

# A Hogwarts Adventure

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Submitted: April 17, 2006  
Updated: September 15, 2008

*This is a story about my original character, Kit Johnson. Her and Ivygreane's character, Cyrus Riddle, embark on adventure's through romance and dangers in Hogwarts.*

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# 1 - Kit's Beginning

Potions, Kit's absolute least favorite class. She sighed as she stared into the tar-like substance that bubbled in her cauldron. She filled her vial and handed it to Snape. He looked down at her and scowled. He motioned for her to leave his sight. She left the dungeon quickly and headed for Quiddich practice. She grabbed her Firebolt from the broom closet and ran down to the pitch. She was in such a rush that she slammed into another student. **Slam!** She dropped all of her papers and her broom flew over the boy's head. Kit blushed, " I am really sorry! H... hi Cyrus...." She walked away after snatching her papers and broom from the ground. Cyrus ran after her.

" Hey Kit!" he grabbed her shoulder. " Uh, do you think I could watch your practice?" He walked with her down to the pitch.

" S... sure Cyrus..." she blushed and headed for the field. Malfoy was waiting on the field.

" Johnson! Get your stupid self over here!" Malfoy tapped his foot impatiently. He had been made chaser when Kit joined the team. Kit ran towards the pitch and waved to Cyrus. She had an outstanding practice. She caught the snitch in 5 minutes. She walked over to the captain and smiled wide. Malfoy waited until everyone was gone except for Kit and Cyrus.

" You're such a git!" He shoved her backwards. She tripped over her robes and fell hard to the ground. " You stupid... UGH!" He didn't get a chance to finish his sentence because Kit had punched him hard in the stomach. She turned on her heel and stormed off. She started to sob as she walked towards the Black Lake. Cyrus jeered at Malfoy before he sprinted after Kit. He found her staring towards the waves on the lake. He came over to her and sat down next to her.

" Don't listen to him. He is just angry because you're so talented and smart and..." he stopped and his face turned completely red. She looked at him and laughed.

" You shouldn't hang out with me... I am just a Slytherin. Nothing at all compared to you and Harry and everyone else..." Kit blushed and felt him put his hand over hers. She pulled away slowly. " We should head to dinner now..." He nodded and they both walked towards the Great Hall.

At dinner, there was a riot going on at the Slytherin table. Kit ran from the table to the second floor. Malfoy was doing the scene where he tortured Kit at the pitch. Cyrus, who saw her run, told Harry that he would meet him in the common room that night. Harry told Ron and Hermione, who nodded and then Cyrus ran after Kit. He found her in the abandoned second floor girl's lavatories. He walked up to her and put his hand on her shoulder. " You shouldn't be alone at this time." He put his arm around her shoulder and helped her to her feet.

" Let's take a walk around the lake..." Kit suggested as she blushed and gestured towards the door. Cyrus nodded and took her hand. He felt a little bit strange as he left the school, as if someone was watching them. He shrugged and walked towards the moonlit lake. The water sparkled as the two of

them walked side by side around the perimeter. Kit brought up a random topic. " So, why are you interested in someone like me?" Cyrus was taken aback. He thought she knew about his feelings, his past.

" I like how you act and...!" His hand let go of hers as Kit fell, tripping over the hem of her robes, into the lake. *Oh crud!* He thought as he threw off his school robes to jump in. Her head bobbed to the surface and she grabbed his outstretched hand. He pulled her on land and she shivered. " Let's go to the common room." He wrapped his cloak around her and held her close, before returning quietly to the abandoned hallways. It was past 11 at night. Filch roamed the hallways, looking for stragglers. They got to the Gryfindor common room unnoticed. He ushered Kit inside and she sat down by the warm fire. Cyrus went to run to the boys' dormitory but ran into Harry and Ron in the process. "Ugh!" Cyrus grunted as he fell onto the couch.

" Where were you?" Harry questioned Cyrus intently with Ron shining his wand in Cyrus's face.

" Who is SHE?" Ron pointed his wand at Kit, whose robes were hidden beneath Cyrus's long black cloak.

" She... she's my... uh... my.... My girlfriend!" Cyrus was surprised that he said this to them. He blushed and looked at Kit, who blushed in return. He left the common room and brought her to the dungeons. She turned to him and leaned in really close, but then heard footsteps and darted through the heavy wooden door, leaving Cyrus without a goodnight.

The next morning, Cyrus saw Kit on his way into Defense Against the Dark Arts. She saw him and walked towards him. Hermione just talked to Ron and Harry, and approached the two of them. " Cyrus! I am so happy that you two are in love! You are proving that Slytherins and Grifindors can love each other!!!" She said this extremely loud and in front of the rest of the group of students. Cyrus slapped his hand to his forehead and Kit hid behind him as they entered the classroom.

## 2 - Defense Against the Dark Arts

This was Kit's favorite class in the school. Defense Against the Dark Arts. She went to the front of the classroom and sat in the front left of the class. She signaled for Cyrus to come sit down next to her, but Ron grabbed his arm and pulled him to the other side of the room, giving Kit a scowl. She was forced to sit down next to Malfoy. She groaned as he tried to put his arm around her shoulder. She turned to him and smacked him across the face, frowning. The professor turned and yelled at Kit. "Kathryn Johnson! You are absolutely NOT to hurt anyone in this classroom without my permission!" Kit flushed and sat quickly in her seat. "Alright class, today we are going to start a special project. We are testing the limits on love and magic. It was approved by the Ministry of Magic as a testable theory." The students looked at one another with confusion. "I will pair you up with a partner, of another house. The students from Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw should be here... oh! Here they are now." The students filed into the small room. Kit looked at the other houses and smiled, wondering who she would be partnered with. "When I call your names, come to the front and take the parchment I give you. Hermione Granger and Draco Malfoy." The crowd erupted in noise as Hermione and Malfoy walked the slow walk to the front of the room. As they took their seats next to each other, grimacing, the professor continued to call names. "Harry Potter and Luna Lovegood." The crowd gasped as Harry walked to the front of the room with Luna, then they took their seats. "Ronald Weasley and Cho Chang." Ron flushed bright red as he and Cho received their assignments. "Kathryn Johnson and Cyrus Riddle." Kit walked to the front of the room with Cyrus as they received their assignments. The parchment read;

*Dear Kathryn Johnson and Cyrus Riddle, you have the following seven tasks to complete over the course of the next month,*

- I. Travel around the Black Lake and be sure to go unnoticed on the 13th of this month.*
- II. Find a hidden room in the school and discover the treasure hidden within.*
- III. Search for the item that was lost from one week previous. It may shimmer beneath sea level.*
- IV. Check beneath the bed of the one whom you partner with for an item of value without being seen by your significant other.*
- V. There is a store cupboard located within the walls of the school, you and your partner are to find lacewing flies and not be caught, or face the consequences.*
- VI. Discover the password on a burnt piece of parchment in the school and use it to enter a special room.*
- VII. You and your partner must use all of the clues received earlier to find out the answer to my riddle. When you find your destination and answer correctly, you shall be rewarded greatly.*

Kit stared absentmindedly at the parchment and handed it to Cyrus, who scanned it over and she saw

his mouth drop open. “ What do they expect us to do?! What does this have to do with love?! What does this have to do with magic?!” He shouted at Kit, and then the professor came forward to them.

“ You shall see Mr. Riddle. You shall see.” Kit and Cyrus watched her walk towards the front of the room and wave her hand in dismissal.

Kit walked all over the school that afternoon looking for Cyrus. She found him with Ron, Harry, Hermione, and Luna Lovegood. She hid behind the nearest bush as she heard her named mentioned. “ I don't see why you fancy her Rus. I think she is just another dimwitted Slytherin who will turn into a disgraceful git.” She gasped and saw Hermione shake her head in disgust and drag Luna and Harry away from Ron and Cyrus. As that group headed to the castle, Cyrus spoke.

“ I think she really is nice Ron. Not like Draco or Crabbe or Goyle or....” Ron interrupted him when Cyrus wasn't finished.

“I don't care what YOU think! She is just using you! She only wants to pass her class and become some famous model or something! She has absolutely no talent or good looks or brains for that matter!” Ron jumped up after hearing a rustling sound in the bushes behind them. Cyrus stood up.

“ We're going to be late to the quiddich match if we stay. Plus, you just want to see Cho...” Cyrus ducked as Ron took a swing at him with his potions book.

### 3 - First Quiddich Match

The first quiddich match of the season started today, it was Ravenclaw versus Slytherin. Cyrus, Harry, Ron, Hermione, Luna, Neville, and Ginny all took seats in the back row of the Gryfindor risers. They all waited for Lee Jordan to comment on the match.

“ Lee Jordan here and ready for the teams to come out! For Ravenclaw, quiddich captain Roger Davies! And the seeker, Cho Chang!” The crowd roared as the Ravenclaw team came to the middle of the pitch. “ And here is the Slytherin team, quiddich captain Marcus Jackals! And the seeker, Kit Johnson!” The Slytherins shouted, chanted, booed, and jeered as the teams met to start the match. The game started quickly and the seekers took off and started their search for the snitch. The Ravenclaw beaters aimed straight for the Slytherin seeker and the chasers. Kit dived fast to avoid getting wailed with a bludger. She glanced into the crowd and saw Cyrus and she slipped off of her broom, onto the ground, 50 feet below. About halfway down, she saw Malfoy dive from above and go down under her. She felt lightheaded and then felt arms curl around her. She turned around and saw that Malfoy had caught her. Looking down, Kit estimated that she was probably around ten feet above the ground. She risked jumping off of the broom, out of Malfoy's grip. As the ground was right below her, Kit made sure her knees wouldn't lock and she landed stealthily on her feet, stumbling a bit, but then she felt around the inside of her robes' pocket. There, she found it, her wand. In one fluid movement, she flicked her wand out of her pocket and pointed it towards the sky.

“ Accio Firebolt!” Kit's broomstick headed straight for her outstretched palm. She felt it settle into her grip and she threw herself onto it's handle and she took off.

“ An amazing recovery by Johnson! Oh! And there goes Malfoy for Ravenclaw's goal, he scores! 10 points for Slytherin!”

Kit saw Cyrus smile at her. She blushed and turned around. She saw the Golden Snitch. She careened past the Ravenclaw beaters and past speeding chasers. She leaned forward and held out her hand towards the snitch. Cho was on her tail. Kit made a grab and felt her fingers close around a cold metal ball. She raised her hand and presented the snitch to the cheering crowd. The cheers grew louder and Lee's voice was barely heard. “ Johnson caught the snitch! Slytherin wins the match!” She flew gently towards the ground and slowly landed. She found Cyrus waiting away from the wave of students pouring into the school. Kit sprinted over to him.

“ Great job Kit! You did excellent for the first match of the season! I am really glad you pulled it off.” He blushed and realized his arm was around her shoulder. He pulled his arm away and started to stammer. “ I... I... I was just... uh... making sure your... quiddich robes were free of... uh... dirt! Yeah, that's it! Dirt, that's all...” He flushed and looked towards the horizon. “ Uh, Kit? Will you meet me at the perch after dinner? I need to talk to you... about what you heard from Ron...” He saw her expression ease and she nodded.

“ Of course Rus.... I know that Ron was being prudent. I forgive him, I guess...” She stopped



mid-sentence as she realized that they would be late for dinner. Apparently, so did Cyrus. He grabbed her hand and ran at full speed all the way to the castle.

## 4 - Midnight Meeting

At dinner, there was a special speech made by Professor Dumbledore. It was about thanking the ministry for its kind support in the Love vs. Magic project. He said it was an honor that our school could take part in such an educational event. Then, he dismissed the students to their own activities. Cyrus wasn't in the Great Hall. Kit headed for the doors and slowly, unnoticed, walked outside.

Kit saw red shining in the perch. She walked over to the tree and looked up. She saw Cyrus beaming at her. He lowered a hand to her and she took it. Cyrus was strong and he lifted her up with him onto the perch. She started to talk. "You know, I really don't mind what the Gryfindors say about me. I don't care what happens to me because of my house. I..." Cyrus put a finger to her lips.

"Hush Kit. All I care about is that you don't get hurt." He held her in his arms and Kit felt herself blush. She almost pulled away from him but felt herself wanting to stay but not to let this love for Cyrus mess with her head. She looked up and saw how close she was to him. Before she even knew what hit her, Cyrus kissed her. She felt like she was back in the quiddich match, falling down, but falling up at the same time. Kit started to lose her balance and felt herself starting to fall again. Cyrus's arms tightened around her and saved her. "You can trust me, I won't let you fall." He smiled at her and she came back down to Earth. She fumbled with guessing the time and then she gasped.

"My gosh! It's curfew! I am in so much trouble if Snape finds me out this late!" Cyrus looked a bit hurt.

"You want to come to my common room? I would enjoy the company." Cyrus asked with a joking tone to his voice. Kit beamed at him. She nodded and Cyrus jumped out of the perch. He held out his arms and waited for Kit. She eased down and he caught her from falling about halfway down. She held his hand for a minute and then they headed inside.

They headed down the abandoned corridors without Filch or Mrs. Norris catching them. Kit stopped about halfway up the last flight of stairs to keep her shoes securely on her feet. She sighed as they finally reached the Gryfindor tower. The stairs tired her out and she was exhausted from the long day. She grinned at Cyrus and he said the password to the portrait of the fat lady. "Fizzing Whizbees." Kit laughed at the peculiar password and then they headed into the common room. Once inside, voices were heard from the main room. Kit peeked around the corner and saw Harry, Ron, Hermione, Parvati, and Lavender all sitting on chairs near the fireplace.

"Cyrus! What will I do? They are all just sitting there! If they see me... well... I don't even want to think about what they'll do!" Kit whispered in harsh tones.

"Just follow my lead okay?" Cyrus pulled Kit from around the corner. "Hello all. Just bringing my partner here to study and figure out these clues eh?" He grinned and Parvati giggled loudly. Ginny walked down the stairs at that moment. "Hi Ginny. Just bringing my partner innocently into our common room. Heh heh..." He laughed a very fake laugh and then headed towards the fireplace with Kit.

"Very good job Rus." Kit said sarcastically. "I am sure that they don't suspect a thing now!" Kit

frowned and then brightened up again as Cyrus blushed and ran his hand through his hair. “ You know... you can come with me if you want... I know a place where we can figure these clues out alone... you want to come?” Kit added playfully. Cyrus nodded and his face turned redder than a cherry. They left the common room unnoticed.

## 5 - The Room of Requirements

Kit lead Cyrus down several long and twisting corridors. Mrs. Norris discovered them once, but Kit threw Cyrus and herself behind a statue of Rowena Ravenclaw. They were near the Ravenclaw corridor. They traveled swiftly to the fifth floor corridor and kit brought Cyrus to a stop in front of a blank wall. Kit paced slowly in front of the wall three times back and forth and then out of nowhere, a wooden door appeared. Kit grabbed his hand and pulled him into the dark room. “ Well, let's figure out those clues then, shall we?” The room was very large and had a small, square table in a candle-lit corner of the room. A large, velvet sofa stood in front of the table, back against the wall. The red cushions looked very soft and Cyrus longed to sit down and relax. It was a couch that could hold two people with little room between them. Kit headed towards the sofa and sat down, letting the cushions cover up the tired feeling that took over her legs. Cyrus walked cautiously towards the couch and then Kit spoke. “Welcome Cyrus, to the Room of Requirements.” Cyrus gasped. He had heard of this room, but never had he seen it in person! Harry came here often with friends. He sat gingerly on the couch, as if it were like sitting on eggshells. He felt as if he was on cloud nine. The closeness to Kit made him feel a little bit nervous. Kit lifted the paper with clues in between her and Cyrus. She moved a little closer when a CRACK was heard. Dobby the house elf, was here, to fetch one of them. He bowed low when he saw Cyrus and introduced himself.

“ Hello master Riddle. Master Potter wishes to see you right away. He would prefer that you do not have any company.” Dobby glared at Kit, who in turn, moved away from Cyrus.

“ What does he need me for?” Cyrus asked suspiciously.

“ He has an urgent matter which cannot wait any longer. Please do hurry.” CRACK and Dobby was gone. Cyrus glanced at Kit and apologized.

“ I am really sorry Kit... I better be on my way though... good bye.” Then Cyrus ran out the door and left Kit alone. Kit was curious and followed silently. She transformed herself into a small, albino ferret and scurried after Cyrus.

Cyrus yelled the password at the portrait of the fat lady and she sighed and let him in, muttering something about impatience and stupidity. Kit hopped into the open portrait hole. She found herself in the cozy red Gryfindor common room. The fire burned brightly in the fireplace. Cyrus ran to Harry, who was with a worried Ron and Hermione. Kit ran under the couch and used her sensitive ears to hear the conversation. “ Cyrus! We have a problem. Hermione and Ginny saw a death eater near the forbidden forest. We tried to find them, but whoever it was only left this...” Harry handed a silver tube to Cyrus. Kit recognized what it was. She knew she must intervene. She skittered out from under the couch and clawed at Cyrus's shoes. He looked down and groaned.

“ I think we have a Slytherin kid's pet here. Well, it's not like it can talk or anything. Let's get it out of here.” Cyrus went to pick up the ferret but it scurried up the stairs to the girls' dormitory. Cyrus sprinted after it but when he got about halfway up, the stairs turned into a slide and he slid down and landed on Harry. The stairs resumed their normal position and a blonde-haired girl sprinted down and jumped over Cyrus and Harry.

“ I am not some Slytherin pet!” Kit glared at Cyrus. She frowned and took the tube from Harry's grasp. “ This is a tube... a tube of lipstick!” She pulled off the top and twisted the bottom and a stick of bright red appeared. “ Someone can analyze this and we'll know who this death eater is!” Kit panted, out of breath. Cyrus gathered his dignity and pulled Harry to his feet.

“ Who said anything about `we'? It's up to Ron Hermione, Cyrus, and I. Not some stuck-up, stupid, Slytherin, know-it-all who can't even deal with a small insult from Malfoy!” Harry yelled at Kit. Kit stared at Cyrus for help. When he looked at the ground and remained silent, Kit talked again.

“ Fine. I don't fit in with you anyway. Good night to you all!” Kit stormed out of the common room. Cyrus thought he heard a sob. Harry shook his head, then he sent everyone to bed.

## 6 - The Next Match

The next morning was the morning of the Gryfindor vs. Slytherin quiddich match. The day was hot and the changing rooms were stuffy. Harry got his gloves on and walked over to Cyrus. "You are the most valuable chaser here. Keep up your hopes okay?" Cyrus nodded. He knew he would see her again. He knew she would not talk to him at all. Cyrus walked out behind Harry onto the pitch. The crowd roared at the sight of the two teams being led onto the field. Kit walked out behind the Slytherin captain. She had a golden snitch embroidered next to her playing number, 22. She was unhappy. Her face was carved into a frown. She only zoned out during the introduction of the teams. She mounted her broom, and at the whistle, she was off. She scanned the pitch for the snitch. She found her gaze being drawn to the Gryfindor stands. She gazed around for Cyrus. When she didn't see him, she remembered that he was now a chaser for Gryfindor. She snapped back to reality just in time to see a bludger being hit in her direction by Fred Weasley. She ducked and dove just enough to avoid being hit in the back. She yelled something to Fred, who turned red in anger. She laughed as he threw his bat at her. She flew ahead in fear and ran right into a Gryfindor chaser. She had her goggles thrown from her head and down to the ground. She looked up in surprise and saw Cyrus hanging from his broom by his left hand and his left leg. She was really angry with him, but she was suddenly overwhelmed by sympathy. She reached out her hand and he grabbed it with haste. She smiled and grunted as she pulled him up onto his broom. "Thanks Kit. Kit... I am really sorry about yesterday. I want to see you tonight... how about by the lake?" He smiled and blushed. Kit pondered and then nodded. She was about to say something when a Fred hit a bludger right into Kit's back.

"Ugh!" Kit flew right off of her broom and was falling to the ground. She hit the ground, 100 feet below, and heard a loud CRACK from her left arm. She cried out in pain. She couldn't control her arm. It was broken. Kit used her right hand to reach into her robes and take out her wand. "Accio broom!" Her broom came soaring back to her. She threw her wand in her pocket and jumped on her broom. She reached out her right arm when she saw the snitch. Harry got there first. He pushed her off course and she missed the snitch. Harry caught it and flew victoriously around the pitch. Kit grimaced and yelled at Harry. He stuck out his tongue and flew down. Kit flew down and Madam Pomfrey ran to her and stuffed a nasty-tasting potion down her throat. Her arm healed itself in a matter of two minutes. She walked away sadly and then Malfoy stalked over to her and punched her in the arm hard.

"You moron! You aren't good for anything! You are worthless! Just like your parents!" Malfoy sneered as Kit started to walk away. She ran out of the stadium, sobbing, to the lake. Cyrus saw her and broke out of the crowd to see what was wrong.

## 7 - Under the Willow Tree

He found Kit by the lake. She was leaning against a willow tree and crying hard. Cyrus walked over to her and sat down next to her. "What's wrong Kit?" He put his arm around her shoulder. She looked up. Her face was tear-stained and red. She hugged him and cried on his shoulder. He rubbed her back and she calmed down. She looked up at him and sighed.

"I'm sorry Cyrus... I guess I am just weak... hopeless." Kit smiled slightly and hugged him again. She leaned in towards him and whispered in his ear. "*I am so glad I met you. I would rather die than be without you for a moment.*" Kit sighed and leaned on his shoulder. The sunset was bright and orange, reflecting like embers off of the lake. The tree covered the two of them from view. Cyrus knew that if any moment was right, it was now. He leaned in to Kit, held her chin delicately in his palm and kissed her gently on the lips. Kit smiled and continued the kiss. Little did they know, Harry was looking for Cyrus. Harry saw a couple of shadows beneath a willow next to the lake. He tiptoed over behind the trunk and heard no sound, but the rustle of robes. He turned around and peeked around the tree and gasped loudly. There was Cyrus all right, but he was making out with a Slytherin! He came into the open, exposing himself to the two. Kit's eyes were closed and she had a dreamy expression on her face. Cyrus's eyes were open a little bit. They snapped open quickly when he saw Harry scowling. Cyrus shoved Kit off of him and she tripped backwards and into the lake's freezing water. "Eeeeeahhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Kit shrieked as her body came into contact with the water. Cyrus rushed hurriedly to Kit's side and pulled her out of the water. The only soaked area was from the bottom of her legs up to her knees. Cyrus took off his robes and pulled them over the shivering form of Kit. Harry folded his arms over his chest and glared at Cyrus.

"What's going on here?" Harry asked with disgust. Kit was silent but Cyrus started to stutter and try to attempt to signal with feeble hand motions.

"Uh... I am... I was... uh... she was... well... I... I don't know..." Cyrus stammered and sighed. He held Kit in his arms for a moment longer. He let her go and she flushed. "Harry, please don't tell anyone we know about this... it would scar us for life!" Cyrus felt like he was sweating. He absently rubbed his arm across his forehead. He smiled at Harry halfheartedly. Harry only shook his head and walked away. Cyrus looked at Kit and walked away after Harry.

The next morning, Cyrus woke up to find that he couldn't stop thinking about Kit and the day before. He tossed and turned, constantly obsessing over Kit. He loved how her hair felt. He was sorrowfully reminded of Ireane. Oh, he missed Ireane so much.

## 8 - Betrayed

Cyrus then snapped out of his past trance and focused on more important matters. He picked up his books and headed down into the common room. When he arrived at the door, he saw everyone glaring at him. He shied away from all of the other students and walked straight into Harry. "Having fun?" Harry commented sarcastically. Cyrus flushed and scratched the back of his head.

"I... uh... don't know what you're talking about..." Cyrus looked down at the ground. Harry laughed and left the common room with Ron and Hermione. Cyrus dashed out of the room and ran to the Great Hall and searched for Kit in the Slytherin table. He saw her on the end of the table, being harassed by Malfoy. He was whispering something rude, by the look on Kit's face. Kit turned away from Cyrus and glared at Malfoy. The Slytherin table started to chant the word 'fight' over and over again. The only reaction from Kit was when she pulled her fist back. Malfoy laughed at her and then gagged. Kit punched Malfoy very hard in the stomach. Malfoy coughed and fell to his knees. Kit stood up dramatically and stormed out of the Great Hall. As Cyrus ran to follow her, he heard Malfoy swearing loudly at Kit. Cyrus caught up to Kit as she was in front of the Room of Requirements. "Kit! Wait for me please?" Kit turned around and saw Cyrus about 5 feet from her.

"What do you want!" Kit yelled at Cyrus. Her face was streaked with tears and she was holding back sobs. "I am sorry! I didn't mean to 'ruin your rep' with everyone! How could you?! I thought you actually liked me! I knew I couldn't trust a Gryffindor!" Kit ran sobbing down the closest flight of stairs. Cyrus stood in the corridor. He shook his head and put his face in his hands. He collapsed against the wall and hugged his legs against his chest. *Now what?* He sighed, stood up, and went down to the quiddich pitch. He noticed that Kit was not among the Slytherins who were practicing. Malfoy glared at him, shook his head and walked away. Cyrus knew where Kit was now. He went back into the school and down to the dungeons. A bulky Slytherin was standing outside the door.

"Let me in." Cyrus held a straight face while he looked at the wooden door. The boy shook his head and hit Cyrus in the shoulder. Cyrus thought faintly about slamming the boy's head into the door, but thought better when he heard the door creak open. Kit's blonde hair was visible. "Kit! Please! What's wrong? What did I..." The door slammed shut and the large boy pushed Cyrus all the way out of the dungeons. Cyrus paced until dinner. He looked at the dungeon for Kit's silky blonde hair, but only younger Slytherins came out. They pointed at Cyrus and laughed. They walked away giggling and whooping. Cyrus went into the Great Hall feeling very melancholy. Harry saw Cyrus and went over to him.

"So? Have you seen that stupid Slytherin idiot you like?" Harry was smirking. Ron held back a great big laugh. Hermione huffed and went out of the Great Hall dramatically. Harry lifted an eyebrow at Cyrus and laughed with Ron as they walked away. Cyrus stormed out in a rage. He wanted to talk to Kit and to talk to her NOW! He saw Kit run out of the great oak doors and outside. He followed quickly.





## 9 - Emotions

Kit explained this to Cyrus. Cyrus blushed and laughed quietly. He ran his fingers through Kit's hair and then his own. " Luckily it's Saturday... No class!" Kit laughed and then heard more voices. She shook off the noise and pushed Cyrus back down to the ground. She laid herself next to him and kissed him. Cyrus was taken by surprise and he decided that it was he and Kit against the world. He held her close and heard footsteps approaching. Out of nowhere, Collin Creevy and Harry appeared with Collin's camera.

" Say cheese traitor!" Harry yelled. There was a bright flash and the click of a button. Harry and Collin ran away as Cyrus jumped to his feet and pulled Kit up too.

" Rus! Oh no! They got our picture! What are they going to do to us?!" Kit freaked out but Cyrus took her again in his arms.

" Hush." Cyrus kissed Kit and then pushed her far enough so he could look into her eyes. " They can't take you away from me." Cyrus smiled and then took back his hands from hers. He walked away from the tree and pushed the branches apart and led Kit out. Kit saw Collin and Harry in the distance. Collin was showing a small picture to Hermione and Ron. They cracked up and looked towards Cyrus and Kit. Ron pointed and fell to the ground, laughing his brains out. Cyrus frowned and stalked over to the group. " Shut-up god da...." Kit had run up and slapped her hand over his mouth. Cyrus fumed and then stormed away in another direction. Kit smacked Harry and Collin and then followed Cyrus.

Kit saw Cyrus head for the Gryfindor common room. She ran up to him and put her hand on his shoulder. " Cyrus, don't let them effect you... I..." Cyrus shook his head and shrugged Kit's hand off of his shoulder. Kit was taken aback by the sudden change in Cyrus. "Rus..." Kit tried to talk to him. Cyrus started to turn red in the face.

" Leave me alone got it?! I am sick of you! Just stay out of my life!" Cyrus was really angry. He left Kit in the hall. Kit stood alone, saddened. Kit whispered quietly, " Cyrus..."

## 10 - Does she love me?

The next day, word of Kit and Cyrus's `sleepover' hadn't reached anyone's ears. Kit wasn't in the Great Hall. Cyrus sat at the Gryfindor table, as far away from the Slytherin table as possible. Hermione came and sat down next to him. "Cyrus... what happened yesterday between you and Kit? She hasn't talked to anyone since she followed you. Why is she so sad?" Hermione stopped asking when she saw Cyrus glare at her. "You're in a bad mood I suppose..." Hermione got up, and walked back to Harry and Ron.

Kit wasn't in potions that afternoon either.

"Johnson? Where is that retched girl..." Snape muttered other words of anger under his breath. Cyrus was starting to wonder what was wrong with her. She usually forgave his rage within the hour... what happened? He sighed and gathered his books when Snape dismissed class. Cyrus advanced to the grounds for his break. He looked around for Kit, but there was no sign of her. He decided to ask around. He went up to Malfoy and started to question him.

"Malfoy! Where is Kit? Where is she you repulsive worm!?" Cyrus had grabbed Malfoy by the front of his robes. Malfoy smirked.

"She's stayed in her bloody dormitory since yesterday morning. Whatever did that must've been pretty bad to make her cry like that..." Cyrus thrust Malfoy away from him and stalked off. He threw open the large doors to the inside of the building and saw Professor Dumbledore standing right in front of him.

"Oh! Good afternoon Professor Dumbledore, how are you?" Without waiting for an answer, he replied, "Have you seen Kit Johnson around?" Professor Dumbledore nodded his head.

"Yes I have Mr. Riddle, She was in the library just a minute ago." Professor Dumbledore nodded farewell and strode away. Cyrus sprinted up the stairs and into the library. He quietly searched the aisles of books and saw Kit at a table by herself. He walked over to her and gently closed the book she was reading. Kit jumped to her feet, glared ahead of her, and exited the library. Cyrus picked up the book she had been reading. It was titled *Heartache and Heartbreak* by Isrella Silverwing. Cyrus put the book down tenderly and sat down. He put his face in his hands and felt a tear run down his cheek. He started to think things over. *She doesn't like me anymore... does she know that I love her? That I want to spend the rest of my life with her? When I get out of Hogwarts, I want to propose to her, make her mine. What should I do? Heartache has filled me. How do I tell her I love her? Poor Kit... do you love me like I love you?*

Cyrus got up after dozing for a while. He headed back to the common room. Hermione caught up with him outside of the library. "Cyrus, did you find Kit?" Cyrus nodded and walked away. He headed for his warm, comforting bed. He wanted to cover himself in a shield and protect himself from life. He got to the common room and went to bed.

The next day was almost a repeat of the day before. Kit wasn't in any of her classes, or in any meals.

Cyrus checked the library but never saw her in there. Cyrus decided to go by the lake during the sunset. He needed to rid himself of his addiction to Kit. He walked to the willow tree and saw a beautiful girl with blonde hair and shining blue eyes sitting alone. Cyrus sat next to her. "I'm sorry Kit... I was so selfish... will you forgive me my love?" Kit's answer was one of passion and joy. Kit wrapped her arms around Cyrus and kissed him. He returned the passionate kiss and they sat together and watched the sun set beneath the shimmering lake water.

# 11 - Charms

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The night passed swiftly as Kit and Cyrus fell asleep again
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The night passed swiftly as Kit and Cyrus fell asleep again. Kit was woken up by Cyrus. “ Kit, my love wake up.” Cyrus shook Kit's shoulders gently. “ It is Tuesday... we have to get to Charms and soon... like 15 minutes.” Cyrus pulled Kit to her feet.

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“ Rus? Good morning honey. Are we outside still?” Kit stifled a yawn as Cyrus ran his fingers through his messy hair. Kit grabbed a comb from her inner pocket. “ Here, you look like a werewolf Rus.” Kit laughed and ran the comb through the tangles in Cyrus's hair. It was shiny and blonde. So handsome! Kit finished Cyrus's hair and started on hers. She had trouble reaching the very back of her hair, so she offered the comb to Cyrus. He gladly accepted it and ran it through Kit's shoulder-length blonde hair. She felt Cyrus's warm breath on the back of her neck. She shivered with excitement. She was so lucky to have a guy like Cyrus loving her. She heard the comb fall quietly onto the grass. Cyrus wrapped his arms around Kit and pulled her close. He brushed his lips against her cheek. “ Oh Rus... stop...” Kit giggled and grabbed his hands in hers. “ We have to go to Flitwick's class...” Kit pulled Cyrus away from the lake and into the school, leaving the comb under the willow tree.

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During Charms, Professor Flitwick taught the class to stop even an eagle from flying. The class did quite well, with the exception of Zambini, who managed to have his hawk attack him and the surrounding students. Flitwick had to tackle the bird with all of his weight. He came out of the fight with several scrapes on his face and a black eye. Other than that incident, nothing exciting happened. Class passed fairly quickly. Kit left class early with the other students, so Flitwick could go to the Hospital Wing. The rest of the day was boring. Normal classes went by, nothing happened of any apparent interest.

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## 12 - The Final Match

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Kit was anxious, the last Quiddich game of the season was approaching quickly. She was very hopeful that they would win the Quiddich Cup this year. Their last game was going to be against Gryffindor for the final match of the year. It was all down to Harry and Kit for the Cup.

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Kit glanced at Cyrus during breakfast on the morning of the match. He looked pretty relaxed for his chaser position. Kit looked back down at her half-empty plate. She had already eaten her hash browns. She downed a full glass of orange juice before she heard the chanting. The whole residence of the Great Hall turned in their seats to see the source of the raucous. The entire Gryffindor quiddich team, with the exception of Cyrus, was chanting a pre-victory run.

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<i>Gryfindor, Gryfindor, we will win!</i>  
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<i>Our keeper won't let the quaffle in!</i>  
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<i>Slytherin, we'll make you pay!</i>  
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<i>Harry Potter will save the day!</i>  
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<i>Watch our chasers speed with pride!</i>

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<i>Our great teamwork with leave you behind!</i>

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<i>Fred and George will beat you up!</i>

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<i>Great Gryfindor will win the Cup!</i>

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The Slytherin table was outraged. They stood up in protest and starting cursing rudely at the Gryfindors. The professors had to come to the tables to stop several attempted fights that broke out. A pair of Slytherins actually managed to corner a larger, more ferocious Gryfindor, who in turn punched them both in the face. The Slytherins howled in rage and attempted to use unforgivable curses, but their bloody noses caused them to say “cwoothio”. The 3 boys were all sent to the Hospital Wing and were going to have their parents notified of their actions. The attitudes became bitter between the two houses now. No one person could trust another kid from a different house. Tension rose even more as the match was less than an hour away. Kit didn't talk to Cyrus at all that day, due to several buff Gryfindors threatening to beat the snot out of her if she came within twenty feet of another Gryfindor. She stayed well out of the way. Cyrus, who was never one to take sides, even chose that Gryfindors were superior to everyone else. Kit highly disapproved of this fighting. <i>Uh oh! The match is in 5 minutes! I better scat!</i> Kit bolted down the hallways, knocking papers from unsuspecting students to the ground. She ran into the Slytherin changing room to throw her emerald green robes on. She looked down at the beautifully embroidered snitch on the back of the robes before she tugged the robes down over her head. She tied her hair up in a neat ponytail and grabbed her Firebolt. She went over and stood behind the brawny captain. He was the size of a cow compared to Kit. She blew a stray blonde hair out of her eyes as the door to the pitch opened and the sunlight filtered in. The sound of the roaring crowd rose as the Slytherin and Gryfindor teams filed onto the pitch. The two captains reluctantly shook hands and then the 14 players mounted their brooms. Madame Hooch blew the whistle and the teams were off. Over the roars of the crowd, Kit heard the Gryfindor chants.

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<i>Our keeper won't let the quaffle in!</i>

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<i>Slytherin, We'll make you pay! </i>

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<i>Harry Potter will save the day!</i>

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<i>Watch our chasers speed with pride!</i>

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<i>Our great teamwork will leave you behind!</i>

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<i>Fred and George will beat you up!</i>

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<i>Great Gryfindor will win the Cup!</i>

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She shook off her pessimistic feelings about the game. She took off after she saw a slash of gold cut in front of her. She heard Lee Jordan announcing the game's progress. " And Johnson sees the snitch! There goes Potter too! Yeah Potter! Oh... sorry professor... no I wasn't siding against Slytherin... no... Oh! There goes Angelina Johnson with the quaffle. 10 points for Gryfindor! Angelina is probably the best chaser on the field... and best looking girl too. She still won't go out with me... oh... I'm sorry professor. The score is Slytherin 110 and Gryfindor is at 80. Come on Gryfindor!" Kit took her focus off of the crowd and focused on the snitch that was fluttering nearly 5 feet from her. She saw a flash of crimson on

her right and a flash of gold on her left. She was out of luck... the Gryfindor beaters had cornered her. She glanced at the golden snitch in front of her and saw Harry reach for it. He missed it by a mere inch and then Kit gasped. The two bludgers were headed for Fred and George. They hit them and all Kit remembered seeing was a flash of silvery-black and then her vision went completely black.

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## 13 - The Dream; A Sabotage

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The night passed swiftly as Kit and Cyrus fell asleep again
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Kit slowly opened her eyes to see a white room with several beds on each side of the room. She saw a
white curtain pulled half closed, covering the left side of Kit's bed. She tried to sit up but her head started
to pound. " Ugh, what happened?" Kit looked over to her right and saw Madame Pomfrey heading
towards her.
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White; ">
" Miss Johnson, you got in quite a scuffle on your broom. Two bludgers at one student shouldn't be
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allowed. Those Weasley twins really should be more careful.” Madame Pomfrey dabbed some foul-smelling yellow lotion on Kit's forehead. Kit glanced at the bedside table and saw her reflection in a mirror. Her face was scraped up very bad and her cheeks had faint signs of blood on them. Her forehead astounded her most of all. A huge cut stretched the length from her left eye to her right eye, bleeding down to her cheeks. She resisted the urge to cover her forehead. She groaned as the headache increased. She turned on her left side and stared at the drapes. She looked at the shadow of the ruffles and then turned the other direction. She felt sleep starting to overcome her and she let it soak her in.

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<i>Kit was walking down a dark corridor when she saw Cyrus talking to someone in the shadows. “ Yes, I did it, I killed her like you asked. She was becoming quite a nuisance father.” Voldemort stepped into view, his gruesome appearance was overwhelming. Kit stumbled and started to run the other direction. “ I thought I was through with you Johnson!” </i>

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<i>“ Kill her! Kill her! Kill her!” Voldemort shouted. Kit turned and saw Cyrus with his wand.</i>

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<i>“ Avada Kedavra!” A flash of green light hit Kit square in the chest. “ I never did like you...”</i>

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Kit woke up with a yelp. A dream, just a dream... so why did it seem so real? Kit shook off the bad feeling

and saw a bright light, the sun, shining through the window. Kit sighed as she shivered. Something wasn't right and she knew it. She stood up and felt her forehead. The cut was gone and her head felt better. She quickly slipped her shoes and ran quietly out of the room.

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Kit walked towards the doors of the Great Hall. She heard voices in the bushes beside the doors. She crept quietly behind a tree nearby. Kit heard voices louder now.

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“ So, we gonna sabotage her and Rus?”

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“ I dunno... are we?”

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“ Of course we are you moron! Now, I saw her heading to the doors... help me find her.”

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“ What are we going to do?”  
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“ We are going to give her this note, `from Rus!.”  
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“ Oh! I remember now!”  
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“ Shh! If she finds us, the plan is ruined!”  
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“ Oh... okay... let's go inside, I heard the doors close.”  
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The two voices disappeared into the doors of the Great Hall. Kit looked around the barren grounds and

shivered. She sprinted in the doors and headed up the stairs. <i> </i>  
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## 14 - Guess who's Back?

The boy continued his chuckling and the girl shook her head.

“ It really isn’t safe Rus... and she IS a Slytherin... you can’t trust a slytherin... especially one like her... do you even know about her family?”

Cyrus looked at the girl, puzzled. He really hadn’t ever thought about asking Kit about her family. She might be sensitive or something. He just shook his head and turned around to walk away, stopping only to tell the girl his thoughts on the matter.

“ I love her Hermione, I don’t have to ask her things that could hurt her...”

“ That doesn’t matter Rus! She is using you! Can’t you tell? Why else would a Slytherin fall in love with a Gryfindor?!”

Cyrus clenched his fists and turned back to Hermione. He walked threateningly towards the boy, only stopping because Hermione’s wand was at his throat.

“ Leave Ron out of this Cyrus! If you want to have her killed and you broken, that’s fine by us! But when Voldemort comes, I won’t feel sorry for either of you!”

Hermione grabbed Ron’s wrists and dragged him away angrily. Kit watched quietly as Cyrus looked at a paper in his pocket. Kit had managed to slip it in earlier. He read the note, and tore it up without a second thought, leaving the pieces to scatter in the wind. Kit felt a tear coming. How could he? She was saying a meeting place and to keep the note with him to remember her by. Who else could he love? Was it her?

Kit walked into the Great Hall for dinner and sat nearest to the Gryfindors. There was a large raucous among the Gryfindor table. Apparently, a transfer student had arrived from another high-quality magic school. Kit was astounded. She didn’t know a new person was coming. Se glanced at Malfoy. He snickered.

“ Okay! Talk now! Who is that girl?”

Malfoy sneered at Kit and smirked.

“ Her name... you should know it. So should your bloody boyfriend Johnson!”

Kit watched Malfoy suspiciously before replying.

“ So? You gonna tell me?”

Malfoy shook his head. Kit punched him in the shoulder and he winced, unable to get out the words.

“ What’s wrong Malfoy? Ferret got your tongue?”

With this, Kit stormed out of the Hall with bitter resentment. She slammed right into another girl. She had red hair, long red hair. She was beautiful. Kit had never seen her at Hogwarts before. She must be the new student! Kit apologized and looked at her. She knew this girl from somewhere... but where?

“ No, I’m sorry. I am new and don’t know where I’m going. My fiancé will show me around though! He is a handsome Gryfindor! You may know him! Look for me around, I’m Ireane by the way! Bye!”

The girl skipped off. Kit was dumbstruck. Did she just say her name was Ireane? No way! She was dead! What was happening here?!

## 15 - Mixed Emotions

How could she be alive? Cyrus told Kit that she was dead! What was going on? Kit stormed off to Gryfindor tower to confront Cyrus over this, and stopped abruptly when she saw him and Ireane together. She hid around the corner, her long robes swishing quietly at her ankles.

“Cyrus... I wasn't killed; I was only transferred without warning! Didn't you miss me?”

Ireane made puppy-dog eyes at Cyrus and he sighed.

“Of course I missed you Ireane... it's just... there's a girl here who-”

Ireane interrupted Cyrus with a hand over his mouth. A delicate, slightly pale hand that had perfect fingernails and wonderful tips too. Her red hair flowed over her shoulders.

“Come on Rus, no one else can have you. I have loved you since forever, and no Gryfindor or Hufflepuff or Ravenclaw can take you away.”

Kit stared in awe at the scene laying itself before her very eyes. She waited for Cyrus, HER Cyrus, to stand up for her.

“No one could take me from you Ireane. I'm so glad you're safe and in my arms again.”

Cyrus wrapped Ireane up in his arms and then proceeded to kiss her on the cheek. Kit was broken. How could he do this to her? Cyrus seemed to consider things for a moment before walking towards the Slytherin common room in the dungeon. Ireane just turned and began to walk towards Kit. In a panic, Kit transformed into an albino ferret and waited for Ireane to approach.

“Oh my god! You poor little critter! Here, come with me. I'll take care of you. You can be my little baby, how's that sound?”

Kit looked at Ireane, their eyes meeting. Kit thought about this girl and made her decision. She bit down hard on Ireane's hand and drew blood. She hopped about five feet down to the ground from Ireane's arms and landed with a thud. Ireane shrieked in pain. Kit couldn't feel her ferret body anymore. Did she really fall so hard? She couldn't move a centimeter. Ireane gasped at the 'splattered' version of Kit.

“I'm sorry! You poor thing! Why don't I just-”

Kit had gotten to her feet and began to scamper away. She ran into the library, desperate to get away from this girl. She ran into the forbidden section, hiding among the copious amount of books. Ireane sprinted to find the injured creature, but failed in finding a hint of it. She shrugged and gave up. She walked out of the halls and back to the Gryfindor common room. Kit followed her, silently, like a stalker. Ireane said the password with a graceful tone in her voice.

“Fuzznuggets”

The Fat Lady's portrait swung open to reveal the passageway to the main room. Kit scampered in behind her, almost getting her tail caught in the closing picture frame. She scurried into the common room, following Ireane by her heels. Ireane sat lazily on the armchair, Cyrus being quick to come in as well. Kit dove under the sofa, listening intently. Ireane began to talk to Cyrus. They were alone in the room.

“Hello darling. I love you so much! So... are we going to tell your friends tomorrow?”

Cyrus looked confused, then serious.

“Sure, I guess... what are we going to tell my friends?”

While this went on for a while, a guess and check game, Kit waited and looked at the fuzz on the carpets.

“Well, I am going to walk the grounds now sweetheart! Buh-bye!”

Ireane began to stand. Kit scampered across the floor, slipping out of the door when Neville entered. He

slipped, tripping over Kit's lean, slinky body. He knocked Ireane over as well, creating a commotion. Kit just ran to the outside to the willow tree. She turned back into Kit and struggled to climb the tree branches. She finally got into the tree, not noticing her wand falling out of her robe sleeves onto the ground below. Ireane walked under the tree and sat down. She began to cry; a few aqua-colored tears streamed down her cheeks. Cyrus ran under the tree too.

"Ireane? What's wrong? Are you crying? Is it something I did?"

Ireane looked up at Cyrus, a delicate snuffle following. She was pretty even when she cried. She dropped her wand and hugged Cyrus lovingly, caressing his cheek. They walked hand in hand back to the exterior of the willow's concealing branches. Kit jumped out of the tree and grabbed her wand and ran back to the dungeons. Ireane sprinted back to the willow tree.

"Oops! I dropped my wand! My bad! Ha!"

Ireane ran back to Cyrus and giggled at her stupidity.

"Oh! I never knew that my wand was so very heavy! Maybe I never paid attention! Oh well! Ha!"

The next day at Potions, Kit seemed to be in another world entirely. Cyrus noticed this and tried to talk to her, but she ignored him every time. Soon, potions drew to an end and lunch rolled around. Ireane was seen with Cyrus, walking arm in arm to the Great Hall.

## 16 - Forgotten Love

When Cyrus and Ireane arrived at the Hall, everyone was talking and joking as usual. Kit wasn't anywhere in sight! Cyrus walked hand in hand with Ireane to the Gryfindor table. Ireane wouldn't let him sit down though. She cleared her throat and got everyone's attention at the Gryfindor and Slytherin table.

"Attention my fellow students! Attention! I have an important announcement to make! Listen well now you hear? Cyrus and I are officially ENGAGED! Isn't that wonderful?"

Ireane hugged Cyrus and sat him down next to her, cuddling him all the while. Kit, in the meantime, was in the hallway right next to the Great Hall. She heard the announcement and gasped. How could Cyrus be engaged? She thought they had something special! He told her she was the only one for him! How could this happen? Kit ran outside and dove for the willow tree. Once she was under it, she began to sob onto her knees, letting out her feelings of grief. Rain began to pour down from the bloated black clouds. The crystal rain mixed with Kit's silver tears. Kit couldn't believe this! It was horrible! How could, after all they'd been through, their relationship come to an end like this? Cyrus had cheated on her! It was all over.

In the Great Hall, Professor Snape was searching the Slytherin table intently. He was looking for something, for a student. Looking for a missing student. Kit. Cyrus noticed Snape's eagle eyes scanning the table for her. Where had she gone? She had never gone into the Great Hall at all that day. Was she... there? Cyrus got up from the table and walked swiftly out to the main doors. Snape followed him, coming between Cyrus and the doors.

"And where are you going Mr. Riddle? Are you looking for something? For someone, perhaps?"

Snape's hawk-like nose pointed directly at Cyrus. Cyrus looked guilty by Snape's watch.

"I... I was just... um... going for a walk... yeah! A bit of fresh air that's all! Yeah!"

He felt himself begin to sweat slightly and he licked his lips, completely avoiding eye contact with Snape as well.

"Right. You were going for a walk in the humid rain. Because you wanted fresh air?"

Crap! Cyrus didn't know it had begun to rain! Now he was busted for sure. Snape shook his head slowly, grabbing Cyrus's shoulder and shoving him roughly back into the Great Hall. Cyrus sighed. He had failed to find Kit! And now Snape would find her first! The doors to the Great Hall slammed open and Professor McGonagall came in, huffing and panting, looking for Professor Dumbledore.

"Professor! Professor! Come quick! I found a student! They're not breathing!"

A murmur began among all of the students at this claim. Dumbledore stood up and began to clap his hands. He clapped his hands twice and gave a look towards the other professors.

"Silence! This is nothing to get worked up over! Sit in your seats and remain on your normal routines!"

Dumbledore quickly walked behind McGonagall and out of the main doors. Cyrus stood up, forced down again quickly and forcefully by Snape. He had stayed to "supervise" the students in the Great Hall.

Cyrus was fully concerned. What if it was Kit who was that student? He wanted to check, so he grabbed his stomach and took a small candy out of his pocket. Harry had given him a candy that makes you vomit. He shoved the candy in his mouth and waited for the reaction. He suddenly covered his mouth and signaled Snape.

"I'm gonna throw-up!"

Snape grabbed Cyrus's arm and dragged him down to the hospital wing, where Madame Pomfrey tended to him quickly before a disturbance broke the peace. McGonagall came rushing in with

Dumbledore behind her. Dumbledore was carrying a girl in his arms.

## 17 - Choose your Nightmare

“ She is unconscious and isn’t breathing regularly. Check her and let her rest. She is said to have great physical and mental strain on her.”

Madame Pomfrey was confused. She couldn’t recognize the student right away.

“ Is this...?”

Professor Dumbledore nodded and set her on the bed next to Cyrus. Cyrus’s curtains were closed, but a space no bigger than his hand made it possible to see this scene.

“ This is a 7th year. Wouldn’t she know better than to stay in the freezing rain for so long?”

Dumbledore shook his head, a grim look settling upon his face.

“ I believe that she passed out from the stress and developed hypothermia. I trust you’ll take good care of Miss Johnson?”

Madame Pomfrey nodded and began tending to the girl. Cyrus ran a list of 7th year girls with the last name of Johnson. He only knew one. That was Kit!

“ Mr. Riddle, you need to lie down and rest. You most likely haven’t fully recovered from the bad piece of candy. So sorry you had to go through that. Just relax, I’ll make sure you are better in thirty minutes.”

Madame Pomfrey didn’t notice Cyrus’s blank expression. She just waltzed off into her office and began to work on a pile of papers, shutting her door behind her. Kit began to stir in the bed next to Cyrus. He turned to look at her, but she wasn’t awake. She groaned in pain and then looked as though she was only experiencing a bad dream. He felt horrible. Had she seen him and Ireane? Speaking of which, Ireane pranced into the room with a pile of notes.

“ Here you go Rus! I got notes for you! Madame Pomfrey said you would be here through next class. So... here!”

Ireane handed the notes to Cyrus and beamed a bright smile. She glanced over at Kit quickly, sighing.

“ I feel terrible for her... with the whole passing out and hypothermia... I heard it from Dumbledore... do you know her Cyrus?”

Ireane looked concerned. More concerned for her gains and losses than for Kit he was sure. Kit stirred a bit in her sleep before groaning and turning to face the other side.

“ I... I need to go to sleep... talk to me tomorrow in class okay? Bye.”

Ireane kissed Cyrus on the cheek and walked out with a new spring in her step. He was concerned, for Kit’s health and for his own decision he had to make. He needed to make it soon, or there would be trouble between Kit and Ireane; and not just a few rude words back and forth either. He found himself thinking of the good times that he had with Ireane when they were dating so long ago. It seemed that there were more happy moments between him and Ireane than with him and Kit. He sat his head back on the fluffy white pillow and soon, his eyelids began to flutter and he soon felt drowsiness overcome him. His eyes shut and he fell into a dream void within his mind.

Cyrus was running through a corridor, panting and sweating. There was a bright green light at the end of the long passageway. He kept running for this light, but the doorway at the end kept moving further and further away from him. He heard evil cackling from the doorway and a shriek of terror. Suddenly, the doorway seemed to close in on him, coming at him at a frightening speed. The light drew closer, encasing Cyrus in the blinding beams. A wand with a bone handle was pointed at his face. A pale, white, pasty face showed before his own. Red, snake-like eyes seemed to penetrate the foggy green room.

“ Make your choice now boy! Hurry and choose! Your ultimate choice decides your fate! This is your choice! This is the point of no return!”



The hissing voice pierced Cyrus's ears, causing him pain in his head. He gripped the sides of his head and focused on the choices. There, in the clutches of Wormtail, were two people. Two important people were his choices. One was a former flame, a past best forgotten. The other was a new spark, his star-crossed lover. How could he choose? These two were so important! Kit and Ireane were unconscious, hanging from their wrists by rope over a large black cauldron. Simmering liquid bubbled and boiled beneath the unaware girls. The electric green acid would encase the choice not chosen. If Cyrus had to choose, he would have to decide quickly. The full, lean, bony body of the first speaker appeared in front of Cyrus. Lord Voldemort stood before Cyrus, holding his wand to Cyrus's throat. "You're past the point of no return!"

Cyrus had to choose now! He would lose both girls if he didn't choose now! He would choose...

## 18 - What Happened?

Cyrus awoke with a start. He was in a cold sweat, panting and breathing heavily. He looked all around him, not able to remember where exactly he was. He sat up in his bed and pulled his shirt away from his hot chest and fast-beating heart. His pulse was finally slowing down. He looked at the beds beside him and noticed something missing. Kit was gone! Where was she? He jumped out of the bed and sprinted from the hospital wing. The classes had just ended for the morning and everyone was headed off to lunch. He lost sight of the potions class in all the raucous. He ran into the Great Hall. There was a large crowd around the end of the Slytherin table. Harry approached Cyrus and placed a hand on his shoulder.

“Cyrus, you made a good choice picking Ireane over that Slytherin. I’m proud of you! When is your engagement official by the way?”

Cyrus shrugged off Harry’s hand and turned to face him.

“I don’t care if you don’t approve of Kit, or whether or not you approve of Ireane! I am NOT engaged! Nor will I be any time soon!”

Cyrus panted, his rage fully expressed. Harry seemed stunned at the sudden outburst from him. Harry shook his head and muttered something under his breath. Cyrus was stunned at his own reactions. Why did he feel so angry when people mentioned Ireane? He was madly in love with her once-upon-a-time. Maybe he wasn’t in love with her. Maybe he loved Kit. Maybe it wasn’t that way at all! He could be in love with Snape for all he knew at the moment! Scratch that, never Snape, no matter how desperate he was to discover himself. He shivered at the thought and sat down at the end of the Gryfindor table nearest to the Slytherin table. After about ten minutes, the crowd dispersed from the end of the Slytherin table. Kit was revealed to be the center of attention. Ireane glared from the other side of the Gryfindors, amidst her friends.

(Sorry it's so short! I will add more soon!)

## 19 - Fear the Forest

Cyrus was concerned. How was Ireane going to react to Kit? Speaking of which, Kit got up from her seat and walked out of the Great Hall. Snape watched her go out and then turned his attention back to the Slytherin students. Cyrus carefully got up and walked swiftly from the Hall. He walked out into the main entrance and was stopped. He saw Kit walk outside and hesitated to follow. Ireane, curious of where Cyrus was going, sneaked out behind him. Cyrus didn't see her following him quietly. She noticed Cyrus's eyes following Kit's silhouette out the main doors. She scowled. So he did know her. She figured as much. She went to follow Cyrus out to the door.

Cyrus looked outside warily, poking his head out of the door first, then allowing himself to go outside fully. He took in the cold air and stoic atmosphere of the surrounding area. It was too quiet, even during classes. Lunch had been dismissed and everyone had already gone to his or her next class. So why was it this quiet on campus? The grounds didn't have a single person on it. Kit wasn't anywhere to be seen. He quickly walked to the willow tree and pushed aside the fragile branches. No one was there. Where had she gone?

Ireane walked out behind Cyrus, planning to bombard him with questions the moment she found best. Then she would pound on the guilt to that other girl, Kit. Her hair swooshed out behind her when a gentle breeze picked up. The wind sent a cold shiver up her spine. It was almost like an impending doom warning. Why was it so cold? The weather had been nice until Kit stepped outside. Could she be sending a warning?

Kit walked outside, shutting the main doors behind her. She walked swiftly out onto the main grassy areas and near the Forbidden Forest. She walked along the edge of it and looked back at the castle. The door had been opened, then shut quickly. Was Cyrus worried about her? Suddenly, a cry came from the woods. Kit turned her head towards the shriek. This wasn't a human. Whatever it was, it was unlike anything she had ever heard before. It was unbelievably morbid. She advanced towards the darkness that swallowed the entire forest. A gleam of red was seen. Kit thought she saw something moving nearby. She reached into her robe pocket and took out her wand. She had it at her right side, ready to blast whatever came out. Something moved, quickly. Kit raised the wand higher, ready to shout the spell. The creature wasn't a creature at all! It had blood coming from every visible opening in the flowing black cloak. She looked away from the face, knowing that its eyes could paralyze her. She got ready as it approached her. The thing moved slowly now, as if savoring the moment. It looked at her, their eyes met. Kit froze in horror. What she saw was worse than anything else she had ever witnessed in her entire life! Pale flesh covered a bony face. Highly defined cheekbones of a once-living being. Her body was stiff with fear! It came closer, making Kit react. She pointed her wand and shouted.

"Petrificus Totalus!"

She waited for the beam to emit from her wand. Her wand didn't do anything. She looked at it with dread filling her entirely. This wasn't her wand! She never picked up her wand; she grabbed Ireane's! She dropped the now-useless wand and stared at the approaching figure. It came a foot from her and smirked. Kit ran for her life! She ran a few feet into the forest when several black-robed beings stopped her. The figure came back for her, cornering her like a mouse. It put the wand it had to her throat and muttered something. The last thing Kit saw was two, glowing red eyes.

## 20 - Lost...

Cyrus had a cold shiver run up his spine. It was really cold all of a sudden. The grounds began to get misty, fog rolled over the once-grassy area. The sky darkened overhead and a wolf's howl was heard in the distance. Dark black clouds covered the sun; not even a sign of approaching rain was to be had. The temperature dropped down very low and began to make the grass be covered in frost. Cyrus was appalled at the sudden atmosphere change. What was happening? All of a sudden, a scream was heard in the distance. Ireane! It was Ireane's scream! He had heard it before. It was followed by an eerie silence. Cyrus, panting and trying his best to breathe, ran towards the scream. He was hearing someone. Someone was behind him! A thin, pale hand reached for him and set itself on his shoulder. He yelped and turned around. Dumbledore was behind him.

"Get inside quickly Mr. Riddle! Hurry and get in the school! It isn't safe out here anymore!"

Dumbledore guided Cyrus to the school doors where McGonagall met him. She took Cyrus's shoulders and pulled him fully into the building. Dumbledore followed him inside and shut the doors. He set his wand on the door and said a spell mentally. Cyrus was nervous. What was making the headmaster so anxious?

"Mr. Riddle, it isn't safe for our Hogwarts students to be wandering the grounds anymore."

Cyrus was getting more and more curious by the second. Then he remembered Ireane.

"Professor! Ireane... well... she screamed... and Kit was there... then she was gone... I... couldn't find..."

Dumbledore seemed to consider Cyrus's statements, and then he put his hand up, signaling Rus to shut-up.

"You said that Miss Gales and Miss Johnson were out there as well? They aren't with you..."

Dumbledore looked solemnly at Professor McGonagall before sighing.

"You may not ever see those girls again Mr. Riddle. These were death eaters that were sighted, I'm afraid. You'll have to accept that now. I'm sorry."

Cyrus couldn't believe what Dumbledore was telling him! How could Kit and Ireane be gone? He was devastated. He loved... wait! Kit and Ireane were gone, due to death eaters? This was just like his dream! He pushed past the professors and ran outside.

"Mr. Riddle! Come back here! You'll die out there!"

Dumbledore shouted after the form of Cyrus. He disappeared into the fog blanket.

"The poor boy won't stand a chance against the forces of Lord Voldemort and his forces... we can only hope that all three will come back safely. We can only hope for a miracle like that to come upon us."

Cyrus sprinted to where he thought he had heard Ireane scream. He found a crimson thread on the ground. It was from a Gryfindor robe! He sprinted towards the direction opposite the school. He ran and ran until he couldn't breathe. He had run to an abandoned part in the Forbidden Forest. He caught his breath and found another path. This path was dark, leading away from any trace of civilization. Cyrus turned back towards the school. He couldn't even see the lights at Hogwarts. It was night and Cyrus still couldn't reach the end of the trail. It seemed that no matter how far he ran, the end would only get further away from him. He finally saw something, something to hope for. A pale green light was shining between the trees, causing an eerie glow to emanate through the dense foliage. Cyrus fiddled with something he had shoved into his inner robe pocket. He had found a wand near the edge of the woods, sitting, as if ready to be used again. He thought it to be Kit or Ireane's wand. He pulled his hand out of his pocket and sprinted towards the clearing. He was panting and coughing by the time the light was somewhat nearer to him. It seemed to be moving farther away now. It was as though it sensed his

presence. Cyrus was looking around unaware and suddenly, the light became brighter. It became an electric lime colored beam, penetrating the darkness surrounding him. Then, what he feared was finally happening. A dream relapse. This was exactly as his dream had been. This is what he had been dreading with his whole heart. This meant that *he* was with them. *He* had taken them. Voldemort was here. Voldemort was coming... for *him*.

## 21 - Forever Gone....

What would he do? His father was using his two most prized possessions, given his silver locket, and taken them for ransom. The price? Cyrus's life. How could he save them? Voldemort may want him to choose Ireane. Kit was a pureblood. She would make a very powerful death eater. But Cyrus couldn't dare lose Ireane. Too difficult a choice! Cyrus made up his mind in a blink of an eye. He saw the light speed up and fly towards him. He opened his arms and welcomed it. The light enveloped him like a warm bath. The power flowing from this particular area was overwhelming! He soaked it up like a sponge does to water. Was this all from his father? Or was it from Ireane and Kit? He pondered the thought for a moment and then he continued forward. The clearing became darker suddenly. Cyrus turned his attention to the cackling behind him. The tall, lean figure of Lord Voldemort was standing behind him, twitching in a spasm with every pronounced laugh of his.

"Did you think you'd win boy?"

Voldemort's voice hissed through the empty space of black eerily.

"I never implied that at all. Now, where are they? Give me Kit and Ireane!"

Cyrus was red-faced in rage. How could his own father taunt him like this? Voldemort smirked evilly. He pointed a long, bony finger towards a tree in the distance. Two limp shapes were seen hanging from it. Cyrus gasped.

"Kit! Ireane! No!"

Cyrus ran to the tree as fast as his legs would carry him. He reached the tree a minute later. The shapes were indeed Kit and Ireane. Their wrists were bound in rough rope and these ropes hanged them from a high branch. The wickedness of the whole ordeal was taking its effect. The girls were suspended above a bubbling, boiling cauldron of liquid acid. Cyrus's nightmare had become his reality! He ran towards them, only stopping when Wormtail approached the two girls. He held a wand in his good hand and pointed it at the ropes.

"One more step and they both perish my boy. Is that what you really want?"

Voldemort came up behind him, laying a cold hand upon Cyrus's shoulder. Cyrus shuddered. How could Voldemort do this to the girls? Kit began to stir slightly.

"Wh... where am I? Cyrus! It's...!"

Wormtail pointed his wand at Kit's throat. Voldemort walked over to her and grinned evilly.

"You, my pureblooded slave, will join me. You have power beyond the average person. Just like my son in fact!"

Voldemort gestured towards Cyrus with an outstretched hand. Kit winced.

"And what if I don't? What will you do then huh?"

Kit sneered at Voldemort. He looked furious.

"You are making me lose my patience girl! Take this you ignorant... Crucio!"

Kit yelped and howled in pain. Voldemort kept up the action and waited for Kit to cry for mercy.

"Stop! No more! No... auuughhh!"

Kit shouted in pain. The pain was too great for her. Voldemort grinned and pulled back his wand, releasing the pain from Kit's fragile body. She was panting heavily.

"So, this is your choice now! Tell me you insolent fool!"

Kit looked at Cyrus for help. When he didn't move a muscle, she sighed.

"Fine... I'll..."

An impatient Voldemort quickly cut her off.

“ If you don’t join me, I will kill her!”

Voldemort pointed his wand at Ireane, who had just woken from her coma-like state. She stared wide-eyed at the wand pointed at her heart.

“ Release our victim Wormtail, so she may make her choice.”

Wormtail released Kit from her wrist bindings and helped her to the ground semi-safely. She skinned her knee on the bark coming off from the tree. Kit despised Ireane with a passion. What else could she do but get revenge... or...?

“ Don’t kill her... I’ll join you... just don’t kill her!”

Kit sank to her knees, tears streaming down her cheeks. Her parents would be so disappointed in her. Voldemort smirked and helped Kit to her feet. He grabbed her arm and began to burn his insignia, the dark mark, into her flesh. She cried out in pain and Voldemort finished.

“ You leave me no choice, now that I can’t finish the full mark, you have left me an option. Avada Kadavra!”

A green light shot from Voldemort’s wand. Kit shut her eyes, ready to die. She heard instead, a scream. A scream saying, ‘Rus!’, then it all stopped. There was total silence. She opened her eyes slowly and looked. Ireane was on the ground, dead, stiff. *She was gone.*

## 22 - Radiant Death

Cyrus was speechless. His life-long friend and ex-fiancé was gone! He saw Kit's expression. She was struck down. She was pale and seemed to be in shock. Voldemort laughed wickedly and swiped his hand across the front of him. The death eaters came from behind the numerous trees and disappeared. They all apparated away. Cyrus ran to the fallen form of Ireane and sank to the ground, shaking her roughly.

"Ireane! Ireane! Wake up! Don't be dead oh please!"

Cyrus was crying. This was a very abnormal reaction for him. Her body lay on the ground, motionless and cold. Cyrus placed his hand on her cheek and felt for warmth. She was still slightly warm. She was gone forever. Cyrus collapsed next to Ireane, tears streaming down his face. How could she be dead? She can't be dead!

Kit watched the death almost in slow motion. The green light penetrating the darkness and hitting Ireane square in the chest. Ireane fell to the ground and finally the dust settled. Cyrus cried out and began to weep. Kit was horrified. Voldemort said he'd keep Ireane alive!

"You lied to me! You said she would stay alive! You're horrible!"

Kit was close to tears now. Voldemort approached her. He was alone, all the death eaters, including Wormtail, had apparated away. He raised his hand and brought it down on Kit's left arm, a crimson dagger revealing itself beneath the fabric of his robes. He pushed the dagger to the bone in Kit's arm and then pulled it out. Kit gasped at the weapon piercing her arm. The pain had yet to truly sink in. It hit only moments later. The pain was unbearable! It was like molten lava trickling down her arm and pooling at the center. She cried out and sank to her knees, grasping her arm, attempting to stop the steady pulsing of blood from the open wound.

"Do you think I would accept you when that mark didn't appear? That mark wasn't letting me access your brain and functioning. You are saved because of a sacrifice. Your mother killed herself for you! Your father killed himself after he chose to join me. He died because of his ignorance! You WILL die Kathryn Johnson! My son will watch you die just as he did that retched girl, Ireane!"

Voldemort raised his wand and pointed it at the helpless form of Kit. He was about to cry out the two words that would kill her when a silhouette of a man lunged out of nowhere. Cyrus had attacked Voldemort! Voldemort, in turn, slashed at him with the dagger, small droplets of Kit's blood raining from the tarnished metal. The knife made contact with Cyrus's forehead. A thin line of blood trickled down his face as Voldemort disappeared. Cyrus cried out in pure rage and blasted the trees with random spells. Two trees fell down, making a loud crash as they hit the forest floor. Kit watched hopelessly. Her attempts had been for nothing! Ireane was dead, and it was all her fault. If she hadn't done just one little thing, they all could be alive and cozy in their beds. Kit began to cry hard, letting the tears pour from her eyes. Her eyes were slightly red and puffy. The blue of her iris was intensified by the saline in her tears. She looked up at Cyrus. He was crying too. He stood up and rubbed his eyes. He slowly approached Kit and sank to his knees down next to her. He looked at her arm and stifled a sob. He pulled Kit into his arms. He pulled her as close as she could be. He held her there for maybe twenty minutes before he let her go.

"You were willing to give up your freedom for her Kit... you really tried your best... I appreciate that... I'll miss her Kit... I really will."

Kit broke into tears and covered her face with her hands. She shuddered as she cried, her whole body trembling with sadness and grief. She had tried to save Ireane! She had! She continued to cry into her



hands, unaware of Cyrus reaching his arms towards her again.

“ Kit, we need to go back... everyone will be worried... you’re losing too much blood. Kit?”

Kit looked up at Cyrus, her eyes almost sparkling in the light of the now-shining moon. She shook her head and managed to finally say something.

“ Cyrus... I... I really... really wanted to... to s... save her! I t... tried! I really did!”

Cyrus looked at Kit with a new view. She was brave beyond belief. She had stood up to Voldemort to save Ireane. Tears slid down Cyrus’s cheeks and he pulled Kit close again. They sat together, supporting each other, for nearly half an hour. Cyrus finally helped Kit to her feet and looked down at her arm. He patted her back and helped her over to Ireane’s body.

“ I think she would want a proper burial... don’t you think Kit?”

Kit nodded almost breaking into tears again. Cyrus supported one of Ireane’s limp arms and Kit supported the other. They carried the body back to the grounds. Dumbledore and McGonagall met them there. They were fussed over for a few minutes before they had the chance to set Ireane’s body down. Once they did, Kit looked over at Cyrus. He was pale beyond the normal color. He collapsed, passing out on the ground. Kit watched and fell to her knees again. Her ability to speak was lost. She couldn’t find the words to describe it. It was over now.

Kit opened her eyes and found herself in a comfy bed. She looked around and saw Cyrus asleep in the next bed over. He looked rested. She looked back at the ceiling, trying her best to remember what had happened. There was a flash of green, Ireane was dead, and they had barely escaped the Forbidden Forest before Cyrus had collapsed. Kit put her hand to her forehead. Voldemort had killed Ireane. She sat up and looked at her arm. There was a thin, pale, white scar running from the middle of her arm to about her wrist. She sighed. She knew that Voldemort’s scar wasn’t so easily healed. Harry still had his too. Cyrus had no marks on his forehead. It had kept itself healed from the night before. Kit blushed, remembering Cyrus’s reluctance to let her go. He had held her in his arms for nearly an hour, not letting her from his grasp. She kept her stoic expression, despite the blush. The redness disappeared from her face as Cyrus woke up. She turned to look at him. He was in complete disarray. He looked at Kit and then seemed to remember the previous night. He frowned and then smiled. He had revealed his feelings for Kit. He had held her to make her feel better. Was she okay?

“ Kit? Are... are you okay? You don’t look so good Kit...”

Cyrus noticed that she stayed to the right side of her bed. He stood up slowly, walking to the left side of her bed. He sat down on the white sheets, next to Kit. He gently brushed the stray hair from Kit’s eyes. He bent his body and hugged her, kissing her cheek lightly.

“ It’s alright now Kit, I’m here for you. Ireane would be glad. She knows you were trying to save her, she’ll forgive you. She is like that. I love you... it’s okay now...”

Cyrus wrapped his arms around Kit. Madame Pomfrey walked in, trying to shoo Cyrus back to his bed. He needed the rest! Cyrus shook his head vigorously. Dumbledore came in and noted the distant look in Kit’s eyes. He signaled Pomfrey off into her office. She huffed and puffed and fumed about it, but she left. He sat down on Cyrus’s bed, looking at the two.

“ Mr. Riddle, Miss Johnson? You two went through a great deal. Did the death eaters do this to you? And Miss Gales? Did they kill her too?”

Cyrus shook his head, still keeping his hold on Kit. Dumbledore looked at Kit again. Her eyes were glassed over, almost oddly so. He gestured his hand towards Kit.

“ May I speak to Miss Johnson? You’ll need to let go of her please, Mr. Riddle.”

Cyrus reluctantly let go of Kit. He made eye contact with Dumbledore.

“ She won’t speak to me either. Don’t be surprised if she doesn’t answer anything...”

Cyrus sat back to watch this. Dumbledore looked Kit in the eye.

“ Tell me, Miss Johnson, what happened last night?”

Kit made a reaction for the first time. She looked afraid. She shook her head violently. She was trembling and shaking with fear. Dumbledore noted this and kept his questioning.

“ Miss Johnson, please, tell me who did this. I need you to tell me, it can get better then-”

Kit wouldn't let Dumbledore finish. She threw her head under the pillow, whimpering and sweating. Cyrus was worried. He had never seen Kit act like this before! Dumbledore nodded to himself, thinking the situation over. He placed a hand on Kit's shoulder, causing her to lift the pillow slightly, looking fearfully at Dumbledore. She placed the pillow gently back on the bed, distrust filling her eyes completely. He smiled and lifted his hand.

“ Kathryn, please, tell me what happened now. You can, I know you can. I want you to look at Cyrus here as you tell me. You can trust him, can't you?”

Kit looked over at Cyrus, tears welling up in her eyes. He seemed concerned too. She opened her mouth, to spill the truth, when she realized that the truth would crush Cyrus's heart. She shook her head sadly, looking at the floor. Cyrus looked at her and put his hand on her left leg.

“ Kit, tell me. You can tell me anything, remember?”

Kit nodded, sniffing. She opened her mouth and her voice was heard. It was very quiet, but still like a river flowing from her. She explained going outside and being ambushed. She then explained the rest of it more clearly.

“ I... I was walking outside. I walked out because... because I was sad. I saw Cyrus and Ireane being so friendly, and I thought... thought that Cyrus didn't love me anymore. So I went outside, and they got me. They tied me to ropes and hung me by my wrists to a tree in the forest. Ireane was carried in, unconscious, seconds later. They approached me, and hit me with a wooden board on the back of my head. I should never have walked out... It's entirely my fault! I told him I'd join him if he'd not kill Ireane! Then he tried to burn my arm with the dark mark! It didn't work though! He killed Ireane! He stabbed me too! I should've died there! Not Ireane! No! Voldemort killed her!”

## 23 - One Chance

Kit pushed Cyrus's hand away from her and began to cry hard. Dumbledore took her arm in the midst of this and pushed up her sleeve. He noticed the mark where Voldemort had apparently burned her. It was blackened slightly. It was true then. McGonagall came in quickly, pulling Cyrus back to his bed, noting the sobbing Kit and sad, pale Cyrus.

"Professor, we should probably warn the students? They should be aware of this incident-"

Dumbledore shook his head slowly, glancing back at Kit. He whispered into McGonagall's ear. She nodded and hurried out. Dumbledore stood up. He turned to Cyrus.

"Mr. Riddle, I will let you two leave now. I know one thing now. Voldemort is back. If you need to relax, there is always one place that no one can bother you in."

Dumbledore smiled mischievously, walking towards Madame Pomfrey's office. He probably was telling her that the two of them had been dismissed. Cyrus finally got the hint that Dumbledore had given him. The Room of Requirements! He could bring Kit there to relax! He pulled the saddened Kit to her feet. He yanked her from the Hospital Wing and dragged her to the empty corridor. He never had done this before, so he was really risking it. He paced back and forth a few times, repeating his requirement mentally. He opened his eyes and looked at the once-empty wall. Now there was a large door there. It had quite a set of locks on it! Not exactly what he'd expected, but oh well! He pulled the stunned Kit into the room and closed the door, hitting all of the locks. He looked around the room. It was marvelous. The walls were red. The room was dark and cozy looking. There was a small crimson sofa in one corner of the room, the corner nearest to the burning fireplace. He pulled Kit into the candle-lit room. He wasn't expecting anything romantic to have appeared like the candles! He would just deal with it though. Kit sat on the sofa, looking lovingly at Cyrus. He smiled in his own mischievous way. He sat down next to her. "Rus... I really am sorry... please...!"

Cyrus didn't even let Kit finish her thought. He pushed her back onto the couch and hugged her. He kissed her lips, keeping her sadness concealed. He ran his hands up and down her frigid arms. She was so cold! He held her close, and then pushed her on her back. What was he doing?! Kit was unprepared for this! Cyrus pushed her hair out of her eyes. He looked at her, blushing, as she looked startled. He loved Kit. She had done her very best. He had to get this done. If he didn't, Voldemort may just discover them and kill them before he got the chance! He pushed Kit's hair back and kissed her neck. She pushed Rus up off of her for a moment. She pulled her hair back into a quick ponytail and then smiled for the first time in a long time. She wrapped her arms around Cyrus and grinned. He smiled back; happy she had caught the drift. This was the only time he would ever get the chance! He pulled off his outer robes, revealing his normal clothing. He took Kit's robes off too. He lay down next to Kit's small figure, slowly feeling better. The night was sure to be a long one.

The next morning, Kit opened her eyes, yawning. She stretched her arms above her head and sat up. She noticed a warm blanket covering her. She looked to her side and noticed Cyrus sleeping next to her! She suddenly remembered the night before. Cyrus and her had...! She blushed and ran her hands through her hair. She had lost her hair tie. Cyrus had removed it in the midst of the other night. Oh boy! That was quite an odd night too! Kit heard a rustling of the blanket and Cyrus woke up. He sat up wearily. He made eye contact with Kit and smiled. They had spent the night together! That was the end of their "normal" relationship! Now they could show their feelings towards each other openly. Cyrus hugged Kit and felt a draft. He blushed and grabbed his clothes and got ready for the day. Kit followed his lead and prepared for the day.

It was almost time for classes when they got into the corridors. Students were running wildly with their belongings. Many of these were first years attempting to get to their classes before their peers. Kit smiled at the chaos. It was fun to watch cute little kids try to run faster than the 7th years! She held Cyrus's hand and walked to the class they had next. They walked to their Defense against the Dark Arts class. They sat through that class, staying as near to each other as possible. They exited class the same way, staying close together. A voice called, a daunting voice.

“ Rus! What are you doing!?”

## 24 - He's Coming...!

Cyrus looked up, hand coming away from Kit's. He was startled to see Harry approaching him angrily.

"Harry! What're you doing here? I-"

Harry glared at Cyrus, cutting off his sentence. Harry yanked Cyrus away from Kit, pulling him into a corner nearby.

"Where were you last night Rus? Were you with her?"

Harry's voice showed disgust at the Slytherin. Cyrus winced, knowing he'd been found out.

"Well... yeah. I was... um... we were... uh..."

Cyrus hesitated, not sure what to say. He could tell Harry the truth, that they were... well... um... you know... together. Or, Cyrus could tell Harry a complete lie and say that he was dueling with Kit or something. He couldn't lie to his friend like that though. So, Cyrus just shook his head.

"It's none of your concern as to what I was doing and who I was with, Harry. You'd just be jealous anyway!"

Cyrus blushed, remembering the night before. How could Harry Potter be jealous of him spending the night with a Slytherin? Never! That was the honest answer. Harry couldn't be jealous of that. That was another lie he had told Harry. Harry tapped his foot and shook his head in disgust.

"What did you and that... girl... do?"

Harry asked Cyrus with apparent distaste in the idea. He put up his hand.

"Never mind, I don't wanna know what you two were doing. I can guess it was a little more than snogging in the corridors though!"

With that last statement, Harry stormed off. He was probably going to tell Ron and Hermione the whole thing. How embarrassing! Oh well, he could at least not be concerned about spending time with Kit anymore. He walked back over to the confused girl, embracing her in his strong arms. She blushed and hugged him back. She knew why they had done what they did last night. Voldemort would be after them both now. It was unlikely that there would be many more peaceful days like this. She smiled, trying to keep Rus out of her thoughts as much as she could. She didn't want him to suspect that she knew his reasoning. She shrugged at Cyrus's puzzled look and she laughed. Her first laugh in days. Cyrus was pleased and grabbed Kit's hand. They had a free period now, as did many of the 6th and 7th years. The students were scattered across the grounds, laughing and kissing each other. Lovers like this often showed their feelings in spring. That is why Cyrus felt safe with Kit. Now he could fully show that he loved her. He still had an ache pounding through his heart when he thought of Ireane, but he could manage. He thought so anyway. He pulled Kit under the willow tree, hugging her to him and kissing her forehead.

"I love you Kit. If we get through this... well... I want to spend the rest of my life with you by my side..."

Cyrus blushed and looked out at the lake's shimmering cerulean water. Ripples seemed to echo across the silent water. Kit realized what Cyrus was saying! He was... proposing! She blushed and hugged him hard.

"Of course! I would love to spend my whole life with you Cyrus Riddle!"

She kissed him on the cheek, beaming. He smiled and laughed to himself. He loved the enthusiasm that Kit put into everyday life. She could make the most boring essay into an adventure of the soul! She was a person who easily could draw people to her bright personality. She could bring them in like moths to a shining nightlight. She smiled at his blank stare and punched him playfully on the shoulder. He laughed and pushed her to the ground. He was making a move when he heard someone. He looked up and

around. He saw nothing, but the voice still rang in his ear. His expression suddenly got serious and hard. Kit sat up, unease filling her. Why was Cyrus suddenly so serious? She decided she better say something.

“ Rus? What is it? What’s wrong? Do you-”

Cyrus pressed a finger to his lips, signaling Kit to keep silent. The awkward silence continued. Kit sat there, watching Cyrus’s odd reactions. Cyrus was hearing something, good or bad, and it wasn’t normal.

“ Cyrus, you know what to do now. You will do as I say right? You will kill her? Or shall I continue where I left off? I see you now my boy! You are seated beneath the willow tree, that girl beside you. She knows something is wrong. I will kill her, and you’ll help me! Mwahahahaha!”

The voice was referring to Kit! Cyrus jumped to his feet with incredible speed. He grabbed Kit’s arm and sprinted into Hogwarts, pulling Kit behind him. Voldemort was still here! He was going to kill Kit! Cyrus was panting, as was Kit. Suddenly, Cyrus heard footsteps. If that were Dumbledore, he would make Kit stay in the dungeons and himself in the tower. He didn’t want to leave Kit, so he did the first thing that came to his mind that would draw any teacher off track. He kissed Kit passionately. The teacher turned out to be Dumbledore. He walked up on Kit and Cyrus kissing in the corridors.

“ Mr. Riddle, Miss Johnson, please refrain from such activities in front of any other professors. They may make you part. May I suggest the Room of Requirements?”

Dumbledore noted Cyrus’s startled expression and smiled, walking away quietly. Cyrus’s blonde hair fell into his face. Kit looked dazed and surprised. Cyrus dragged Kit up to the Room of Requirements with him. He paced a few times, reciting his requirement three times. A door appeared and he pulled Kit inside. It was almost the same room as last time, minus the candles. The fire was the only light in the room. It shone its ember lights on Kit and Cyrus’s faces. It illuminated each feature they had. Kit looked puzzled.

“ Rus... what’s wrong? You seemed upset by something earlier... was it... Could it have been... Voldemort?”

Kit looked afraid now. Her voice had dropped to a whisper and her eyes filled with fear. Cyrus nodded grimly. Kit’s hands covered her mouth. She was petrified by the fact that Voldemort may have been nearby. She shook her head and a tear streamed down her cheek. Cyrus shushed her and pulled her into his arms. He scared her. Kit was never afraid of anything! He kissed her cheek and she buried her face in his shirt. She fell asleep like that. Cyrus wasn’t far behind.

## 25 - A Dream's Reality

Kit woke up, startled. She realized that she had fallen asleep next to Cyrus. He looked troubled, like he was having a nightmare. She brushed his hair away from his forehead. He stirred in his sleep and Kit walked out of the room. She shut the door quietly. The corridors were creepy at night. They were dark, lit only by a few torches along the way. Kit slinked through the dark sections, keeping to the shadows. She snuck into the library, avoiding the nosy prefects who were snooping around the library, looking for prowlers. Kit decided to play it safe and transform into her animal form. The white albino ferret scampered across the library floor, being completely ignored by the prefects who weren't surprised by the creature. Kit ran into the forbidden section of the library. Once there, she stopped to catch her breath. She sniffed the air, not smelling a trace of humans nearby. She transformed back into herself and stood up. She saw the books, dusty and old, sitting silently on the shelves. She needed to play it safe in case Cyrus came looking for her. She scanned the spines of the books, searching for a certain title. Aha! She found it! She pulled the book out; careful not to disturb the screaming books next to it. She stroked the spine, calming the upset book. It opened silently, almost radiantly. Its pages were old and worn. They were yellowed with age. The writing was fading as well. She ignored the age and flipped the pages with care. She finally found the subject she was searching for. It was a special section in the book; four whole chapters devoted to it. It was about voices. Not just any voices, but voices in the mind. Kit ran her finger down the page delicately. She found a small section of words that made no sense to her. It read:

A voice was heard in the mists. When searched by the receiver, not a soul was found. This strange phenomenon is said to be unaccounted by humans. But recently, a document was found in ancient crypt. The document stated that the person who could use the spell could control the thoughts of the living. When accessed, this power may be used from a great distance. The caster can control the thoughts and processes of the victim. If powerful enough, this may be used to completely control the person's actions and daily functions. If it is suspected that a person is having this problem, there are several ways to solve it. The following ways are how to overcome the force...

Kit observed the markings on the page and shut the book hastily. She heard someone coming! She transformed back into a ferret and skittered out of the library unseen. She transformed back into her human self when she reached the Slytherin dungeons. She grinned, knowing how to help her boyfriend. She sneaked into the girl's dormitory and went into her bed, smiling to herself, falling into a deep sleep. The next morning, Kit walked up from the dungeons, her hair sparkling. She had woken up extra early and had showered again, though she had just the day before. She dressed in a short, green and gray plaid skirt and a low-cut black tank top. She had her robes on loosely. She tried to look pretty today. She was going to put her plan into action. She had to seduce Cyrus again! If that happened, she would distract him long enough for the connection to be broken. After that, she could dress normally. She realized she made the wrong decision when she walked into the Great Hall. A 1st year approached her. He was really tiny. He blushed and handed her a note.

"T... this is from... from Cyrus... He... asked me to give this t... to you!"

The boy blushed, barely able to get out his entire sentence. Kit smiled and took the note. She noticed that the Slytherin guys were staring at her awkwardly. Then she walked over and sat down, careful to keep her skirt down. Malfoy walked up to her and sat down.

"You trying to get me? You probably are, and I must admit, I like your effort, really! I just-"

Malfoy didn't get the chance to finish his sentence. He grabbed his stomach, wincing in pain. Kit pulled

her fist back and stood up defiantly.

“ You are SO disgusting! Stop flirting with me! I am already taken!”

Malfoy made an odd sound. He then began to laugh.

“ You and that stupid Gryfindor? That was funny! You know he doesn't love you! What, was he your first or something? Ha!”

Malfoy held his stomach, laughing ridiculously. Kit was past angry. She was furious! She then smiled and laughed.

“ Haha! That was funny! I thought you were serious!”

Kit laughed her fake laugh again and made eye contact with him.

“ Ew! I just stepped in something! Oh yeah! That was your PRIDE!”

Kit shouted at Malfoy, pulling her hands into fists. Malfoy winced and watched Kit storm out of the Great Hall. She was furious! She knew Cyrus had been there, watching her entrance and exit. She rubbed her eyes, trying not to cry. She walked into an empty corridor and heard voices around the corner. She skidded to a halt and waited, listening to the conversation. She heard a voice around the corner that was dark and hissing. That voice! She had heard it somewhere! She listened and heard another familiar voice. That was Cyrus's voice! She listened closely.

“ I thought I told you to kill the girl! How dare you disobey me boy!”

The hissing voice sounded angry and impatient. Kit was worried now. She knew whom the voice belonged to. It belonged to the one person she hated and feared with a passion. Lord Voldemort. She listened closely as Cyrus's voice responded.

“ You told me to lure her away from everyone! I can't! I just cant! I love her!”

“ Are you defying your orders? I can have it arranged to have her killed the moment she walks into view! You had better do as I say, boy, or else!”

“ I can't! I'll do anything! Just don't hurt her!”

“ She killed that stupid girl! That Ireane girl! If she had been a normal girl, that mark would've seared through her flesh! It would control her Cyrus! She is the murderer! She killed your friend! This is what you saw coming Cyrus. You knew that the moment that you befriended that girl that your life would change drastically! You need to leave her! This is your choice! This is the point of no return!”

Kit tripped over the hem of her robes and stumbled into view of Cyrus. He was talking to a snake. The snake was Voldemort! Kit was wide-eyed with fear.

“ Kill her! Kill her! Kill her!”

Voldemort cried out in rage. Kit saw Cyrus's eyes glow in rage. He held out his wand and shouted.

“ Avada Kedavra!”

Kit saw a bright green light and heard Cyrus's voice before she saw nothing.

“ I never did like you.”



## 26 - Angel of Music

Kit woke up, panting. Had that been a repeat of the dream she had a while back? No! It couldn't have been! She was in a room. The room was red. She realized that she was in the room of requirements! She saw Cyrus dozing next to her. She felt her forehead. There was a bump from where she had hit the ground when she tripped. Cyrus jerked awake and saw Kit.

"How are you feeling? Are you alright?"

Kit was confused. She had heard him shout the curse. She had seen the green light. She had heard Cyrus's voice echo through her mind. Why wasn't she dead? Cyrus must've figured that she was thinking about this because he smiled.

"I would never direct any of that towards you Kit! I did that to the snake. My father had possessed the snake with a charm and controlled it, using his voice through the snake's mind."

Cyrus fumbled around on the floor with his hands for a moment. He pulled up a long, black creature. It was that snake!

"I killed it! I would never do that to you!"

Cyrus hugged Kit with love. Kit sighed. She was scared. If Voldemort was getting strong enough to possess snakes, then it wouldn't be long before he could possess Cyrus! She looked at Cyrus. His mouth was smiling, but his eyes weren't. If she concentrated on his eyes, he looked ten full years older than he actually was. He looked like he was frightened. He was probably just as scared as she was, if not more! She held him in her arms for a minute before pushing him back gently.

"You can cry too Rus. We all have to eventually. You are scared, aren't you? You are more scared than I am. You can tell me, trust me."

Cyrus seemed stunned! How could Kit tell all this about him when he was smiling? He wasn't smiling anymore. His body shook, chills running up his spine. He didn't know what to think! Slowly, a tear ran down his cheek. How could Kit's words effect him like this? These were common words, but they changed the situation drastically. He hugged her, crying on her shoulder. She smiled and ran her fingers through his hair until he finally cried himself to sleep. When he fell asleep a few minutes later, Kit stood up. She heard something. It was a voice. There was a woman's voice.

*"Kit, my love! Come here! You must remember me? It's me! It's your mother! Oh darling! You have grown so much. I am proud of you... your father is too! Come to me my baby! Come to mother!"* Kit didn't know how to react to this. She rubbed her eyes, once, twice! There was her mother, standing in a long gown in front of her very eyes! The dress was the one that had always made Kit most happy to see. It was the yellow dress with the embroidered dove on the front. Her mother was wearing a hat with flowers on the left side of it. Her mother's short blonde hair went slightly below her ears. Her eyes were green and shining. Kit walked slightly towards her mom. Her mother giggled. She was also wearing Kit's favorite pair of sandals. They were yellow with a daisy in between the big toe and the pointer toe. Kit noticed the short dress was her favorite memory of her mom. A tear came to her eye.

"Mum? Is that you? Are you really here?"

The mother laughed a silvery laugh almost identical to Kit's.

*"Your father would love to see you darling! Why don't we see him now?"* Kit watched the woman walk out of the Room of Requirements and into the darkened corridor. Kit glanced back at the sleeping form of Cyrus. She looked back at her mom also before leaving a note beside Cyrus. She kissed his forehead and followed her mom out of the door, the door shutting behind her mysteriously.

Cyrus jerked awake, as the heavy wooden door slammed shut. He looked around, expecting to find Kit

ready for another round of two nights ago. She wasn't anywhere in sight! He shook his head. Maybe he had just dreamed up falling asleep. Had he? He noticed his eyes were red and swollen when he checked in a goblet of water. He then noticed the note lying on the bed. He picked it up, reading it. It was a letter from Kit's mother! Kit's tearstains were on it though. The writing was messy, but still legible in cursive. He threw the note down, running to the door and sprinting into the darkness.

Kit watched her mom moving gracefully. It wasn't her mom anymore. It was a ball of light. The ball danced and swirled through the corridors. Kit had to know what it was! She followed it, becoming entranced by the silver green light. She was hypnotized. Her thoughts were hers, but she couldn't control her body. She saw with her eyes, trying to pry her gaze from the sphere. No luck! What was this? She was being controlled.

*"Come to me, Angel of Music. My darling Pandora. Follow me, my child of song."*

These were her mother's names for her when she was young. Her mother's terms of endearment. Her mother was calling for her. She didn't want to follow, but she had to. Something was making her follow the light! What on earth could contain this kind of power? What kind of distortion was this? She reached her hand out for it, but the light moved further away. She heard Cyrus shouting. She couldn't see him though. The light moved up the stairs to the top outside of the castle. That was the highest tower in Hogwarts! Kit advanced up the winding stairs, hearing Cyrus shout again. She walked slowly up the stone stairs and onto the roof of the tower. The wind whipped her clothes around. She was wearing a long black skirt to her ankles. It was lightweight for sleeping in. Her shirt was a tight, black tank top. It revealed from her ribs down to the waistline of her skirt. Kit's hair was down and flowing in the wind on the top of the tower. The night moon was almost completely full, the stars shining down from the night sky. Kit walked towards the edge of the tower. She stepped up onto the first ledge nearest to her. There were three full ledges before Kit would be taken to the end, one more step to her death. Kit couldn't stop now though! The light moved further.

"Mother! Mum! Wait for me, please! I miss you..."

The woman appeared in place of the spherical light. She smiled warmly. She signaled for Kit to follow. Kit did as her mother instructed. She stepped to the third and final ledge, approaching the edge dangerously quickly.

Cyrus panted, sprinting up the stairs, hoping to the top quick. He had seen a light and he had seen Kit following it. Something wasn't right! Why would a light be entrancing Kit? Was it hypnosis? Or was it... another force? Possibly, it could be Cyrus's father? He didn't care anymore. He wanted to find Kit fast! He finally got to the top of the stairs and onto the top of the tower. He saw Kit on the last ledge!

"Kit! No! Stop, Kit, no!"

Kit seemed to stop her advance towards the edge. She was going to fall! Her toes were already over the edge! Her clothes were waving around her madly in the wind.

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!"

Kit screamed, starting to fall. Cyrus ran full speed towards her, grabbing her waist and pulling her into his arms, knocking them both to the ground. The ball turned into a fiery red color before disappearing into the night. Kit sobbed into Cyrus's shoulder. She was shaking badly, as if uncontrollably. Cyrus was getting concerned. She seemed to know what she did, but not know why she did it. She was crying and gripping Cyrus's shoulders hard.

"Oh Cyrus! I was so scared! Oh my god..."

Kit sniffled, holding back more tears. She let Cyrus hold her while standing up. His blonde hair was getting blown around wildly by the frigid wind. His clothes were thin, making him shiver in the cold.

"Kit... you saw what you were doing. Why didn't you stop?"

Kit paused and thought about it. She seemed to be more frightened by thinking about it.

*"I... I saw my mother..."*

## 27 - Blackmail

Cyrus was speechless. He had just read Kit's mother's suicide note! How could she have seen her mother? Or was that an illusion? Did Voldemort create that illusion? Cyrus realized the fact suddenly. "Stay with me no matter what, Kit. My father did that. Your mother is still dead... couldn't you control what you were doing?"

Kit shook her head, still shaking from the experience. She hadn't been able to stop or move backwards. She could only follow the light, her mother. She began to cry again, silver tears streaming down her cheeks. Cyrus held her in his arms for nearly an hour. He finally decided to bring her inside before they both got hypothermia. He picked Kit up from her slumping position. She had slumped against the wall to support herself. She stood shakily. Cyrus led her into the building again, pulling her into the warmth. He tried to comfort her by embracing her, but she wouldn't stop shaking. He whispered into her ear and she nodded warily. She turned into a ferret, getting caught by Cyrus. He wrapped her in his cloak and headed up to the portrait of the Fat Lady. He woke her up, frustrating her. She sighed, waiting impatiently for the new password. It had been changed after Ireane's death. He cleared his throat and prepared to say it, purposely trying to recite it clearly enough. He didn't want to sound drunk or anything of the sort.

"Flying Hogmonkeys."

The Fat Lady swung open her portrait for Cyrus. He scuffled his feet on the way in. He was stopped abruptly by Harry and Ron.

"H... Hey Harry! What're you doing up at this hour?"

Harry tapped his foot. Ron grabbed Cyrus's shoulders, shoving him roughly onto the couch.

"I could ask you the same thing Rus. Where were you? Were you sleeping with Johnson again?"

Cyrus blushed at Ron's fury. He didn't actually think Harry would inform Ron so quickly.

"Hermione isn't here to save your head this time Rus. She thinks it's sweet that you two can fully express your feelings towards each other. I think it's disgusting!"

Ron grimaced as he directed the comment at Cyrus. Cyrus shook his head.

"I was pacing through the forbidden section of the library, okay? Leave me alone! I am so exhausted!"

That part of Cyrus's story was true. He was exhausted beyond belief. He looked at the innocent ferret in his cloak. Harry noticed it too.

"Why do you have a ferret in your robes? Is that what you were looking for?"

Cyrus nodded at Harry's sudden question before heading up to his bed. He got up there and stripped except for his pants. He threw his other clothes on the floor, searching through his trunk for clean nighttime pants. He finally found a pair and looked at the sleeping form of Kit on his bed. As long as she wasn't awake, it was worth getting redressed. He pulled on the clean pants and threw the dirty pair with the rest of his clothes on the floor. He shut the curtain around his bed to give him and Kit some privacy. He climbed into bed next to Kit and pulled her tiny form close to him. She woke up then, looking up at him. He smiled and kissed her on the nose before closing his eyes and falling asleep.

The next morning, Kit yawned and stretched. She looked around. Everything seemed gigantic! Oh yeah! She was still a ferret. She kept up her form, skittering out of the Gryfindor tower and down into the Slytherin dungeons. She changed back and threw on some pretty clothes that she had stored from the day before. She threw on a semi-tight T-shirt and a pair of flare-legged jeans. She ran out of the girls' dormitory while still putting on her robes. She sprinted into the Great Hall, panting and trying to catch her breath. Malfoy approached her.

“ Johnson! Guess what I saw last night! I saw you on the top of the tallest tower! You were talking about voices! I could destroy your reputation, but I won’t. IF, and only if, you promise to do anything I tell you to.”

Kit gasped. Draco had seen her last night! She clenched her fists, preparing to throw back a fiery comeback when Malfoy laid a hand on her shoulder, causing her to get chills.

“ I wouldn’t do that if I were you, Kit. Do you want everyone to know? You were saying his name ya know?”

Kit shuddered. Malfoy had heard her the previous night! He wrapped an arm around Kit’s shoulder, pulling her to him. He whispered in her ear as Cyrus entered the Great Hall. Kit squeezed her eyes closed as Cyrus entered warily.

“ Kit, you alright? Wanna sit with me? Kit?”

Kit shunned Cyrus, giving him the cold shoulder. Cyrus was really confused now. What had he done to upset her? What did he do now? Suddenly, Malfoy leaned in and kissed Kit on the cheek, pulling her into a hug. Cyrus could barely get out his sentence. Tears filled his eyes.

“ Kit! Why?”

## 28 - Moment of Truth

Kit couldn't bear to look at Cyrus. She knew that he was hurt. She could tell by the sad tone in his voice. She heard him run from the Great Hall. She looked up; avoiding Malfoy's satisfied gaze. She walked away from Malfoy with dissatisfaction. She hated him immensely. She ran up to the Gryfindor tower, trying to keep her shoes on. They kept slipping off of her heels. She finally reached the top of the tower, approaching the corner near where the Fat Lady's portrait hung. She didn't see any Gryfindors around, so she transformed into a ferret. She scampered to the portrait. The Fat Lady smiled at her.

"Your owner must be in here. In you go, hurry up now!"

Kit jumped in through the open passageway. She turned back into a human as soon as she got in there. The darkness swallowed her up as she entered the common room. The fireplace was barely going, its sparks dying slowly. Kit saw the dim outline of Cyrus slumped down by the fireplace on the couch. The firelight reflected off of his tear-stained cheeks. She walked up to him, sinking to her knees in front of him.

"Cyrus... Malfoy made me do that! He blackmailed me! He would've made you miserable. I'm so sorry! I wanted you to be safe! I love you Cyrus!"

Kit sobbed, tears pouring down her face. Cyrus felt bad for her. He picked her up off of the floor, pulling her into his lap. She sobbed on his shoulder, holding him tightly in her arms. He pulled her close, nearly touching lips.

"I forgive you... Malfoy probably did that. He saw you didn't he? Last night, he saw you?"

Kit nodded; sniffing and letting Cyrus wipe away her tears. He pulled her close. His lips covered hers, kissing her passionately. He rubbed his hands on her hips, pushing her robes to the side. He slid his hands under her soft shirt, stroking her skin beneath it. He pushed her back on the couch, making his move. The portrait swung open, the figure coming in on this moment. The person saw the actions Cyrus was doing, or, what he was indicating was going to happen.

"Cyrus! How could you let her in here? You brought her here! Now, you're trying to do a little more than snogging!"

Cyrus jumped off of Kit at the mention of his name. He saw the very angry figure of Harry standing above him. Harry was glaring angrily at them both.

"Looks like the act in the Great Hall was only an act after all. I thought you were genuinely sad! Instead, I find you in here on top of this slutty girl!"

Kit was dumbstruck at Harry's hurtful words. He was completely insulting her!

"She's no better than her mother! That's right! I found out about your mother Johnson! She was a player! She went around to all the different houses and finally settled on a Gryfindor! She almost married a Slytherin! Your mother was a disgrace to the Gryfindor house! You are just like her!"

The words stung Kit like millions of sharp needles penetrating her skin. How could he say such lies about her mother? These hurt her deep, but Harry's next statement was the final straw!

"Cyrus! You are more like your father than you know! You are just as much a disgrace to this house as her mother!"

Harry pointed at Kit, yelling at the top of his lungs. Kit stormed out of the common room. Harry followed her with Cyrus at his heels.

"Stupid girl! I hope you die! How dare you even try to do that to Cyrus! He is too good for the likes of you!"

Kit finally reached the breaking point. She stalked up to Harry and punched him in the face, giving him a

nosebleed. Harry groaned and shouted in pain. McGonagall ran up and grabbed Kit's arm.

“ What are you doing up here? You are having a word with the headmaster! No Slytherins here! You are in for a big punishment this time Miss Johnson!”

Cyrus watched McGonagall drag Kit down the corridor, wondering when he'd see her after this night. She may never see him again. She was in for it now. This was the moment of truth.

## 29 - Last Chance

McGonagall dragged Kit to Professor Dumbledore's office. The whole place was dark except for one candle lighting up the desk in the center. Fawkes the phoenix sat on his perch, watching Kit with curiosity. Dumbledore looked at Kit from his desk.

"Miss Johnson?"

Kit looked up at Dumbledore who now was standing. He looked down at her, his eyes shining with curiosity. He nodded and then touched his wand to her temple. She froze, only just noticing that McGonagall had left. A silvery strand of something came from her head. Dumbledore set it in a pensieve on his desk. It glowed, the scene only moments before playing before his very eyes. He took a memory! Dumbledore nodded and looked up at Kit.

"It wasn't exactly necessary to give Mr. Potter a nosebleed, but he shouldn't have said such things. You may want to stay in your own common room Miss Johnson."

Kit nodded somberly. She knew that he hadn't yelled at her, but it would've been better if he had. He was too calm for her. It was almost as though he expected it! She got her shoulders grabbed and she was thrown into a wall around a dark corner before she could finish her thought. Cyrus slapped his hand over her mouth, looking her in the eye.

"You okay? Did he punish you? You look scared... should I help you in any way?"

Cyrus was such a kind guy. Kit noticed this every time he opened his mouth to speak. He was a genuinely good person. She smiled and wiped a tear away. He really was too good for her. She hugged Cyrus and felt his hands push her further back. She knew that Cyrus knew every nook and cranny in Hogwarts. He had consulted Fred and George Weasley. He was taking her to a secret passage. He did plan on being alone with her again, so he pushed her along the wall, going towards a tapestry with golden unicorns and black panthers on it. He pushed it to the side gently, pushing Kit into the dark corridor. It was dusty and full of cobwebs. Kit was nervous. Did he really know where he was going?

"Don't worry Kit, we're almost there..."

Cyrus pulled Kit's hand and led her down the passageway. She blew a stray strand of blonde hair from her eyes as he pulled her quickly down the stone passage. He finally stopped. He stopped suddenly though, knocking Kit into the back of him. He felt shivers go up his spine as she slammed into him, her body making full, if not painful, contact with his. This was too much for him! He pushed her to the ground, kissing her forehead, then her cheek, then her lips. He proceeded to kiss her neck before she realized how much he was planning to do. She lifted him off of her with all of her strength. He was pretty heavy! He got the drift and got up, blushing and pulling her up too.

"Sorry... got a little carried away there..."

Kit smiled and punched him playfully in the shoulder. He smiled back and continued to another indent in the stone wall. He pushed a dusty tapestry out of his way and pulled Kit along behind him. She recognized the hallway, but she couldn't remember where from. She saw a totally blank wall opposite from where they were standing. She then knew where they were! They were in front of the Room of Requirements! She knew what Cyrus was up to. She grinned, knowing that he thought he was very clever. He paced in front of the wall, pulling Kit into the door that appeared shortly after his walking session. She noticed the room was a little bit different this time. There was a medium-sized bed in one corner of the room and romantic stuff everywhere else. Other than that, and the absence of the couch, it was the same. Cyrus led her to the bed seductively. She caught the hint. He pushed her back gently, laying his head on her stomach. He wrapped his arms around her waist and pushed his face up her

body, towards her own face. He finally got there, grinning. He pulled out the ponytail she had fixed on the way to the room. He laid the tie on the table beside the fireplace. He ran his fingers through her hair, letting the long blonde strands fall from his fingers to her shoulders. Her shoulders! He loved how soft they were, so he decided that he was being deprived of their softness. He pulled her cloak off and threw it to the floor beside the bed. He followed suit with his own cloak falling on hers. He noticed that she was wearing a dark green tank top today. Her skirt was a black and green plaid skirt about halfway down to her knees. It was fairly short even for her taste. He enjoyed this part a lot. He laid her back on the bed fully, making sure she was comfortable. He unbuttoned his dark red shirt and threw it to the floor. He felt the cold air suddenly. He shivered a bit before lowering himself on the bed next to Kit. He smiled as she pulled herself close to him. She was warm too. He felt his hands slide from her hips to the bottom of her shirt. He lifted it off of her gently and dropped it next to his own shirt. She still had one layer. That was the only thing keeping him sane. That and the fact that he was freezing with the chilly spring air. She let her hands run from his chest to his stomach. He had muscles, even though it didn't look like he might like to exercise. She felt the belt loops on his jeans and then made her way to the button. She unbuttoned it, letting Cyrus take care of the rest. He let his jeans fall to the floor with the rest of the clothes. Her skirt was next. He felt warmer as he pulled Kit as close to him as possible. He wanted more. He felt that it was okay to be selfish just this once. He smiled and kissed her forehead.

"You ready Kit? I know this wasn't exactly what you expected, but I... didn't want to wait. Who knows when we'll be in danger from my father again... and we may never have this opportunity again!"

Kit smiled, knowing that her and Cyrus thought alike. She nodded.

"I'm ready when you are... just... take it easy... I'm tired..."

Cyrus nodded, stripping her last layer of clothing off. He let his fall to the floor as well. The fire burned a little bit lower, as if to give the couple a little bit more privacy. The rest of the night passed almost heavenly for Kit and Cyrus.

The next morning, Kit opened her eyes slowly, looking around. She forgot where she was. She stared at a dark ceiling. She remembered Cyrus bringing her to the Room of Requirements, and then they... slept together! She looked to the right of her own body and noticed a slowly waking Cyrus. He opened his eyes and looked at Kit. He obviously remembered the previous night too. He grinned, slowly sitting up and rubbing his eyes. She got up and began to get herself dressed. She threw Cyrus his clothes as well. They both got dressed and headed out of the Room of Requirements warily.

The halls were still dark. Cyrus nodded to Kit to signal her out safely. She followed him out and beamed widely at him. He hugged her quickly. He heard footsteps a little ways away though.

"Come on! We've got to get outta here!"

Kit nodded, allowing Cyrus to drag her down to the Slytherin dungeon. He smiled weakly and let go of her hand. She looked around, then threw her arms around his waist.

"I'll see you later. You'll meet me under the willow tree okay Rus?"

He nodded before kissing her lovingly on the lips. He left her there in the dark. He ran up the stairs and was out of sight. Kit sighed. She knew he had risked a lot by being in love with her. She really appreciated him for that. She suddenly sparked an idea! They were going to Hogsmeade today! She grinned slyly, heading down to the Slytherin dormitories. She made a right at the split in the corridor and headed to her bed. She would need those four hours of sleep.



## 30 - Fever

Later that day, Kit saw Cyrus with Harry outside. They were dressed like it was summer. Cyrus wore a black tank top and Harry wore a short-sleeved shirt. Kit shook her head in disbelief. The way Cyrus was acting, you'd never suspect what had happened between them on the previous night. He noticed her in her trance-like state. He called to her and waved. She ditched the Slytherins and ran to him. Malfoy glared at Cyrus. How dare he ask Kit to go to Hogsmeade with him! He would figure that out later though. His friends, Crabbe and Goyle, were coming to him with news about Hogsmeade. He abandoned the thoughts of Kit and left her to her business. Kit saw Cyrus walk up to meet her. He hugged her and kissed her cheek. She blushed and he took her hand. He held her hand while walking towards the village. McGonagall watched the two of them walk away with a half-grin on her face. She was fairly glad to watch a Gryfindor and Slytherin relationship. She walked back towards the school again.

Kit let Cyrus drag her towards the main part of the village. He brought her to the candy shop, buying her some hard candies. He also bought her some Berty Botts Every Flavor Beans. She laughed as he pulled her into his arms when they were outside. He nuzzled her affectionately. She blushed and pulled away. Too many people were staring at them. Cyrus caught the hint and pulled her into the Three Broomsticks tavern. He sat down and ordered two butterbeers. They didn't arrive right away, so Cyrus pulled Kit to his side of the table. Hermione and Ron walked in just then. Cyrus waved them over to the table. Ron grimaced as he noticed Kit, but he sat down diagonal from her, next to Hermione.

"Hello Cyrus, Kit."

Kit nodded and smiled. Cyrus took her waist and pulled her close, nodding at Hermione also.

"Would you like a butterbeer guys?"

Hermione nodded and elbowed Ron in the ribs. He yelped, then nodded. Cyrus signaled for two more drinks, then he smiled. Hermione shook her head quickly.

"We should actually be leaving... here."

Hermione handed Cyrus some money for the drinks, then she dragged Ron out of the tavern. Cyrus was really confused. Had she left to give Kit and him some alone time? She obviously didn't know about the night before if that was the case. He pulled Kit close to him by the waist and kissed her neck lovingly.

The waitress came over and waited for a moment. Cyrus let go of Kit and paid the waitress for the drinks. She set down all four drinks and left the two of them alone. He picked up his drink. Kit followed suit. They clinked their mugs together before drinking up. Kit was feeling warmer than usual after the second drink. This wasn't from any alcohol though. She felt slightly dizzy. Cyrus noticed this and pulled her into his lap. She nodded off for about a half-hour. She finally woke up, noticing that the day was almost through. Cyrus smiled and stroked her hair from her face. She had a slight fever. She needed to go to bed. He lifted Kit up and picked her up into his arms. He was strong! That and the part where Kit was unhealthily light. He took her from the table and set her down on her feet. She wavered a bit, then leaned on Cyrus for support. McGonagall came in and nodded at the couple.

"It's time to head back to Hogwarts now you two."

Cyrus nodded and helped Kit out of the now-open door. She tottered a bit on her feet before reaching the dungeons. She smiled, her face flushed. Her cheeks were very red. Cyrus's cheeks were a little red too, but that was from drinking four butterbeers. He nodded again and left for the Gryfindor tower. Kit made her way down the stairs. Malfoy caught her halfway down the long flight of stairs.

"You alright Johnson? You don't look so good... well... you are still gorgeous... and...!"

Kit fainted into Malfoy's arms. He grinned at the sudden stroke of luck. He brought her down to the common room, carefully laying her on the couch. She was tossing and turning a lot. Malfoy decided to stay up and keep an eye on her for the night.

The next morning, Kit still felt pretty sick. She walked to the Great Hall. Cyrus met her at the door. His head hurt a little bit.

"Mornin'... you alright? You look queasy... is it morning sickness?"

Oh how she sometimes hated how Cyrus made a good point. She didn't smile and react at first. She considered the fact that it could be what Cyrus had suggested. She decided to say no though.

"No... I wasn't feeling very well... but it couldn't be morning sickness... could it?"

Cyrus shrugged hugging her. He was nervous now. He thought maybe that he had pushed the line too far now. Kit felt really dizzy now. She fell into Cyrus's arms. He caught her and held her until Dumbledore came upon them. He smiled at the couple. Cyrus was nervous at this next expression to cross the professor's face. It was an expression of concern. Cyrus decided to speak up now.

"Professor! I think... that Kit... may have... well... she's queasy... and I think she may have..."

Dumbledore nodded. Cyrus hadn't finished his sentence at all. Dumbledore placed his wand on Kit's palm. The wand lit up quickly, then faded. Dumbledore smiled at Cyrus, who looked confused.

"You have nothing to worry about Mr. Riddle. She is fine. She has a fever. She may have caught a bug in Hogsmeade. Take good care of Miss Johnson."

Cyrus looked stunned. How did Dumbledore always manage to find out his thoughts? It was freaking him out! He carried Kit in his arms up to the Room of Requirements. He paced back and forth and entered the new door. He looked around the comfortable room. It had a medicine cabinet in it. It was almost the same room as the other times he was in it. He was very good at figuring out medicines to be used. He took a wizarding thermometer out and set it under Kit's tongue. He made sure she was comfortable on the bed. He had set her there when they first entered the room. The thermometer beeped and Cyrus took it out and looked at it. It was definitely a fever. It read 103? Fahrenheit on the small glass screen. He walked over to a sink that had several wash clothes on it. He ran a deep blue one under the cold water faucet and wrung it out. He folded up the damp cloth and placed it on her burning forehead. She winced, closing her eyes and grabbing Cyrus's hand. He sat down next to her on the bed and held her hands in his. She slowly fell asleep like that. He stroked the blonde hair behind her ears to keep it out of her eyes. She muttered something in her sleep, something about a father. He shrugged off the odd words and kept tending to her throughout the day. He skipped Potions before Kit woke up. She still had a slight fever, so Cyrus laid himself down next to her. He remembered a way to cool her fever quickly. He stripped himself of his clothes and then stripped hers. He lay down next to her and just held her close to him. He was going to soak up her body heat, cooling her down and removing her fever. He fell asleep next to her, feeling a little bit warmer next to her.

## 31 - Forgotten

Cyrus woke up the next morning with a cool bed. Kit was next to him, sleeping soundly. He got up and dressed himself again. He grabbed the thermometer, cleaned it off, and stuck it gently under Kit's tongue. It read 98° Fahrenheit, nothing unusual. He smiled and gently shook Kit awake. She slowly opened her eyes and looked at Cyrus.

"Cyrus? Wha... where am I? What happened?"

Cyrus held Kit on the bed. She was too weak. She seemed so fragile. Cyrus decided that it was best to let her rest. She watched him walk towards the door.

"You're leaving? What'd I do? Did I say something?"

Kit was being worried about him. How could he leave her? He felt as though he had to though. He wanted to stay, but somehow, he could stop himself from walking out. Kit had tears in her eyes. Why wouldn't Cyrus tell her what she did? The door shut behind Cyrus as Kit stood up, getting dressed. She wouldn't let him just walk out like that! She sprinted out of the door, still pulling on her outer robes. She saw Cyrus going up the stairs with Harry, laughing and totally ignoring her calls for him. She didn't know why he was doing this! She ignored it for the time and headed down for potions.

At potions, Snape told everyone to partner up and make the potion in the board. Kit looked around for Cyrus, seeing him looking towards the other Gryfindors. She stood up and walked towards Cyrus, waving and smiling.

"Hey Rus! You wanna be my...!"

Harry pushed Kit out of the way and stood next to Cyrus. He beamed and smirked at Kit. She was astounded!

"Cyrus! Why won't you... what are you...?"

Cyrus raised an eyebrow, looking at her precariously.

"What are you talking about? Do I know you?"

Kit was speechless! How could Cyrus joke like this? Cyrus laughed and slapped Harry's hand. They walked away from her, leaving Kit to be partnerless. She began to get the potion supplies ready. She grabbed the wrong ingredient, grabbing phosphorous particles instead of wormwood pieces. She prepared her potion. It turned to an acidic green color. Harry looked over and laughed. His was the forest green color that the potions were meant to be. Kit then heard a small whistling sound from her cauldron. She looked in as it began to bubble furiously. She didn't know how to stop it. She covered her face with her arms just as the liquid exploded! It splashed her entire body, burning through her robes and revealing the clothes beneath them. The potion sizzled on Kit's arms, burning them severely.

Snape rushed over and waved his wand over the potion, evaporating it completely. He noticed Kit's pain and sent her impatiently to the hospital wing. She left without a word. Cyrus watched this happen and laughed. Harry noticed this dramatic change just at that moment. He looked puzzledly at Cyrus before giving a fake laugh with him. Harry watched Cyrus with curiosity while getting his potion in a vial and handing it to Snape. He wondered why Cyrus was suddenly so rude to Kit. He decided that he shouldn't care. She was a Slytherin after all.

Kit walked towards the hospital wing, holding her arm tightly. It burned like nothing she had ever felt before! It was like millions of knives stabbing into her body where the burning liquid had made contact. She grabbed her arm, wincing at the pain. Out of nowhere, a gloved hand slapped over her mouth. She panicked! What was happening?! A pale face came before her. It smirked evilly.

"Well Kathryn, it's nice of you to join me. I was wondering if you'd notice my footsteps, but apparently,

you aren't very bright."

Lucious Malfoy held his hand over Kit's mouth and nose, cutting off her air supply. She struggled to get loose, but felt herself losing consciousness. Her vision slowly turned to black. Lucious laughed maliciously and felt the girl faint in his arms. He picked her up and carried her off towards the Forbidden Forest. There, a pair of red eyes was waiting. The eyes seemed to glow as Kit's unconscious form came to it. The darkness gave way to an evil grin. Voldemort was waiting. He was waiting for Kit.

## 32 - Betrayal

Kit awoke with a start. She looked around the dark room and breathed in the air around her. The scent wafting through the air was so familiar! She was in her bed in the Slytherin dungeons! Had all that had happened actually been a dream? No, it wasn't! She looked down at her arms and saw the slight burn marks. She felt the urge to see Cyrus. She got up and dressed as if someone was controlling her. She knew she was doing it by choice somehow. She grinned and walked to the Great Hall.

In the Great Hall, Cyrus was heading towards the Gryffindor table, feeling awkward about his actions the previous day. He felt as though he couldn't help but be rude. He felt terrible about that now though. He saw Kit approaching and walked up to meet her.

"Kit, I'm really sorry about the other day... I guess I just wasn't myself... I...!"

Kit pushed herself into Cyrus's arms and kissed him passionately on the lips. He was shocked at the sudden action by Kit. She was drawing a lot of attention towards them by making this move. Cyrus wanted to ask what was going on but, strangely enough, didn't want to stop kissing her. She seemed different than normal though. She was kissing him forcefully instead of gently. Why was she acting so odd? She was also wearing a tight, low-cut, belly-shirt, black tank top and a black leather mini-skirt. She had on shiny, high, black boots as well. Her hair was in a low, loose ponytail and she had sparkling green eye shadow on her eyelids. She had red lipstick on as well. Black eyeliner was on her eyes too. Cyrus never knew she had her ears pierced either up until now! What was wrong with Kit today? He pushed Kit off of him, panting and catching his breath. Her eyes looked foggy, almost as if she'd had one too many butterbeers. She grabbed him by the front of his shirt, pulling him to her.

"Hello Cyrus. We're going outside for a walk."

"We are? When did we decide this?"

"I decided now."

Kit dragged Cyrus out of the great oak doors leading outside. He noticed the sun shining, casting dark shadows upon the ground. Kit took off her outer robes and threw them on the ground. Cyrus noticed that her wand was still in her hand. She turned to him and laughed almost evilly.

"Oh Cyrus, you really are as gullible as you look!"

Kit laughed again, pointing her wand at Cyrus. He reached in his robes for his own wand, pulling it out with one fluid motion. He pointed it at Kit, who was laughing harder than ever. The clouds flowed over the sun, covering the radiant light. Fog rolled in across the grounds. Cyrus turned quickly enough to see Death Eaters apparating in a circle and him and Kit. Kit seemed calm and unaware of the new company. In a flash of red light, Lord Voldemort appeared beside Kit. He laid a bony, white hand on Kit's shoulder. He smiled at Cyrus and patted Kit on the head. She smiled back and stood loyally by his side.

"Well, well, well Cyrus. It looks as though you are trapped, now, doesn't it?"

Voldemort laughed evilly and stepped away from Kit and to the side.

"You have two, I repeat, two options. You can join me, or...!"

"I'll never join you!"

Voldemort laughed wickedly at this shout before continuing on.

"You can join me, or, you can fight my choice of a servant. If you win, I'll let you off easily. I'll let you go back to school and I'll leave you alone for the time being. If you lose, however, you must join me or you'll pay the price."

Cyrus was astounded! He couldn't join Voldemort, but he didn't know whether his father was hiding a trump card up his sleeve or not. He nodded and looked seriously at Voldemort.

“ I’ll never join you, not on my life, but I will fight your servant.”

Voldemort laughed stepping back towards Kit.

“ Very well then! You shall duel... Kathryn Johnson!”

## 33 - The End

Cyrus was speechless. Kit was a servant of Voldemort?! He didn't have time to think it over though because Kit walked into the ring of silver light that now surrounded her and Cyrus. It was a dueling ring. Unbreakable and completely indestructible until a duel was won or both participants died. He knew that he couldn't fight Kit though! She didn't seem too aware of him though. She only had eyes for Voldemort. Her eyes weren't the normal shade of electric blue though. They were almost clouded over, turning them into a cauliflower blue. She grinned and pointed her wand at the dueling ring. She said something silently and then a silver bubble covered the ring. Cyrus gasped. How did she know such a powerful spell? She would be worth avoiding confrontation with. She looked at Cyrus and shouted a spell.

"Expelliarmus!"

Cyrus dove to the ground, not wanting to fire a spell at her. She suddenly seemed to come to her senses.

"Cyrus! What... what are you doing? Why are you glaring like that? Why are you pointing your wand at me?"

Cyrus shouted his spell, blasting Kit into the bubble, knocking her to the ground. She winced and stood up fast, rubbing her arm. Cyrus glared and sneered.

"Why did you try to fight me Kit? I thought you were on our side!"

Kit laughed at Cyrus's attempt to find her "inner soul" and to save her from Voldemort. She looked at the now-transparent bubble. Voldemort laughed and looked inside to Cyrus.

"You really haven't figured it out yet! I thought my own son would be the first to know!"

Voldemort laughed evilly again before continuing to grab Cyrus's interest.

"I have had her in a trance! She is hypnotized! I have had her under this trance for nearly a full day! How couldn't you, of all people, know that?!"

Cyrus pieced all of the pieces of the puzzle together. He ignored Kit unwillingly, she became too flirty, and she must've gotten into Voldemort's grasp! He smacked himself in the forehead, realizing that he should've paid more attention to her! She was getting up with a fire in her eyes. He had seen that passion, but not during a duel! He had only seen it the two times they had slept together! She wasn't like she normally was. She wasn't his girl anymore.

"Cyrus! Why are you doing this? I thought you loved me!"

Cyrus looked at the ground with a tear in his eye.

"You aren't Kit. You aren't my girl anymore. I don't even know who you are."

The hypnotized Kit was astounded! How could he be so reluctant? Wasn't she good-looking enough to get him to surrender? Apparently not, judging by the way Cyrus pointed his wand at her. She dove and dodged the blast. She blasted him back, sending him flying far from her. She suddenly seemed to have the cauliflower blue color drain from her eyes. They returned to their electric blue color. Cyrus didn't notice however. He blasted at Kit, hitting her square in the chest, knocking her back onto the hard ground. She was stunned at his sudden attack. Why was he doing this? All she remembered was being attacked by Voldemort. That wasn't even more than 20 minutes previous, was it?

"Rus! What are you doing to me? EEEEEK!"

Kit dodged another blow, falling to her knees. Voldemort could be heard cursing from outside of the large bubble. Cyrus seemed to come to his senses.

"Kit! Is that really you?"

Kit smiled and hugged Cyrus as soon as he reached her. He lifted her up and kissed her on the cheek.

“ If that is really you, answer me one question. How many times did we sleep together?”

Kit blushed and laughed.

“ Only two I’m afraid. I was wondering if you’d ask me something so personal. Just please don’t ask me to describe it. It’s not my forte.”

Cyrus laughed and kissed her on the lips. The bubble was slowly fading though. Kit noticed it first.

“ Rus! The bubble! It’s disappearing! AAAAHHH!”

Voldemort tugged Kit from Cyrus’s arms, shoving his wand to her temple.

“ Make up your mind boy! She will die!”

Kit was helpless. Cyrus saw the defiant expression on her face, but her eyes were different. Her eyes showed fear and pain. He couldn’t stand to see her like this! He put up his hands.

“ Fine! Take me! Just let her go! Please! I love her! Leave her alone!”

Cyrus watched a wicked grin spread across Voldemort’s pale face. He threw Kit at Cyrus, letting her fall to the ground. He pointed his wand at Kit, smirking.

“ Crucimente!”

This was a poisoning curse! Cyrus shouted as many swear words as he knew at the smog where Voldemort had been standing with his Death Eaters only moments before. Kit was groaning, holding her stomach and twitching. He held Kit in his arms. They both knew the truth. There was no cure for this curse. No antidotes, no potions, no counter-spells, no nothing. Kit couldn’t be cured. The curse would eat away at her insides, killing her slowly, giving her unbearable pain until the poison reached her heart. Then, it would give her ten seconds to live before she died. She coughed and clutched at the air. She had ten minutes of this. Cyrus realized he only had ten more minutes left to show Kit how much he loved her. He took out a dagger from his robe pocket and set it on the ground away from him. He took off Kit’s robes and then he took off his robes. He lay down on the ground next to her and held her close to him.

“ C... Cyrus? Is that you? It hurts Rus... ugh!”

“ I know, my love, I know. I love you Kathryn. I’ve loved you since we met. Here, this is what I wanted to give you next week. I wanted you to marry me. Will you be still be my girl when you are gone?”

Cyrus slipped a diamond ring on Kit’s ring finger of her right hand. The diamond shimmered brightly under the light of the crescent moon. The whole day had passed during the fight. Kit smiled and kissed Cyrus.

“ I’ll always be your girl, Rus, always...”

Kit’s eyes fluttered, slowly losing their light. Cyrus began to cry. Kit had a trickle of blood coming from her mouth, slowly dripping down her chin, onto her shirt. Cyrus kissed her one last time.

“ I love you Kit... I love you...”

Cyrus whispered these last words into her ear as her eyes closed and her chest ceased to rise. Cyrus lay his head on her chest and listened to the last heartbeat.

***Thu-thump, thu-thump, thu-thump... thu-thump.... thu-thump..... thu-thump.....***

The beating stopped. Cyrus began to cry, tears pouring down his wind-burned cheeks. He heard a howl in the distance. The world was mourning. It was mourning for Kit. He lay down next to her body. It was growing colder by the second. Cyrus sat up suddenly, tears still pouring down his cheeks. He grabbed the dagger to his left and looked at the silver blade. He made up his mind. He was done. He loved Kit and he couldn’t let her leave without him! He drove the dagger into his heart with the force of one thousand dragons. He saw the blood pouring from his own body; his life was draining from him. He lay down next to Kit, feeling his soul slowly slipping into the darkness. He saw his life flash before his eyes, his childhood and his time with Kit. The nights that they spent together made him smile. Would she wait



for him up there? He could see her shining soul ascending towards the sky. She turned and saw him and smiled. His soul left his body, soaring up to Kit. Their souls took off towards the sky together. Kathryn was still his girl. They could live together forever.

The next morning, the dew shone on the grounds brilliantly, lighting up the entire area. Dumbledore and McGonagall were walking outside when Dumbledore spotted the bodies of Kit and Cyrus. He walked over and saw everything. He could see what had happened. McGonagall gasped and held back a sob. Cyrus was her student and her house member.

“ Professor! What will we do? The students will worry about what has happened? What should we say?”

Dumbledore looked up at the sky and smiled. The sun shone down its golden light onto the ground. Dumbledore pointed his wand at the ground and made two graves. He lifted each body and set them in the grave. He buried them with fresh dirt. A single rose bloomed on each small mound. A tear rolled down his cheek, his sadness getting the better of him before he responded to McGonagall’s previous question.

“ All that matters now is that they are happy. They are in a better place now. *They are in a better place.*”

The End

## 34 - Sweet Love

(This chapter and all following are as a result of the alternate ending. This one won't result in the last's results. It starts from Voldemort throwing Kit at Cyrus from the last chapter.)

“Crucimete!”

The curse dodged Kit by a mere inch. She was out of breath. Voldemort disappeared quickly in a cloud of smog-like smoke as Cyrus sat in amazement. The curse missed Kit! How was it possible for Voldemort, the most feared dark wizard on Earth, miss his target? It seemed to be unexpected, judging by the swearing done while Voldemort had been preparing to apparate. Cyrus hugged Kit suddenly to him, pulling her as close as possible. She seemed to be in shock at the entire situation. First off, Voldemort had used mind control on her and put her against her boyfriend! Then, she almost got killed from a curse, and now Cyrus was trying to calm her down. What a day! Kit broke down in Cyrus's arms. Tears poured down her face as she buried herself in Cyrus's warm arms. She looked up at him, the moonlight reflecting in her bright blue eyes. Cyrus struggled with a smile at her. She let him kiss her gently on the cheek.

“ Thank God you're okay Kit... thank God!”

He kissed her again, showing passion in this kiss. She hugged him, attempting to stand up immediately afterwards. He stood up first and helped her up however. She blushed as he helped her up. She was a little shaky on her feet, attributing to her shaking legs. Cyrus picked her up, surprising her a lot. She was surprised that he didn't mind her wearing a short skirt or revealing tank top. She blushed at the thought of someone like Malfoy with her in that outfit. She shuddered at the thought. Cyrus, however, carried her into the castle, bringing her swiftly and quietly up to the Room of Requirements. She blushed profusely at the memory of the last time her and Cyrus were in there. She knew that he was bringing her into the room to rest and recover though. She wondered at first whether they'd have a round of another two nights ago. She let him set her down on the bed in the room. She lay on her back and let Cyrus lay next to her. He stroked her hair and held her close.

“ Kit, I'm so glad you're alright. I thought I would lose you for good.”

Kit kissed Cyrus full on the lips, allowing him to pull her closer. She hugged him, noticing him as a real man for the first time. She had always known him as her teenage boyfriend, but after that day, she could see him as a man. She was proud to call him her boyfriend. He was rubbing her back and softly whispering in her ear. He was whispering something Kit thought she'd never hear again. He was whispering a lullaby.

“ Soft wind blows, through my hair, brushing past the wilderness. All the time, I watch and wait. I will keep waiting, for you to come. You are my sun, and you are my moon, my lovely star-lit girl. I want to tell you how much I know. I want to hold you again. My angel softly whispers to me. She whispers a sad lullaby. I tell her to hold on to me tight. I cry and wait for you to come. To take my breath away.”

Kit hadn't heard that song since her mother sang that for her. Cyrus had a good voice. His voice made the song paint a picture in her mind. She looked him in the eyes and hugged him hard, tears forming in her own eyes. He felt happy to know that she appreciated his song. He knew that she had a music box that played that tune. He had heard that song somewhere before that, but he never really knew the real lyrics until he sung it to her that moment. Kit smiled and kissed him on the cheek.

“ My mother used to sing that for me. She’d tuck me in my bed at night and pull the covers up to my chin and then sing me a lullaby. She gave me a music box before she died. She sang that to chase away the nightmares. I had many nightmares of my father dying. My mind told me to cry, but my heart told me to laugh. I wanted to cry for my lost memories, but I wanted to laugh at those good memories too. It was so confusing, yet so beautiful. Thank you Rus.”

Kit curled up and hugged her knees to her chest. Cyrus got up off of the bed and told Kit to lay straight. She did as she was told and lay down straight. Cyrus grabbed the covers and pulled them up to Kit’s chin. He got under them with her, making sure the covers still covered her up to her chin. She blushed and smiled widely.

“ You are too good for me Rus, you’ll see just how much I’m sure.”

Cyrus grinned and pulled Kit closer to him. He listened to her heartbeat steadily for a few minutes before sparking an idea.

“ I’ve got an idea Kit. Let’s…”

Cyrus whispered the idea into her ear. She blushed and nodded. In turn, Cyrus pushed her from her side to her back and looked down at her from his position. It was quite awkward at first, but Kit eventually accepted it. Cyrus leaned down and kissed Kit passionately, turning a kiss on the lips into a French kiss. Kit wasn’t ready for this at the time and almost yelped. She didn’t though, causing Cyrus to think she was hurt. He stopped kissing her and looked into her blue eyes with concern.

“ You alright? I didn’t hurt you did I? I won’t bite you.”

Kit laughed, blushing brightly, at this comment. She knew he wouldn’t bite! She punched him playfully in the shoulder. He laughed too, pushing stray hair out of Kit’s face. She was pale, even for someone of her skin tone. He loved her no matter what though. He caressed her shoulders, her shirt still on. Cyrus quickly decided that the shirt had to go. The rest of his swift decisions led into a long, slow night.

Kit opened her eyes. She remembered where she was and jumped out of the bed, dressing herself quickly. Cyrus stirred and woke up.

“ Huh? Kit, whaddure you doin’?”

Cyrus slurred his speech. He was half-asleep. Kit giggled and pushed him out of the bed literally. He needed to wake up somehow anyway. She heard a THUD as Cyrus hit the floor. She had only pushed him to the edge of the bed originally, but he had gone to turn over and fallen off. He stood up, fully awake now.

“ I’m awake! Ow! Why did you have to do that Kit?”

Kit laughed, throwing him his clothes. He got dressed faster than a speeding sloth. Finally, he was ready for the day.

“ What do you have today Cyrus?”

Cyrus pondered the idea thoroughly.

“ It’s Sunday, so I don’t have any classes. You?”

Kit shook her head and took his hand. She led him to the door and let him go out first. It was only roughly 7 o’ clock, so no one really was in the corridors. The students usually came out around 9 o’ clock or so. Kit hadn’t the need to worry about who did what and where. She led Cyrus down to the Great Hall, which was surprisingly half full!

“ Whoa! Cyrus, the Great Hall is half full!”

Cyrus looked at the vast amount of students chatting and not yet eating.

“ If you ask me, I think it’s half empty.”

Kit punched him playfully.

“ You’re a pessimist.”

Cyrus laughed and held Kit by the waist. He brought her to the slytherin table and left her to her business. She sat down at the end nearest to the Gryfindor table. Cyrus sat at the Gryfindor table

nearest to the Slytherins. Kit wasn't very hungry though, making so she didn't eat anything once the food was served onto the tables. She decided to wait outside of the Great Hall for Cyrus. She waited patiently for him for nearly ten minutes. He was most definitely a slow eater. When he finally got out there, Kit sighed and walked over to him slowly.

"It's about time there! I must have been waiting for two whole hours!"

Cyrus laughed and wrapped an arm around her shoulder.

"Try ten minutes, Kit."

Cyrus kissed her on the cheek. Harry approached them. He tapped his foot until Cyrus let go of Kit's shoulder.

"Well? Aren't we having a scrimmage?"

Cyrus looked puzzledly at Harry. Harry gave an exasperated sigh.

"You know? The scrimmage match against Slytherin? The one that won't count for our houses?"

Kit nodded sympathetically. She knew how forgetful Cyrus could be sometimes. He suddenly seemed to remember. He smacked himself in the forehead and kissed Kit on the lips quickly.

"See you in the match! Bye!"

Cyrus and Harry ran off through the corridors to get to the Gryfindor changing room. She realized that she had better get going too! The captains had arranged for a match for fun the other day. It was time for her to show Harry how good she could be! When she got down to the Slytherin changing room, Malfoy looked ready to punch her.

"Where have you been Johnson? Our team has been waiting forever for you!"

Kit sneered at Malfoy. He could be so dumb sometimes. She checked the time before grinning.

"Big deal, one whole minute late! Cry me a river, build a bridge, and get over it!"

Kit threw on her robes, still admiring the snitch on the back. She tied her hair up with a silver hair tie. It was just a normal ponytail. She grabbed her gloves and boots and walked out to the pitch. Everyone was there! Even some of the professors were there too! Kit felt her heart flutter with the ecstasy of a challenge! The announcer was calling out the Slytherin team now. She took her place as the team captain. He was in the Hospital Wing due to a fight with a Hufflepuff. She walked out onto the pitch, ready for action. Madame Hooch was there to start the match even though it was only a scrimmage. She blew the whistle. The match had begun.

## 35 - Scrimmage

Kit mounted her broom and was off. She began to go higher, scanning the pitch for the golden ball. The snitch was flying somewhere, and she was going to find it first! She flew straight down towards the sand and grass at the bottom of the field. Harry followed her quickly. She did a sharp upward turn and forced Harry to jump off of his broom. She laughed as he hit the ground and sent sand flying into the air. Harry quickly retrieved his broom and mounted it. He flew after Kit as quickly as he could. Kit went higher and higher, until she reached the prime viewing spot to see the snitch. Apparently, Harry wanted to get even for that last fall. He came up and slammed her off of her broom. She couldn't catch the handle in time to save herself. She fell fast, too fast for Malfoy to make a "valiant save" or for Harry to regret that shove. Cyrus came speeding over to her, throwing the quaffle to the other keeper. He raced forward and caught Kit, almost falling off himself. Kit fell into his arms with a THUNK and he was very grateful that she wasn't heavy! She was too light for her age. She looked a little stunned.

"You alright? You took quite a fall there!"

Kit whacked Cyrus's arm while in the air, then jumped down onto her now-present broom. Cyrus was stunned at how efficient she was. She flew off towards Harry again, determined to pay him back for that last rudeness. Harry saw Kit coming and dodged a bludger at the same time. Kit also avoided the bludger. She saw a flash of gold about twenty minutes into the scrimmage and dove for it at full speed. She saw Harry trying to get to it as well. If she didn't know better, she would've fallen for Harry's trap of getting her smacked with a bludger. She dove and reached out to grab the ball. She felt the metal in her grasp a few seconds later, cold to the touch yet to exhilarating. The adrenaline of the game rushed through her veins, pulsing like a heartbeat. She held the snitch in the air victoriously. The Slytherins cheered and hollered for her. Harry dismounted his broom and stomped his foot on the ground, raising a large amount of dust. Kit laughed as the entire Slytherin team patted her on the back and held close. She was sure they would say something nice, but all they did was shout "hurray" in her ear for five straight minutes. Kit waited for the Slytherins to gather back inside with the Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs. Most of the Gryfindors had left as well. She saw Cyrus, still in his Gryfindor quiddich robes, standing and waiting for her on the edge of the pitch. He saw her approaching and opened his arms wide so she could hug him. She did so, letting him take out her hair tie. He wrapped it around his wrist and kissed her on the cheek.

"You were spectacular Kit! I'm so proud of you!"

Kit blushed and beamed at these words. He was really too sweet! She was about to kiss him while he was nuzzling his face against hers when she heard an angry-sounding, impatient cough behind her. She turned around to see Harry, glaring with a fury, behind her. He was tapping his foot and folding his arms. "What are you doing Cyrus? Why are you still with her? I thought you'd have broken up months ago. Yet, here I am, seeing you getting all touchy-feely with her."

Cyrus had the last of Harry's sarcasm. He left Kit for a moment, approaching Harry with a fire of vengeance in his eyes. He clenched his fists and stalked a foot away from Harry. He raised his fist and slammed Harry in the stomach. Harry fell to the ground holding his stomach. He was wincing and coughing, trying to catch his breath. Kit ran forward and grabbed Cyrus's arm and pulled him back, standing between him and Harry.

"No Cyrus! Don't do that to him! He has his own opinion of us and that's all right!"

Harry grunted, standing up and panting. He smirked and laughed maliciously. He seemed to have a new spark in his eye.

“ Now I see Rus. I see why you have changed so very much. You are influenced by that thing.”

Harry pointed his finger at Kit, singling her out. He laughed again, minus the rude grin.

“ You changed by dating a slut like her! I wondered why you’d give up your life for a Slytherin. Now I know why. You want her for her looks. That’s all she is. She is just a wannabe model with no brain! You obviously are just as bad as she is. You sleep with girls for their looks and she sleeps with guys for their looks. It is quite obvious that you were meant to be. A Slytherin slut and a Gryfindor traitor! Perfect match!”

Harry stormed off with his last comment, muttering and cursing under his breath. Kit stood, motionless and barely breathing, staring at the distance. Cyrus was concerned. She looked unusually pale. He moved towards her just in time. Her eyes closed and she passed out in his arms. He stared at her in his arms, feeling a little bit confused. He picked her up and carried her towards the Room of Requirements. He was wondering how many times this would happen before she would have more serious complications. He reached the room with no problems. He brought her inside and lay her down on the bed. She began to wake up. He figured she might have been too stressed out to handle the pressure. She sat up and looked at Cyrus. She smiled, realizing where he had taken her. She wondered if Cyrus just was committed to making her pregnant or something! She laughed at the thought, and then she laughed more at the puzzled look on Cyrus’s face. He stroked her hair, sitting on the bed beside her. He lay down next to her. She got the hint and shook her head. He cocked his head to one side, like a dog watching a treat. She giggled.

“ Just kidding Rus! You are so strange!”

He laughed and pulled her down with him, kissing her neck. She blushed and felt him slip her shirt down her shoulder. This was followed by kisses on her shoulders. Cyrus observed the smoothness of them and wanted to “observe” the smoothness of the rest of her. He lay his head on her stomach, listening to her breathing patterns. She had a steady breath rate. He sighed, holding her close to him. He let his hand slip slowly to the bottom edge of her shirt. Her robes had already been tossed aside with his on the floor. His hands slid under the fabric in Kit’s shirt, allowing him to feel and “observe” the softness of her skin. Kit let him kiss her stomach and advance to her neck. He pulled her as close as possible. He grinned slyly. Kit hit his arm playfully. He tilted his head to the side. She rubbed Cyrus’s hair, noticing how soft it was.

“ Do you condition your hair Rus? It is so soft!”

Cyrus laughed at Kit and smiled. She laughed too.

“ Don’t worry Rus! I’m not laughing AT you, I’m laughing NEXT to you!”

She giggled again, liking Cyrus’s reaction. He laughed a little before lying down again. Kit lay back and sighed, closing her eyes. Cyrus held her in his arms. He stroked her hair as she slowly fell asleep. He was quick to follow. They were in for a busy day the next day.

## 36 - Four Little Words

Kit woke up, stretching out. She accidentally smacked Cyrus in the face with her arm. He jolted awake and muttered something incoherently while sitting up. He looked around, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. Kit yawned and got out of bed. She pulled Cyrus's hand and yanked him out of the bed, grabbing a comb and running it through his hair. His hair was gnarly and still quite soft. He winced as she tugged at a knot in the end near his ears. He felt his eyes begin to water as she finally finished. She grinned as she ran the comb through her almost-flawless blonde hair. He huffed, smoothing the wrinkles in his shirt. Kit's blue eyes flashed at this hissy fit. She kissed him on the lips for a minute, not letting him French kiss her. He seemed disappointed about that. He shrugged it off though and began to follow her out of the room.

They began to walk towards potions, Kit complaining all the way.

"I hate it when Snape becomes nosy and messes with the occasional potion. Namely mine and Harry's potions. I really think that it's rude!"

Cyrus noticed how she vented the entire way to the dungeons. He stopped himself from laughing as she tripped in the doorway leading into the classroom. Snape glared at her as she stumbled into the dark room.

"Take your seats Miss Johnson, Mr. Riddle."

Kit glanced at Cyrus who was looking at her awkwardly. She just shrugged to him and sat down next to him in the middle of the classroom. Kit's cauldron was in front of them, bubbling with hot water. Snape wrote down the instructions on the board in the front of the class. Kit nodded at Cyrus, who ran to the front of the room to grab the items needed. He brought them back to Kit and handed her the items. They worked together to make the random potion. It turned out just like Snape described that it would. She smiled and slapped hands with Cyrus, who bottled up the potion in a small vial. He handed it to Snape with a sly grin. Success was written all over Cyrus's face. Snape sneered, allowing Cyrus to walk back to Kit. Cyrus put his arm around Kit's shoulder and waited for the class to end. Finally, the time came to go to lunch. Cyrus made sure to hold Kit's hand while going to lunch. The rest of the day passed quickly and without a bump in the road. The full week passed by with a speed unimaginable. Cyrus was amazed when he realized that it had been a whole week since Voldemort had attacked. He gulped and walked out of the common room, sweating in his nervousness. He saw Kit waiting for him at the bottom of the tower stairs. She was gazing at the ceiling, waiting patiently. Cyrus wiped his forehead with his sleeve and walked down, clamping his fist on a small box in his left hand. Kit saw him and smiled softly. He felt his heart beat a million miles an hour. She made his heart flutter every time she smiled. He hugged her and kissed her lightly on the lips. She blushed and held his right hand on the way to breakfast.

They arrived in the Great Hall. There was only a week left of school and everyone was anxious for summer to arrive. Cyrus watched Kit all throughout the first half of breakfast, waiting for the right moment. The moment never came. He waited patiently for lunch. It came and went without his chance coming. He finally found his chance at dinner. Kit was sitting at the end of the Slytherin table. He walked over to her, got down on one knee, and looked up at her, his blonde hair out of his eyes amazingly enough. He cleared his throat and opened the small box, revealing a diamond ring.

"Kit, will you... marry me?"

Cyrus swallowed hard and looked at her blue eyes glittering. She felt tears coming in her eyes. She threw her arms around him, kissing him passionately on the lips.

"Yes! Yes I will Cyrus! Oh my god!"

Kit was crying, tears of happiness coming from her eyes. Cyrus paused to put the ring on her finger, a small silver ring on his own finger. She blushed and hugged him, totally ignoring the stares from other students. He blushed bright red as well, noticing the professors staring too. He took Kit's hand and led her into the empty corridor near the Room of Requirements. She kissed him on the lips, hugging him tightly. He held her close to him and kissed her passionately back. She stopped and looked at him, mischief glimmering in her blue eyes. He knew what she was up to, and liked the idea immensely. He paced in front of the wall, thinking his wish in his mind three times. A door appeared, multiple security items adorning the outside. Kit grinned slyly and followed him inside, hearing the locks clicking into place as the door shut silently behind them. The room was lit by a single candle and had a queen sized bed in it. It was a bed fit for two people. She grinned, taking off her Slytherin robes and laying them on a chair that sat near the bed. Cyrus was quick to follow suit and throw his Gryfindor robes on the chair too. He sat on the bed, patting his leg. Kit got the hint and sat on his lap, letting him hold her. He breathed in the smell of Kit's hair. It smelled like citrus fruits in the tropical islands. He sighed, running his fingers through her hair. It was very soft and shiny. He loved every little bit of her. He had her stay on his lap and he leaned in close to her. She looked so happy. He had only seen this kind of happiness twice. This wasn't the exact type of happiness though. This happiness sparkled in her eyes and in her smile. Before, it had been the happy smile that stole away his conscious of depurifying an eighteen-year-old girl. Now, her eyes sparkled with so much more. They sparkled more than the twilight stars. She was the same age as him, a little bit younger by two months. He ignored this and kissed her, enjoying every moment of the contact between their lips. He began to French kiss her, letting his actions speak louder than his words. He lay back, pulling Kit with him. She was on top of him in an odd position. He swung her around to the bottom, watching her blush. He laughed, hugging her and laying down beside her. "Well? It's up to you about whether we do it or not, you know?"

Kit blushed and nodded. She sat up, giving him a chance to sit up as well.

"I suppose it is my turn to speak... so... yes."

Kit smiled and let Cyrus soak up the answer. He took about ten full seconds to realize that she had given him permission to do it. He finally realized that and quickly relieved himself of his clothes. Kit looked at the ceiling as she thought carefully. Something was different. Somehow, this was different now that they were engaged. She felt like it was no longer forbidden or outlandish to do this sort of thing. She felt her heart flutter and soar as Cyrus proceeded, carrying late into the night.



## 37 - Make Your Choice...

The sun rose and kept rising. It rose until it was exactly 9:06 a.m. the next morning. Cyrus's eyes opened, encompassing the light. He sat up, rubbing the sleep from his bright eyes. He looked down at the silent form of Kit. She was tossing in her sleep a little bit. He lay his hand on her shoulder, gently shaking her awake. She opened her eyes and covered her mouth, looking pale.

"Rus... ugh! I feel sick..."

Cyrus looked concernedly at her, placing his hand on her forehead. She felt normal, or, so he told her. She nodded and took his hand.

"I had a nightmare of... of us... dying from your father!"

Cyrus shook his head and smiled warmly.

"Don't worry yourself Kit. My father won't lay a grimy paw on you! I promise you that."

Kit looked up at him, her eyes glittering with passion. She felt slightly better knowing that she didn't have to worry with Cyrus around. They only had a week left of school though. They wouldn't be under the protection of Professor Dumbledore after that. She took Cyrus's hand. He grasped it tightly.

"You know, Kit, I want a family really badly. Don't you want a family? We could get married the day we leave here too! I have a house that I've had my eye on for a while. It's not huge, but it'll do. So, what do you think?"

Kit smiled and blushed. She wrung her hands while Cyrus's hands remained around hers. His hands were warm. Kit's hands were cold and clammy. Cyrus stroked her hair from her face. She looked at him and frowned.

"What will you do for a job Rus? Don't you want to be a working husband?"

Cyrus smiled and laughed lightly. He rubbed his eyes, tears coming from his laughter.

"Of course! How can I protect the one I love if I don't? I told you I would become an auror. Weren't you planning on that too?"

Kit nodded, things beginning to look brighter.

"There is that smile that I love, Kit. You are so pretty when you smile."

Cyrus nuzzled her, rubbing his forehead against hers. She smiled as Cyrus hugged her and kept her close to him. He helped her up and she brushed her hair out and washed her face before going to class. Cyrus was taking a different class today. She was stuck in Defense Against the Dark Arts. Snape was the substitute for the class. He began to read monotonously from a book and she felt herself slowly drifting off and entering a dream world. Her bubble popped quickly.

"Johnson? Answer me this, what was this discussion on?"

Kit fumbled with her words, fiddling with her papers. She remembered the lesson plan, but he hadn't followed it. Snape was getting impatient at Kit's lack of response.

"We were discussing the art of being an animagus. You must know how they transform, right?"

Kit was startled. How did he know she was an animagus? Had he seen her transform?

"Uh... they... um... are all like, poof... and then... they're an animal?..."

Kit saw the look of fury in Snape's face. He looked about ready to have an owl. Kit smiled wide, her white teeth glittering with the mischief, just like the sparkle in her eyes. Snape glared and slammed the book down in front of Kit, causing her to jump and fall out of her seat. Malfoy and his friends began to laugh hysterically. Kit watched Snape's rage boil over.

"That just earned you three nights of detention with me! This starts tonight, understand?"

Kit flushed and looked at the floor and felt overwhelmed with embarrassment. She folded her arms and

began to feel the cold stone floor beneath her. She pushed herself up and heard the classes get dismissed. She grabbed her books from her wooden table. She walked slowly out of the classroom, unaware of Hermione and Ron and Harry waiting for her.

“ What was that about? Aren’t you quite good at Defense Against the Dark Arts?”

Harry folded his arms across his chest. He wanted to know what she did and why she did it. He knew she could become some sort of animal, but he wasn’t quite sure which animal it was.

“ Um... well, I....”

Kit didn’t get a chance to finish that last thought though. Cyrus came running up, almost dropping his papers and books. He was panting and was out of breath. He then he dropped all of his books, holding one particular piece of paper. He was grinning while he handed it to Kit.

“ I got it! I am going to training! I am going to a seminar for auror training! I start at the end of next week!”

Kit smiled and hugged Cyrus. He hugged her back, laughing. He looked at Harry and Ron and Hermione. They were all thrilled as well.

“ Way to go Cyrus! I’m so proud of you!”

Kit looked at him up and down. He looked flustered too. It was pretty funny that he was just mentioning that fact not so long ago.

“ I’m so happy for you! Now we can settle down too. Aren’t we getting married next week though?”

Cyrus nodded, looking confused. He scratched his chin, thinking hard. He began to state his idea to Kit.

“ Well... I think...”

“ Don’t do that. You might hurt yourself.”

Kit giggled at her last comment. Cyrus took about one more minute of pondering before he fully took in what she had just said.

“ Hey now! That’s not nice Kit!”

She laughed, rubbing her hands through his blonde hair.

“ Yes, I know that was mean. But you know I love you.”

Cyrus nodded, embarrassed at the fact that he had been insulted in front of Harry, Ron, and Hermione. He quickly picked up his books, dragging more papers into his overloaded arms. Kit helped a little bit before Snape walked out of the dungeons. Harry and Ron slipped out of the scene with Snape. Kit blushed and stood up.

“ Yes Professor?”

Snape glared at her, sticking his nose up in the air. Kit glared right back.

“ You are starting at eight o’ clock sharp. I’ll see you then.”

Kit sighed looking towards Hermione and Cyrus. Hermione looked sympathetically back at Kit before walking away solemnly. Kit turned back to Cyrus, her eyes meeting his.

“ I can’t meet you until late tonight... okay?”

Cyrus didn’t seem to like the idea of his girlfriend being alone with Snape at night, but he nodded slowly.

“ You just let me know if he tries anything... well... WHOA!!!”

The ground shook suddenly, knocking Cyrus off of his feet. Kit turned and saw Professor Flitwick running at full speed towards them. He ran into Snape’s office, leaving Kit and Cyrus alone.

“ Rus! What’s happening? What’s... EEEEEK!”

Kit felt the whole building shake. Complete silence followed. Harry had left a short while ago, accompanied by Dumbledore. Kit looked at Cyrus, fear in her face. She then felt chills travel up her spine. Snape hadn’t emerged with Flitwick yet. An eerie howl was heard near the stairs. The only stairs that they could leave on were guarded. A werewolf guarded them. He drooled, slime and blood oozing from his foaming mouth. Kit was paralyzed with fear. This kind of thing only happened in books! Cyrus

saw the werewolf's intent. He pulled out his wand and pointed it at the creature.

"Expelliarmus!"

Cyrus shouted the spell with all of his might. Kit was pale, but still aware of the danger. She took out her wand and Cyrus took her hand, pulling her away from the body of the knocked-out werewolf.

"Oh Cyrus! What're we gonna...!"

Cyrus put his hand over Kit's mouth. Three death eaters ran by, speaking to each other through the masks.

"Well, Draco, you had better attend to the Master's bidding!"

Malfoy ran behind them, scattering powder. Lupin was heard shouting though, scaring off the death eaters. Lupin discovered Kit and Cyrus in a dark hallway, Cyrus standing beside Kit with an arm around her. His wand was pointed at Lupin however, halting the man's steady pace.

"Hurry you two, we need everyone down in the Great Hall to help! We are being invaded by Voldemort's servants!"

Kit gasped, accompanied by a groan from Cyrus. They glanced at each other before another large blast was heard. Ginny sprinted by the hallway, screaming and running from an overweight death eater. Kit ran after the death eater, getting separated from Cyrus.

"Kit! No!"

Cyrus couldn't get back to Kit before Lupin dragged him away and down the stairs.

Kit couldn't mess with spells right away, so she did the first thing that came to mind to help poor Ginny, who was stuck in a corner, trying to hide from the fat death eater who was trying to coax her out. Kit ran up and tackled the man, knocking him to the floor with a THUD!

"Keep your filthy hands off of her you disgusting pervert!"

Ginny was panting, out of breath. She smiled at Kit and then Kit saw a small bottle filled with golden liquid. Ginny took the next nod from Kit as her signal to leave immediately. The overweight death eater got up, a muffled groan escaping his lips.

"Why, you little...!"

The man grabbed Kit's ankle and pulled her to the floor. She fell to the stone floor and cried out as her ankle bent to the side hard.

"Eeeeeiii! Let me go!"

The man wouldn't let go of her foot, giving Kit no other choice. She used her other foot to kick the man in the back of the head. He howled in rage. Kit jumped to her feet and ran as fast as she could to the Great Hall. When she reached the two large doors leading into the Great Hall, she dropped open her mouth. There were werewolves and death eaters and aurors everywhere! She saw Ginny, Hermione, Ron, Neville, Bill Weasley, and many other professors fighting each other. She eventually saw Cyrus pinned against a wall by Bellatrix. She saw the pale woman trying to grab Cyrus's arm. Kit felt heat going to her cheeks. Nobody touched her man!

"Why you...! Bombardo!"

Bellatrix turned just in time to see the beam of light miss her by an inch. She was shocked at the attack by this puny blonde girl!

"Just who do you think you are blasting me huh?"

She raised her wand and pointed it at Kit. Kit stopped moving, aware of the chance of getting hit by an unforgivable curse.

"I was just telling my little Cyrus here..."

"**YOUR** Cyrus?! He's mi..."

"If you say one more thing, I'll kill him on the spot. Anyway, I was telling Cyrus here how if he joins my Lord, Ireane can be brought back to life."

Cyrus went pale, dropping his wand on the hard floor. Ireane could be brought back to life?

“ You can... can bring her back?”

Kit watched the unbelievable actions unfolding. McGonagall saw Bellatrix grab Cyrus's arm and run out of the two large doors leading outside. Kit sprinted after them, causing McGonagall to yell for help from Lupin and other professors nearby.

Kit was running after Bellatrix and Cyrus. Bellatrix turned and dropped her wand. She ran towards Kit with a silver dagger. Kit couldn't dodge the weapon in time. It hit her square in the stomach, making blood drip down and pour from the wound. Kit winced at the pain, but continued to watch Bellatrix's actions. They were running towards the tallest tower in Hogwarts. Suddenly, the death eaters disappeared. Cyrus was gone too. Kit stopped running when she reached a large crowd beneath the tower. Dumbledore was lying on the ground in a spread-eagle position. Harry was crying on the ground beside him. Kit was in the front of the crowd. She suddenly was struck by reality. Cyrus was gone and Dumbledore was dead. She felt tears pour from her eyes. She sunk to her knees. She felt the presence of someone behind her. Lupin stood over her, examining her wound from above. The next thing Kit saw was complete darkness.

## 38 - Lost love...

When Kit woke up, she smelled the bitter scent of medicine. She sat up slowly, her head pounding in a steady rhythm of pain. She saw Lupin and Tonks. They were standing near another bed. Mr. Weasley was holding his wife, who was crying hard. Ron and Harry were standing nearby with Hermione and Ginny. Fred and George stood solemnly nearby as well. Kit stood up and walked over to the bed. Bill Weasley was lying in the bed, his face cut up and torn apart. Kit gasped and put her hand over her mouth. Harry came over to her.

“ Kit... where’s Rus? I didn’t see him come in for you...”

Kit had a flash of pain as she remembered Bellatrix taking Cyrus away. The pale woman had told Cyrus that she could be brought back to life. Kit shuddered and felt a tear in her eye. A hand rested on her shoulder. It was Ron’s hand. He hugged Kit for a moment.

“ Did Rus... get killed?”

Kit absorbed the question before shaking her head slowly.

“ It was worse Ron, Harry... Bellatrix... she told him that Ireane could be brought back to life. He followed her and they went back to Voldemort. I let him go! She stabbed me and left!”

Kit slumped, Harry catching her in his outstretched arms. He could see that she wasn’t all that bad.

“ It’s alright Kit... we’ll get him back...”

Kit sniffled, tears streaming down her cheeks.

“ How? How can we save him from his father? How can we save him from his own feelings?”

Hermione shook her head and laid a hand on Kit’s shoulder.

“ Don’t you worry Kit. We’ll find a way to help him. We won’t stop until we do!”

Kit shook her head. She just couldn’t accept reality. It was her fault that Bellatrix had gotten away with Cyrus. She wiped the tears with her arm. Her robes were lying on the bed. She was in jeans and a black tank top. It showed her stomach, which was covered with dry blood.

“ I’m leaving... I’ll be back for Dumbledore’s funeral. I promise.”

With that statement, Kit walked out of the Hospital Wing with her wand in hand. She walked out of the school gates towards Hogsmeade. Kit apparated as soon as she reached Hogsmeade. She knew where Cyrus had been taken. Voldemort was all too predictable. She felt the fluttering sensation of being teleported to her destination. She landed there with a slamming feeling. Her feet hit the ground, but she couldn’t hold her own ground. She heard voices as she fell to the ground. There was a haunting feminine voice accompanied by a deep, hissing man’s voice. She immediately recognized the second voice. It was Voldemort’s voice. The other voice must be Bellatrix. The female voice was talking of Cyrus.

“ My Lord, I’ve convinced him. He is wearing a collar made to keep him in the premises. He is guarding the surrounding area.”

Voldemort’s voice followed the woman’s voice after a moment of considerable silence.

“ Yes, my son has finally joined us. His little girlfriend, she is powerful, yes? I have felt her strength when I faced her once. We just need to get her to our side and we’re ready to fight. We’re ready to kill then. Receive her from Hogwarts, then tell me how it turned out.”

Kit was amazed. Voldemort wanted her to join him because she was strong! Kit was about to walk away, but as she turned around, she bumped into something. Or rather, he bumped into someone. She gasped, but a warm hand quickly covered her mouth. She heard a whisper in her ear.

“ What are you doing here? Come quickly!”

She followed the mysterious figure through the underbrush and into a dark cave. She heard the spell for light and a wand appeared in the darkness. She felt tears in her eyes. It was Cyrus! Cyrus hugged Kit before looking her straight in the eye.

“What are you doing here? You’ll be killed!”

“No Rus, I won’t! They want to have me be a deatheater! Voldemort says I am strong! They are looking for me near Hogwarts! I’m actually safer here.”

Cyrus sighed and placed a hand on his forehead. Kit noticed a dark choker necklace on Cyrus’s neck. She touched it and it was cool to the touch.

“Bellatrix stuck it on me. It isn’t a tracking device, it’s an electric collar. If I try to leave, it shocks me. They have Ireane’s body. They are bringing her to life tonight! Then, they are sending her safely back to Hogwarts! They will let me be until they need me... hey!”

Kit turned away from Cyrus, looking into the night. He was battling after all. She felt her heart break.

“You need to make up your mind Cyrus. It’s her or me. Make your choice.”

Cyrus realized that Kit was angry with him. He pulled her into his arms, surprising her. She was completely unprepared for this sudden move! He kissed her neck, rubbing his hands on her arms. She couldn’t believe him! She pushed him away from her. He looked saddened by this movement. Kit walked away from him, leaving the cave and Cyrus in the dark. Kit looked forward, feeling bad for ditching Cyrus. She couldn’t understand him. One minute, he was swooning over her, the next, he was smothered by thoughts of Ireane. He sickened her! How could he love Ireane? They were engaged! She couldn’t stand the thought of her being his girl. Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a loud crashing sound coming from where Voldemort was. Kit looked up at a bright neon blue light coming from a clearing in the dark woods. Cyrus saw it too. Then, a blasting sound, like apparation, came from that clearing. Kit quickly imagined the gates of Hogwarts and apparated, followed by Cyrus.

Kit ran towards the figure outside of the school gate and tackled them against a stone pillar near the gates.

“Oh my goodness! Let me go you fiend!”

Kit lit her wand and pointed it in the person’s face. It was a girl. The girl had flowing red hair and was very pretty. It was Ireane. Kit felt dizzy and swayed a bit on her feet.

“Are you alright there... Kit?”

Ireane recognized her. She also recognized Cyrus. Apparently, he had followed Kit back when they both apparated. His collar was no longer on his neck. He had used a rock during the light blast to cut off the collar. He staggered over to Kit and Ireane.

“Kit... I’m... sorry...”

He turned slowly towards Ireane, turning red from exhaustion. Cyrus attempted to smile before leaning on Ireane’s shoulder. Ireane blushed and stroked Cyrus’s blonde locks of hair. She began to ponder the idea of Kit and Cyrus possibly already being together. She shook her head at Kit and began to walk Cyrus back into the castle.

“If you really love him Kathryn, you’d have known to save him. I’m ashamed in you.”

Ireane walked off, leaving Kit alone. It began to sprinkle rain. The light drops tapped like a child’s fingers on a window. It stroked Kit’s hair, pulling it loosely and straightening the long strands. She looked down at the muddy ground and walked towards the willow tree. She pushed the curtain of branches aside and sat beneath the overhead leaves. She felt a hot tear run down her chilled cheek. Ireane was back. Now, Cyrus would declare his love for Ireane. She could almost hear his voice.

“*I love you, Kit, I love you!*” Kit sniffled, her vision blurred by the steady stream of tears. Blonde hair was visible in the kaleidoscope of her view. Strong arms wrapped around her, pulling her close to a warm body. She looked up at the person. It was Cyrus that held her so closely. He tilted her chin towards his face and smiled.

“ You’ll catch cold staying out here in the rain. Why are you crying? Is it about Ireane?”

Kit looked at the ground, blushing. She should’ve known that Cyrus would stay with her all the time. She felt guilty for doubting him.

“ Oh Cyrus! I’m so sorry! I love you... with all of my heart! I’m sorry...”

Cyrus felt his face grow hot as he kept her chin tilted upwards. He pressed his lips against hers, feeling his own lips make contact with her chilled lips. He wrapped his arms further around Kit and kissed her passionately. Thunder boomed in the sky, causing a flash of lightning as well. He knew that Kit would go further, but he stopped kissing her. She stood up slowly and put out her hand. Cyrus took the offered hand and had Kit pull him up. She smiled and he held her hand. Cyrus began to walk towards the castle with Kit. Ireane was waiting halfway across the land for them. She nodded at Cyrus and headed inside to the Great Hall. Kit looked confusedly after her. Cyrus frowned and looked away, dropping Kit’s hand. His own hand fell to his side. Kit wondered what happened between him and Ireane to make him so depressed. Cyrus knew something that Kit didn’t know. He felt the guilt take him and choke him. Kit sighed and began to walk away from him. He was hiding something from his fiancé. She sighed again and walked around the drooping form of Cyrus and into the castle.

The halls were clean and dark; the only source of light was her wand and the occasional candle on the side of the wall. Kit shivered, chills traveling up her spine. She felt as though someone was following her. She walked down the darkest corridor to access the Slytherin dungeons. The shadows consumed the light from her wand, making the lumos spell useless. She sighed as she remembered Dumbledore’s spell to prevent deatheaters. The Peruvian powder was still blacking up some corridors, but not this one much anymore. She was about to turn around the corner when a person jumped from behind a statue and covered her mouth, pressing a rough cloth over her mouth. It was too dark to see the stranger, but Kit was in panic. The person was trying to suffocate her! She felt her vision start to darken and then everything was black.

## 39 - What now?

When she awoke, Kit was in the Gryfindor common room. Ireane sat beside her on the couch. Kit felt groggy, as though her breath had been covered in dust. She looked at Ireane for a moment before taking in all of this new information.

“ W... what happened? Did I pass out? Oh!”

She suddenly remembered getting ambushed by Ireane in the corridor. Ireane smiled and helped Kit to her feet.

“ I’m sorry. You probably wouldn’t have come if I had simply asked you to. Cyrus wants to see you here in five minutes ‘kay?”

Ireane blushed and smiled. She seemed to be a totally different person now. She sighed and smiled brightly.

“ I’ll go to my room now! Don’t get too rowdy ‘kay?”

She giggled and left up the stairs to her dormitory. Kit was alone in the firelight. The orange beams bounced and ricocheted off of the crimson walls of the Gryfindor common room. The portrait squeaked open and a tall male figure entered the room. It was Cyrus. He saw Kit and smiled, looking surprised and pushing his blonde hair out of his eyes.

“ *I’m sorry Kit. I’ve been keeping something from you. It’s a secret though, so you can’t tell anyone, you hear?*” Kit nodded, wondering what he had to say.

“ *I love you more than life itself, Kit.*” Cyrus whispered in her ear. He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her onto the couch with him. He kissed her with love and compassion. She felt her whole body tingle as he pressed her against the couch, pushing her beneath himself. She felt his tongue trace the lower edge of her lip. He was trying to seduce her of course! Kit wanted to do that, but not here!

What if Ireane saw?

“ Wait... no... Rus... stop...”

Kit’s sentence was broken by passionate kisses from Cyrus. He rubbed his hand up and down her arm, finding her wearing a tank top again.

“ Should we wait until we reach our room?”

Kit blushed. They had often spent the night in the Room of Requirements. Those nights always seemed to be perfect. She nodded and let Cyrus get up first. He blushed bright red as well. He held out his hand for Kit to take. She took it and Cyrus helped her up. He brought her carefully towards the common room entrance when a voice pierced the eerie silence.

“ *Going so soon Rus? It was just getting good!*” Ireane stood by the stairs leading up to the girls’ dormitory. Her arms were folded across her chest and she was leaning against the cold stone wall. She shook her head disapprovingly and walked back up the stairs. Cyrus winced and looked back sympathetically at Kit. She shrugged, completely confused as to the origin of Ireane’s abnormal reaction. She turned to face the portrait hole when Cyrus laid a hand on her shoulder.

“ We don’t have to if you don’t want to, ya know?”

Kit nodded her head. She wanted to spend time with Cyrus of course, but not if he was uncomfortable with that. She felt her heart sink in her chest. It could’ve dropped all the way into the pit of her stomach with the nod of his head and dark look on his face. He pulled her into a brief hug and remained neutral in his expression.

“ Let’s go. We can go to the room together okay? Don’t look so sad though... please?”

Cyrus’s eyes met Kit’s deep blue eyes for a moment before Kit broke the bond.



“ No Cyrus... I don't really want to... to do anything... good night.”

Kit turned and walked out of the room. Cyrus stared after her, watching the golden blonde hair flow down to her shoulders as she walked from the room. Cyrus let his head sink to his chest. He felt a weight tug at his emotions as he watched her look so down. Every event that occurred between them was horrible. The only two memorable events that were good were the marriage proposal and the first time they kissed. Everything else seemed to be terrible. He sunk down on the couch and stared into the fireplace, feeling his eyes begin to water. Ireane heard Cyrus sigh and walked down to the main common room.

“ What's wrong Rus? Was it Kathryn? What did she...?!”

Cyrus looked Ireane in the eye. If Kit was going to take his friendship with Ireane as a bad thing, then she wasn't worth the effort. Cyrus pulled off his silver ring from his ring finger and let it fall onto the floor. He leaned over and kissed Ireane smack on the lips. She was surprised at this sudden motion from him. It was as if he'd become a playboy or something! He hugged Ireane and continued to kiss her with force. She normally would enjoy such a reaction, but not now. She couldn't enjoy such an action after watching him kiss Kit with the same love. She pushed Cyrus away and ran up to her dormitory. She covered her mouth and felt herself begin to cry. How could she have tried to take Rus from Kit? She hated this side of her. She shook her head and flopped down on her bed, covering herself with the crimson blanket. She lay her head on her pillow and fell asleep, dreaming of Cyrus once again.

Kit felt herself wobble a little bit. She felt really hot and dizzy. She kept having small flashes of pain in her body, mainly in her arms and legs. She suddenly felt her vision become blurry and she leaned against a stone wall. Mrs. Norris, the caretaker's cat, was walking towards her and mewing quite loudly. The sound hurt her head and she felt as though she was experiencing a hangover from alcohol. Filch, the caretaker, came limping up to her, talking some words about her head and neck. Kit didn't stay conscious long enough to hear anything else. She passed out in the hallway, hitting the hard, cold floor with a soft thud. Filch began to freak out. He quickly sprinted to the headmaster's office and told Professor McGonagall about Kit. McGonagall, in turn, walked swiftly towards the area where Kit had fallen. She directed Filch to go ask Madame Pomfrey to make up a bed for Kathryn Johnson. McGonagall saw nothing on the ground however. Kit was nowhere in sight. McGonagall thought it out and decided that Filch was just overwhelmed by what had happened over the past week. He was probably mistaken. She shook her head and walked slowly back to her office with a sigh.

Kit felt somebody pick her up. She was burning up, but she still could sense somebody holding her close. She also felt the sensation of a soft bed. She finally managed to open her eyes and look all around her. She saw blonde hair and caring eyes. A silver ring caught her eye too. Cyrus had his ring back on his finger and he was laying on the bed next to her. She was wearing nothing and neither was he. He smiled and stroked her hair from her face.

“ I see that it worked.”

Kit was confused. What worked?

“ I heard that if I press my bare body against yours, your fever will go down as I soak up some of your body heat. You were burning up Kit. I'm sorry for earlier. I settled things with Ireane. We no longer have any connection. I'll live for you from now on.”

Kit smiled and hugged Cyrus with love. He was so sweet! She kissed him passionately. She was over her overwhelmed feeling and was healed. Cyrus pushed her beneath him and kissed her. He had a plan for this night. He rubbed his hands up and down her side, stroking her waist and kissing her neck. He worked his way down from her neck and kissed with love. Kit sighed, her body buzzing with pleasure. Cyrus began to pull the covers over them with one hand and make-out with Kit at the same time. He smiled at her, breaking their kissing session. He whispered into her ear about how much he loved her. They went late into the night with their love expressed every minute.

Kit sat up suddenly. She realized that this was the last day at Hogwarts. She felt her heart droop slightly

at the thought. She got up silently and got dressed into a second pair of clothes that she always carried in a bag for occasions like this. She also pulled out several white letters and walked out of the Room of Requirements.

## 40 - To Say Goodbye

Cyrus caught up with Kit during breakfast. He asked about the invitations and she explained quietly. She walked casually over to the table where the Gryfindors sat. She looked Hermione in the eye and smiled. “ Hey Hermione... here. This is for you. I hope you can come.”

Hermione opened the invitation and squealed with a grin. She threw her arms around Kit, dragging her away from Cyrus.

“ I’m so proud of you Kit! I’ll come right after Bill and Fleur’s wedding, okay?”

Ron and Harry also received invitations to give to their friends and whomever else they felt like inviting. Ron shook Kit’s hand and hugged Cyrus like a brother. Harry approached Kit slowly after Ron did.

“ I misjudged you Kit. You’re actually a good match for Rus. Take care of him will you? I’ll try to come, but I can’t guarantee that I will make it. I have to... well... fight, ya know?”

Kit nodded solemnly and looked at Cyrus, who was talking to Ron and Hermione. Harry nodded as well, shaking Kit’s hand. He walked away, Ron and Hermione following him with their invitations in hand. Kit sighed and turned to Cyrus and smiled. He smiled back and walked over to her.

“ So? How’d it go with Harry? Did he rat you out for the engagement?”

Kit shook her head as Cyrus ran a hand through her hair. She felt him take her other hand in his.

“ Harry isn’t actually all that bad, Rus. I think we simply had a misunderstanding when we met. We only got off on the wrong foot. He is a really nice person.”

Cyrus laughed and hugged her. He was glad to know that his girl was slowly becoming a friend with all of his friends that were possibly complete opposites.

“ I remember that thought from the other day too...”

Kit looked at him with a puzzled expression. The thought he was thinking? What thought was he referring to?

“ Tell me after the funeral okay? We’ll be late otherwise.”

With this last statement, Kit ran down to the Slytherin common room. She came out and met Cyrus at the door. Harry, Cyrus, and Ron had changed in the nearest bathroom. Kit was wearing a short black dress. She looked solemn almost. She was wearing her hair in a low ponytail. Cyrus nodded sadly and she took his now-offered arm. She grasped his elbow and walked out to the willow tree by the lake. There were so very many chairs. Hagrid had tearstains running down his red cheeks. Madame Maxime was crying and sniffing too. Lupin and Tonks were holding hands and both looked depressed. Kit sighed deeply, feeling her eyes sting and water. A lump formed in her throat and she had difficulty swallowing. Cyrus hugged her close to him and rocked back and forth. They sat next to Harry and Ron. Ginny and Hermione were weeping, Hermione on Ron’s shoulder and Harry on Ginny’s shoulder. Kit sat down and watched the pure white coffin in the front. Merpeople were singing songs of life and peace and sadness beneath the surface of the black water of the lake. Centaurs and beasts of the Forbidden Forest were lined up along the dark tree line. It seemed that everyone had come to pay his or her respects to the greatest wizard who ever lived. Kit lost her sense of self at that moment. She broke down in Cyrus’s arms and sobbed. Tears poured down her cheeks uncontrollably. She had thought that she had suffered enough losses in her life. Her mom had died due to Voldemort. Her dad died because of Voldemort. Now, Albus Dumbledore had died at the hands of the dark lord. How many more people would die at his wrath? Cyrus stroked Kit’s hair and felt tears slide down his cheeks as well. Ireane was nearby too. She was being held by a Ravenclaw that she had begun to date. She differentiated herself from loving Cyrus. She was crying as well. Hagrid was the loudest mourner yet. Flower blossoms drifted

through the air and settled near the coffin. Kit felt as though a part of her had just been ripped out of her viciously. Cyrus patted her back and rocked slowly back and forth. She eventually calmed down and reduced her grief to a slight sniffle. She stood up and walked away from Cyrus, wiping her tears away with the back of her hand. What kind of end of school was this? She took off, walking quickly to the other side of the lake. She couldn't bear to see her headmaster like that. She shook her head and sunk to the ground when she was out of sight. She buried her face in her hands and thought of all the good times she had when Dumbledore was around. She felt the grief pull and tug at her fragile heart. She fell asleep, losing consciousness and seeing a black veil pull over her restless emotions.

Cyrus saw Kit take off. His dress robes were constricting his breathing and that restricted him from running after her. He loosened his tie and walked after her, stopping to gaze one last time at the white marble tomb. The elegance was amazing. Fawkes finally ended the sad and lonely lament. He wiped his eyes and kept going where he had last seen Kit running to. He found her lying on the ground. He crouched on the ground next to her. He picked her up and held her in his arms.

"Kit, please wake up. It's all right..."

Kit opened her eyes and saw Cyrus holding her. She felt tears again.

"Oh Cyrus! No...."

Kit sobbed in his arms again. Cyrus rocked her in his arms, sitting against a tree with Kit crying in his lap. He was there for her. He would always be there for her.

## 41 - Welcome Home

When Kit opened her eyes, the sky was darkening and Cyrus was still holding her close to him. She sighed and stood up. Cyrus nodded lazily and stood up too. They held hands and walked back to the castle for the last night.

Kit sighed. Soon Cyrus would be living with her and they would share a house and a room and a bed. This made Kit shiver with excitement as she filtered through more of her thoughts. She giggled and looked up at Cyrus. He was getting ready to leave her and go back to the Gryfindor common room. He kissed her on the cheek and patted her on the back. He waved goodbye and walked up the main stairs and up to the door leading to the Gryfindor tower. Kit smiled quietly and opened the door into the dungeons. She descended down the cold stone stairs for the last time in her school life.

The next morning, Kit got up early and began to pack her bags to prepare to leave Hogwarts. She sighed as she folded shirts and set them into her trunk. She moved on and began to fold her pants and cloaks. She smiled at the memories of such places as the Room of Requirements. She blushed and stared at the dusty green curtains. She finally finished packing and began to call her owl with a whistle. The night black owl flew into its silver plated carrier and set itself upon its sturdy wooden perch. She set her items near the common room door and walked up the dungeon stairs and through the heavy oak doors leading into the foyer and towards the Great Hall. Kit opened the doors of the Great Hall and was greeted by the smell of fresh food and the sounds of laughter and crying among friends. She immediately scoped out the group of Gryfindors that were most familiar to her. Hermione and Ron seemed embarrassed around each other and Ginny and Harry were looking in opposite directions. Cyrus was the only friendly face to her. He patted his hand on an open seat next to him and signaled Kit to join him. She slowly sat down next to Cyrus in the seat.

“ Can you believe this Kit? At noon today, we will leave for platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$  and then we will go to our home!”

Cyrus grinned widely and pumped a fist in the air enthusiastically. Kit smiled softly and accepted a newly offered hand. Cyrus handed Kit a bagel from his plate. She shook her head though.

“ No thanks. I’m not very hungry today...”

Cyrus noted the absent excited expression that usually occupied the smooth face of hers. He put the bagel back on the plate and took her face in his only free hand.

“ Are you okay Kit? You look awfully pale...”

“ I’m fine!”

Kit snapped at Cyrus with a new spark. He looked taken aback. He withdrew his hand and looked startled, his blonde hair falling back into his face and in front of his eyes. Kit looked at the floor, her breathing becoming heavy and moist. Cyrus looked at her, concerned with her reaction. He took Kit’s hands and held her close, ignoring the disapproving looks from a few other Gryfindors. She sighed, nervous about their future together.

“ Can we walk outside one last time?”

Cyrus smiled at Kit’s sad-sounding question.

“ Yeah, let’s go now so we have thirty minutes before we leave with the threstrals.”

With that last remark, Cyrus stood up and walked outside of the Great Hall with Kit. They both approached the great wooden doors leading out to the hot air and glassy lake.

When the two both arrived under the willow tree, where Dumbledore had been laid to rest only one full day ago, Kit sighed deeply and sat closer to the water. Cyrus took a seat next to her on the moist grass.

He wrapped an arm around her shoulder, seeing the diamond ring on her left hand. The jewel sparkled brilliantly in the sun and could only be compared to her eyes. He pulled her close to him and listened to her breathing. It was steadier now, and she seemed much less tense. He nuzzled her cheek affectionately and slowly stood up. He pulled her up to her feet carefully.

“ You feeling better now? You seemed... well...”

“ Stressed?”

“ Yeah... that’s the word.”

Kit nodded and took his hand and walked towards the waiting threstrals. Harry and Ron and Hermione were waiting by Luna Lovegood and Neville Longbottom. Kit smiled again. Harry took that as a good sign and climbed into the carriage behind the horses. They whinnied and snorted impatiently, coaxing Cyrus and Kit into the next available carriage.

The train whistled as soon as the threstrals took off away from the station. Harry and his group sat in a compartment of their own. Cyrus offered to sit in one exclusively for them. As soon as Kit took a seat, Cyrus shut the door slyly and pulled the curtains in front of the glass windows. He offered for Kit to sit next to him rather than across from him. She went to sit next to him, but he moved to where she sat. This caused her to sit on his lap, leaving her quite vulnerable. Cyrus grinned and took advantage of his position. He turned her so she was in his arms as though he were cradling her. He kissed her on the lips and continued to kiss her for nearly ten full minutes. Kit finally stopped the kiss and took several deep breaths. She needed to breathe more when Cyrus decided to begin a make-out session. She smiled and fell asleep. When Kit woke up, she felt a jolt suddenly. The train had made it to the station. She stepped off and trembled. That was the last time she would attend Hogwarts or even ride the Hogwarts Express. Cyrus and Kit both walked towards the Weasley family. Bill and Fleur were there as well. Bill still had the scars from the battle for Hogwarts. Harry and Ron were lagging behind Hermione and Ginny, both of whom had run immediately to the Weasley parents.

Kit walked over to Lupin and smiled. He had been watching over Kit occasionally during her nearly eight years of being alone. He saw the ring almost immediately.

“ What is this Kathryn? Who gave you this?”

Kit blushed. She hated the fact the Lupin always called her Kathryn! She quickly and quietly explained the proposal from Cyrus. Lupin nodded and stalked back to Arthur Weasley. Cyrus took Kit’s hand and walked by the Weasleys. Harry was going to inform the family on Cyrus’s sudden departure. In the meantime, Cyrus told Kit to close her eyes. She did as she was told and Cyrus walked her back into a dark alley. Suddenly, they both apparated.

When Kit’s head stopped spinning, she felt Cyrus begin to lead her towards a brighter street. She heard the cracks of wizards and witches apparating to the town. She heard Cyrus whisper to open her eyes. She did as she was told and became instantly speechless. A beautiful pale yellow house stood before her. It was two floors high! She felt tears in her eyes.

“ This is ours?”

Cyrus nodded quickly and led her inside. It was already furnished and settled with magic.

“ I had Mr. Weasley decorate it with Mrs. Weasley and Bill. It turned out great!”

Kit smiled and hugged Cyrus, feeling warmth spread throughout her body. She knew only one word for this feeling. That word was love. Cyrus took Kit upstairs before he couldn’t resist her anymore. She was led to a large bedroom with a gorgeous fluffy bed to the far left. Two windows decorated the walls. One was on the right wall and one was in the middle wall, opposite the door. Cyrus led her slowly and seductively towards the bed. Kit was on her back on the bed before she knew what to do. Cyrus’s blonde locks of hair tickled her cheeks as he kissed her neck, pushing aside the low collar on her shirt. He was about to take off her shirt following the kisses, but a large black owl rudely interrupted him. The owl had a white star on its breast. Cyrus groaned and stood up, helping Kit to her feet. She blushed and

gently untied the string that a letter had been attached to the owl's leg by. Kit then took a small owl treat from her pockets on her jeans. She handed it carefully to the owl.

"Thanks Beowulf. Isn't he perfect Rus?"

Kit tickled the owl's leg and he hooted happily. Cyrus was annoyed with this sudden intrusion. He glared at the owl and the owl glared right back. Cyrus looked shocked at the owl. Beowulf flew past Kit, who was reading the newly opened letter, and began to hoot loudly at Cyrus. It pecked Cyrus's head three times before flying out of the open bedroom window. Cyrus threw his hands to his head and rubbed the sore bruises that Beowulf left.

"Bloody hell! What is that stupid owl's problem? That hurt!"

Kit looked up at Cyrus, the warm red flush leaving her cheeks. She sighed and handed the letter to Cyrus. He walked over to her and took the thin sheet of paper. It was from the Weasleys. It asked about when the wedding was and who all was attending the ceremony. Kit giggled softly and walked back over to Cyrus, who had just finished reading the letter. She ran her fingers through his hair and grabbed the collar of his shirt and pulled him close to her, kissing him on the lips. He was so surprised that he dropped the letter and envelope on the ground. He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her back. He wasn't used to her kissing him first, but he thought he could get used to it. He kissed her passionately and rubbed his hands up and down her waist, sliding his left hand under her shirt. She leaned backwards and let Cyrus lay her back on the bed again. He got up quickly and shut the door to the room. When he got back to the bed, he kissed Kit and began to take off her shirt. He continued to strip her before it hit six in the evening. By seven that night, Kit and Cyrus had had one long, enjoyable hour. Kit had fallen asleep shortly after she had redressed in a small tank top and shorts. Cyrus had gotten up and dressed in blue plaid pajama pants. He walked down the stairs and into the living room to prepare papers for his auror training. He grabbed a cup of orange juice from the coffee table and sat back on the soft couch to review his test notes.

## 42 - Memories

*A small blonde-haired girl was walking up to a white door. She was wearing a white button-up school T-shirt and a forest green and black plaid middle school skirt to her knees. She hummed quietly to herself, hearing the birds in the trees. She smiled and giggled, hoping with all of her heart that there would be pasta for supper. Her mother usually greeted her at the door, smiling with her mouth. The only odd thing was... that her eyes weren't smiling. When the little girl walked up the small concrete driveway, she didn't see her mother at the door. She didn't hear the normal call of:*

*"Kathryn! Hi sweetie! Welcome home baby!"*

*This startled her as she hit the first two steps in front of the door. Her bright blue eyes examined the door, not seeing the usual twist of the knob. She opened the door quietly.*

*"Mom? Mom, are you here? Hello?"*

*The house was filled with an awkward silence. The only way to describe the sound was as "white noise". The little girl swallowed hard and continued to walk, her small black shoes tapping on the hard wooden floor. She walked towards the kitchen, hoping to have her mom surprise her with supper on the table. She first saw a note on the island in the middle of the kitchen. She reached for the note blindly and felt something warm and sticky on her hands. She looked down and gasped. Blood covered her hands. The white paper was splattered with droplets of crimson blood. She read the note slowly, walking around to the other side of the kitchen, her shoes clicking noisily on the white marble floor.*

***My dearest Kathryn,***

***I know you may be unaware of my feelings, but I refuse to lie to you anymore. I would say that I'm sorry for neglecting you, but I'm not. You got what was wrought. Your father died for you. I don't want you! You are as worthless as that stupid optimism that you carry with you! I have longed to say this for a very long time. But now, it is time that my pain and suffering ended. You aren't wanted by anyone Kathryn. I would say I loved you though, but I'd be lying. Goodbye Kathryn.***

***Love, Mom***

*Kathryn stared at the bloody letter in disbelief. Her mother would never, COULD never, write something so horrible! She looked up as she stepped in something slippery on the floor. She dropped the letter and stared ahead of her. On the floor in front of her was her mother, bathing in a pool of her own blood. There were slices from a knife all over the woman's body. Her long brown hair was clumped with blood. Her eyes were open, staring at the empty space of death. The girl stared for nearly a full minute before soaking in the reality of the situation. Her mother committed suicide. There were cuts behind her ears, on her temples, across her wrists and on her neck. The only thing to prove the suicide was the kitchen knife stabbed through her heart, fresh blood still dripping from the open wound. Kathryn felt the room spin. She screamed and fell to the floor, sobbing herself to breathlessness. Remus Lupin slammed open the front door, accompanied by a man with a wooden leg and a crazy eye. Mad Eye Moody was following Remus. Lupin ran into the kitchen, taking in the girl on the floor crying and the dead woman beside her.*

*"What happened? Kathryn! What happened here?"*

*Kathryn could say anything. She was barely able to breathe through her sobs and sniffles. She managed to stop crying when Lupin bent down next to her and hugged her momentarily.*



*“ M... Mom is... no! She... she’s only sleeping! Leave her alone! Let me go! No! Let me go! No! MOM!!!!”*

Kit jolted awake; screaming and breathing heavily, images of the house burned into her mind. She was sweating and shivering. Apparently, Cyrus had heard her scream, because he came running into the bedroom at full speed, juice spilled down the front of his shirt.

“ Kit! Kit, are you alright?”

He kneeled on the bed beside her, taking her hand. He stroked her hair from her face and looked into her eyes. Her eyes looked so frightened. He stroked her cheek gently before taking her into an embrace.

“ What happened? You screamed, but... was it a nightmare?”

Kit shook her head slowly, catching her breath. She turned to look him in the eye before speaking softly and eerily.

“ No... it wasn’t a nightmare... it was a memory...”

## 43 - You're WHAT?!

Cyrus looked at Kit concernedly. He wiped a tear from under her eye and kissed her cheek gently.

“ Will you be alright Kit?”

She nodded and buried her face in his shoulder. He rocked back and forth, supporting her head with one hand and her back with the other. He felt so much pity for her. He tilted her chin upwards and kissed her delicately on the lips. He stood up slowly and glanced at the wizarding clock. He hugged Kit and quickly changed his clothes.

“ I have to go! I will be back hopefully by later tonight okay? I have my interview with the ministry today. Good bye babe.”

He tied his tie quickly and ran out the door. Kit smiled, thinking about her husband-to-be. The wedding was in two weeks on Saturday. She felt sick before she could think any more. She threw her hands to her stomach and doubled over. She felt dizzy too. It was already seven in the morning. She looked up nervously and began to feel her heart race. She decided to check it out. She had an idea of what was causing this pain. She began to panic as she pointed her wand at herself. She recited the spell in her head, causing a pale yellow light to trace her entire body. She then knew what had happened.

Cyrus walked in the door at a quarter to eight that night, rubbing his eyes. He sighed, waiting to tell Kit the news. He saw her on the couch in the living room with tears in her eyes.

“ Kit? Kit! What’s wrong? I got it! I got the job! Now, I can train to become an auror! Isn’t that great?”

Kit smiled, sniffing. She stood up and changed places with Cyrus. He now stood in front of the couch.

“ Cyrus... I have news too... I’m...”

Kit hesitated to finish. Cyrus took the hint.

“ You’re... because of the other night? You’re... no... you can’t be... pregnant?”

Kit covered her mouth with her hands, closing her eyes tightly. Cyrus fell onto the couch, sitting hard on the soft cushions.

“ You’re pregnant... great... I’m so sorry... I shouldn’t have done that the other night...”

“ No Rus! I have been pregnant for almost a full week! I have been since the Room of Requirements on the second-to-last day of school! It’s not your fault.”

She felt terrible. Was Cyrus going to leave her now?

“ Kit... you’ll be a great mother. I plan to be the father and husband that will carry you through this all. You have my child too ya know?”

He stood up and walked over to her, stroking her blonde hair out of her eyes. He wanted to hold her and reassure her, but she was shaking. He left her quickly and wrote a letter for the Weasley family to read. He then left it for Beowulf and walked back to his fiancé. He hugged her and led her back to the room.

“ Kit, lie down and rest. You need to rest and be extremely careful now that you have a baby.”

Kit smiled and felt another tear stream down her cheek.

“ You’ll make a great father Rus. You are so cool.”

She kissed him lightly on the lips. He smiled and sat on the bed next to her, setting his hand on hers. She smiled back and lifted up his hand. She set it on her stomach, looking up at Cyrus.

“ Let’s get ready for Bill and Fleur’s wedding. I haven’t gained any weight, but I want to be ready for two days from now. Harry and Ron will be there too.”

Cyrus got ready and waited the next day, calling in sick for his first training day. He had the next day off anyway, so he took care of Kit all day, tending to her every need. The day flew by quickly as the sun became the moon. The next day was the wedding, so Kit and Cyrus got ready and took off for the

Burrow. When they took hands and apparated, Kit felt her heart flutter with the adrenaline rush of flying. When Kit and Cyrus arrived outside of the gates of the Burrow, Hermione and Ginny greeted them. “Welcome back Cyrus and Kit! How are you? Are you ready for the wedding tomorrow afternoon?” Kit smiled and squeezed Cyrus’s hand tightly. He grinned and began small talk between the small group. He let go of Kit’s hand and began to talk with his hands too. He made actions of his training that would soon begin. Kit shook her head and smiled, laughing quietly. Cyrus was definitely a social guy. He noticed Kit walk towards the Burrow and began to run after her, his blonde hair falling into his eyes and screwing up his vision.

“Kit! Wait up! Wait for me babe!”

He ran up and took her hand, causing her to start suddenly. She giggled nervously, her free hand touching her stomach at the same moment.

“Hey Rus, you ready for wearing a normal tuxedo this time? I am nervous to wear a clingy dress... because... well... you know...”

She smiled and blushed brightly, looking down at the ground. They reached the door and knocked assertively. Mrs. Weasley answered the door and began to fuss over Kit immediately. Lupin invited Cyrus in, leading him into the living room. Fleur was in there with Bill, seeing him for the last twelve hours before she would be his wife. She was only allowed to be within sight of him for six hours before the bride would be separated from him until the wedding. Cyrus smiled, thinking about him and Kit being married in a week too. Kit walked in the room at that minute and signaled Cyrus out of the room. The Weasleys had taken care of Cyrus, so he was like another son. Kit pulled him into the hallway and pulled him close.

“Rus... when will we announce about me being...”

Cyrus pressed his finger to her mouth gently and shushed her.

“We’ll announce it after the wedding okay? Right now, it is about Fleur and Bill. Let them get over with the wedding first.”

Kit smiled and let Cyrus kiss her gently on the lips. He held her close and kissed her full and passionately. Harry walked into the hallway and coughed impatiently. Cyrus was startled and felt his heart leap. He turned quickly, looking at Harry and laughing guiltily.

“H... hey Harry... what’s up? Heh... heh...”

He scratched the back of his head and stepped away from Kit, brushing his hair out of his face. He smiled and patted Harry on the back, relieved to see Harry smiling slyly.

“No problem. You’re getting married soon right?”

Kit nodded at Harry’s comment and blushed. He had really become nicer after Dumbledore’s death. He probably had come to realize that she wasn’t that bad either. She smiled and let Cyrus and Harry talk alone. She let herself out into the garden and began to walk around slowly, soaking up her surroundings. She heard the sound of the door shut and the sound of footsteps behind her. Two strong arms pulled her close to a warm, thin body. Cyrus held her in his arms, closing his eyes and laying his head on her head, catching the scent of lavender shampoo.

“Harry was just telling me about how much he’d misjudged you. I told him that I always knew how wonderful you were. He agreed and told me how he wished that he’d have seen that sooner.”

Kit smiled and covered Cyrus’s hands with hers. His hands slowly lowered until they were on Kit’s stomach. He felt his heart soar as he thought of Kit bearing his child. He was so happy that he didn’t have to wait a full week to find out. Had he been a muggle, he’d have to have waited for at least a week before any tests would prove positive or negative. He felt Kit’s hands cover his and he blushed. He hadn’t blushed since school. He knew that she was his girl. He kissed her hair and bent his head down to kiss the side of her neck. She felt her heart flutter as he began to kiss her. She knew that, sooner or later, someone would come out and discover the two of them. She gently pulled away from him and

looked him in the eye, letting her hands slip off of his hands. Kit noticed his hands drop to his sides as he waited for her to say something.

“ Let’s wait for tonight. Our moment will come after the wedding, okay?”

Cyrus nodded at Kit’s suggestion. He loved her and knew that he could wait. He smiled brightly and hugged her one last time. He took her hand in his and led her towards the Burrow.

“ Wait! Cyrus... what’re you...?”

Cyrus shushed her and pressed a single finger to her lips. He wanted to walk in while holding hands. He wanted to prove that they really were in love without actually saying anything.

“ Come on Kit. They’ll be starting a reception-planning portion soon. I can’t wait to see Fleur in the goblin-made tiara that Mrs. Weasley is lending her.”

Kit smiled, nodding her head. She knew that Fleur would be so very lovely in her wedding outfit.

“ We don’t need anything special. I mean... I can’t very well ask my parents... and you can’t ask your father... so... what’ll we do?”

Cyrus frowned, pausing outside of the door before grabbing the door handle.

“ I’m not quite sure... but maybe Mrs. Weasley wouldn’t mind helping you out a little bit. Possibly even Fleur could help you.”

Kit pondered the thought for a moment before responding.

“ I guess you’re right... We can ask after the wedding, alright?”

Cyrus nodded and kissed Kit’s cheek. He was so eager to be married! It was only a matter of time now!

## 44 - Weasley Wedding

He took her hand and led her back inside. The party was only just beginning. The whole crowd had gathered to begin the wedding ceremony. The portkey was ready to be touched by the members of the party. Fleur grabbed hold and then the rest of the family only milliseconds behind. The sensation of her stomach being pulled out through her throat was still uncomfortable to Kit, but she knew it'd be all right. When the portkey reached a large wizarding chapel, it stopped and everyone let go, falling to the ground below. Kit landed less gracefully than most of them. She managed to fall flat on her face and to laugh it off when it was over. Cyrus helped her up and smiled too.

"You be careful, Kit. We don't want to harm anyone."

Cyrus let his hand rest on her stomach. Kit smiled and hugged him.

"Come on you two! Time for the wedding!"

Kit smiled and took her fiancé's hand. They both walked to the door and became ready for the ceremony.

The wedding lasted a very long time for Kit and Cyrus. They both sat patiently through the vows and the ending kiss. At that time, the party for the couple began.

Fleur and Bill began to dance a slow song about ten minutes into the party. Cyrus smiled and grabbed Kit's hand.

"Come on Kitten, let's dance!"

Cyrus pulled Kit to her feet and grabbed her waist.

"I don't bite... hard..."

Cyrus watched Kit giggle and blush. He took her to the dance floor and began to dance. He twirled her around, making her embarrassed about the dance. She waited until Cyrus was satisfied with her dancing with him, then she went and sat down at a table. The table was by a dark corner of the room. Kit's attention was drawn to Bill and Fleur dancing together in the middle of the dance floor. She heard footsteps beside her.

"Kitten? Hey Kit, what's wrong? Is your stomach bothering you?"

Cyrus sat down next to Kit and took her hand in his. Kit's hands were very cold.

"Let's go home Kit. You don't look well..."

Cyrus hugged Kit to him, feeling how chilled she was. He quickly walked over to Lupin and told him about his and Kit's departure. Lupin, in turn, nodded and wished for Kit's health. Cyrus thanked him and took Kit's hand.

"Cyrus... I feel cold... and dizzy... Are we still returning home by portkey?"

Cyrus thought about Kit being pregnant. He thought of the symptoms and what was happening to her. He became worried suddenly.

"Kit, why don't I take you to St. Mungo's? Wouldn't that be better?"

Kit shook her head. She told him that she just needed to lie down and that the baby would be all right.

Cyrus nodded reluctantly and brought her home by apparating.

When Kit got to the door of her home, she began to feel slightly better.

"I'm doing better already, Rus. I just was 'homesick' I guess."

Kit laughed quietly and Cyrus hugged her. They were still outside though.

"Come on you animal, wait until we're inside at least!"

Kit giggled again as Cyrus processed the comment.

"Hey now! I'm not an animal! I'm your fiancé! You crazy kid!"

“ Who are you calling ‘kid’ you animal?”

Kit giggled and walked inside with Cyrus, who was still trying to figure out what they were arguing about. Kit took a deep breath as she stepped into her bedroom. She loved the feeling of comfort that the room brought to her. She was living with the love of her life, she had an amazing house, she was pregnant, and she was engaged! What more could she want? She walked over to the window and shut the curtains, setting her wand down on the nightstand beside the bed. She paced over to the closet and grabbed out her pajamas. She threw off her clothes and let them fall to the floor beside her and she slipped on the shorts and tank top that were her pajamas. As she began to pick up her clothes from that day, she heard a knock on the door.

“ Kit, may I come in?”

Cyrus’s voice echoed through the wooden door. Kit dropped her clothes in the hamper near the door and twisted the doorknob, opening the door. Cyrus was at the door, wearing red and black plaid flannel pajama pants and no shirt. He grinned, his hair falling in his face.

“ Yeah, you animal, you can come in.”

Cyrus liked the outfit Kit was wearing. She was wearing short shorts that were black, a tank top that was black with random pink flamingos on it, and her hair was tied in a loose ponytail behind her. She smiled and Cyrus as he blushed and acted like he was three years younger again.

“ Ready for bed, Kitten?”

Cyrus looked so handsome. How could Kit be so lucky? There was always Ireane that could be where she was now.

“ Yeah, Rus, I want to get one thing settled first though.”

Cyrus looked confused. He seemed to consider what Kit was hinting at.

“ That’s fine by me... whoa!”

Cyrus felt Kit grab his arm and drag him onto the bed with her. He felt how warm her hands were now too. He flicked his wand and the lights went out. He dropped his wand on the bedside table and pulled Kit under the covers. He felt her hug him and he felt the urge to kiss her. Well, he WAS told to follow his instincts, so he kissed Kit with vigor. He felt her kiss him for nearly an hour before he let his hands wander too. He continued to french kiss Kit until she began to slow down her kisses.

“ I’m getting... tired, Rus... let’s go to bed now, okay?”

Cyrus nodded and let go of her.

“ No Rus, keep holding me. I want to be right next to you always...”

“ All right, I will... good-night. I love you, Kit.”

“ Good-night, Rus. I love you too.”

With this, Cyrus held Kit close, listening to her heart beating beside his. It felt so good knowing that he was going to be a father. He was going to be married to Kit and have a child. He was so happy! He smiled and let himself drift off to sleep.

## 45 - Truth and Plans

The next morning, Kit awoke to the sound of dishes downstairs. She sat up wearily and rubbed the sleep from her eyes. She slowly remembered that she was still living with Cyrus. She smiled to herself and threw on a silky, light violet robe and opened her door. She began to descend the stairs and she heard more dishes being moved. She opened the kitchen door to find Cyrus trying to arrange the dishes properly. He was waving his wand around, managing to lift a dish and set it down on the opposite side of the counter. Kit laughed at his efforts. Cyrus dropped the dish he was lifting and it fell. Kit threw her hand into her robe pocket and grabbed out the wand she had placed in there. She pulled it out and pointed it at the falling plate.

“Wingardium Leviosa!”

Kit just barely got the dish to rise into the air before it would've smashed against the hard floor.

“Morning Kit! Sorry about that... I don't really know where anything goes here... I guess that's kinda bad...”

Kit smiled and let out the breath of withheld air that she had been keeping in case the dish had shattered. Cyrus grinned guiltily and ran his hand through his hair, pushing the stray blonde locks from his eyes.

“It's alright, Rus. I'll be able to handle it from here.”

Cyrus smiled and hugged Kit, letting her place the dish on the counter and also to replace her wand inside her robes. He kissed the side of her neck and held her.

“Let's speak to Lupin today.”

Kit turned fast and looked at Cyrus curiously.

“What do you mean by that? Tell him about...”

“Yes, that's what we need to discuss. Didn't he raise you when your mother died?”

Kit nodded solemnly. She didn't like the memory of her mother's suicide. Her father was only in the picture until she was four years old.

“Hey Kit, how did your father die?”

Cyrus took Kit's hand and led her into the living room. He took a seat and looked at Kit, who sat beside him.

“My father... well... he died when I was only four years old. He was a... well... a deatheater. He betrayed Lord Voldemort by telling Dumbledore the plans for battle.”

Kit stopped and took a deep breath. She couldn't stand thinking too much about her father being so terrible. She shuddered, but went on anyway.

“Voldemort used the Cruciatus curse on my father, tormenting him and driving him insane. My father cried out for mercy, for anyone, anybody to help him... my mother watched him die slowly. Voldemort finally became bored with the torture, so he used Avada Kedavra and killed my father instantly. I was unconscious during this, due to getting hit over the head with a heavy lamp. I did see the Cruciatus curse torment though. She was under the body bind spell, so my mother couldn't help him at all. She cried for weeks about my father. I could only watch and wait for it all to end. It was like a never-ending nightmare... a nightmare from which I'd never awaken...”

Kit became silent, looking at the floor. She clasped her hands in front of her and bit her lower lip. She couldn't help but be saddened by the thought of her family being gone.

“I... I only have Remus... he has taken... care of me since my mother died... and... I am glad we'll now be family, Rus.”

Cyrus looked at Kit, who had tears spilling slowly down her cheeks. He took her hands in his and cupped his larger hands around her smaller ones.

“ I love you, Kit. I love you...”

He pulled Kit to him and held her close, slowly stroking her hair. He knew sorrow as well. He was devastated when he thought Ireane had died. He just held her close and let her cry on his shoulder for a while.

When Kit finally looked up from crying, Cyrus smiled at her and hugged her again, laughing quietly.

“ You okay, Kit?”

Kit smiled and nodded, wiping her eyes on the back of her arm. She stood up and helped Cyrus to his feet.

“ Kit... I know... uh... a muggle... well... Ireane’s a muggle-born... and um... I know her parents... who... know this guy... who... could... um... get us married... uh... tonight...?”

Kit stared at Cyrus for a moment, taking in the shock of his statement. She nodded slowly and skeptically. She put a hand to her cheek, thinking to herself of the fine opportunity before her.

“ Y... yes! I’ll get married to you tonight... but... do we need to tell the Weasleys?”

Cyrus thought and smiled.

“ No, we’ll get married alone, so the Weasleys won’t have to worry about changing a schedule around. I’ll go give a call.”

Kit nodded and walked up to her bedroom, thinking about how she would be married that night. She hugged herself with excitement. How awesome was this? Kit quickly changed her shirt and put on a sky blue and yellow striped polo T-shirt. She put on a dark blue pair of flare-legged jeans. She stretched her arms over her head and then walked out of her room, depositing her old clothes in the hamper by the door on her way out.

As she began to make her way down the stairs, Kit noticed that Cyrus was done talking. It was awkwardly silent. She descended into the living room quietly and listened. She heard paper rustle and then a quiet sigh followed. She turned a small corner and saw Cyrus, holding a book over the coffee table and scanning through it.

“ Oh hey, Kit! Guess what I just read.”

“ You can read?”

“ Shut up. I read that well... just look yourself!”

Cyrus looked distressed. He handed the book to Kit, keeping his finger in between the pages.

“ Lies... of Albus Dumbledore? What is this?”

“ It’s Rita Skeeter’s newest release. She says such terrible things in there!”

Kit slipped in a small piece of paper that she saw laying on the edge of the coffee table. She closed the book with the marker in it.

“ How could she write such nonsense?”

Cyrus shook his head, speechless at the writing. He stood up suddenly and walked over to Kit, grabbing her by the waist and pulling her close to him. He kissed her fully on the lips, feeling her return the kiss.

He then pulled away, backing away slowly.

“ We’re getting married tonight!”



## 46 - Bonded for Life

Kit looked stunned, shocked even!

“ T... tonight? I don't have a dress! Do you have dress robes? Or...”

Cyrus laughed out loud, putting his hands to his stomach and laughing fully.

“ You don't wear dress robes to a muggle church, Kit. You wear a tuxedo... like on a penguin! I already have everything arranged. They have an outfit for both of us there. What's wrong?”

Kit looked at the floor, crossing her arms in front of her, looking distraught.

“ I... I really want to marry you... but I want Remus there with us... and Tonks... they ARE married too... May I call him?”

Cyrus looked surprised. He noticed that she looked sad and lonely.

“ The man who helped me get this all arranged is named Mr. Leonard. He said we could bring whomever we please.”

“ Really? I'll send my patronus!”

Kit hurried to her room and grabbed her wand. She grabbed it and pointed it at the window.

“ Expecto Patronum!”

The silver form of a dove flew from the window to Remus with her message. Almost five minutes later, a werewolf patronus came and delivered a message from Tonks.

“ We'll be there and I'd be happy to help you and be the bridesmaid. Remus says he'll also be the best man. See you then, Kit!”

Satisfied with the message, she ran back down the stairs. She ran over to Cyrus, who still seemed to be pondering the thought of whether or not to read the book on the coffee table. She threw her arms around him and kissed him on the cheek.

“ Lupin and Tonks will come! I just got a patronus from Tonks saying they'll be there! Oh I'm so happy!”

Cyrus dropped his book on the couch and hugged Kit close to him.

“ We'd better get going if we're going to make it to the church on time, Kit.”

Kit nodded nervously, smiling and blushing.

“ Alright, let's apparate.”

Cyrus shrugged his shoulders and began to walk towards the door. He doubled back and grabbed Kit's hand.

“ Let's go!”

Cyrus smiled and pulled her out on the front doorstep.

“ We'll apparate to an alley nearby the church all right?”

Kit nodded and gripped Cyrus's hand tighter and spun on the spot. She felt as though her body was being blown through the air. Finally, she felt solid ground beneath her feet. She sighed and looked beside her at Cyrus, who grinned at her.

“ Hey, at least I didn't splinch myself this time! Ha!”

Kit laughed and walked with Cyrus to the church. The church was very tall with stained glass windows depicting the sacrifice of a lamb. Kit shuddered, thinking of the price of worship. Cyrus looked up at the spire on top of the large building.

“ Ready for this, Kit?”

“ Yeah, I think so...”

Kit smiled at Cyrus, her fiancé. Kit smiled and thought of finally being committed to the man whom she

loved the most. Just as she was about to go into the church, she heard a call of delight from behind them. Tonks came running up, throwing her arms around Kit and beaming.

“ You’re finally marrying someone, Kit!”

Kit nodded and laughed a little bit. She then saw Remus leading Cyrus inside first.

“ Come on Kit, let’s get you in your wedding gown!”

With this, Tonks led Kit inside the beautiful church. Kit felt her stomach flutter with butterflies of nervousness and anxiety. She took a deep breath and looked at a good-sized dressing room for the bride. Tonks immediately went to a large wardrobe and took out a dress. The dress was whiter than Kit had ever seen before.

“ Th... That’s for me?”

“ That’s right Kathryn!”

“ It’s gorgeous!”

Kit stared in awe at the white gown before her. Tonks handed it to Kit delicately. Kit went behind a folding wooden dressing barrier. She put the dress over her head gingerly, letting it slip down slowly. She put her arms up through the opening. She finally felt the dress reach it’s farthest. She loved the sleeveless style. It rested on her body nicely. She walked out from behind the barrier and Tonks gasped.

“ You look beautiful! You look so much like your mother, Kathryn.”

Kit smiled, feeling her heart sink slightly. She wished her mother could’ve been there to see her getting married to Cyrus.

“ Let’s get your hair styled, Kit.”

Kit nodded nervously and followed Tonks to another small room. Her gown made her walking look like one fluid movement.

“ Let’s put it up in a fancy bun, okay? I have little ‘extras’ for you to include as well.”

Kit smiled.

“ Alright, let’s get it done with.”

Tonks nodded at Kit enthusiastically. She began waving her wand above Kit’s hair. The blonde hair put itself up in a gorgeous bun with not a single strand down. Tonks didn’t like its perfection, so she let a small piece from her bangs come down on her right side. She looked so pretty.

“ Well Kit... I think you are the most beautiful girl in the world right now. Let’s do your makeup too.”

Tonks moved on with putting on a very light silver eye shadow and a little bit of blush.

“ Perfect! I love it! Now, let’s get your shoes and your flowers!”

Tonks grabbed a pair of shoes from another large wardrobe. They were white, sparkling high-heels.

“ Well, I think I have the perfect bouquet for you, Kit.”

Tonks conjured up a good-sized bouquet of red roses. In addition, Tonks added small pearls in Kit’s hair, making Kit sparkle.

“ You’re ready now darling!”

Kit nodded, taking a deep breath. Tonks made a squeaking sound and took out a mint.

“ Here, I took one before my wedding too. Remus took about ten of them. He was very pepperminty.”

Kit laughed, taking the spearmint from Tonks’ outstretched hand.

“ Well... I’m nervous Tonks... what if I forget where I am and stutter and forget to say ‘I do’ and...!”

Tonks put a finger to Kit’s lips.

“ Hush Kit. You’ll be fine. Just relax and be yourself. It doesn’t help to worry about it.”

Kit let out a deep breath as Tonks pulled away her finger.

“ You’re right, I just need to calm down and relax.”

“ That’s right. Oh! Guess what?”

Kit looked puzzled. What was on Tonks’ mind now?

“ I’m pregnant!”

Kit looked at Tonks with astonishment.

“ Really? That great Tonks! When is it due?”

“ Not too very long from now! I’m so happy!”

Tonks smiled and hugged herself. Kit was startled at the sudden newsflash. She wasn’t sure whether she should tell her about her ‘condition’ yet or not. She decided to wait though. Tonks told Kit to wait for the music. Remus came up to Kit and smiled broadly.

“ You look so much like Gloria, Kathryn. Come on, take my arm and we’ll walk down the aisle, like father and daughter.”

Kit felt a tear in her eye. She never really had a ‘father’ to be there for her.

“ Thank you Remus. I...”

“ It’s all right, Kathryn. Here we go now.”

Kit felt her stomach flip and her heart leap into her throat. She heard the music from the main room. The large wooden doors opened before her and she gripped Remus’s arm tighter. Cyrus stood at the altar in a handsome black suit. He had a rose in his pocket and a red tie. He looked at Kit and blushed. She looked beautiful. Kit had a veil on which hung over her face. It was a translucent white and silver. Cyrus could just barely make out her facial features. He did manage to see her blushing though.

“ She’s beautiful...”

Cyrus exclaimed under his breath at the sight of Kit. She finally met Cyrus at the front of the aisle.

“ Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to join Cyrus Riddle and Kathryn Johnson in holy matrimony...”

Kit felt her heart beating faster with every passing minute. Cyrus also felt himself becoming anxious with anticipation. The man droned on about life and love and blessings. Kit felt her face grow hotter when the man began the final vows.

“ Do you, Cyrus Riddle, take Kathryn Johnson, as your lawfully wedded wife, through sickness and in health, for richer, for poorer, until death do you part?”

Cyrus swallowed hard and blushed brightly.

“ I do.”

Cyrus placed a golden ring on Kit’s finger. The priest turned to Kit and began again.

“ Do you, Kathryn Johnson, take Cyrus Riddle, as you lawfully wedded husband, through sickness and in health, for richer, for poorer, until death do you part?”

Kit looked at Cyrus and smiled a little bit, also blushing.

“ I do.”

She placed the other ring on Cyrus’s finger. The priest nodded and said a few more words of joy.

“ You may now kiss the bride.”

Cyrus turned to Kit and smiled.

“ I love you.”

“ I love you too, Rus.”

Cyrus lifted the veil and placed it behind her. He leaned in and kissed Kit on the lips, holding her close. Lupin clapped and Tonks whooped. Kit blushed and broke off her kiss. Kit felt Cyrus take her hand. Cyrus ran towards the door from which they entered. Kit closed her eyes when they reached the door. She threw her rose bouquet backwards and then she heard Tonks laugh when she caught it. Cyrus turned to Kit and kissed her again.

“ Oh Kit! You have a new last name, you know?”

Kit smiled and nodded.

“ Yeah! I’m Kathryn Riddle now!”

Cyrus laughed and pulled Kit into an alley nearby. Kit blushed as she was pressed against the cold brick wall and kissed passionately by Cyrus. He then whispered in Kit’s ear. She agreed and they both

looked around for muggles. When they knew that the coast was clear, they apparated back home.

## 47 - The Stork is Coming

Kit felt the sensation of ground against her shoes. She laughed until a tear slipped from her eye. Cyrus joined her laughing and held her close to him.

“ I can’t believe we’re married Kit! Oh my god!”

Kit smiled as Cyrus held her close to him. She looked up at him and felt his stomach press against her back. She let him kiss her for a while. She then felt Cyrus sit down, pulling her on his lap. He waved his wand over the both of them, changing them into casual outfits. Kit was wearing a tight, black and baby blue, striped shirt with the sleeves being worn below her shoulders. She had this with another pair of dark blue flare-legged jeans. Cyrus was wearing a black T-shirt and normal blue jeans. Kit smiled, feeling Cyrus hold her close. He leaned back and kissed her neck.

“ When is ours due?”

Kit thought about what Cyrus was talking about.

“ What is ‘ours’ and what do you mean?”

Cyrus quietly placed his hands on Kit’s stomach. Kit got the hint.

“ Probably near eight months now.”

Cyrus sighed and held Kit close to him.

“ I can’t wait for then! I’ll be almost 19 right?”

“ Yeah, and I’ll be 18 as of October. You’re thinking about a year in advance.”

Cyrus nodded and stroked Kit’s hair.

“ I’ll be a good father, Kit.”

“ And I’ll be a good mother. I know we can do this.”

Cyrus nodded and looked at the clock on the wall.

“ Let’s go to bed, huh?”

Cyrus helped Kit up and then stood up himself.

“ I’m Mrs. Riddle now, Rus!”

Kit laughed and let Cyrus help her up the stairs. He guided Kit onto the bed and they both slowly fell asleep beside each other.

Seven months passed by with a daily routine of the schedule around the house. Cyrus studied for his auror job that he would take up eventually. Kit worked part-time at several small taverns. A room was built beside the main bedroom in the house. As Kit’s due date grew nearer, the schedule became more packed.

“ Hey Rus? Can you help me down here?”

Kit called up the stairs to Cyrus, who was filing some old papers.

“ Yeah, one minute, babe!”

Cyrus came down the stairs, setting papers on a nearby table.

“ Cyrus, I feel sick again.”

“ You do? Could the baby be coming?”

Kit sighed. Cyrus asked her about the baby constantly.

“ Probably in about one month. I need help up.”

Cyrus extended and arm and helped Kit to her feet. She hadn’t gained all that much weight even though she was carrying a baby.

“ Oh god...”

Cyrus paused, looking at Kit. She was holding her stomach and she had fallen to her knees, even

holding his hand.

“ Kit? Kit, what’s wrong?”

Kit grimaced and winced at the pain that she was feeling. She felt her baby kicking around inside her like it was ready to be born.

“ Rus... I may be ready... to...!”

Cyrus helped Kit to her feet quickly and pulled her towards the front door. Kit was wearing a pair of jeans and a green T-shirt. Cyrus grabbed her coat and threw it on her, helping her get her arms through.

“ Hurry... please?”

Cyrus helped Kit out the door quickly. He made sure he had his wand, then apparated to St. Mungo’s in an instant. He ran to the front desk, panting and holding Kit’s hand.

“ My wife... having baby... now!”

The person in front directed him to a nearby maternity ward. He pulled Kit there and let the doctors take Kit into a room. Cyrus followed and held Kit’s hand. He had to wait it out.

“ Kit... are you all right?”

Kit nodded, wincing and holding her stomach.

“ It’ll be born early, Rus...”

Cyrus shook his head, stroking Kit’s cold hand.

“ They’ll be all right too, Kit. You be fine.”

The doctor entered again, pulling a curtain for them.

“ Hello there. You are Mr. and Mrs. Riddle?”

Kit and Cyrus nodded, unused to the marriage still.

“ The baby should be born in about an hour. I had hoped that your wife would’ve been brought here sooner. The baby will be premature, but it’ll survive.”

Kit let out a sigh of relief. The doctor continued.

“ Mr. Riddle, if you’d like to stay and comfort your wife, you may do so. There will be opportunity to bring her home by tomorrow if everything turns out all right.”

Cyrus nodded, feeling warm from nervousness. The doctor left, leaving Cyrus and Kit alone again. Cyrus held Kit’s hand in his, kissing her on the cheek.

“ I can’t believe it. In one hour, I’ll be a father. You’ll be a mother, Kit.”

Kit smiled and returned the kiss.

“ Yeah, we’ll be parents, Rus. It may be painful for everyone, but we need to tell Remus and Tonks.”

Cyrus nodded. He hugged Kit, who winced, grabbing her stomach. Cyrus placed his hand next to hers, feeling the baby moving inside her.

“ It’s a miracle, Kit.”

Kit felt her cheeks blush for the first time in a while.

“ Yeah, it is. I can’t believe that our baby is ours... I mean... you know... with your father and my parents... and all that happened during the course of the school year.”

Cyrus nodded.

“ I’ll be a much better father than mine is. I’ll spend every single day telling my baby about how much I love... um...”

Kit looked at Cyrus’s puzzled expression and felt confused.

“ What?”

“ Is the baby a boy or a girl?”

Kit laughed, holding her stomach and feeling her face blush again.

“ It’s a girl, Rus. I want to decide a name for her too. Will you help me decide what to name her?”

Cyrus smiled broadly and kissed Kit full on the lips, feeling her return the kiss. He couldn’t help it! Kit was the best girl he’d ever known.

“ I love you, honey. Well... have you thought of anything before now?”

Kit nodded and let Cyrus back away slightly.

“ Well... you know that locket that you have?”

Cyrus nodded suspiciously.

“ Well... I want to name her Aurelia Gloria Riddle.”

Cyrus let his mouth drop open. A tear spilled from his eye and he hugged Kit to him.

“ Oh my... thanks, Kit. How'd you... why'd you... I love you.”

Kit smiled, putting her arms around Cyrus, who was now nuzzling her cheek.

“ Ow... Rus...”

Cyrus looked at Kit. She was grimacing a lot and holding her stomach.

“ I'll get the doctor!”

He ran from the room, almost knocking over a nurse in the hallway.

“ Doctor! It's Kathryn! She's going to have the baby!”

He was panting and gagging on the air that he lacked from the quick sprint.

“ I'm on my way.”

The doctor led Cyrus back to the room where Kit was staying.

“ Alright, Kathryn. Here's what I'd like you to do.”

The doctor went on with the instructions and Cyrus just listened in on a few rules, like breath in a steady rhythm and only push when I say to do so. Cyrus was then alerted about holding Kit's hand and letting her squeeze his hand if the pain was too intense.

“ Cyrus, I'd like you to let her squeeze your hand if she feels immense pain.”

Cyrus nodded and let Kit take his hand.

“ Ready Kathryn? On three...”

Cyrus watched the doctor help Kit. He felt his hand being squeezed too much at one point. He yelped out in pain. Kit was squeezing her eyes shut and clenching her teeth tightly.

“ Kit, you all right?”

Kit nodded slowly, trying to be silent. The doctor finally showed an expression of relief as he pulled out the baby. Cyrus saw the amount of blood there and felt his mouth drop open.

“ Is... that... blood?”

Cyrus felt very dizzy and then he blacked out.

## 48 - Aurelia's Home

When he finally came to, Cyrus saw Kit sleeping soundly on the bed. He pulled a damp cloth off of his forehead. He remembered seeing the baby being born, then seeing the blood, and then passing out. A stirring in front of him interrupted his thoughts. Kit woke up and yawned.

“ Hey, Rus. Aurelia’s coming here soon. They finally got her stabilized and she’ll come home with us in a few hours.”

Cyrus smiled and kissed Kit’s cheek. He had been sitting in the chair when he had woken up, so he was conveniently placed near Kit.

“ Here we are. We’ll leave you be now.”

The doctor had entered the room with a bundle in his arms. He had left almost immediately. Kit was holding the bundle in her arms lovingly.

“ Rus, look at her, look at Aurelia.”

The baby was beautiful. She had a very little wisp of blonde hair on her tiny scalp. She had dazzling blue eyes and was very tiny.

“ She’s ours, Kit. I’m so happy!”

Cyrus extended his arms when Kit handed him the bundle.

“ Hello Aurelia. I’m your daddy!”

Cyrus cooed at the baby for a while before handing her back to Kit. The doctor entered again, holding a clipboard.

“ I’ll need a signature here and then you’ll be released from St. Mungo’s.”

Cyrus nodded and grinned despite himself. He took the pen and scribbled his messy signature. Kit followed suit and signed a neat, cursive signature beneath his.

“ Thank you and welcome to parenthood.”

The doctor shook both Kit and Cyrus’s hands before walking out of the room, waving his wand around some empty food carts in the hallway.

Kit stood up, holding the baby in her arms. She was in her normal clothing and wearing her usual grin.

Cyrus gestured towards the door and led Kit there by a hand.

Once the three Riddles were outside, Cyrus nodded at Kit.

“ Kit, let’s go home. I want to go home. I want to spend the night with a ‘free’ Kit.”

Kit got Cyrus’s hint and grinned. She punched him playfully in the shoulder with her free hand.

“ Slow down Tiger! I still have to feed Aurelia and settle her into her new crib.”

“ Crud... I wanted to...”

Kit put a finger to his mouth.

“ We’re in public, Rus!”

Cyrus laughed and pulled Kit into the alley, kissing her lips.

“ At least give me that much right now...”

Kit sighed and nodded, kissing Cyrus again. He pulled Kit closer to him and grinned.

“ Time to apparate. Now!”

Kit and Cyrus apparated back from St. Mungo’s to the front doorstep of their house. Cyrus opened the door for Kit, letting her bring Aurelia inside with her.

“ Come on inside, Rus! I’m bringing Aurelia to her room! Meet me in our room, okay?”

Cyrus called back with new enthusiasm.

“ I’ll be there as soon as I hang up our coats!”



Kit smiled and brought Aurelia to her room. The room was a mint green color. There were white clouds on the top of the walls near the ceiling. A crib was placed in the upper right hand corner of the room. Kit brought Aurelia over to the crib and sat in the rocking chair right beside it. She began to feed Aurelia. She hummed to herself, thinking of the lullaby that her mother once sang to her. When Aurelia finished, Kit rubbed her back and then laid her down in her crib. There were plush penguins and sheep by the fluffy blue pillow. Aurelia began to close her eyes as soon as her head had hit the pillow. Kit began to hum the lullaby again. Aurelia closed her eyes and began to breathe slower, sleeping soundly. Kit smiled and stroked her baby's cheek. She heard footsteps outside of the door to Aurelia's room.

"She sure sleeps soundly."

Kit turned, startled by the sudden voice.

"Oh Rus! You scared me!"

"Sorry. I just couldn't wait to get you to myself."

Kit giggled, shutting the door as she left her child's room. Cyrus led her into the bedroom that they slept in, pulling her seductively towards the bed.

"Oh come on, Rus! Could you be any less obvious?"

"Well, I could, but then it'd surprise you too much."

Kit laughed and pushed Cyrus beneath her. She kissed him on the lips and hugged him.

"Kit... I love you more than life itself..."

Kit blushed and let Cyrus pull her down next to him.

"Thanks, Rus. I'm glad I fell in love with you."

"Hey, Kit... do you remember how we met?"

Kit sighed and nodded, grinning and starting to unbutton Cyrus's shirt. He had changed into a white T-shirt that buttoned up in the front.

"I was at school and dropped my potions books..."

"No... on the Hogwarts Express! You were in the hallway, looking for a compartment, remember?"

"Oh yeah! I was being harassed by the third year boys from Slytherin."

"Yeah! You were being shoved into the walls of the compartments."

Kit sighed, remembering the hard times that had come from those boys. Cyrus felt Kit take off his shirt and heard it fall to the floor. He let her lay her head on his chest and was silent for a moment.

"I thought it was hopeless... but then you came along and pulled me into your compartment."

"I thought you were cute, you know?"

"Thanks, but I was startled by you. You sat alone in your compartment anyway. You threw my suitcase in the top rack and smiled at me. You introduced yourself as Cyrus the Great and laughed a lot."

"I only laughed at how cute you were! You still are, you know?"

"Oh shut up and let's get some sleep."

Cyrus nodded and pulled the covers over him and Kit. Sleep overtook him and he dozed off.

## 49 - Meet Me There

The next morning, Cyrus awoke when the sun was high in the sky. He turned and groaned, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

“ Ugh... Kit? Wuz goin on?”

Cyrus sat up, yawning loudly. He heard a baby cry. He suddenly remembered Aurelia.

“ Hush, Aurelia, you’re all right. Mommy’s here now.”

Cyrus saw Kit run past the door and into Aurelia’s room. He got up out of bed and got himself dressed for the day. He wore a loose blue T-shirt and loose blue jeans. He grabbed his wand and slipped it into his back pocket. He exited the room and walked into Aurelia’s room.

“ Morning Kit, Aurelia.”

Kit turned to the door and grinned.

“ Morning big guy!”

Aurelia cooed and gurgled. Cyrus came up to them both and kissed Kit on the lips and kissed Aurelia on the forehead.

“ Sorry that I’m up so late. It’s only probably about nine anyway.”

“ Rus... it’s quarter to noon.”

Cyrus about tripped and fell.

“ It’s quarter to noon? Why didn’t you wake me up? I never sleep in this late!”

Kit sighed and laid Aurelia down in her playpen. Aurelia pushed around a plush penguin and giggled softly.

“ She’s laughing at you, Rus.”

Kit pulled Rus into the hallway and kissed him on the lips. Cyrus huffed and puffed for a while as Kit stood back and watched him.

“ Oh fine... I just can’t stay angry while you’re standing there and looking so innocent.”

Kit laughed and walked up to him, pushing his shoulder playfully.

“ You know I’m not, Rus!”

Cyrus laughed and pulled Kit into a hug, kissing her cheek.

“ Oh Kit... I love you.”

Kit smiled and blushed. She loved him too.

“ Me too, Rus. I love you too.”

Aurelia giggled in the room nearby. Cyrus heard her and smiled.

“ Rus... we’re pretty young to have her, you know?”

Cyrus nodded, thinking about his situation.

“ We’re ready for it though, Kit.”

Kit nodded, thinking it over carefully. She laid her head on Cyrus’s shoulder, sighing and hugging him close to her. Kit smiled and laughed randomly.

“ What’s so funny, Kitten?”

Kit looked up at Cyrus, kissing him gently.

“ Nothing. I’m just thinking about my new father-in-law.”

Cyrus thought about it for a minute, and then laughed, covering his face with a hand.

“ I don’t think you’re the only girl who thinks her in-laws suck!”

Kit laughed hugging Cyrus. She loved his sense of humor. She finally calmed down and looked at Cyrus’s eyes. His eyes were smiling too. She kissed Cyrus, letting him pick her up slightly. He nuzzled

her cheek and whispered in her ear.

“ Meet me in the room...”

Kit looked up at Cyrus, startled at the sudden seductiveness in his voice.

“ What are you up to, Rus?”

Cyrus just grinned and walked into his room. Kit watched him strut into the room. He was always up to something! Kit grinned and shook her head, walking over to Aurelia’s room. She walked into the small room and picked up Aurelia. She was sleeping in her playpen before Kit had walked in the room. Her eyes were still shut gently and her chest was rising and falling in an even rhythm. Kit smiled warmly and laid Aurelia gingerly in her crib. Aurelia didn’t even stir as Kit tucked her under a soft blue blanket.

“ Sleep well, darling.”

With this, Kit walked out of Aurelia’s room and shut the door gently so as not to wake Aurelia. With this, Kit walked back to the room where Cyrus had walked into.

The room was dark and Kit’s eyes weren’t able to adjust to the sudden light change. She raised her hands to her face and rubbed her eyes. She suddenly felt herself being held. She felt warmth and relaxed her shoulders. She felt Cyrus’s breath on the back of her neck.

“ Hey there, Rus...”

Cyrus didn’t respond right away. He was leading Kit away from the door.

“ I thought you’d have come sooner, Kitten.”

Kit smiled, feeling Cyrus sit down and pull her onto his lap.

“ I just can’t help myself when I’m around you...”

Kit felt Cyrus kiss the back of her neck. He began to pull her next to him on the bed.

“ Cyrus... what are you...?”

Cyrus interrupted Kit’s train of thought by giving her a passionate kiss. Kit began to unbutton the front of Cyrus’s shirt. Cyrus grinned and started to help Kit with the removal of his shirt. Just as Cyrus was about to help Kit out with her shirt, there was a scratching sound in the downstairs. Cyrus looked up, pushing himself up and off of Kit. She too had heard the noise from the wooden door downstairs. Kit threw on a different tank top and left Cyrus in the room to get changed.

Kit heard Cyrus shuffling his feet upstairs as she walked into the kitchen. The wooden door leading into the backyard was moving violently from some sort of force on the other side. The doorknob on the door wasn’t moving, but the door continued to shake as if something was pushing against it. Just as Kit was walking towards the door, Cyrus came running down the stairs, tripping on the bottom step. He hit the floor with a loud bang, causing a low rumble on the other side of the door. Kit winced and went to help him up. She took a firm hold of his hand and pulled him up to his feet. He rubbed his palms together and grimaced.

“ Kit, what’s that sound?”

Kit heard it too. It was a high-pitched squeal from the other side of the kitchen door.

“ I’m opening it.”

Cyrus looked taken-back at Kit’s statement.

“ Are you stupid? It could be a death eater!”

Cyrus whispered in harsh tones about that possibility. Kit had never thought of that before he mentioned it. She just shook her head and shrugged her shoulders.

“ I don’t care, I just need to find out what it is!”

Kit walked towards the door, fumbling in her pocket. She pulled out her wand and raised it, pointing it towards the door. She took a few more steps, decreasing the distance between the door and herself. She reached out slowly and set her shaking hand on the doorknob. She turned the doorknob slowly, keeping her wand held high. She heard the click of the door opening and felt a burst of cold night air. She let her eyes adjust to the darkness and saw nothing. She stepped outside and looked around, not

finding what could've caused such a racket. She shrugged her shoulders and headed into the kitchen again, lowering her wand and sticking back in her pocket. She smiled at Cyrus, shaking her head. His face wasn't smiling, however. He was looking behind her with a look of fear on his face. Kit turned around to face the open door and screamed as a large figure attacked her, blinding her. Something bad was happening.

## 50 - Unwelcome Guests

Kit was slammed onto her back on the hard kitchen floor. Cyrus yelled her name and ran towards her. Kit covered her face with her hands, feeling something hot against her skin. Cyrus started to laugh out of nowhere.

“What’s so funny, Cyrus? This is bad!”

More snickering from Cyrus was heard before she heard him let out a large sigh.

“Open your eyes, Kit.”

Kit opened her eyes and looked around. Cyrus was standing in front of something that was curled up and whimpering on the floor. Kit looked at him with a puzzled expression. He smiled and stepped to the side. There, behind him, was a small maned wolf. She was looking up at Cyrus with love.

“Oh please, Kit, can we keep her?”

Kit slapped her hand to her forehead, exasperated by his immaturity.

“Fine. We’ll keep her... but she’ll not sleep in our room or near Aurelia.”

Cyrus clapped his hands together twice like a child.

“Yeah! I’ll call you... hmm... Khapri!”

Cyrus seemed so very happy. Kit couldn’t help but to smile at his excitement.

“You are a cutie, huh? Yes you are, Khapri!”

Cyrus bent down and sat on his knees, stroking the wolf tenderly. She seemed content and comfortable. Kit walked over to the door and shut it tight, clicking the lock on it. Kit sighed, thinking of the interruption that Khapri caused. She shook her head and walked back up to her room, ignoring Cyrus’s calls for her. She sulked all the way up the stairs and shut her door tightly.

“Stupid Cyrus... ditching me for some stupid mutt... I swear that dog glared at me... hmm...”

Kit shook off that thought and threw off her clothes into the hamper. She grabbed a large T-shirt and threw it on. She grabbed a pair of long silk shorts and threw them on as well. She climbed into the bed and moved all the way to the edge. She pulled the sheets up to her chin and closed her eyes, falling asleep quickly.

Cyrus settled Khapri in downstairs and began to make his way up the stairs and to his room. If he were lucky, he’d catch Kit while she was still awake and hopefully happy. He opened his room door slowly and approached the bed wistfully. He saw Kit sound asleep on the edge of the bed furthest away from him. She must be mad at him again. He sighed, changing into his flannel pants and a white T-shirt. He leaned over Kit before returning to his side of the bed. He kissed her gently on the cheek before walking around to the opposite side of the bed. He climbed into bed and fell asleep with the covers only halfway covering his body.

Kit awoke in the morning to the feel of hot, moist air on her face. It smelled of death and decay. Kit opened her eyes and saw two large brown eyes staring her in the face.

“Eeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!”

Cyrus, who was in bed beside her, yelled as well, was woken by Kit’s scream. He stumbled and fell out of the bed, slamming onto the floor and almost knocking over his nightstand.

“What is it? What’s wrong?”

Kit was frozen, staring and panting, at the form of Khapri beside her bed.

“What the bloody hell is that mutt doing in here?!”

Kit was close to tears with her fear. Cyrus was out of breath too.

“Sorry, Kit! I didn’t know she could open...”

“ Save it! I don’t care! Just shut up!”

Kit got up and grabbed a set of clothes that was lying atop her dresser. She stormed out of the room and towards the bathroom. She slammed the door and threw her clothes down on the counter next to the sink. She took deep breaths and rinsed her face with cold water. She looked at her reflection in the mirror, frowning at her appearance. She couldn’t just let their relationship crumble like a stale biscuit. She had to hold the love that they had in her arms and keep the flame lit. She threw her nighttime clothes on the floor by the wall opposite the shower. The rippled glass in front of the shower was dry. Kit looked at the glass and sighed, turning her attention back to the shower handle. She turned on the water. It ran cold for a while before becoming steamy and hot. Kit stepped into the shower and slid the sliding doors shut. She sighed and let the water run over her, creating a white noise. The sound of the running water completely absorbed Kit, drowning out the sound of the bathroom door opening. Cyrus slipped into the bathroom, clearing his throat obviously. Kit heard him that time.

“ What do you want? Go away...”

Cyrus sighed, setting down Kit’s towel on the edge of the sink by her clothes.

“ Kit... I’m sorry. Will you speak to me? I love you...”

Kit heard Cyrus apologize and felt a tear in her eye. She liked the water because it hid her tears. Cyrus saw the blurred and fuzzy form of Kit behind the rippled glass. The glass had steamed up, causing her to look more blurred than usual.

“ Kit... I love you so much! Please forgive me for whatever I did...”

Kit looked down at her wet feet. The water made them shine with the reflection of the light. She heard him scuffle his feet on the hard floor. She saw his hand reach for the door handle of the shower.

“ Rus... do you want to come in too? It’s pretty cold out there...”

Cyrus was stunned at the sudden request. He didn’t think too much about it though. He took off his clothes and hopped in the shower with Kit. She was shy, but still so fragile-looking. Kit hugged Cyrus, letting him hold her close.

“ Cyrus... don’t ever leave me... promise?”

Cyrus smiled, holding Kit close to him. She was shaking from fear apparently.

“ I promise...”

As Cyrus was about to kiss Kit, he heard a scratching sound on the bathroom door.

“ Kit... you hear that?”

Kit heard it too. She shut off the water and slid open the shower door. She stepped out and grabbed her wand from the pile of her fresh clothes. She put on the clothes and dried her hair by magic. Cyrus was quick to follow suit, changing and gathering himself. Kit bolted from the bathroom as soon as she was done. Khapri was looking scared at the door of the bathroom. Her tail was tucked firmly between her legs and she was whimpering terribly.

“ Khapri... what is it?”

Kit asked Khapri and stroked her back. Khapri kept looking nervously at the stairs. Kit drew her wand again, pointing it at the stairs.

“ Kit, I think it’s something bad...”

Kit told Cyrus to get Aurelia from her room. He nodded and did as he was told. He saw Kit heading for the stairs as he exited Aurelia’s room with her in his arms. She was sleeping soundly and clutching her penguin plush close to her. Kit put a finger to her lips to signal silence. She walked down the stairs quickly and silently. Cyrus followed Kit to the front door in the living room. She was approaching the door with her wand raised. Cyrus was concerned about the sound of voices and the rough tone in each voice. Before Kit reached the door, she heard the voices become silent.

“ BOMBARDO!”

The door shattered and covered Kit and Cyrus with pieces of wood. Kit ran and covered Aurelia while

Cyrus shielded Kit. Two death eaters came in through the shattered remains of the front door.  
“ We’ve got you now, Cyrus Riddle and Kathryn Johnson, you’re coming with us!”

## 51 - What Are You Hiding?

Kit looked at the death eaters, scared to death.

“ Rus! Get Aurelia out of here!”

“ But what will you do?”

“ I’ll hold ‘em off! Go now!”

Kit watched Cyrus run reluctantly out towards the back door with Aurelia. Kit turned to face the death eaters. She was scared to death about this, but was willing to take the risk to save her family.

“ Kathryn Johnson, I presume.”

A large, heavy death eater stared at Kit, the mask covering his face but still giving off the scent of death. Khapri was growling viciously behind Kit. Kit had her wand pointed at the larger death eater. She wasn’t able to turn in time to see the smaller, thinner death eater point the wand at her.

“ Imperio!”

Kit ducked quickly, narrowly avoiding the spell cast at her. The spell, however, ricocheted off of the cabinet and hit a small bowl, shattering it completely. Kit swore under her breath. Hopefully, Cyrus was taking refuge at Tonks’ mother’s house. There, Remus and Tonks could keep them all safe.

“ Stupefy!”

Kit shouted her spell loudly at the smaller death eater, who retreated behind the larger one.

“ Hehe, Crucio!”

The spell hit Kit full on in the stomach.

“ Auuuuuughhhhhhhh!”

Kit yelped as the pain pulsed through her entire body, paralyzing her with the pain. It felt like millions of red-hot daggers stabbing through her flesh and bones. She fell to the floor, writhing in agony. The pain was so intense that she could feel her consciousness slipping away into darkness. Just as she looked up to see if she could stop the pain, a voice rang through the house, causing both death eaters to look away from Kit. The pain receded away as the death eaters lost all focus on her. Kit looked towards the doorway where the death eaters were so intensely focused on. There, in the doorway, was Cyrus. He was pointing his wand at the larger death eater.

“ Get your filthy hands off of my girl!”

Cyrus bounded in through the doorway, aiming spell after spell at the death eaters. The two of them became worried as Cyrus shouted more painful spells at them.

“ Crucio!”

Cyrus shouted his first unforgivable curse at the death eaters. The two of them looked at each other. Kit decided that she needed to help Cyrus. She stood up wearily and pointed her wand at the unsuspecting smaller death eater, who had his wand raised and aimed at Cyrus.

“ Expelliarmus!”

The wand went flying from the death eater’s hand. He yelped in a high pitch tone. He shoved the larger death eater in front of him and then only a loud crack was heard. He apparated away from the raid! Kit ran over and snatched his wand up from the floor and snapped it in half. The larger death eater became frantic. He apparated out of there too. Kit was out of breath and clutching at her chest, trying to breathe easier.

“ Kit! Oh my god, are you all right?”

Cyrus ran over to Kit and hugged her close, kissing her forehead.

“ Rus... w... where’s Aurelia?”



Cyrus smiled warmly.

“ It’s all right. I brought her to Tonks’ mother’s house. Lupin took her without questions. We may have to move in with him, Kit.”

Kit shook her head slowly. She gave him her best attempt at a smile.

“ I own a small house... it’s not much, but we can live there until safer times.”

Cyrus looked puzzled. He didn’t know what Kit was talking about.

“ Come on, Rus. I’ll send Remus a patronus when we’re settled in. Let’s go.”

Kit grabbed Cyrus’s hand without warning and apparated, causing Cyrus to make a queer sort of yipping sound. Kit felt the sensation of the world spinning and finally sighed as it stopped.

“ Cyrus, We’re here now.”

Cyrus opened his eyes and looked at a small house. It was painted white, but it still looked dreary and depressing somehow. Where were they?

“ Rus, why did you bring Khapri here too?”

“ She could get hurt back at the house... you know what I mean?”

Kit sighed, slapping her hand to her forehead. She felt sad and depressed.

“ Cyrus... let’s just go in...”

Cyrus wondered what happened that changed Kit so much.

“ Kit... where are we?”

Kit just shook her head and headed up the sidewalk towards the white, wooden door. The sidewalk was covered in cracks and was overgrown. Trees lining the sidewalk were bare and no sign of life surrounded the house with the exception of all the weeds and moss. The house had ivy vines growing up the sides on a terrace. Kit looked like she belonged here. Cyrus shuddered at the thought of this house. Why was it so mysterious? Kit walked to the door and turned the knob, slowly pushing open the door. It made a loud creaking sound. Apparently, a neighbor had heard the commotion they had made. An elderly lady walked out of her house, raising a knurled wand that was extremely thick.

“ Who’s there? Gracie Gloria, is that you?”

Kit looked up at the mention of her mother’s name. Cyrus looked at the old lady, confused at the name she had just said.

“ No, I’m...”

“ You must be little Kathryn. My, how you’ve grown. You must be 19 now?”

Kit shook her head.

“ I’m almost 19. I’m 18 as of now.”

“ Who is this dashing young man with you?”

The old lady pointed her wand at Cyrus, who looked more confused than ever before.

“ This is my husband, Cyrus.”

The old lady chuckled.

“ Nothing has been removed from that house. It will smell horrible, I’m sure. Your uncle and his friend only made sure that it would be perfectly preserved. You may not want to go in there.”

Kit shook her head sadly.

“ It’s the only place where I can go. Good day.”

Kit walked into the stale-smelling house. It was completely dark. Cyrus could smell the musty odor from the doorway. Khapri was looking distressed and confused. Kit just walked towards the kitchen, her sandals clicking on the hard floor surface. She walked into the kitchen with Cyrus at her heel. He saw her approach the counter and there was a yellowed piece of paper by the edge. It looked brown near one side of it. Kit looked down as she walked to the other side of the counter. There was nothing there. The normally white tiles on the floor were brown and black in the center, as though something big had spilled. The old lady was wrong. Kit looked so sad suddenly. She sunk to her knees on the floor and

began to cry. Her hands were on the brown portion of the floor. She was so sad. Cyrus didn't understand why she was so sad. He looked around and picked up the piece of paper. It was blurry and yellowed, probably fragile as well. He read the note to himself and felt sadness welling up inside of him. "Oh Kit... I'm so sorry!"

He knelt down next to Kit and held her in his arms. He knew what the stain was now. He felt Kit shaking in his arms. He picked her up off of the floor.

"Come on, Kit. I'll show you to your room."

Cyrus pulled Kit into the hallway leading away from the kitchen. The stairs led up into a prettily lit hallway. Well, it would've been nicely lit if the lights had been on within the last eleven years. He walked up the nearest flight of stairs and as he took each step, another wooden step creaked and cracked beneath him. He felt extremely nervous about walking upstairs. He felt as though each individual stair would crack and crumble beneath his feet. He shook off the pessimistic thoughts and continued to assist Kit up the stairs. After a few more rickety old stairs, Cyrus reached the top. He paused, examining a few old portraits hanging on the wall. There was a picture of a girl around his age holding another little girl. The older girl had golden blonde hair that was wavy and a little bit below her shoulders. She had dazzling green eyes and a beautiful smile. She was perfect. She had smooth skin and perfect dimples. She was Kit's mother. Kit was the little girl in the picture. She looked to be about four years old in the picture. She had short, golden hair that had a unique glow about it. She had her hair worn in low pigtailed by her shoulders. They were also fashioned into braids. She was wearing a cute, black, spring dress. It had lace on the hems and on the sleeves. It was styled in a short-sleeved way. Her mother wore a matching tank top and shorts. The two of them were out in the front yard under a cherry tree. Kit was smiling in the picture too.

"Kit, was this you when you were little?"

Kit looked up, her eyes still showing their sadness in them.

"Yeah... that's me and my mom... we were happy back then..."

Cyrus hugged Kit and moved on, ignoring the rest of the portraits. He walked down the hallway, holding Kit's hand the whole way. A door was at the very end of that hallway.

"That's my room... let's go there..."

Cyrus led the way to the end of the hallway. He walked inside the room and stared in awe. The room was huge! The walls were painted a cerulean blue color. The carpet was black and worn. There were photos hanging up on the headboard of a black canopy bed. A closet was located in the far right corner of the room. The window was grimy and obscured, but the light was still able to penetrate the musty darkness that the old, dusty room caused. He walked by a black, old-fashioned dresser and a white desk, which seemed oddly out of place in her dark room. Papers were sticking out of random drawers throughout the room. Kit walked away from the desk that Cyrus had now chosen to observe. She sat down on the bed, causing the dust in the sheets and comforter to unsettle and to poof out into the air. It caused an eerie sort of glittering that was very peculiar. It made the room seem all that much creepier. Cyrus looked down at his feet. He was very close to stepping on a yellowed, old piece of paper. It was covered in dots and dashes. It was a score of music. It had no lyrics, but only notes on a staff. There were at least three notes per every one beat too. This was a piano piece for two hands. Why did Kit have this? He scanned the paper for a title. He couldn't find anything indicating that this was a full score of music. He waited until Kit fell asleep against her pillow before rummaging through her desk drawers. When he opened the first drawer, he found pens and pencils and quills of every shape, size, and color. There were blank sheets of paper in the bottom of that drawer as well. He shut that drawer quietly. He opened the second drawer and grinned. There were lots of papers covered in staves, notes, and everything else that Cyrus couldn't quite understand. He lifted them carefully out of the drawer and set them on the desk. Apparently, this music was all from the same song. Cyrus smiled at the neat, slanted,

tiny writing that was Kit's. He placed the random sheet of music he first picked up on the bottom, where it belonged. He then heard something in the distance. It sounded like it was coming from downstairs. He looked back at the sleeping form of Kit and then walked out of the room, still clutching the score of music. He walked down the old stairs and into the hallway that lead to the kitchen. There was a door directly beneath the stairs. It seemed to lead through the stairs though. Cyrus looked around, as though someone was testing him. He shook off that feeling and opened the door with his free hand. The pathway was dark, but there were no stairs leading into darkness. Did Kit know about this place? He walked into the darkness, regretting leaving his wand on Kit's desk. He froze in place in the middle of the darkness. He definitely heard something that time! He walked forward cautiously. It wasn't the sound of a person that he heard, however. It was a smooth, flowing sound. It was music that he heard. He closed his eyes and lifted his head, listening to the melody and feeling the urge to lie down and fall asleep. He put his free hand in front of him and continued to walk forward. He finally felt something cold and metallic sounding in front of him. His ring had clinked against the handle of a door. He turned the handle and heard another click before the door swung open noiselessly. Cyrus took a minute before his eyes could adjust to the sudden intake of light from the space into which he had just entered. When he opened his eyes, he found that he was in a large white room with glass windows all over the room. The moon shown in through the ceiling and a large black piano glimmered in the middle of the room. The keys weren't being pressed down, yet music still rang through the room. Cyrus hadn't seen this room from the outside of the house, so why could he see it now? This confused him a lot. He walked towards the piano. He set down the sheet music on the built-in stand on top of where the cover was. The lullaby that had been playing before had instantly ceased to play. A new, more haunting melody played in its place. The tune sounded solemn and sad. Cyrus decided to get Kit down there with him. He left the room, running a full speed. He sped up the old, creaky stairs and into Kit's room. He sprinted over to the bed and shook Kit by the shoulders. She jolted awake and yelped at the motion that shook her so violently.

"W... what is it... Rus?"

Cyrus was trying to catch his breath at the same time as explaining his situation.

"Room... downstairs! Some... music... huge... glass!"

Kit stared at him in awe, wondered what he was blathering on about.

"Where are you referring to? In this house?"

Cyrus just nodded and grabbed Kit's hand, yanking her down the stairs and towards the wall. He turned his head towards Kit and kept running forward. He didn't see anything before he slammed straight into the wall. He began to rub his nose furiously as the wall stayed in place. Where was the door? Had it left? Had it moved? Kit just shook her head.

"You were imagining things, Rus. I have no idea what you're talking about. I think you just need some rest. You can sleep on my bed tonight."

"B... but... I saw it! I really did!"

Kit nodded and shoed him off into her room. Why did the wall disappear and what was this old house trying to hide?

## 52 - Awaken My Memories

Well, he'd have to wait for Kit to leave again before her could check. She seemed slightly more comfortable than she was when they first arrived at the old house. Cyrus decided to wait until he could sneak past Kit and get into that room again. Kit soon fell asleep again and Cyrus had his cue. He got up from Kit's bed and walked cautiously down the steps again. He didn't see the door this time however. He sighed and walked into the kitchen. He felt disappointed and somewhat depressed suddenly. He sat down in an old wooden chair placed at a small table in the far side of the kitchen. He sighed again, looking at an old, dirty window above the sink. He shook the thoughts off of him and Kit being stuck in this old house. Had he really just imagined the door though? Thoughts of the room swam through his head, despite what he tried to focus on. He stood up and walked back into Kit's bedroom, lying down beside her on the bed. He closed his eyes and sighed, folding his arms across his chest. He slowly drifted off to sleep.

Cyrus walked down the stairs and turned suddenly. He saw an opening in the wall and felt for an invisible door. He pumped his free fist into the air, as he didn't feel a solid door. He walked into the opening and felt a slight breeze. He saw a white light by the piano, shining on a little girl on the beautiful white bench. A tiny, possibly six-year old, girl was sitting by the piano, propping sheet music up on the built-in stand. Cyrus saw the little blonde girl push her hair behind her ears. He stared in awe as she began to play a song. This was the song he had heard the other day! This little kid wrote this song? She kept adding little notes here and there in the piece. She was showing a caring, loving expression on her face. She seemed to hear Cyrus breathing, for she turned around quickly and stared at Cyrus. She had dazzling blue eyes and blonde hair to her shoulders. They were in low, pigtail braids. She had the most awkward expression on her face. She seemed happy to see him. She waved to him and gestured for him to join her. Cyrus looked at her, confused with the request. He pointed at himself and tilted his head to the side. The girl nodded and patted the bench beside her. Cyrus looked around him for anyone else and then shrugged it off, walking towards the middle of the room. The girl scooted over to the right of the bench and Cyrus took a seat beside her. She beamed and began to play the sing again. Cyrus saw her close her eyes and breathe in the music! She had so much emotion in every note that he felt dizzy.

"Why did you bring me here?"

Cyrus addressed the little girl. She stopped playing, ending on an E#. She looked at Cyrus. She opened her mouth to speak and failed to sound normal. She was amazing with a soft and pure voice.

"I knew that you would forget. You mustn't forget! Don't let the sound run out! He'll kill you all!"

The girl got up and dropped the sheet music all over the floor. She ran out the door and disappeared. Cyrus ran after the girl, calling out for her. He was able to say her name, but didn't know who she really was. He ran and ran but couldn't catch her. She kept running and running! Her red and black plaid dress flew out behind her and so did her hair. He felt the floor suddenly break beneath his feet. He was falling, so deep. He yelled for help, but no one was coming. Blackness consumed him. Voldemort's face showed, laughing evilly and death began consuming him.

"No! Not him! No!"

Cyrus woke up, panting. He had a cold washcloth pressed against his forehead. He was out of breath. He felt so hot. He heard nothing around him, however. He heard some clanking in the hallway and swearing and then the room door opened. Kit walked in and set a tray of empty glasses on the bedside table. She began fussing over him and covering him up with blankets. He felt so weird though. Why did that nightmare happen? Who was the little girl who played the piano so brilliantly? Why did she seem so

scared? He began to ponder the thoughts, but was interrupted by a pounding headache. His hands flew to his forehead and he wanted to slam his head against the pillow. He felt a slamming inside his skull, giving him the sensation of his head bursting. Kit ran over to him and lifted his hands from his face, waving her wand over him and muttering a spell under her breath.

“ Episky.”

Cyrus felt the relief of the headache lifting. He noticed then how cold and clammy his hands were. He was downright exhausted.

“ Kit... what happened to you?”

Kit’s face was so pale and her knees were shaking. She had red, bloodshot eyes and she was sniffing. Her hair was pulled back into a messy ponytail and her bangs hung in her eyes. She was shivering and holding her arms to her chest. Cyrus looked at her and took in her appearance and began to reach his hand to her. She pulled away and sank to the floor, crying in her hands. Her shoulders shook violently and she sobbed.

“ I thought... I... you... w... were... d... g... gonna... d... die! You w...were... so... s... in... p... pain! You yelled out to me, holding your head and clutching... a... at your s... stomach! You said ‘ kill me!’ and cried out in agony! You said his name! N... no!”

Kit sobbed harder and heard Cyrus kneel down beside her. He grabbed her shoulders and held her close. She was sobbing harder than she was just a moment before. She threw her arms around Cyrus and hugged him, crying into his shoulder. He stroked her hair and tried to calm her down. She was so sad. What had he said out loud? That nightmare was something unusual for sure.

## 53 - The Black Death

“ Kit... I’m so sorry... I’m so sorry...”

Cyrus held her for a minute or so before she began to settle down. Her sobbing reduced to sniffles and then she was more manageable.

“ Cyrus... w... we need to leave here. You said his name. That name’s cursed! Let’s leave, now!”

Kit yanked Cyrus close to her and grabbed both of their wands. She thought of Remus’s house and apparated, leaving Cyrus absolutely clueless. They landed a little ways away from the house. There was obviously protection if Remus knew what he was doing. Cyrus looked at Kit confusedly.

“ Where the bloody hell are we?”

Kit looked offended. She gave him the cold shoulder and turned away, sticking her nose in the air. Cyrus caught the drift.

“ Okay... I’m sorry Kit. Please forgive me.”

Cyrus waited for Kit to lower her head down first. When she did, Cyrus grabbed her relaxing shoulders and spun her around to face him. She now looked surprised. Cyrus kissed her. He let her go a moment later. Kit just grinned and blushed. She nodded and began to explain the sudden move from the old house. Cyrus now understood the reason for leaving so suddenly. He stood up and reached into his pocket. He pulled out a wallet that was actually very small. Kit gave him an odd look.

“ Oh, brilliant planning, Rus. You brought a wallet? What will that do for us, buy us a rubber duck at a muggle supermarket?”

Cyrus just smiled and began feeling around inside the wallet. When he then stuck his whole arm inside the wallet, Kit gasped.

“ What the...? Did you manage an expansion charm on that?”

Cyrus just grinned again and pulled out a small object.

“ Back up, Kit. Ready for this? We’ll camp way over here.”

Cyrus threw the little item on the ground and waved his wand that he had grabbed from Kit. The little object became a tent.

“ Whoa! Nice planning, Rus! That’ll hold both of us for a while?”

Cyrus nodded and looked at the tent skeptically.

“ It has a large bed, a small kitchen, and a living room with locks on every door. I got this as a birthday present a long time ago from Ireane.”

Kit just shook her head and smiled.

“ Well, Aurelia is with Lupin and Tonks. I now have you all to myself...”

Kit smirked and traced Cyrus’s cheek with her finger. He blushed and looked at his shoes. He was still shy. He beamed and walked into the tent. Kit followed, wondering what was his deal. When she got in, however, Cyrus was waiting by the door into another room. This tent was huge! Kit walked towards him and he disappeared into the room. Kit walked in as well, wondering why he was instigating a wild goose chase. Cyrus was sitting on the bed, looking slightly concerned. Kit walked over to him and sat down beside him.

“ Kit... I’ve decided to explain the outburst today... I had a nightmare...”

Cyrus continued with the explanation, only getting interrupted once because Kit insisted on putting up a dozen protective enchantments. When she was able to finally sit down and listen comfortably, Cyrus finished up his story. Kit looked concerned.

“ You said you saw a little girl? I wonder if she was...”

Kit muttered to herself and Cyrus strained to hear her.

“What was that, Kit?”

“Oh... nothing...”

Kit looked more spaced out than usual. Cyrus put a hand on hers.

“Don’t worry, I’m fine now. Everything’ll be all right now.”

Kit smiled warmly at Cyrus and leaned in close to him. She kissed him gently, letting him return the kiss to her. She sighed, looking at Cyrus’s eyes. He looked concerned.

“Rus... I know that you’re concerned... don’t deny it... please... I love you.”

Cyrus looked at Kit and felt his heart ache. Something was different when he saw her now. He didn’t see a little girl who he had a childish crush on. He saw a woman who he loved and cherished with his whole heart.

“Kit, you mean so much to me. What’s wrong with me being just a little bit freaked out by a dream?”

Kit just smiled and shook her head.

“Nothing at all. Sorry that I made a big deal of it.”

Cyrus smiled at Kit and pulled her close to him. He took her waist in his arms and pulled her so close that he could’ve made her swoon all over again. He decided just to kiss her though. He began to kiss her and let his hands wander a little bit. Kit just let him do as he pleased. Just as Cyrus was about to take off Kit’s shirt, a silver patronus came towards the bed in the tent.

“What the bloody hell is that thing doing here?”

Cyrus looked up at the patronus, glaring at it. Kit heard a pretty voice emanate from the figure.

“Hello Rus! Hi there, Kit! It’s me, Ireane! I want to see you guys soon! You should send me a patronus and let me come over! Talk to you soon!”

The patronus disappeared, leaving Cyrus astounded and Kit unsettled. Kit sighed, shaking her head.

“Well? Maybe she could help you. You still look pale. Let’s call her. Then we can. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!”

Kit screamed as a large black object came into the tent. It made its way towards her and began to make a vacuum-like sound.

“CYRUS!”

## 54 - When She Leaves...

Kit shrank back in fear and cried out as a searing pain tore through her body. Cyrus jumped up and grabbed for his wand. It wasn't there.

"Damn! Kit, where are you?"

The room went completely dark and the vacuum-like sound continued along with Kit's shrieks of pain. Cyrus finally felt his wand on the bedside table. He lifted it up and shot random spells at the thing. A scream as bad as death expelled from the creature, allowing light to fill the room again. Kit was on the floor, panting and out of breath. She had tears in her eyes and she was sweating horribly. Cyrus saw the last of the black creature disappear into the night. He then ran back over to Kit.

"Kit, are you alright?"

Kit grabbed Cyrus' sleeve and buried her face in it, curling up close to him. She was shaking quite badly.

"What was that thing?"

"I... I don't know... but it was so dark... I... I was scared..."

Cyrus had never really heard Kit proclaim fear to him. He made a firm decision on the spot.

"We're not safe anymore... whenever you're with me, something bad happens... maybe we should just..."

Kit looked up, letting go of his sleeve. She pulled away when he tried to take her hand.

"We should just what? What are you trying to say? Don't even tell me you're honestly thinking of..."

"Yeah, I was. It's the only way..."

Kit stood up defiantly.

"You liar! That is NOT the only way to solve this! We have Aurelia to think of! How could you even take that thought into consideration?!"

Kit was in a rage. Her ears were red behind her blonde hair and her eyes grew darker. It really had meaning though. He looked down at his feet and listened to Kit before getting to his feet as well.

"Kathryn Riddle, I love you more than life itself! THAT is why I say these things! I'll take care of Aurelia and you can go off somewhere else or something! We just need to avoid each other until this ends...!"

Kit had tears streaming down her cheeks, her nose red at the tip. She snatched her wand up from the ground with resentment and stormed from the tent. Cyrus ran out after her, watching her sprint to the nearest edge away from the barrier before apparating away.

Cyrus watched the empty air before dragging his feet back into the tent. He waited until he reached the bed before sinking onto it. He put his face in his hands and rubbed his face a couple of times. He tried to wipe away tears that were coming uncontrollably from his eyes. He felt so empty and alone inside. He told Kit to leave his side. He remembered back to the wedding when he had vowed to never leave her alone in the dark again. He broke his promise. He sunk his head back onto the pillow and finally settled down and slept.

A loud voice woke him up. He fell off of the bed in shock. He only had on his pants as he walked out of the tent. The protection had apparently left when Kit did. Lupin was standing in front of him.

"What are you doing here, Cyrus? Where's Kathryn? Isn't she with you? Aurelia has been restless and has been causing a problem of sleep deprivation. I think she misses her mother and father. But most of all..."

Cyrus looked at the ground, holding back any further comments. Lupin looked curiously at Cyrus, noticing the sudden downcast look in his eyes.



“ Kit left, last night...”

While looking at the ground Cyrus could observe Lupin’s shoes. He had a great sense of what looked good with his outfit. Wait! There was a pair of sparkly green shows next to Lupin’s. They were strappy heels. What in the world was Tonks wearing nowadays? He looked up and saw, in a green spring dress, Ireane. Her red hair flowed down over her shoulders.

“ Hey Russy, where’s Kit?”

Cyrus cleared his throat and coughed a few times before making eye contact with either Lupin or Ireane. Tonks happened to walk out as well, holding a dishtowel. She stopped about two feet behind Lupin and listened to Cyrus.

“ Last night, Kit and I were attacked by some sort of black creature... and Kit was scared and almost killed. I told her that being with me was dangerous and that it might just be wise to keep a distance between us until this whole fight with You-Know-Who is over... and she stormed out and apparated somewhere.”

Ireane stared, open-mouthed at Cyrus and watched him intently. Lupin kept a stoic expression on his face as he watched Cyrus’s reactions to everyone else. Tonks had her hands over her mouth and the dishtowel covered her face from the nose down. She had a look of gloom and worry on her face.

Cyrus felt horrible. The true reality of what he’d done hit him hard in the face. His heart felt as though it might as well have been ripped from his chest and tossed to a hippogriff. He sighed and covered his face with his right hand. He felt terrible. Ireane jumped into reality. She grabbed Cyrus by the shoulders and shook him violently.

“ We need to find her! YOU need to find her! She NEEDS you! Who knows what’ll happen if You-Know-Who finds her!”

Cyrus was stunned by Ireane’s sudden outburst. He looked at her with amazement and thankfulness. That was the special boost he needed to aid his confidence.

“ All right! I’ll do it!”

## 55 - Alone Once More

Ireane smiled, catching her breath.

“ Rus... I loved you. I still do, too. But right now, she needs you. You may have just sold your soul to the devil when you chose to marry her. But you have a child to take care of.”

She looked saddened by the fact that he was taken. Cyrus looked disheveled, but she couldn't take her eyes from him. Lupin shook his head, muttered something to Tonks, and left the tent, heading back to their house. Ireane just stood, her shoulders shaking. She was holding back tears. She threw herself into Cyrus' arms. She cried into his shoulder and wrapped her arms around him.

“ Oh Rus! I love you! I don't want to let you go!”

Cyrus was shocked by Ireane's sudden devotion to him. He thought of Kit and felt his heart sink into his stomach. He looked down at Ireane.

“ Ireane...”

He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close. He didn't know where Kit went, or what happened to her. He wanted desperately to see her again. He didn't even quite know why he was holding Ireane in his arms with such care. He just sighed and sat down on the bed again. He held Ireane in his arms until she fell asleep with tears still fresh in her eyes. Cyrus felt an overwhelming sense of guilt in the center of his heart. He felt pulled towards Ireane, even though he knew he loved Kit. Or, at least, thought he loved Kit. He lay down next to Ireane and closed his eyes, resting up for the moment. Kit couldn't believe what had been happening. Cyrus wanted her to go away, plain and simple. She felt her hatred for his bravery boiling deep inside her. He just wanted to help her. She knew that, but she wanted something more. She wanted him to trust that she could fend for herself. She shook off her anger at first, but then felt it return as she walked further. She didn't even know where she was anymore. She had been so clouded with rage that she hadn't paid attention to where she was.

“ Damn... where am I?”

She looked around. It was nearly dusk. She sighed and stopped in her tracks. She hugged her arms to her body and shivered. She knew that she shouldn't have left without supplies. Now, she was stuck without resources.

She felt different somehow, as if she was a different person completely. She felt like she was darkened from the soul and out. She felt weighed down by anger and hatred. But now, she felt different yet again. She felt anxious. She felt like she was being watched by something, watched by someone. She whipped her wand out and pointed it in every direction.

“ W... who's there? C... come out... I know you're in there!”

Nothing responded to her. Not even a blade of the dying grass moved in the seemingly non-existent breeze. She only heard the rapid breaths that she was taking. She was getting scared again. Chills crept up her spine and made her hair stand on end. She walked back a step and jumped at the crunching sound that the dry grass made beneath her feet. She was breathing quicker and quicker, finding it harder and harder to breathe.

“ Leave me alone! I didn't do anything!”

Something spoke.

“ Haven't you? I know what it's like, you know? I know what you feel. You are lonely, scared. You need something to be there. No, you need someONE to be there for you. I can help you.” Kit shook with fear.

“ Who are you?”

“ I am me. You are Kathryn Johnson. I know you. You know me. That's all you need to know, for now.”

“ B... but... that doesn't make sense... who are you.”

Kit stammered and stuttered, unable to find the words to describe this feeling inside her soul.

*“ I can help you, Kathryn. All I need, is your soul.”* Kit stared blankly into the sky.

“ I have nothing more to lose. Can you really help me?”

*“ Do you doubt me? Shall I prove myself worthy of a pureblood?”*

Kit looked stunned. How did this voice know she was a pureblood? She looked around skeptically again before confronting the voice.

“ No, I believe you.”

This was going to be the biggest mistake of her life.

“ Tell me what to do. Show yourself.”

*“Come to the clearing where the Quidditch World Cup was held. Come alone. Then, I'll show myself.*

*I'll help you, for a price...”* Kit barely heard the last part of this speech. She was readying herself for the lurch of apparation. She raised her wand and in an instant, she was on her way to the clearing.

Cyrus woke up, yawning loudly. He had experienced a very strange dream. He had seen Kit calling him. She had been in a familiar place, too. He shook off the awkward feeling and moved on. He looked beside him. The bed was empty. Ireane had left him, too.

“ Rus? You're awake now. I'm glad, I've probably been up for maybe two hours...”

Cyrus jolted up.

“ What time is it?!”

“ It's nearly nightfall, why?”

“ Come with me!”

Cyrus grabbed Ireane's arm and dragged her into Lupin's house. Tonks and Lupin were at the kitchen table, looking over some papers. Cyrus snatched a piece of parchment from the nearest free table. He took a quill from the table beside Tonks.

“ What are you doing, Cyrus?”

Cyrus caught his breath, sketching like a madman. He finally finished his masterpiece and shoved the paper into Lupin's face.

“ Have you seen this place somewhere?”

Lupin studied the parchment for a moment before he let out a gasp.

“ Why do you need to know, Cyrus?”

“ I had a dream and Kit was here, calling for me.”

“ This is the site of the Quidditch World Cup, let's go, now. I have a really bad feeling in my gut that something bad is going to happen.”

Lupin jumped up and took Tonks' hand. Ireane ran to the back room of the house and tried to stay away from the rest of the household. She just didn't feel the need to go as well. Cyrus grabbed Ireane's arm, careful to avoid startling her.

“ Come on, Ireane!”

He took her to Lupin and Tonks. They ran beyond the barrier protecting the house and apparated, quickly and efficiently.

The wind howled as the moon began to rise into the sky. Kit panted, realizing that she had apparated into the wrong clearing and had to meet the voice immediately. She finally hit the clearing, grinning to herself. She had made it at last. She looked up, hearing a deadly silence fall over the ground. Darkness unlike any other fell upon the clearing, the only light being the moon. The lumos spell she had been conjuring lost its effect and died out. In front of her, with glowing red eyes, was Lord Voldemort.

Cyrus felt the familiar sensation of being separated from his stomach. He finally hit the ground, catching himself from falling. He heard Ireane scream quickly and then felt her hide behind him. Lupin drew in a quick breath and Tonks groaned morbidly. He looked up, his eyes adjusting to the darkness. His father

stood in the clearing before him. Kit was there, looking at Cyrus. Their eyes met, causing Cyrus to shiver. Kit's eyes were dark and cold. These weren't even cold like when she was under the imperious curse. This was a whole new personality.

"Kit... what are you... doing?"

Kit stared blankly at him before looking back at Voldemort. She stared at Voldemort without a word. Voldemort began to chuckle, nearly nonexistent at first, but it evolved into a maniacal laughter. Cyrus became cold. His expression became stone and he stared at his father with a passion of hatred. Then, Voldemort spoke in a cold, chill-inducing voice.

"My dear boy, Kathryn is merely seeking someone to stay with her. She needs somebody to... depend on."

Cyrus lunged towards Kit to drag her backwards.

"Damn you! Damn you! Don't touch her! I love her!"

Kit pulled away from Cyrus. He froze, staring at Kit. Kit walked away from him, looking back as she neared his father. Cyrus' jaw slackened. He stared at Kit. She looked at him and made eye contact one time.

"Do you?"

Kit looked back solemnly at Voldemort. He lifted his arm and took Kit's shoulders and pulled her to him gently. He began to disappear into his black, fog-like form. Cyrus ran after him.

"No! Don't take her from me! Not again!"

Kit looked at Cyrus, tears forming in her eyes. A single tear fell from her eye as she and Voldemort evaporated into thin air. Cyrus stood, staring at the spot where Kit was just standing. Tears fell down his cheeks rapidly. He lost it completely.

**"DAMNIT! I HATE YOU! BRING HER BACK! BRING HER BACK TO ME! NO!"**

He fell to his knees, shaking violently. His shoulders were vibrating at a speed that changed every second. Lupin saw this and pulled back Ireane, who was trying to go to Cyrus and hold him. Cyrus slammed his fists on the hard, cold ground. Ireane had a tear in her eye as well. Lupin went forward to Cyrus. They had been near the tree line, so Lupin stayed near the trees at first.

"Cyrus, you need to get up. You're not helping by making a huge scene."

Cyrus turned to Lupin with a fire in his eyes. He stood up with amazing speed and slammed Lupin against a tree.

**"SCENE?! I AM NOT MAKING A SCENE! THAT DAMN VOLDMORT TOOK HER! I'LL MAKE A SCENE!"**Tonks ran past Ireane and pointed her wand at Cyrus.

"*Stupefy!*"Cyrus fell to the ground, unconscious. Ireane was shaking with fear, holding back her tears. What was going to happen to him? What was happening to them all?

## 56 - Just a Dream?

There was a rustling in the trees nearby. Ireane turned on her heel and crouched defensively in front of Cyrus.

“ Who are you? What do you want?!”

“ Wait! Don't do anything! Is he gone?”

The silvery voice rang from the trees. Ireane gasped and nodded slightly, shaking a little bit.

“ Good, I'm coming out now.”

Kit walked out of the trees slowly, cautiously.

“ What the...?”

Ireane was about to accuse her when she noticed the huge wounds that leaked blood all over her body. Her shirt was in tatters and her pants were sliced and dirty. Her hair was in a frizzy, messy ponytail and she was out of breath.

“ What happened to you, Kit?”

“ Long story... werewolves and death eaters. They're gone now, though.”

Kit walked forward with a determined pace, her limp was barely noticeable. She sunk down on the ground beside Cyrus.

“ Rus? Cyrus, you all right? Rus?”

Cyrus stirred slightly, his face pinched in pain. Ireane gasped and felt her eyes beginning to tear up. She tugged on Lupin's shirtsleeve and the three of them, including Tonks, left the clearing so Kit and Cyrus could be alone.

“ Cyrus... Rus... sweetheart... are you okay?”

Cyrus stirred again and his eyes flickered open. He felt around with his hand and found hers.

“ I'm dead... heaven... it does exist... you're here... he got you... no...”

“ No! Cyrus, snap out of it! We're fine! I tricked him! I used a replication spell. Please...”

Cyrus sat up, grabbing Kit in his arms.

“ Oh Kit!”

She smiled and held her husband in her arms.

“ I never would leave you, I promise. I love you.”

Cyrus beamed, tears streaming down his cheeks. These were new tears, tears of joy. He took Kit's face in his left hand and pulled her lips to his. He kissed her long and passionately, ecstatic to be with her. He finally pulled his face away and looked at her.

“ What happened?”

“ Werewolves, death eaters, stuff... like trees... you know?”

Cyrus pulled her to him again. He cradled her in his arms, refusing to loosen his hold on her.

“ Did he hurt you? Was any of this his fault?”

Kit shook her head, sighing.

“ No, I used that as a ruse. It's too complicated, I'm sorry...”

He shook his head defiantly.

“ Don't you ever do that to me again, you hear me?”

She smiled weakly and nodded, her messy hair falling in her face. Cyrus stroked the hair from her face to tuck it behind her ears.

“ Rus, we should go... everyone will be wondering about the truth of the matter, as I'm sure you're curious as well... am I right?”

Cyrus nodded his head, slowly standing up, his knees ached as he stood. He held out his hand for Kit to take. She took it and he helped her to her feet. Cyrus pulled Kit as close to him as possible. He pecked her swiftly on the cheek before they would apparate. Kit began to snicker.

“What? What’s so amusing to you? Why’re you laughing?”

He was starting to become frustrated. He just had a huge emotional breakdown and she found it funny?

“Have you seen yourself? You look like you’ve been through hell.”

Cyrus cocked his head to one side. Was it really that bad? Kit handed him a compact from her pocket. It was all ready open and the silvery mirror presented his reflection. He looked hideous! His eyes were puffy and red, his nose tipped by red, too. His hair was ruffled all over the place, a cowlick heaven. Dirt and grass stains covered him from head to toe. Blood and dirt from his fall was smudged on his face. He had various cuts from the ground and surrounding twigs and thorns, too.

“Oh my... I see what you mean...”

Cyrus snickered as well, stroking Kit’s cheek with his thumb.

“Come on, Scruffy, let’s get you home. Our home, this time.”

Cyrus smiled.

“I like the sound of that.”

Kit held Cyrus’ hand and pulled her wand from her pocket. She closed her eyes and waved the wand in one fluid movement. The world swirled quickly, then slowed gradually to a stop. They were now in front of Lupin’s house. Kit pocketed her wand and squeezed Cyrus’ hand.

“It’ll be all right. They honestly can’t be too angry. It was for a good cause, after all. We had to keep You-know-who away from Aurelia and everyone else.”

Cyrus nodded. Kit was right, too. The safety of their family came before personal safety. It was Kit’s way of living effectively. It was a good, if somewhat dangerous, method for living her life. The exact same thing would’ve been done if he’d been in her shoes.

“Kathryn Riddle, you are my life, my reason for living. If that ever happens again let me know. Ireane will not get between us ever again and honestly...”

Cyrus blushed crimson. Kit tilted her head, confused.

“What, Rus? Honestly what?”

“I’m more excited about later, I mean, when we’re finally alone... you know...”

Kit smiled and pulled his belt loops on his jeans, tugging him towards her.

“Yeah, me too. I mean, Aurelia must be pretty lonely...”

Cyrus grinned menacingly at her.

“I wonder what Ireane would think if...!”

Cyrus’ thoughts were interrupted by Kit’s lips, forceful against his. She obviously didn’t appreciate his mentioning of the name Ireane. Kit pulled away.

“This is about you and me... got it?”

Cyrus nodded, slightly petrified by her assertiveness. Kit took his hand, letting go of his belt loops. She pulled him towards the house, rushing slightly.

When the two of them arrived inside, everyone was in the living room. Ireane was cradling Aurelia in her arms while Lupin and Tonks waited on the couch. Lupin and Tonks stood upon their arrival, offering the seat to Kit and Cyrus. The couple sat down, Kit staring at the floor and Cyrus making eye contact with Lupin.

“Kathryn Riddle... you are disappointing me. You will never run off like that again, do you hear me?

What you did was stupid and ridiculous! What if the dark lord had actually taken you? What would you do about Aurelia and Cyrus and the rest of your friends?”

“What friends, Remus, Ireane? She’s no friend of mine. I’m sorry, but you are interfering with Cyrus and I. Sometimes, we just need to be alone and...!”

Kit froze. Aurelia woke up, opening her eyes. She looked at Kit and Cyrus and reached for her mother. Ireane walked slowly over to the couple and gently handed Aurelia to Kit. In the midst of the process, however, Aurelia opened her mouth.

“ M... mama?”

Kit gasped and tears welled up in her eyes. Her child just said her first word! Kit squealed with delight.

“ Oh Rus! She just said ‘mama’ to me! My baby!”

Kit pulled Aurelia into her arms and smiled affectionately.

“ Can you say ‘dada’, Aurelia?”

Kit cooed at Aurelia and smiled broadly. Cyrus rushed over and kneeled in front of Kit and Aurelia, grinning proudly and triumphantly.

“ Kit! She said her first words! She’s so amazing!”

He smiled at Kit and took her free left hand. Lupin couldn’t find it in him to yell at Kit anymore. Aurelia was like a grandchild to him and he was enjoying sharing her special moment with the people he loved.

“ Kathryn, Cyrus, go to your house. Tonks and I put up a barrier and picked up the mess that was left there. Not your fault, of course, but all the same. You should bring her back, too. We added a few things, gifts, to her repertoire.”

Kit smiled and blushed, embarrassed by Lupin’s kindness.

“ Thank you. I promise, I won’t ever do that again...”

“ Good for you. Now...”

“ Unless it’s necessary, of course.”

Lupin sputtered, surprised by Kit’s sudden decision.

“ Kathryn! Get back here!”

By the time Lupin got these words out of his mouth, Kit had already grabbed Cyrus’ hand and Aurelia, and bolted away from the house, so as to be able to apparate home. Lupin shook his head.

“ That girl...”

## 57 - Once Upon a Lullaby

The spinning sensation caused Aurelia to look slightly sickened. She looked about ready to vomit, but proceeded to giggle at the dizzy feelings that tingled through her sensitive body.

“Cyrus, let’s tuck our little girl in. She looks exhausted.”

This was true. Aurelia had slight bags under her shining eyes. She yawned as if to agree with her mother. Cyrus nodded, stifling a yawn of his own. Kit grinned and pulled him inside of their home, which she had made her way to during her brief conversation with him. She opened the beautiful front door to their newly refurbished house.

The home smelled lightly of lilacs and pomegranate. That was the only scent Kit could compare the smell to. She walked up the wooden stairs and heard Cyrus following her up. She waited for him at the top of the staircase. He made it up, dark bags under his blue eyes. He grinned wearily at her. She pulled his hand with her free hand, holding Aurelia tightly to her body with the other. Cyrus beat Kit to the door, however, and opened it, revealing Aurelia’s new room configuration.

“Come on sweetheart, time for bed.”

Kit cooed gently at Aurelia and walked gracefully to the crib. She waited until Cyrus lowered the bars of the crib before leaning over it and setting Aurelia in it. Kit pulled the powder pink covers over her daughter, watching her yawn again.

“Good night Aurelia. Sleep tight.”

With this, Kit kissed Aurelia’s soft forehead and moved to allow Cyrus room to kiss her as well. Aurelia looked almost expectantly at Kit. Kit felt stupid! As Cyrus pulled up the bars on the crib, Kit walked over to the dresser and pulled off the crib clip. She picked it up and brought it back to the crib. She tightly secured the item in place and flicked the switch. The dark blue orb spun slowly, creating the effect of moving midnight stars around the entire dark room. A lullaby resonated from the orb as well.

“My mother taught me this song...”

Cyrus listened carefully to it. It was oddly familiar to him. A beautiful piano solo was chiming in the air. He shrugged it off and took Kit’s hand, walking out of the room with her, quietly shutting the door to the bedroom. They made their way to the master bedroom, their room. Cyrus looked over at Kit, who was staring ahead, smiling to herself, probably thinking about Aurelia’s first words. She was oblivious to the way he felt. This included the good ways and the bad ones. He pulled her into the dimly lit room and pushed the door shut with his foot. He pushed Kit towards the bed seductively. She finally caught on to what he was up to as he pushed her down on the bed and put his face close to hers.

“Not tonight, Cyrus.”

“Why not? I almost lost you for good! Do you even know what that’s like?!”

He felt his eyes stinging and his head throbbed. Kit was taken aback.

“Cyrus! No! I don’t mean it in a way that I don’t want you, too! I meant that you are tired. You have bags under your eyes that could fit a troll in them. You need to sleep tonight, not be distracted by a meager thing like sleeping with me!”

Cyrus looked away from her, pulling up off of her as well. He turned to face the window, which was covered with white, lacy curtains.

“Rus... what’s on your mind?”

He ignored this, listening to the faint sound of the lullaby coming from Aurelia’s bedroom.

“Kit... what is the name of that lullaby?”

“Why?”



Cyrus shrugged his shoulders.

“ Just wondering...”

“ It’s titled, *A River Flows in You*, by the composer, Yiruma. It’s a lovely piece of music. I can play that, you know.”

“ Can you play it on the player piano in the living room?”

Kit nodded to him, retying her hair back into a ponytail as she stood up.

“ Come on, I’ll show you.”

The two of them began a slow walk down to the living room. Once they arrived, Cyrus stood behind Kit. She sat herself down on the piano bench and lightly brushed her fingertips across the ivory keys. She looked at Cyrus for confirmation.

“ Go on, I’m listening to you, I promise.”

Kit smiled weakly, turning back to face the eager keys. She began a slow, soft melody. Her fingers moved smoothly across the face of the keys, white and black being synchronized into one tremendously gorgeous sound. Cyrus backed up suddenly, remembering slightly where he heard this before. Kit’s profile was vaguely familiar to him as well. Then, suddenly, out of nowhere, he cried out, slumping down onto the couch he had backed into. Kit stopped playing abruptly and ran over to him.

“ Oh my god! Cyrus! Are you okay? What happened?”

Cyrus couldn’t speak. He knew where the music was from and why her profile was scaring him.

“ Kit... you... at... piano... it...”

Cyrus stuttered, unable to get out a decipherable word.

“ What Cyrus? You’re not making any sense! What about the song? Is something bugging you?”

Cyrus nodded.

“ Remember when we visited your old house?”

“ Yeah, why?”

“ Well... can you recall me having a nightmare?”

Kit nodded. What was Cyrus getting at?

“ Well... in that nightmare, I saw a little blonde girl playing the piano. She was playing this song! She told me about ‘him’ and such with a warning and she was scared! She was frightened! She was a little you!”

Kit looked at him, her eyes were full of concern.

“ Cyrus...”

Kit hugged him close to her, cradling his head against her chest, letting him listen to her heartbeat.

“ Hush, sweetheart. You need to go to sleep. You’re obviously exhausted. We’re fine now, alright?”

Cyrus sighed, biting his lip. He nodded, wrapping his arms around her.

“ Let’s go to bed... I... I just don’t know anymore...”

Kit smiled and hummed quietly. She waited a moment and then stood up slowly. She pulled the tired Cyrus to his feet. He followed her almost mechanically up the stairs and to their bedroom.

Once they reached the bedroom again, Cyrus slumped down on the soft bed. Kit joined him there, taking off her socks on the way. He watched her intently as she took a seat on her side of the bed. She lay on her back, feeling Cyrus shift his weight on the bed. She closed her eyes and felt him move closer to her, pulling her to him.

“ G’night Kit.”

“ Good night, Cyrus.”

Kit kissed his forehead and felt herself drifting to sleep.

## 58 - Teased

She woke up at 2:56 a.m. and looked around. The room was dark and she was alone. She sat up and slid her feet off of the bed.

“Rus?”

She whispered Cyrus' name into the darkness of the room. She heard a thud on the first floor. She pulled herself up off of the bed and made her way out of the room.

Aurelia was still asleep and the lullaby still rang out of her bedroom. Kit made her way down the stairs and saw a light on in the living room.

“Cyrus?”

“I'm in here, Kit.”

Kit followed Cyrus' voice into the living room. He was sitting on the couch, sketching something on his sketchpad.

“What're you drawing, Rus?”

Cyrus looked up and blushed.

“I was drawing you, from the wedding. Your beauty was absolutely stunning. I wanted to make a tribute to that day. It made me the happiest man in the wizarding world, I can promise you that.”

Kit blushed as well, grinning and brushing loose strands of hair behind her ears. She walked over to him and sat down beside him, looking down at the sketchpad. The drawing was so intricate. It detailed every aspect of Kit's wedding gown and veil. The only thing left undone was the face.

“I'm not quite finished with it. I just can't seem to get your facial expression right. It was too beautiful...”

Kit smiled and laughed, hugging Cyrus.

“I love you, Cyrus... I love you so much.”

Kit threw herself into his arms, hearing his sketchbook and quill hit the table. She pressed her lips against his lips forcefully, hoping he would catch the drift. He did manage to catch on. He returned the kiss eagerly, rubbing her waist and hips in the process.

“Oh Kit... mmmm...”

Cyrus pressed Kit down against the couch on her back. He slid his hand under her shirt and continued his enjoyment for a moment. Kit seemed like she was holding back, though.

“Why aren't you into this?”

Kit blushed, rubbing her head with her newly freed hand.

“I think we should take this to the bedroom... ya know? Maybe avoid waking our baby... please? I don't want her to wake up during that...”

She blushed again, still embarrassed by her and Cyrus' rendezvous that happened occasionally.

“Oh, alright... I think I can wait that long...”

“And, Cyrus, you'll be... you know... using that spell... to avoid another unexpected pregnancy... I believe Remus would slaughter you if I expected another baby...”

Cyrus nodded, smiling, not just with his face, but his eyes sparkled with love, too.

“Kathryn Riddle... you are my life now... I will do whatever you say...”

“So... if I said to wait until tomorrow to continue this... you would do it, right?”

“What? No! You can't just lead me on like that and then give up! I...!”

Kit silenced him with a deep kiss.

“Oh hush, I was kidding! Meet me upstairs... I need to check on something...”

Cyrus nodded and stood up, fluffing his mussy blonde hair. He waltzed happily up the staircase,

humming to himself.

Kit followed behind him slowly, slowing to a stop in front of Aurelia's door. She opened the door and peeked into the star-lit bedroom. Aurelia's eyes were closed and her chest rose slowly and steadily. She had her lips slightly turned into a smile. She must've been having a nice dream. Kit looked around and then walked over to her daughter, stroking her cheek gently. She just leaned against the crib bars, gazing and stroking her cheek. She felt a slight breeze as the door opened slowly. Warm breath came down the back of her neck.

"She looks like you..."

Kit smiled at Cyrus' warm voice. He was right. She nodded taking his hand in her free one.

"I say she looks more like you, Rus... she's beautiful... just like her daddy..."

Cyrus kissed the hollow just behind Kit's ear. She withdrew her hand from Aurelia's crib and turned to face Cyrus, a wicked grin spreading across her face.

"Meet me in the bedroom... I'll join you in a moment..."

Cyrus smiled and nodded, taking his hand back and walking quietly out of the room. Kit turned back to face Aurelia, bending over and kissing her forehead before leaving the room.

Kit made her way into the bedroom, catching Cyrus making muscles in the mirror on the closet door.

She held her breath to keep herself from bursting into laughter. Unfortunately, it didn't quite work.

"Haha! Oh my god! Cyrus! Haha!"

Kit felt her eyes beginning to water as she laughed. Cyrus turned fluorescent pink with humiliation. He took a huge step in the exact opposite direction of the mirror, folding his arms across his chest, sulking. Why did Kit walk in on that?

"Come on... it wasn't that funny..."

"It was hysterical and you know it! Oh gosh!"

Kit covered her mouth to try and suppress her giggles, but to no avail. She closed her eyes and took three deep breaths and then calmed down.

"Oh Cyrus... I love you..."

"Yeah... okay..."

Kit moved towards him, taking his hands in hers once she got close enough.

"Don't be angry... I love you... now we'd better get going before I change my mind again..."

Cyrus couldn't help but to smile at her. She stood on her tiptoes and kissed him gently.

"Play nicely, alright?"

Cyrus grinned and nodded, taking Kit in his arms and laying her down on the bed on her back. He began to kiss her and finally decided to take off his clothing and Kit's along with it. His clothes were deposited at the foot of his bed and he refused to break his kiss with Kit. The early morning continued with muffled sounds from the master bedroom.