

Summary: When a spell goes wrong, Harry and Hermione find themselves mentally connected. The only problem is, they can't control what they do and do not hear. But it's not like either has anything to hide, right? Hogwarts starts at 15.

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Festering Snakes

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Draco stared into the fire, his mind lost in thought as he twirled a small ring between his fingers. The ring in question was once owned by his father. Gleaming silver and white opal stone inset within a drakon's mouth. It was a ring to be worn by the Malfoy heir. Lucius received it from his father Abraxas, and in time gave it to Draco himself.

It was the last gift Draco ever received from his father, before that monster took his life.

In truth, Draco didn't have the faintest clue if his father still lived. He dearly hoped not, for what worse torture could there be over being trapped in your own mind while a vengeful geist puppets your body.

He sighed and held the ring before his face. It was tempting to simply throw the accursed thing in the fire and be done with it. Forget the woes of a dead man and perform the duty his master assigned him.

Yet despite everything, despite his father's vileness in life and contempt he held for Draco...Draco still loved his father.

Three shapes approached from the corner of his eye. At this time of night, it could only be one group who'd seek him out. Quickly showing the ring, Draco sat up and greeted them coolly.

"Nott, Macnair, Hodges." He nodded to the three heirs.

They in turn nodded back, sitting one by one in a stiff uncomfortable silence.

“To what do I owe the pleasure gentlemen?” Draco drawled with barely veiled annoyance.

“We wish to discuss the plan.” Macnair, the eldest of them, growled.

Draco raised an eyebrow. “Plan? And which plan would that be?”

“Save the theatrics Malfoy.” Nott snarled. “You know as well as I do what we speak about. The plan to see our mission completed. The plan to end Albus Dumbledore once and for-“

Nott was silenced by Draco’s wand jabbed painfully into the boy’s cheek. “Be careful of where you spill such poisonous words you fool!” Draco seethed. “You forget the power of this castle bows to Dumbledore. One cannot be sure which walls have ears.”

Nott gulped and nodded. Pulling back his wand slowly, but still trained on the rat faced boy, he regarded the other two with contempt.

“This is not something we can simply ‘hash out’ over a brief fireside chat. First we need information. About Dumbledore, his schedule, his habits, and so on. We also need to asses our resources. A small group of bloody students are not going to triumph over one of the most powerful wizards in the world with just our wands.” Draco bit out. “Gather every tome of curses, spells, fucking childish jinxes for all I care that your family has access to. Macnair I believe your family library has more than a few rare editions hmm?”

The older boy grunted an affirmation. “My uncle can send me some nasty artifacts as well.”

That, Draco had no doubt of. The old executioner was a very adamant collector of horrid and dangerous cursed objects.

“Good. Hodges you and Nott can then set about keeping an eye on Dumbledore. His coming and goings, when he eats, everything. Nott you may even right to your own uncle and see if he knows of any obscure listening and tracking charms the old codger would have never heard of.”

“And what will your part be in all this?” Hodges asked him with a sneer. “While our duty is merely one born from fealty to our lord, yours Draco, is one out of necessity. Or does your mother’s survival not hinge on our success?” The pockmarked boy smirked cruelly towards Draco.

Draco narrowed his eyes at the boy, his wand arm practically snarling to curse the insipid fool where he sat. But he could hardly give the sniveling coward the satisfaction now could he?

No, Draco knew what a fool like Hodges saw in this. Glory and reverence in the eyes of their lord, not a death sentence as it truly was. Each boy dared not question why they, the children of those foolishly apprehended by the aurors, were chosen for such an ‘honor’.

Draco could barely hold back his scoff. Glorious purpose indeed.

Did they really think they had a chance against a man who even their master feared? Draco knew the truth. They were but lambs to the slaughter, punishment for their fathers’ failures.

Draco refused to be one of them. His mother’s life depended on it.

“As it so happens I have another duty to fulfill for the Dark Lord. One he assigned to me only.”

The three boys seemed taken aback by this. “You?! What’s so important the Dark Lord chose you to carry it out?!” Nott sputtered.

“Nothing you need to concern yourself with.” Draco drawled as he stood. He cast one last look at the fire, letting its orange glow warm him. As he did, slowly he removed his father’s ring and tipped it into the fire.

He needn’t waste his thoughts on a man who long drew his last breath. His mother still yet lives, and that was enough for him.

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One by one they filed into the classroom. After a relatively normal first week back at Hogwarts, many of the fifth year Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs were excited for their very first class with the new DADA professor.

Among the chatter sat a trio of students just as excited as the rest, albeit for different reasons.

“Suppose she’ll do like Crouch Junior and pull out the unforgivables on the first day?” Harry hummed to his friend and girlfriend. Absentmindedly he scratched another X onto his and Ron’s game of tic-tac-toe. Beside him, Hermione shook her head at their childish game and continued to read her defense textbook.

“Nah mate, knowing Tonks, we’ll have to face down a horde of Shrieking Harpy Wasps while singing God Save the Queen.” The redhead snorted. “Ah bollocks!”

Harry chuckled as his friend lost another game of tic-tac-toe. Chess genius he may be, but Ron was pants at every other game.

They had no time for another round as Tonks suddenly swept into the room clad in a set of professional dueling robes. Everyone barely had the chance to quiet down before she turned sharply and regarded them with a look of annoyance.

“What the hell are you lot sitting around for?! Up you get!” She shouted. “Clear the middle! C’mon now, move your arses!”

A few people gasped at the woman’s flippant use of cursing in front of her students but Tonks paid them no heed. Instead she continued to usher them out of their seats and away from the center of the room. Finally, when everyone was out of the way, she flicked her wand back and forth in an elaborate motion. The desks and chairs around the room shuddered and groaned as they lifted in the air. Harry watched as the furniture swirled around the center, creaking loudly as

the stiff wood was transformed into a sturdy wooden platform. Said platform landed gently in the middle of the room, the perfect size to host a mock duel.

“Perfect! Wish McGonagall were here to see that...” Tonks finished with a mutter. “Now!” She turned to regard them all once more. “Who here can tell me what the object of dueling is?”

No one dared to answer her question at first, too scared of getting the answer wrong and embarrassing themselves in front of the new professor. Harry, Hermione, and Susan refused to answer as well, choosing to take a back seat during Tonks first class to give her some room to breath so to speak. Thankfully, someone found their courage and stepped forward.

“Uhm... to win?” Justin Finch-Fletchley guessed.

Tonks clicked her tongue. “Close. C’mon up on the platform kid.” Justin gulped but did as he was told, clamboring up the wooden dais as Tonks stepped onto the other side. “Alright then. Let’s put your answer to the test kid.” Tonks said as she raised her wand. “We’re going to duel, and your goal...is to win.”

Justin barely had time to brandish his wand before the metamorph flung three quick hexes his way. The blonde hufflepuff yelped and ducked the first two, but was tagged in the left shoulder by the last. He cried and cradled his left arm, dropping his wand in the process. Before he could realize his mistake, another spell slammed into his chest, this one wrapping his entire body up with a large, lacey pink ribbon. It even had a bow.

The stunned student body morphed from shock to amusement as they laughed at their classmates current predicament. Even Tonks let out a soft snort at Justin’s rapidly reddening face.

“C’mon Finch-Fletchley, if you’re gonna drop your wand from a simple stinging hex then you deserve something like this.” Tonks muttered. With a flick of her wand, Justin was freed and

levitated to his feet. "Now can anyone tell me where he went wrong? No? Mr. Finch-Fletchley?"

"I- I got caught off guard?" Justin asked as he blushed even deeper.

Tonks smiled and gave the boy a nod. "Correct! Your mistake here was thinking it was going to be a fair duel. You waited for me to shout begin, or perhaps even bow." She turned to the rest of the class. "In a real duel there will be no bowing or timeouts. Your opponent, regardless if they are a wizard or dark creature, will not wait for you to prepare yourself. You all laugh at Mr. Finch-Fletchley, yet I highly doubt many of you would've been able to dodge a single one of those hexes, much less two." Tonks clasped a hand on the boy's shoulder. "You did good kid, go join your friends. Now! Who's next?"

What followed was a 30 minute montage of Tonks trouncing student after student. Demolishing their piss-poor attempts at duelling one by one in all manner of embarrassing, and slightly painful, ways

Ron nudged Harry's ribs from where they stood towards the back. "Harry?"

"Yeah mate?"

"I think I'd rather the Shrieking Harpy Wasps right about now."

"Me too mate. Me too."

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It was several hours later when Harry saw Tonks again. He and Susan were up together reviewing their Care of Magical Creatures homework while Hermione and Daphne were once more huddled together, muttering over their long sheafs of parchment and Dumbledore's old tome.

The rooms given to them by McGonagall were usually reserved for graduated students staying

on for another year to complete a mastery or apprenticeship under one of the other professors. However, as of now, the rooms were quite empty and open for Harry and the others to use.

It was comprised of four rooms staggered around a small staggered staircase that lead down into the main living area. Said living area was no more than a small common room, comprised of a single sofa, a few chairs, and two desks tucked away in the far corner. Desks were also provided in each of their rooms as well, so Hermione and Daphne had seen fit to push the two extra together to form one big, super desk, large enough to fit their project.

Everyone jumped as the door slammed open, Susan yelping in surprise as the bottle of ink she was holding spilled down her shirt, staining the thin yellow garment dark black.

“Wotcher you lot!” The auror chirped as she bounded into the room.

“Really Tonks?!” Susan screeched. “I liked this shirt!”

The pink-haired witch rolled her eyes and gave her wand a flick, instantly vanishing all the ink soaked into Susan’s shirt.

“Oh...well thank you.” The Hufflepuff said much more calmly.

“Anyway...” Tonks chuckled. “What did you all think of my first class?”

“Brilliant!”

“Scary.”

“A bit intense.”

“I wasn’t even there.”

Tonks snorted at Daphne’s last response and flopped back into the closest chair.

“Glad you all enjoyed it. Next one will be more toned down. Just wanted to set the record

straight from day one.” The metamorph rolled her back irritably. “Tell you what though, knocking all those little shites’ skulls together really tuckered me out. You three certainly didn’t help things.” Tonks said pointedly towards Harry, Susan and Hermione.

She was right as well. While there had been a few of their classmates who put up a decent fight, Tonks saved them for last, going all out with her spells like she did with their practice duels at Grimmauld.

Needless to say they’d each given their classmates a show, with Harry being the last to go up against Tonks. They both held back in the fight, not wanting things to get too crazy. The duel lasted all the way until the bell rang, with both he and Tonks looking extremely haggard and tired by the end of it. Neither had won or lost, but a few more minutes and Harry was sure Tonks would’ve gained the upper hand.

He had developed by leaps and bounds over the last year, but Tonks wasn’t Alastor Moody’s last great prodigy for nothing.

“How’s leading the castle’s security detail going? Any trouble so far?” Harry asked.

Tonks scrunched her nose with a shake of her head. “Nothing big outside of the Weasley twins trying to sneak in three kegs of firewhiskey the second night here. I was half tempted to let them get away with it just by the sheer fucking gall they had to try something like that.”

“What did you do with all the alcohol?” Susan asked curiously.

“Gave it to Hagrid. Who else could drink that much bloody whiskey besides a half-giant.” Tonks snorted. “Did let the twins keep two bottles they had stashed in their robes. I’m not heartless afterall.” Tonks stretched once more and groaned. “Other than that, nothing major. I’ve got people looking into the older Slytherin students like you said. They make a move, we’ll know.”

That was good. They had wasted no time in informing her of their suspicions involving those

they saw on the platform. What they were up to, Harry and the girls still didn't know, but at least now it'd be a whole lot harder for that lot to carry out their plan with auror's watching their every move.

"Still, keep an eye out yeah?" Tonks said as she stood. "I got to go check in with Hes', you three be good and remember to use protection!"

The metamorph left laughing at her own joke while the others simply rolled their eyes at her antics.

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The air was cold, cold and heavy with a darkness that even shadows shied away from. The only source of light was that of a small candle burning away on his desk. Yet he didn't mind the cold, in fact he revelled in it. The chill in the air doing wonders to numb the ache's and pains that haunted this rotting vessel.

The silence of the room was only broken by his wheezing gasps, his pitiful lungs laboruing hard to simply draw breath.

It ws an accursed existence to be sure, one that filled his very twisted soul with rage and hatred. Alas, it was an existence all the same, one that would keep him safe from his one true fear where other magics had failed him.

His musings were broken as a knock sounded from the door.

"Enter." He hissed, the words taking more energy away from him than he would ever admit.

The door opened slowly, admitting three of his most trusted followers. The first dropped the floor and bowed deeply, whispering words of praise as she did so.

"Rise Bellatrix and silence your retched blithering." Voldemort commanded. "I trust you and Rodolphus managed to obtain the item?"

"We were my lord!" Bellatrix cooed. "The goblins had no problem looking the other way while we collected it. Those greedy little slugs will do anything for a few measley galleons!" His most devout follower laughed.

Voldemort smiled, the rotting flesh of his face contorting into a truly horrific visage. "Good! You two have done well. Give me the goblet."

Rodolphus handed the golden chalice over as commanded. In turn, Voldemort took it greedily, his rotting smile widening as the gleaming house symbol of Helga Hufflepuff shone back at him. The goblet itself was of no importance to him, his youthful fancy over the founders having long passed. No, it was what the goblet hosted that he sought.

He could hear it, *feel it* reaching out. Begging to be assimilated back to its rightful place. The energy swirling around the goblet practically sung to him, making Voldemort feel almost giddy with its power.

Oh why had he ever done it? Carving off bits of his soul like a butcher. In truth he knew why. He could blame it on the fallacy of youth, but in the end this was the most surefire way of making him immortal. Voldemort didn't regret it, after all, what care he for a soul that will never be cast into oblivion?

But even then it had come with a price. Making his horcruxes reduced him. Not in power, for that was not the way of magic, but in the strength of his very being itself.

Lucius's body could not contain him because his soul was broken, mangled. He could not fix his soul, even if he had all of his horcruxes. The dark magic he bathed in every day for nearly 50 years scarred it beyond repair, but he could at least solve the issues with his vessel.

"Yesss Nagini, we shall grow strong once more, and finally rid ourselves of the prophet once and for all!" Voldemort hissed in parseltongue, his mind so fractured that it refused to

acknowledge the death of his longtime pet.

With his whisper, the surface of the goblet cracked. A thick oil like substance bubbled from the wound, almost crawling its way out of the goblet with thick, slimy tentacles. Voldermort smiled and reached forward, allowing the substance to coat his hand fully.

Like a switch had flipped, his back snapped straight and a mangled cry left his lips. The dark slime seeped into his flesh, burning the very blood in his veins.

“Do not interfere!” He roared as Bellatrix and the other two tried to approach.

He could feel it happening, the piece clicking into place. The cells of Lucius’s decrepit body mending, healing, and splitting apart all over again. The pain was excruciating, but Voldermort could only laugh in glee.

Just as it began it ended even quicker, with Voldermort gasping for breath as the pain finally subsided. And he did mean *all* the pain.

Lifting his hand up he studied the now unblemished flesh. Where before had been sickly green skin crisscrossed with purpled black veins was now pale and smooth, free of even the tiniest imperfection. Voldermort smirked to himself, taking in his first breath in months that didn’t hurt.

Now the war could really begin.

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Harry’s eyes snapped open. He shot up, cradling his scar as his head throbbed painfully from his vision. It had been so long since his last one that he had honestly forgotten how much it *hurt*.

“Fuck!” He groaned.

Another set of hands appeared out of nowhere, reaching forward to rub soothingly at his temples.

“Are you okay?” Susan whispered.

“Feels like my head was done in by a bludger.” He groaned. “Where are the others?”

“Daphne went to go brew a few headache potions while Hermione is busy writing down everything she can remember about your vision.” Susan answered.

“She saw?”

“We all did love. Though we weren’t trapped inside it like you were. I tried waking you, but nothing worked. Daphne said this has happened before and best thing to do was just let you ride it out.” She explained.

Harry cursed under his breath but nodded. “Yeah, it’s like whatever is showing me the vision keeps a firm grip. I’ve tried to wake myself before but it’s like you said, I get trapped.”

Susan smiled weakly with sympathy and nodded, her hands moving down from his head to massage his shoulders. Harry groaned and leaned into her.

“I’m sorry about waking the three of you.”

“Hush now love. None of that.” Susan soothed. “Why don’t you just lie back down and try to sleep? I’ll wake you when Daphne comes back with the potions.”

Harry shook his head and sat up. “Doubt I’ll be able to sleep now. Never have after a vision before.” He replied glumly.

Susan pursed her lips in thought, unsure how to respond. Suddenly she perked up, a smile breaking out on her face with a mischievous gleam in her eyes.

“We’ll see about that.”

Harry squinted in confusion, his eyes useless to see what the redhead was doing without his glasses. With his head hurting as much as it did, he could hardly prod her thoughts for answers

either. All he could see was the distinct blurry blob of Susan shuffle around the bed.

“Susie what are you- Oh.” Something wet and warm gently wrapped itself around his cock. He could just make out the shape of Susan’s body bent over with a blurry mess of auburn moving slowly up and down on his groin.

He groaned and fell back against the mattress as she took more of him into her mouth. His cock hardened rapidly between her plump lips, and before long the redhead was happily slurping on his fully erect length. Harry threaded his fingers through her silky red locks, letting her keep the pace she wished while sucking his cock.

Her tongue writhed against the underside of his length, flicking across his sensitive glans everytime she pulled back to suck on his tip. The redhead moaned heatedly around his length. While Daphne was always the best at oral between them all, Susan made up for it in the sheer joy she got from performing it. The slutty little Hufflepuff would sometimes bring herself to a wailing orgasm with just her fingers as she went down on them, mewling in climax while she licked and sucked greedily.

Harry’s grip in her hair tightened as she increased her pace, replacing the languid bobs of her head with fast and wild sucks. Drool poured down from her mouth in heavy strings, coating her face and Harry’s groin. Merlin he wished he could see it. Susan always looked incredibly hot with his cock in her mouth and spit coating her chin. He would just have to settle on the feeling itself this time though.

She didn’t disappoint, swallowing him completely down her tight throat and shifting her face from side to side. Everytime the need for air became too much, she’d pull off him with a gasp before descending down to lap at his balls while her hand furiously pumped his cock.

“Fuck Susie! I’m close!” Harry gasped.

Susan hummed around his length and took him deeper, her throat constricting tightly around his cock head as she rocked her head back and forth. It was too much for Harry, and with a groan he tumbled off the edge, emptying his sack into the redhead's awaiting gullet. The kinky minx sucked down every drop, moaning lewdly around his length while he came inside her mouth.

Susan pulled off his deflating cock with a 'pop!'. She swallowed loudly, gulping down the pool of seed she collected in one go before giving him a dazzling smile.

"Feel better?" She asked teasingly.

Harry laughed and pulled her down beside him. "Much." He said, giving her kiss on the crown of her head. Susan sighed happily and cuddled closer into his chest.

When Daphne and Hermione returned, it was to their two lovers dozing peacefully in each others arms. Neither said a word, simply smiling and joining the pair for some much needed rest.

After what was revealed in that horrid nightmare, they all felt like they'd need it.

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Author's Note

The lorrreeeeeeee! Some major plot points hit this chapter. Draco's plotting as always, but for who this time? Voldemort is back as well, now with a facelift! Hope you all enjoyed this chapter!

Thanks for reading!