really look at your situation the same way as you do, and I made some assumptions.” By this point, there a visible red on his face. “What I’m trying to say is I’d like it if we could be friends again. I don’t know why I really said what I said, but I didn’t mean to be insensitive to your situation.”

As Harry processed the words, he noticed some of the language was a bit unusual for Ron, at least from what he had come to understand of the boy who liked being straight to the point. *‘Maybe Professor McGonagall really did come through and have a talk with him. I hope she wasn’t too harsh.’* “I understand, and I also want to say sorry for the way I may have reacted a bit extremely. I’m sure you didn’t mean what you said maliciously.” With that, he stuck out his hand. “I’m sure we can get around it. We both weren’t on the best of behaviour.” Ron smiled brightly as he clasped the boy’s hand. “Yeah, thanks for understanding.”

Once he released Harry’s hand, he quickly drew up a chair and sat down in front of the sofa that Harry and Hermione were on. “But I was being honest, that was some wild flying. The twins even told me that Oliver told McGonagall this year’s team could bring in the trophy for Gryffindor if all goes well. Blimey, he even mentioned it might be worth your time to start looking into pre-professional leagues in a couple years!” Soon, the tense mood all but dissipated as the two dropped into a light hearted conversation on the game. However, Hermione remained silent for a while, before slinking off of the sofa a few minutes later, giving the both of them a bit of a cold shoulder. Both the boys watched her retreat up the staircase to the girls’ dorms. Harry then turned his eyes back on Ron with a rather pointed look.

“What’re you looking at me for? I didn’t say anything.” Ron said indignantly.

“Well, not right now Ron, but you were the reason she was upset on Halloween. What you said at the time wasn’t nice by any means, and it inadvertently put her life at risk.” Harry watched as the boy seemingly deflated with realisation. “I wasn’t exactly kind was I?”

Harry grinned slightly. “Well, that’s one way to put it, but trust me, once you talk to her, she’ll come around. You’ve just got to get to know her a little better.” Ron nodded, but his next words were cut off as a small firework went off near the entrance to the Common Room, and in stumbled Fred, George, Angelina Johnson, Alicia Spinnet, and surprisingly enough, Oliver Wood, all with arms laden with trays of food.

“Looks like Fred and George are back from a kitchen raid.” Katie Bell said to him from a few chairs across, and sure enough, the rest of the Quidditch team set down the spread across a table and a couple couches, while George opened a case of what looked like beer bottles before handing them around to some of the older lions in the room. Soon, Wood raised his own bottle, and gave a guttural yell. “To Gryffindor winning the Cup!” Those who had beer bottles responded in kind to the toast, while most of the others just dug into the food. Harry soon joined in as well, unable to resist the tempting Shepherd’s pie, and the entire incident with his broomstick was soon forgotten in favour of the celebrations.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry sat in his usual corner in the library, shielded from intrusive view by the rather coincidental cover provided by two bookshelves situated on either side of him, and on the table in front of him was a rather thick textbook, labelled ‘Magical Drafts and Potions’. Next to him was a roll of parchment, an inkpot, and his bookbag.

Potions classes had not seen any improvement. Snape was still out to get him, and his insistence that Harry was an arrogant child incapable of understanding the nuanced subject of potion-making certainly did not help. Harry was sure his recent victory against Slytherin did not aid matters in anyway either. *‘Thank god for textbooks, otherwise I have no idea where I’d be right now.’* As it turned out, the school-issued book deserved its Hogwarts endorsement. He had really begun picking up the slack with his theoretical knowledge, and it turned out Potions was not nearly as difficult as Snape had made it out to be – at least not at the first-year level.

It was the day after the Quidditch match, so it was a Sunday, and Harry had come to the library not only to continue his extra reading on Potions, but to also escape the stifling looks he seemed to be getting from everyone in the castle. One of the newest rumours had been that the Nimbus 2000 had actually been a secret gift from Draco Malfoy but had been enchanted to help Slytherin win, and it was the first rumour that Harry could honestly live with.

His work was cut short by a slight rumble in his stomach, which made him glance up at the clock. It was almost eleven. *‘Maybe skipping breakfast to get away from it all wasn’t the best of ideas. Though I’m lucky it’s Sunday, brunch should still be on the table.’* Harry gathered his books, grabbed his bookbag and marched out of the library, making sure to avoid the more popular corridors. The trip ended up taking him an extra ten minutes, but it was well worth knowing that he wasn’t being watched by the usual eyes that would follow him.

When he entered the Hall, he was surprised to see just how little the number of students present actually was. He scanned the Gryffindor table and quickly found a familiar head of bushy brown hair, and made his way along the table till he sat down in front of the girl.

“Hey Hermione, what’re you reading?” Harry asked curiously as he gestured to the small book open in front of the girl, as he reached for a glass of orange juice. “Wuthering Heights by Emily Brontë.” The girl drawled plainly without looking up. Her rather lackadaisical response immediately made Harry a touch more curious – he knew Hermione well enough to know that she never lacked any zest when it came to speaking about books.

“Uh...is it a good story?” He asked carefully, hoping to see whether she was just particularly captured by the book at the moment or if there was something else on her mind.

Hermione still refused to look up. "It's actually a novel, and yes, it happens to be one of the greatest classics of the Romantic era. But I've read it multiple times before." She carefully and deliberately flipped a page. At this point, Harry was feeling more than a little worried. Sure, he had spent time with Hermione while she had been reading over the past couple weeks, but she didn't usually act quite this...cold, to put it in a word.

"Hermione, is everything okay?" It was at this point that the girl finally looked up at Harry, and he didn't need her to say anything to know the answer to his question. Having grown up in the Dursley home, reading and understanding facial expressions had been an all too important skill for Harry. The slightest curve in the lip could be the difference between Uncle Vernon only being a little annoyed or stewing in quiet outrage, and Harry had caught on to this fact rather early on. Her lips were thinned far more than he had ever seen, her eyes seemed slightly puffy, as if slightly irritated, and her eyes were narrowed just a tad more than usual. "Everything is just fine Harry. Don't you have some locker room talk and Quidditch trivia to get to with Ronald."

It was the emphatic distaste placed on the last word that really put everything into perspective for Harry. He hadn't really thought too much of it yesterday, but it was very clear that Hermione still had a strong opinion on Ron.

"Hermione, I know that what Ron did and said wasn't mature or nice, but he isn't actually a terrible person. His heart is in the right place, he can just be a little insensitive and exaggerate at times. If I'm sure of one thing, it's that he cares about every single Gryffindor and you fall under that category." He urged.

The girl snorted. "Insensitive comments aren't a problem, Harry, I'm used to those. But what he said on Halloween, trying to embarrass me in front of our housemates, trying to make it look like I wouldn't fit in, that I was any less a witch than him, that's more than being insensitive. But he's not what matters to me. I know I like reading and studying, maybe more so than other kids, and bullies are something I've had no shortage of in my life, but what was more upsetting was how you acted as if he did nothing. I thought you were my friend Harry." She finished a little more emotionally than she had begun, but Harry could see that she was restraining the most of her emotions. Her last sentence really did make him flinch though. To Harry, there was something about the idea of failing as a friend that sounded worse than even death.

"Hermione I- I am your friend, and I mean it when I say it. And I'm not going to condone what Ron said, I'm never going to do that. But I do believe he deserves a second chance, at least on my part. Obviously, I can't forgive him for what he did to you, that's up to you." He gingerly reached forward and grabbed her left hand which limply lay on the open book, acting as a paper weight. "But trust me when I say I'm your friend. And as far as liking books goes, that isn't anything bad. If anything, I'm a little envious of how you know just about anything across our curriculum, that must come in handy." He finished with a little chuckle, and couldn't help but notice a grin beginning to pull at the corners of Hermione's own lips.

"Well, would you look at what we have here?" A familiar, nasally voice came from behind Harry. "Potter seems to have taken a liking to the Mudblood. Good for you, scar face, I heard your idiot father was into their kind too. Just the thought of being with even a half-blood like

you should be a dream come true for her, am I right Crabbe, Goyle?” Draco’s two gorillas seemed to grunt in agreement. Harry saw that Hermione was furiously glaring at the spot just above his head, but he was already seeing red himself. He had had it with Malfoy. He had had it with his arrogant behaviour, his insulting of his friends, his bigoted views, but more than that, he had had enough of people like him and Hermione being bullied by those who thought they were better than them.

Draco mentioning his parents was only the straw that truly broke the camel’s back. Harry rose up from his bench, and in a flash, he had tossed one foot over to the other side of the table, giving his torso enough room to spin around and throw a punch straight at the blonde’s face. He noticed that his aim was a little off, but he’d still be able to land a solid hit to the side of Draco’s skull, and the terrified and panicked look on the boy suddenly made him feel a little good about what he was about to do.

“Immobulus!” Harry froze, rather involuntarily, as a strange feeling washed over him. It felt as if his body just refused to move, and was just stuck in place. His fist was still carried by a bit of momentum, but it barely tapped the side of Malfoy’s face. A sudden apprehension overcame Harry as he realised that he had just lost control of his temper completely, and that was just what Malfoy would have wanted: to get a rise out of him in the Great Hall, in front of everyone present. And Harry definitely recognised the low voice that had called out the spell.

“Tsk tsk, Mr. Potter. Starting fights in the Hall, not the best of manners now is that.” Harry saw Snape’s cloak. “And trying to hit a fellow student on top of it all...” Snape drawled, and Harry could practically hear the glee in his voice at having caught the boy, and he was sure there must have been a smirk on his face, not that he could check to see at the moment.

Snape then turned to Draco. “Well Draco, what happened?” The question snapped the boy out of his slight shock. It had really seemed like Harry was going to get that punch in on him. *‘Well, not like the halfblood could do anything with magic, obviously he’d resort to his fists like a savage.’* “Well Professor, I merely walked over to say hi, when Potter tried to assault me.”

Harry felt a furious rage well up within him, but he still could not utter a word because of the spell upon him. “Is this true, Mr. Crabbe, Mr. Goyle?” Snape continued. The two boys immediately nodded.

“Well, Mr Potter, it seems my intervention was quite beneficial to you. Causing a physical altercation, now that is certainly something that would have fetched a dire punishment.” Harry swore he could hear a certain disappointment in Snape’s voice. *‘I’m betting he wishes he didn’t stop me just so that he could see me expelled.’* Suddenly, Harry felt himself lurch forward and his knee hit the bench, sending him down to the floor. Clearly, Snape didn’t deem a warning necessary before he removed the effects of his spell.

“In any case, fifty points docked seems a suitable punishment for your...rash behaviour,” the man continued as Harry rose to his feet. “And two weeks of detention, to be served with me on Saturdays.” Snape finished rather smugly.

That caused Harry's eyes to widen with shock. The points he could live with, but Snape knew that Saturdays were reserved for either Quidditch games or training, and he had a nasty feeling the potions master had chosen that day for detention with said knowledge in mind. That feeling only grew stronger when he saw the slight upward turn on the man's lips, a hint of a subtle smirk as he stared back at him. But just as Harry was about to make the issue known, Hermione spoke up from the other side of the table.

"But Professor, it wasn't Harry that started it, it was Malfoy. He walked over here and began saying the vilest of things about Harry and his parents, without any preamble. Harry shouldn't be the one getting the detention." The girl said from her seat, and Harry was honestly surprised. The times he had seen Hermione question any teachers' words or punishment were few and far between, and he'd never seen her actually say something straight to any Professor's face. Snape might have felt a similar surprise, judging from his short silence, but he quickly seemed to turn to her with an irritated look. "It's unfortunate to see the effect Mr. Potter here is having on you, Miss Granger, but very well. If you feel so strongly about this then you may continue to discuss it with Mr. Potter, in detention."

Hermione's face paled instantly, and Harry felt his own jaw drop open. "B-But Professor, that isn't fair. Hermione did nothing, and she's telling the truth!" Harry exclaimed, but his plea fell on deaf ears. "That'll be another ten points from Gryffindor, Mr. Potter, and I suggest you keep your voice low lest you wish to take a chance at an additional week of detention, for the both of you." That clammed Harry up, but Snape took a deliberate pause, almost as if challenging the boy to say something. By this point, the group had certainly gained the attention of the entire Hall, and Harry knew that it wouldn't help his case to say anything else. The least he could do was make sure Hermione didn't have to sit through an additional week's detention.

"If that's sorted out, I'd like a word with the three of you. Malfoy, Crabbe, Goyle, follow me. Potter, Granger, I shall inform you of the venue and timing of your detentions in our next class." With that, the man broke into a sharp gait, headed out of the Hall, with the three Slytherins following after him, after giving the two their own smug grins.

Harry was fuming. *'Malfoy's a git, and that's one thing, but why'd I lose control of my temper like that? He's going to take every chance he gets to get a dig in at me, but I've got to make sure I brush it off. Now I've gone and gotten myself and Hermione into trouble.'* Harry looked over to the girl, and was a little worried to see that she still looked decidedly paler than usual. "Hermione, I'm really sorry for dragging you into that. You know how Snape gets whenever he wants to make my life miserable."

Hermione looked at him funnily for a moment. "Harry, you don't honestly think I blame you for my detention, do you? I could have been on the other end of this table and that wouldn't have stopped Professor Snape, especially after Malfoy all but testified." The last sentence got a chuckle out of Harry. "Well, looks like our first detention at Hogwarts is going to be with Professor Snape. I don't imagine that could be much fun," the girl sighed, "Some of the older kids say they've been hanged by their toes, or sent to the Forbidden Forest for detentions. And I don't really put much stock in rumours, but knowing Professor Snape, I can't be too sure."

Harry had to agree. He wasn't about to take any more chances with Snape, but a more rational part of him felt a wave of resignation. "I'd say it's too late for that. It's not like he'd listen to us on anything or that we can change what he'll do."

It was later the same day that Harry finally found Nym in the library. He walked into the same hidden corner, and saw her lounging in one of the chairs, balancing her wand on her upper lip. Or *trying* to balance it, at the very least. It rolled off just as she caught sight of the boy entering, leading to her scrambling to grab it before it rolled down to the floor. "Hey Harry, how's it going? Oh, and that was some really fine flying on the pitch yesterday, Hufflepuff'll have their work cut out for them." She said, forcing the boy to scratch the back of his neck as his cheeks glowed a little. "Thanks for that, and you were right, it really was all a team effort on the field." He said as he sat down in the chair next to her. "But Wood's already told us that we'll be back to training full steam. He really wants to make sure we take the Cup this year, and he's taking no chances."

Tonks nodded. Sure, she knew how to enjoy a good game of Quidditch as good as any other witch, but Wood truly took it to an extreme that was intimidating. "Well, I'm sure you'll find a way to survive. After all you've lived through a run in with a troll and a whacky broom, and it's really just been the first few months you've been here." She snorted. "If I didn't know better, I'd say you've been planning this stuff yourself. Wild coincidences these have been."

Harry nodded. "God, I never quite realised how packed the last couple months have been." The thought lingered on his mind. He really hadn't expected such outrageous adventure in the magical world. He would have been completely fine with just blending into the background, learning magic, and growing up. But it seemed he couldn't expect such a lucky break. The worst thing about the misadventures so far had definitely been the helplessness that came about with them. He hated that feeling he had gotten when he was running away from the troll, or when he had been gripping on to his broom, hanging on for dear life. And he was trying to be optimistic, but he doubted this would be the very end of his terrible luck so far.

"Hey, what's got you down all of a sudden?" Nym asked as she noticed his eyes had turned glassy and unfocused. "Everything alright?"

"Yeah," Harry snapped back to reality all of a sudden. "Well, not exactly. I was just thinking, I don't like being in all these different situations and being unable to do anything but be a nuisance to others."

Tonks quirked an eyebrow. "What do you mean?"

Harry sighed. "I mean when I went and got a troll running after me and ended up making Hermione have to save me, or when I was up in the air on that broom. These bizarre situations keep on finding me and getting me when I'm on my backfoot."

The girl stared at Harry with a bit of strange look, before delivering a light smack to the back of his head. "Harry, you can't seriously think you being in the wrong place at the wrong time makes you a nuisance, do you? I'm sure you would have done the same for Hermione or anyone else. I mean, that was the very reason you went to find her in the first place. And that

broomstick situation could have just happened to anyone, you were just having a spot of bad luck.” She saw that Harry wasn’t really about to take all these things being normal at face value. “Well, if you really want to be able to maybe defend yourself better, why not look into studying ahead in Charms or Defence. You can even check out specific spells for specific purposes if you want.”

Harry looked at her questioningly, as he realised just how simple the solution seemed to be. *‘Hermione did the same thing. She was quick on her feet, thought of a spell she knew that could help in the situation, and knocked out the troll.’* “I- I really can’t believe I didn’t think of that.”

Tonks chuckled. “Yeah, a lot of kids that grow up in the Muggle world really don’t see magic in the same way when they start out, but magic will pretty much help you in any situation you want it to, it’s much less rigid and patterned than you might think. The classes at Hogwarts tend to just stick to the most commonly used fields of magic is all, because that’s the magic used most. Incantations and wand movements have been discovered which make the same magic more focused and efficient. The real magic comes from things like intention and magical theory.”

Harry really seemed amazed by the idea. “I never did look at it like that, and the teachers haven’t ever described it in quite the same way either, but it makes a lot of sense. It’s amazing how much you know about magic.” He added, earning a bit of a smirk from Tonks. “Well, I’ve had to look into more advanced magic myself, as learning ahead is highly recommended to future Aurors like I want to be.” She noticed that Harry seemed slightly confused. “Aurors are like the police of the magical world, and becoming one usually means undergoing rigorous training after Hogwarts.”

Harry was once again amazed. He didn’t know why he hadn’t thought of it earlier, but it really did make sense that the wizarding world would have some sort of police forces too. *‘I’ve really got to look into learning more about the wizarding world.’* He pinned the thought in the back of his mind, intending on getting to it soon. “Well, do you have any ideas for where I could get started? I mean, if I’m going to do it, it might actually do me some good to get started on it as soon as possible, before giving my bad luck another shot at messing things up.” Tonks did give a slight chuckle in response to his words, but she honestly could not know how much of his words were a joke.

Chapter End Notes

Hi! I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter. I've taken some time away from this story to not only work on some other projects, but to also work out which direction I want this fic to go in (in regards to progression, not the pairing, as I'm already fixed on that) and I've really come out of the whole process with much better plans in mind.

I'll be working on this fic slowly but surely, and now that the plans are laid down for a story with much better flow, I believe writer's block will be less of an obstacle.

With that, I'll call it a wrap, and I'd love to hear what you folk have to say about this chapter!

Peace Out

Kofukuna Shi No Kami

End Notes

I hope you liked the chapter. I will be glad for any comments and kudos you leave, and I will do my best to answer any queries or questions you have as well.

Well, I guess that's a wrap!

Peace Out

Kofukuna Shi No Kami

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!