

Інформація

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Journey

Книги

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Гарри Поттер

Волшебное путешествие

Автор:

FictionOnlyReader

Следуйте за Куинном Уэстом в его волшебном путешествии, который попадает в мир Гарри Поттера, но является ли мир, в который он попал, таким же, как тот, о котором он когда-то читал? Сможет ли он найти свой путь в этом новом мире? Сможет ли он когда-нибудь почувствовать себя здесь своим? Какую возможность предоставит ему магия этого мира? Прочтите, чтобы узнать...

[Реинкарнация] [SI OC] [Поздний роман]

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252. Chapter 252: Plan Unfolds

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Patreón.

All the chapters would still be posted here, but you can support me with a donation and get chapters earlier than usual as a bonus.

[Link in the Bio/Profile](#)

Aurors Edward Moss and Isobel Dean were both relatively recent additions to the Aurors Office. Both made themselves known as all-rounders at their times in Hogwarts — one of the basic requirements of being inducted into the Auror training programs. Both passed said training programs with flying colors earning them their bronze shields, officially making them part of the DMLE as Junior Aurors.

Alas, while Trainee Aurors thought their lives were rough with training that went from early morning to the late evening didn't know they were nothing more than flowers soaking sunlight in a comfortable greenhouse shielded away from the harsh cold of the real outside world.

Passing in the same batch as each other meant Edward and Isobel joined the force at the same time, but that also meant that they entered the slave life of being a Junior Auror at the same time. Junior Aurors were worked to their bones — interrogative skills, deduction, dueling, stealth, potions and poisons, and more paperwork — everything they learned as Trainee Aurors was tested and tempered to the real-life standards. There was a saying in the Aurors Office — a rookie Auror wasn't really an Auror until they were broken down and rebuilt back together by Office.

It wasn't strange that Edward and Isobel, who went through the process at the same time, formed a strong bond of camaraderie forged through the fires of rookie hell. Moreover, DMLE putting forward the stringiest qualifications and requirements meant that only half a handful of people were ever made Junior Aurors every year. In Edward and Isobel's batch, only four made it out of training.

The long hours, workloads that even a mule would whine about meant that Edward and Isobel spent most of their days together for weeks and months at end, and after over a year, they began growing closer, and one thing led to another, and here they were visiting a traveling circus group for a date.

"It's too loud," said Isobel, pulling off a clump from the cloud of pink cotton candy. "Maybe we should've gone somewhere a bit quieter."

Edward nodded while sipping a soda from a bottle. "Is it strange that I miss the cubical? Because I really miss the cubical a lot."

"It's not strange, not at all. It's cozy and warm."

"So cozy."

"We can always bounce and go somewhere else. I think I remember a good restaurant that we can go to. It'll be in the range that I can approximate with you side-approximating."

"Hmm. . . okay, but I think we should see the show first — we did buy the tickets."

Isobel nodded, looking at the stub ticket in her hands. It felt strange to actually use the money on something. Junior Aurors made really good money, much more than their peers in other fields were making, but they worked so much that, believe it or not, Junior Aurors didn't spend much in the first year of their career because of the sheer amount of work they did which led to no downtime — zero work-life balance — no time to continue with hobbies — no money spent.

They had finally spent some coin; it would be a waste to let it go to waste.

Isobel looked head at the largest striped tent in the middle of the entire carnival — every path to the main tent was lined with concession booths and lines of multi-colored triangle flags hanging from the overhead grid.

She looked at the menagerie tent in the row of stands. "Edward, we should go to pet—" Isobel winced, feeling the sharp pain in her arm. She looked to her side and saw Edwards clamping her arm. "What are you —" "I have Rabastan Lestrangle in my sight," Edwards said with an unnatural stillness, "and he's with Rodolphus Lestrangle. Don't look!"

Isobel freed her arm from Edward's grasp, looped it into his, and leaned into him. "Where are they?" she asked.

"They're standing in between two stands, dressed in simple pants and shirts. . . I can't seem to see any other Death Eaters," said Edward, observing through his peripherals.

"I see more," said Isobel.

Edward stiffened for a brief second before speaking with his bottle near his lips, "Who did you spot?"

"Antonin Dolohov at my two and further along the same line, I see Milkes Mulciber," she gulped, "that's four out of the Azkaban Ten."

". . . and if these four are here, there's a good chance that other six are also around somewhere."

"We need to call for backup."

"You have your shield?" asked Edward.

Isobel nodded, her hand going inside her satchel purse, feeling for the badge, and next to it sat her wand. "I sent for backup," she said, feeling her badge heat up.

"What should we do?" Edwards asked. "Also, let's walk; it's eye-catching for us to stand here in the middle of the street."

"We should keep an eye on them without engaging," said Isobel. "If all ten of the escapees are here, then they must be meeting here — you saw how they were dressed, none of them had a robe on, they are clearly not making their presence known."

". . . what if they're not here for a meeting. . . what if they're here to raid the carnival." Edward felt Isobel's eyes bore into him. "I mean, look around," they were surrounded by muggles and a distance away from the city, "isn't a place like this their preferred hunting ground?"

Isobel bit her lip, her other hand resting on her satchel tightened. "All we can do right now is to wait. . . and hope the backup arrives fast."

They didn't notice that another Death Eater was standing just behind them, listening to their conversation with a carton of popcorn in hand.

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James Potter sat in his office, working through a week's worth of paperwork due the next day. Moreover, today he was a Thursday, and he didn't want to work through the Friday evening after-hours to get the work done, so he had brought in the blankets and sheets to grind the night away.

"I need to do this work daily!" said James, groaning and stretching his arms above his head as he leaned into his chair. After staring at the wall above for half a minute, he got back to dipping his quill into the inkpot and got back to the papers.

Beep

The Senior Auror jerked straight in his chair. His hand went to his wand, which summoned his Senior Auror badge to him, and it was hot to touch. James' eyes narrowed as he saw the badge number which had reached out to him and the message coded in Auror's in-house cipher taught to every Auror.

"1553? That's Dean's number," James stood up from his chair; if he had read the code accurately, then it was no time for paperwork, and off he

went.

The Junior Aurors sitting in their cubicles looked up to watch as one of the most decorated Senior Aurors ran through the bullpen, thinking it was time for another prank. They didn't know that a majority of them were going to be vacating their cubicles in a while.

As James ran through the corridors, he met Senior Auror Proudfoot, who similarly came running through a different part of the Aurors Office.

"Did you get it too?" asked James as both men fell into a power walk; he could still feel the badge go through the cycles of heating up and down — Isobel was repeatedly sending the message.

Proudfoot nodded. Every Junior Auror in the Auror's Office was assigned a Senior Auror mentor(boss), but at the same time, they were assigned to another Senior Auror as per department protocol.

"Moss. . . Edward Moss is there with Dean," said Proudfoot. "They're at a date if I heard the grapevine correctly."

The two men arrived at Captain Auror Gawain Robards' office, who was their immediate superior. James knocked on the door and opened it without waiting for an answer. Inside sat Robards, and Captain Auror Kingsley Shackbolt, who they weren't expecting to be there.

Robards looked away from Shackbolt, who he had been talking to, and looked at his subordinates with a frown. "What do you two think you're doing entering my office like this?" He looked at Proudfoot, "I expect this from Potter, but you — you should know better."

"Sir, we got an emergency message from Junior Auror Isobel Dean,"

Proudfoot spoke, getting to the point. "She's at a muggle carnival with Junior Auror Edward Moss and reported that they have spotted four out of the ten Azkaban Death Eater escapees."

Robards' jaw set, and Shackbolt's gasped. Robards' gaze sharpened as he

asked, "Which ones have the identified?"

"The Lestrangle brothers, Dolohov, and Mulciber," said James.

"Is it positive?"

"Yes, both of them are a hundred percent sure. They're currently watching them from a distance without engaging."

"Good decision," Robards got up from his chair and looked at Shacklebolt,

"Go mobilize your unit. I'll go to Scrimgeour and talk to him about gaining access to Hit Wizards."

Shacklebolt nodded and set out to gather his Senior and Junior Auror.

Robards turned to James and Proudfoot and started, "Start briefing your Juniors and spread the word to the other Seniors to do the same and meet me with the status as soon as possible."

In a minute, the news reached the Head Auror Scrimgeour, and in the next ten minutes, Amelia Bones' home was flooded to call the already gone home Head of DMLE back

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"Dean."

Isobel heard a rustle behind her and took out her wand in response, but the sound of the voice did put her to ease as she turned to see her superior, James Potter, standing behind her along with Captain Auror Robards and a couple more Junior Aurors from the same sub-unit as her.

"Sir, you're here," she said, sounding relieved.

"What's the situation?" James asked, looking around the woods where Isobel stood. "In your initial message, you said they were in the carnival; why did you call use behind it?" The carnival stood a distance away from them, the music just audible.

"Sir, the Death Eaters, eventually moved out of the carnival and arrived here," she pointed a couple paces, and in the dim of the night, Edwards could be seen crouching behind a bush, looking into a clearing, "Edwards is keeping a lookout on them — it seems that our guesses were right and the escaped Death Eaters have indeed gathered here for a meeting."

"All ten?" asked Robards.

"No, sir, ever since our last communication, two more joined — Travers and Barilier."

"Good job, Auror Dean," said Robards, "your and Moss' response was excellent in this situation. Now, please fall back, and have a rest while we apprehend the Death Eaters."

With Robards' words, people dressed in Auror robes stepped out from behind the trees — as if emerging straight from the shadows. Isobel's eyes widened at the density of Aurors gathered for one operation — she noted around a number just shy of four dozen — one Captain Auror, a handful Senior Aurors, and the numerous Junior Auros, all gathered dressed in their Auror overcoats, looking ready for battles.

Sirius Black stepped out from the group and reported to Robards, "Sir, we are ready on our end, but it would take time for Hit Wizards to arrive here on the scene," unlike Isobel and Edwards, who knew of the place and could apparate, others had to take the broom to arrive, "should we wait or. . ."

"No use waiting for the Hit Wizards for six people," Robards replied sturdily, "we will move strongly and swiftly." He paused in thought, "order for the anti-apparition wards to be drawn up. If the Hit Wizards don't arrive by then, we will proceed on our own."

Sirius took the order and took the batch of Juniors with the warding duties to cast an anti-apparition ward around the area.

"Any idea what they're talking about?" James asked Edwards, who was relieved from his watch duty.

"No, sir, I wasn't able to hear what they're talking about, but they do seem to be in a heated discussion."

"Does it look like they're waiting for the others?"

"It doesn't look like it, sir, but without actually listening to them, we can't be sure."

James nodded, but a thought stuck in his mind. Why were these Death Eaters meeting there? He knew Voldemort was back, so why would they meet here, far away from any wizarding location, especially this particular group of people who would despise any place that wasn't touched with magic in some way.

It didn't make sense to him.

"S-Sir."

Everyone turned to see a Junior Auror with his wand out toward the sky, with a frown on his face.

"What is it?" asked Sirius, who was coordinating the warding

"W-We can't cast the ward."

"What do you mean, you can't cast the ward?"

"The ward isn't pulling up, sir. Something is blocking it."

Robards and James looked at Sirius, who pulled out his wand to check the problem, but everyone got the answer before he could even cast the spell.

"Oh, dear little cousin~."

Those who knew the voice couldn't forget it even if it had been more than a decade since the last time they had heard it. The voice was unmistakably from that woman — the pitch, the tone, rhythm, texture, everything was the same as all those years ago.

Sirius looked down towards the place where the six Death Eaters were, and suddenly, there were now ten people standing — all of the Azkaban Ten, and in front of the group stood Bellatrix Lestrange in all her crazy glory.

"Look at you all grown up~, big Auror Black, hehe~," she said.

Everyone saw Bellatrix raise her wand, and so did Voldemort's other nine best duellers, trained by the Dark Lord himself.

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In the Ministry Atrium with the Fountain of Magical Brethren, the air twisted and turned, black haze spread, and from within, stepped out — tall, thin, and black-hooded, his terrible snakelike face white and gaunt, slit-pupiled eyes — Dark Lord Voldemort.

He glanced around the empty Atrium. The golden gates that were passed through by hundreds of people were now open, with everybody having gone home. Even the security booth was empty because no visitors were allowed at night.

He cracked his neck and smoothly moved towards the golden gate, knowing the path that led to the Prophecy Hall, but the moment he turned to face the golden gates, he came to a stop.

Albus Dumbledore was dressed in white and grey robes, a long white beard and hair, and blue eyes peeking from behind the golden framed half-moon glasses and were standing in front of the golden gates.

"Hello, Tom," said Dumbledore, "do you know that Ministry is closed off to visitors, so it's not proper for you to be here. How about you turn away and leave."

Or so he said, but Voldemort watched the old man take out his wand.

"Dumbledore. . . how did you know?"

"I never expected this from you, Tom," said Dumbledore, and Voldemort narrowed his eyes at how Dumbledore said his muggle name. "I never expected for you to use stealth and distraction as part of your arsenal. From what I remember, you were always a fan of the flairs. . . maybe, you have changed after so many years — it has been more than a decade after all. How has all that time treated you?" Dumbledore smiled, "Was it pleasant?"

Voldemort gritted his teeth; the old man was mocking him, just like he had always done as if he was lower than him.

"You made a mistake, Dumbledore," he said as his wand slid out from his sleeves, "you shouldn't have come here; now you're going to die here with no one to see it."

Dumbledore tilted his head, "You're mistaken, Tom. Today, you won't be leaving from here. It was foolish for you to come over for the prophecy, and now I'm going to make you regret it."

The air itself started to tremble as magic thrummed from the two magical powerhouses — the two most powerful men in the country.

"Time to go to the next great adventure, Dumbledore," said Voldemort as his magic flowed into his wand, concentrating as green light sparked up at the wand tip.

"It must've been tough, all those years; it's time for you to rest,"

Dumbledore smiled as he drowned the death stick with his magic.

The decade's biggest duel was about to start.

The two supernovas of magic had finally met.

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Quinn West - MC - Question: "What do you think would be my favorite manga/anime?"

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Okay, this felt a little better; by the end, I felt that things were going back into sync. Let's see how the next chapter goes.

Dumbledore - 2nd Coming of Merlin - It's time.

Voldemort - Dark Lord - to DUEL!

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If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the DISCORD Server and blast those ideas.

The link is in the synopsis!

253. Chapter 253: The Clash Of

Supernovas

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Voldemort raised his wand and sent a jet of green light at Dumbledore, who turned and was gone in a whirling of his cloak; next second, he had reappeared behind Voldemort and waved his wand toward the Fountain of Magical Brethren for the golden statue of the wizard in the fountain to sprung alive, leaping from its plinth, and landed on the floor with a crash between Dumbledore and Voldemort.

The wizard statue planted a knee on the floor, cocking his arm, and brought down a golden fist atop Voldemort, who spread his arms like an orchestra conductor, and the incoming punch changed directions, crashing a few feet away. But neither Dumbledore nor his animated statue was done as the other palm came sweeping from the side.

Voldemort jutted his wandless arm toward the palm. A barrier appeared in between Voldemort and the golden palm and brought the mighty statue's arm to stop.

Voldemort's lipless mouth pulled back and bared his teeth towards Dumbledore and swung his wand; the wizard statue's arm turned to liquid, and the bulky golden globs sped towards Dumbledore, who flicked his wand, and the globs turned into cold tar blocks, falling down on the ground.

Dumbledore made the next move, and the rest of the statues in Fountain of Magical Brethren came to life — witch, woman, man, half-elf, goblins, centaur all jumped down from their pillars stampeded towards Voldemort.

"ENOUGH!" said Voldemort, and with his yell, the statues crumbled down into pieces, and the force of the spell was felt across the Atrium. "You do not seek to kill me, Dumbledore?" he growled. "Stop playing games, or are you above such brutality, is that it?!"

"We both know that there are other ways of destroying a man, Tom," Dumbledore said calmly, continuing to walk toward Voldemort as though he had not a fear in the world, as though nothing had happened to interrupt his stroll up the hall. "Merely taking your life would not satisfy me, I admit —"

"There is nothing worse than death, Dumbledore!" snarled Voldemort.

Dumbledore sighed, "Indeed, your failure to understand that there are things much worse than death has always been your greatest weakness —"

Another jet of green light flew towards Dumbledore, but a silver shield blocked it, and Dumbledore continued to talk, "Tom, whatever happens, today, you won't be getting your hands on that prophecy."

"You can't stop me, Dumbledore," said Voldemort, his dull black eyes turned a glowing scarlet red, he looked at the fallen statues and spoke, "you've lost your touch, I can tell. . . how long has it been since you used magic to the fullest? How long has it been since you actually dove into the arts?"

Dumbledore didn't reply, causing a smile to appear on Voldemort's face.

"You have grown complacent, Dumbledore. I, on the other hand, spent thirteen years. . . living," there was steel in his as he spoke of his time as a spirit, "I might have been away, but I spent all those years. . . thinking, gaining from what I was given, what I was left with — I never wasted a moment — but you, on the other hand, played headmaster with kids."

Dumbledore didn't look bothered. What Voldemort said might have been true; he indeed hadn't exerted himself for a long time, there was never a need for him to do so, and he wasn't bothered by it.

"That doesn't change anything, as long as we're here," Dumbledore pointed at Atrium, and his eye blue eyes started to glow with a silver light, "it doesn't matter whatever you or I did for the last ten years."

Voldemort had no retort. As long as both of them were in a closed space, it restricted what both of them could do. If they truly fought, as Voldemort wished for, the Ministry headquarters and the Whitehall above with various Muggle government bureaus and ministries would turn to rubble and dust in minutes.

Dumbledore smiled at Voldemort's response or the lack of it. It might be true that he lost out to the man in front of him in raw power, but that in no way meant that they were weak; in a restricted place like this, they were all but equal.

'Even if we weren't, I wouldn't lose,' thought Dumbledore with pride tainting his thoughts. There was a reason why he was granted the title of

Grand Sorcerer. He had a hundred years of experience behind him.

Dumbledore drew back his wand and waved it as though brandishing a whip. A long thin flame flew from the tip; it wrapped itself around Voldemort, who conjured a shield, but the fiery whip burned brighter and longer, enveloping the shield dome as well. He pulled on the fire whip, and it tightened around Voldemort's shield, strangling it as the dome contracted like a balloon when squeezed.

It seemed Dumbledore had gained the upper hand for a moment, but then the fiery rope became a serpent, which relinquished its hold upon Voldemort at once and turned, hissing furiously, to face Dumbledore. Voldemort vanished, and the snake grew into a Basilisk, rearing its head at the colossal height of twenty feet. The fire apparition roared and hissed fire out. Dumbledore's eyes widened when the flames turned a violet shade — a curse was weaved into the fire.

'But where's —'

Dumbledore's pulse skipped a beat as he felt a palpitation of magic behind him. Without turning back, Dumbledore pulled a translucent blue shield that instantly multiplied into three layers of barriers. The next instant, he felt a force attack from his back.

A grunt escaped him. Dumbledore turned and saw an orangish-yellow flame with a terrible curse that he was well familiar with — Fiendfyre.

"Tom, has your brain degraded with your appearance? Do you have any idea what you're doing?" he said to Voldemort, who stood on the empty Fountain of Magical Brethren's pedestal.

Voldemort didn't reply, he didn't need to, and he knew that Dumbledore wasn't looking for one. Fiendfyre might be a demanding spell to control and contain when cast, but under his experienced and masterful lead, it was as easy to manage as a Lumos.

"You won't be leaving here alive, Dumbledore," said the Dark Lord.

Dumbledore furrowed his brows as the Fiendfyre pushed against him.

'Where are they?' he thought. 'Why haven't they arrived yet?'

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Near the carnival grounds, the Aurors and Death Eaters were exchanging spells in the woods. Four dozen Aurors were being matched with ten Death Eaters on the front and five others who were hidden in the woods, pushing the Aurors back with stealthy covers for the main fighting force.

"Potter~! How's your little boy doing?! My master has been dying to meet him, though if they meet, he's going to die!" Bellatrix Lestrange called gleefully as she side-stepped one spell, blocked two others, and shot a Cruciatus back, and felt her smile touch her ears from the scream.

James conjured dozens of steel swords and shot them towards the Death Eaters, but the blades vanished without a trace before they reached.

"Shit!" a vein popped on James' temple, his eyes peering past Bellatrix and looking at Augustus Rookwood standing in the middle of the Death Eater encirclement.

The ex-Unspeakable was being the main reason four dozen Aurors were having problems with fifteen Death Eaters. Rookwood stood defended by the rest and was solely responsible for dispelling any dangerous spells that were pushed towards them, which he was unusually good at.

"How's he doing that?!" asked James.

"It's related to his research field," Sirius said, having studied Augustus Rookwood.

Unspeakables, at their core, were researchers who peered into the mysteries of magic, working to push wizardkind's knowledge of magic to

newer heights. Some studied emotions like love and hatred, while others studied the fabled field of time, and then there were those who dove into the concept of death itself.

"Rookwood's research of choice was on how to dismantle the internal magic in spells. From what little the Unspeakables gave me when Rookwood was still active, he was able to dismantle a wide range of transfigurations and many of the common use offensive spells," said Sirius, giving his best friend a grim look.

James wrinkled his nose as he animated a squadron of golems and sent them barreling towards the Death Eaters. But inside, his thoughts were filled with what Rookwood could do in a duel. Almost everybody used common use spells while dueling with creating their own flair by adding unusual spells.

James gulped. Just by disabling common spells, Rookwood gained an edge on every person with a wand; Aurors were no exception.

"Get aside," said Shackbolt and swung his wand in an elliptical motion; the sky above the clearing started to darken.

Rookwood looked up and saw a flash of light on the surface clouds. His eyes narrowed before widening to the limit.

"Rabastan, Rodolphus!" he said. "Incoming from the sky. Cover it!" This wasn't something he would be able to dispel.

The Lestrage brothers looked up at the sky and, without questions, raised barrier above the group just in time for a white flash followed by a loud crack.

"Bloody—"

"Ugh!"

The Lestrage brothers groaned as the giant lightning bolt assaulted their joint shields.

James and Sirius looked at Shackbolt, who raised his wand again, and another bolt assaulted the Death Eaters. He stepped back from the frontline and breathed a sigh.

"Don't look at me and barrage them while they're off balance!" he yelled at the people who stared at him.

The Captain Aurors' words were immediately heeded, and the Auror forces started to concentrate their spells on the Lestrage brothers, and it worked as Rodolphus Lestrage got hit by a spell and screamed in pain.

"Brother!" Rabastan said in between shooting spells; he turned briefly to look at his prone brother. "Get out of here, now!"

Rodolphus lifted his sleeve, all but tearing it to reveal his dark mark; with great difficulty, he pressed his wand against the skull, and with a flurry of flashing light, he was gone.

"Oh, no!" said Bellatrix, pouting as she pounded the ground. "Playtime is over. It's too soon! I want to play more! Well, there will always be the next time," she then smiled, "but before we go, we will leave you with a gift."

Bellatrix pointed to the distance with a sparkling grin on her face.

None of the Seniors or Captains took their eyes off the battle, but Edwards did and saw a sight even though a first for him, horrified him to the core because of what it meant.

"Sirs!"

Shackbolt, who was on downtime, turned and even his breath caught up.

Above the carnival, in the sky, floated a green skull with a snake slithering out of its mouth, curling around the skull — it was eerie, it was chilling, and it was — the Dark Lord's mark.

A wall of earth raised around the Death Eaters, and before the Aurors

could break it down, the Death Eaters were gone, Portkeying away as they had planned.

"Go! Go! To the circus!" said Shackbolt, running towards the carnival before apparating to cover the distance.

His and every Aurors' hearts beat in their ribcages.

Morsmordre's appearance in muggle areas was always accompanied by blood.

They only hoped they could make it in time.

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Voldemort pumped more magic into the Fiendfyre, and instantly, one of three barriers shattered.

Dumbledore turned away from Voldemort to face the violet fire vertebrate. It was still a threat even if it wasn't as dangerous as the Fiendfyre.

As the saying went, fight curse with curse.

Dumbledore brought his hand close, and a jet of water fountained out, rising in his waves, and in seconds, he had conjured enough water to fill multiple Olympic-sized swimming pools. The rising water then shimmered in dull light, turning cloudy — it had been cursed.

The water formed a phoenix figure and clashed against Voldemort's fire Basilisk.

The two elemental giants battled for dominance.

Dumbledore turned back to Voldemort the moment the second barrier broke, but as Dumbledore pushed more magic into his shield, Fienfyre disappeared like kindling on a windy day.

And before Dumbledore could react, a jet of green light flew at

Dumbledore from Voldemort's wand at speed so quick that it didn't take a single second to cover the distance.

A burst of fire bloomed in front of Dumbledore, and from it appeared Fawkes, the phoenix. The bird opened its beak wide and swallowed the jet of the green light whole. He burst into flame and fell small, wrinkled, and flightless to the floor.

At the same moment, Dumbledore brandished his wand in one, long, fluid movement — the water phoenix, which had been fighting the fire basilisk, grew angrier and sunk its talons into the fire, pecked the snake, and enveloped the fire monster within its wings — snuffing it out. Then it twisted its body in the air and flew towards Voldemort, covering him in a cocoon of molten glass.

For a few seconds, Voldemort was visible only as a dark, rippling, faceless figure, shimmering and indistinct upon the plinth, clearly struggling to throw off the suffocating mass.

Dumbledore watched as Voldemort struggled inside the water ball. His eyes went to the chick-phoenix rolled on the floor in a pile of ash, helpless in the dangerous situation, and seeing that sight made a rare anger bubble inside him.

Water blades formed inside the entrapment and ruthlessly zipped towards the center. He didn't want to kill Voldemort because he needed to know the locations and numbers of Horcruxes, but it didn't prevent him from taking away the limbs; they weren't necessary.

The water sphere burst open, and Voldemort hovered in the air, making Dumbledore gasp. It was unaided flight, something thought to be impossible before.

"I AM GOING TO KILL YOU, DUMBLEDORE!"

Voldemort's legs and abdomen were bleeding, but everything was still in

one piece; the rage in the scarlet eyes was something to be feared.

"Avada Kedav—"

He didn't complete the spell as the falling water from the water sphere turned into ice spheres and shot towards Voldemort under Dumbledore's command.

And it was that time when the Atrium doors burst open, and a few high-ranking with their Auror guards arrived — people like Cornelius Fudge, Amelia Bones, Rufus Scrimgeour, and the Hit Wizard Chief among the few others.

Voldemort looked at Dumbledore, ignoring the insignificant others; his eyes were dripping with hatred as his body dripped blood. He wanted to blow the entire street above, but logic didn't allow him.

He gave his wand a swing, sending statue pieces flying towards Dumbledore, and took the chance to escape by vanishing from the venue.

"He was there!" shouted a scarlet-robed man with a ponytail, who was pointing at a pile of golden rubble on the other side of the hall. "I saw him, Mr. Fudge, I swear, it was You-Know-Who, he just Disapparated!"

"I know, Williamson, I know, I saw him too!" said Fudge, gibbering, who was wearing pajamas under his pinstriped cloak and was gasping as though he had just run miles. "Merlin's beard — here — here! — in the Ministry of Magic! — great heavens above — it doesn't seem possible — my word — how can this be?"

"Dumbledore!" gasped Fudge, apparently beside himself with amazement.

"You — here — I — I —"

"Stop, Cornelius," Dumbledore raised a tired hand up, "I don't wish to talk or answer any questions. But a few minutes ago, you saw proof, with your own eyes, that I have been telling you the truth for a year. Lord Voldemort has returned, you have been chasing the wrong men for

twelve months, and it is time you listened to sense!"

"I — don't — well —" blustered Fudge, looking around as though hoping somebody was going to tell him what to do.

"I'm going home," said Dumbledore bluntly before turning to Amelia. "I'll be talking to you soon, Amelia."

He picked up Fawkes and walked to where the golden wizard's head lay on the floor. He pointed his wand at it and muttered, "Portus." The head glowed blue and trembled noisily against the wooden floor for a few seconds, then became still once more.

"Now see here, Dumbledore!" said Fudge. "You haven't got authorization for that Portkey! You can't do things like that right in front of the Minister of Magic, you — you —"

His voice faltered as Dumbledore surveyed him magisterially over his half-moon spectacles.

"Goodbye, Cornelius," said Dumbledore before activating portkey activated, and he was whisked away.

Leaving behind the destroyed Atrium from the unseen duel, which also became the venue for some bloody and unfortunate news.

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FictionOnlyReader(Past) - Author - Meh, didn't feel the heat this time as well.

FictionOnlyReader(Present) - Author - The above comment is from the time I wrote this chapter, and at that time, I wasn't feeling good about my writing (the last few chapters were written in that period). It continues to the end of this volume. Which is the next chapter.

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If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the

DISCORD Server and blast those ideas.

The link is in the synopsis!

254. Chapter 254: Second Private

Tour

If you want to read ahead of the posting schedule then head over to my Patreón.

All the chapters would still be posted here, but you can support me with a donation and get chapters earlier than usual as a bonus.

Link in the Bio/Profile

HE-WHO-MUST-NOT-BE-NAMED RETURN

In a brief statement Friday night, Minister of Magic Cornelius Fudge confirmed that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named has returned to this country and is active once more.

"It is with great regret that I must confirm that the wizard styling himself Lord — well, you know who I mean — is alive and among us again," said Fudge, looking tired and flustered as he addressed reporters. "It is with almost equal regret that we report the mass revolt of the dementors of Azkaban, who have shown themselves averse to continuing in the Ministry's employ. We believe that the dementors are currently taking direction from Lord — Thingy.

"We urge the magical population to remain vigilant. The Ministry is currently publishing guides to elementary home and personal defense that will be delivered free to all Wizarding homes within the coming month."

The Minister's statement was met with dismay and alarm from the Wizarding community, which as recently as last Wednesday was receiving Ministry assurances that there was "no truth whatsoever in these persistent rumors that You-Know-Who is operating amongst us once more."

Details of the events that led to the Ministry turnaround are still hazy, though it is believed that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named gained entry to the Ministry of

Magic itself on Thursday evening, during a time when a select band of his follower (known as Death Eater) wreaked havoc at a muggle gathering, thus keeping the DMLE forces away from the Ministry of Magic.

Death Eaters raided a muggle carnival circus, and in a horrid turn of events, ten muggles were spelled dead while dozens were left mortally injured. It took a large portion of Auror forces to contain the scene while the Ministry Oblivators and St. Mungo's healers remedied the situation.

According to our sources, Minister Fudge will soon meet with the muggle Prime Minister (leader) to inform him of the grave situation.

Albus Dumbledore, headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, reinstated member of the International Confederation of Wizards, and reinstated Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot, was unavailable for comment last night. He has insisted for a year that You-Know-Who was not dead, as was widely hoped and believed, but recruiting followers once more for a fresh attempt to seize power. Meanwhile, the Boy-Who-Lived — Quinn closed his copy of Sunday Prophet onto the Ravenclaw house table and sighed as it slid across the tabletop. As the newspaper title suggested, it was Sunday, and it had been a couple days since the Ministry received the Dark Lord as its guest and had a short play date with Dumbledore.

The same topic had become the mainstay in the newspapers and magazines since the Friday issue and was the only topic everyone seemed to talk about.

'Which is to be expected,' he thought.

Even Luna had cornered Harry in the corridor and had all but dragged him into taking an interview for Quibbler. It was a bit surprising for Quinn when she asked him to vacate the office so she could take the interview, which Harry wasn't opposed to providing.

"If there's going to be something about me out in the papers, it might as

well be something I have actually said," had said the Boy-Who-Lived.

Quinn glanced at an indexing column on the front page,

'Exclusive Interview with Harry Potter, page nine. . .'

Xenophilius Lovegood, after publishing the interview in the Quibbler, had sold it to every newspaper publishing house who contacted him. And it sold well enough to fund the expedition trip to Sweden the father-daughter pair had planned for the summer break.

Quinn glanced up at the staff high-table at Dumbledore, who looked as merry as ever; not a hint on him that he had just fought Voldemort. He wondered what it was like, but alas, he wasn't there, and neither did he want to be if it wasn't strictly necessary.

'I wonder if the Prophecy is still at the Ministry or if he took it with him,' he thought, 'or if Dumbledore broke it front of him. . . does Voldemort know?'

In the originals, Voldemort had given up the pursuit of the Prophecy after it broke, but if that wasn't the case, then Voldemort would still be motivated to seek the Prophecy.

Alas, Quinn sighed; he didn't know the current status of the Prophecy situation, and it was most frustrating for him. The most he could do was go to the Ministry and see for himself if the Prophecy orb still sat on the Hall of Prophecy's shelf.

There was only one thing that was confirmed,

The Second War had finally begun.

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The castle seemed very quiet, even for a Sunday. Everybody was clearly out in the sunny grounds, enjoying the end of their exams and the

prospect of the last few days of term unhampered by studying or homework. Quinn walked slowly along the deserted corridor, peering out of windows as he went. He could see people messing around in the air over the Quidditch pitch and a couple of students swimming in the lake, accompanied by the Kraken.

The hot sun hit him with a blast as he walked across the lawns. He, too, had nothing to do at the end of the year — neither did he want to do anything; it was his annual downtime.

Students lying around on the grass sunbathing, talking, reading the Sunday Prophet, and eating sweets looked up at him as he passed. Some called out to him or waved, thanking him for the notes, again an annual thing. Quinn nodded and smiled back as he passed by to find himself to find an empty patch of green.

He laid down on the grass face up to enjoy the delightful heat. He closed his eyes to relax but squinted them open to see the sun glaring down at him. He raised his hand, waved to the side, and the rays of sun shifted around him, changing paths, dimming its glare just for him.

Quinn placed his hands behind his back, crossed his legs, one top of another, and again closed his eyes with a smile, listening to the ruffle of the grass from the gentle breeze.

Time passed, and just as Quinn was about to slip into a nap, he heard the crunching of grass coming closer to him step-by-step. His closed eyes felt a shadow over them; he cracked them open a bit, lazily looking at the cause of the shade to see red hair shining like ruby as the light bounced off them.

"Hmm," he vocalized.

"You seem relaxed."

"Hmm," was said with the barest of a nod.

"It's rare to see you out here, don't have anything to do today?"

Quinn shook his head lightly.

"It does seem to be a good day to nothing."

"Hmm."

". . . Okay, that got old very quickly. Speak."

Quinn opened his mouth open and sighed, "You know when you don't open your mouth, and the lips get sealed — they stuck to each other.

Yeah, I just lost that."

"So, what're you doing?" asked Ivy, sitting beside him.

"As you said, I'm doing nothing," he closed his again. "How about you?"

What are you doing here?"

"Fred and George are passing their 'pranking wisdom,'" she did the air quotes, "to Harry and Ron while Hermione's is spending all her time in the library before we have to leave."

"Ah, I see," Quinn smiled, "today's the farewell party."

Every year, after the end-of-the-year examination, the seventh year would be treated with a send-off — two farewell parties, one in the great hall (which was being prepared as they spoke) where the seventh-years would enjoy one final celebration with the professors, and another one, the unofficial farewell party that happened in all four common rooms with the seventh-years partying with their juniors.

"Excited for the party?" she asked.

Quinn sighed, "I don't like parties."

Ivy hummed an, "Is that so," before asking, "So did you complete that Cursed Vault — the Architect's Vault."

"Yes, I did," said Quinn, a delightful groove in his voice. Even after weeks, Quinn, from time to time, went down inside his briefcase and stared at his treasure horde full of gold and jewels to bask in the golden

sheen.

Ivy's green shined as she perked up in her spot. "Really? Then, it's time to fulfill your promise," she smiled widely.

"Promise? Ah, you mean that. . ." He recalled that Ivy had somehow (technically) taken a promise out of him when she found him in the Architect's Vault.

"Yes, that. Let's go," Ivy sounded excited. She had been inside the secret area only once, but that time had caught her curiosity and interest completely.

Quinn thought about it. He could argue that he only promised to 'tell' Ivy about the vaults; there was never a mention of actually taking her into the vault.

"Alright," he got up from the ground, "let's go."

Both of them walked to the Architect's Vault with the Ivy in charge of guiding them to the location without being spotted with the help of the Marauder's Map (Quinn's request/demand.)

"It's beautiful," said Ivy, watching Quinn put the ring against the wall, which glowed up in a special shade of glowing teal.

"Come in," said Quinn; he had long gotten used to seeing the sight.

After solving the first room from atop a silver disc, the staircase revealed itself, and the duo went down to the second room.

"W-What happened here?!" Ivy gasped at the sight of the altered second room.

Quinn stepped onto the bridge that connected the entry to the exit. "Ah, this wasn't here before, was it? I solved all the material blocks, and the room changed — it was an amazing sight, a bit scary because I was in here what happened."

Ivy hesitantly stepped onto the railing-less bridge and walked straight

down the middle of blocks, keeping close to Quinn as she peered to the side, trying to avoid looking down, but her eyes seemed to like the idea of staring down the frightening height.

"I have gotten really good at transmutation," said Quinn, "if you were ever need something made, like a statue or something, come to me, and I'll craft a masterpiece. You can sell it a decade or two later at an exorbitant price."

They reached the third room, and Ivy walked into Quinn, who suddenly stopped in his path.

"Oww," she rubbed her nose, glaring up at Quinn through teary eyes, "why did you stop?"

"Alright, listen to me carefully," Quinn said somberly. He pointed at the trapped room while staring unblinkingly at Ivy. "We're going to travel in a straight path, and you're only going to step where I walk, don't deviate from where I'm walking because if you do, something will try to take off parts of your body. And watch your step; the floor sinks."

"O-Oh, okay." Severe Quinn was scary Quinn.

Quinn walked the straight part, stepping on tiles he knew wouldn't shoot projectiles at him. Why? Because he had taken out chunks from the attacks so that they wouldn't loop.

Ivy stepped on her first tile and almost lost her balance when the tile sunk beneath and had to grab onto Quinn's shoulder to stabilize herself.

"Sorry about that. What's this room about?" she asked, looking around, following Quinn, who walked slowly to be extra safe.

"The entire floor is one giant trap minefield. When the floor tile sinks, a trap triggers, and something dangerous attacks you. I found a way to disable them, so as long as you follow me, I'll only step on the disabled tiles.

The majority of this floor is still active," said Quinn, making Ivy gulp silently. She had seen him duel, and if Quinn was cautious about something, she needed to be careful about it.

After a careful tread, both finally made it to the final room, and Quinn finally let up and smiled, "Well, here we are at the end. What do you think?"

Ivy didn't reply as she took the site in front of her with a stunned expression. Her eyes jumped from the gold statue in the center of the room to sculptures lining the walls to the paintings above on the dome ceiling.

Quinn didn't interrupt her. The room was indeed a sight to behold. He had missed its charm the first time around because of the mental fatigue, but he had come to appreciate the artistry in his subsequent visits.

And that's why he brought her here.

"I thought it would be a waste if only I got to see this," he said, "I don't know if the Architect did all this or if he commissioned artists, but I think that every individual piece here is a work of art. I don't want to take anything out of here, so I think it's nice that someone else sees it before the next challenger, who I don't know when they'll come along."

'If they do come along, they're going to be so disappointed. At least they would get to see this,' thought Quinn. "Come on, let me show you the reward," he said and walked to the statue's base to push the tile square down.

Ivy watched in another wave of surprise as the sculptures came to life and began vacating a place in the wall to reveal the hidden room's entrance.

"There's nothing in here?" said Ivy, standing in the empty room. "Where's the reward?"

"I already took it," said Quinn, grinning. "It was a big treasure chest full of gold and jewels." Which was true in the sense that he indeed took treasure chests, but it was like equating a bucket of water to a lake.

"Here, take a look at this," he reached into his pocket and took out a gold coin he kept as a memento.

"Wow, you really got gold," she said, looking at the strange galleon in her hand.

"Yes, wow," Quinn nodded, "along with a few books that the Architect wrote back in his day."

"Hermione would hound you if she knows that you got a book from a thousand years in the past. I'm sure she'll come to your home if she knew where you lived."

"I know, so don't tell her."

"I won't, but let me have a look at them."

". . . Alright."

Ivy tried to give the coin back, but Quinn shook his head. "You can keep that. It's a cool historical artifact, and well, even though it was minuscule, but you were a significant part of my vault experience. It really shocked me when you stumbled in, so yeah, keep the coin as a remembrance."

Ivy looked at the coin, then at Quinn, and silently nodded when the realization stuck where they actually were and what the situation was.

She clenched her hands; maybe this was a good place.

'Only I know this place.'

After spending some time in the final room and Quinn promising to share the pictures he had taken of the paintings and sculptures, both headed out. Ivy stopped beside the teal portal entrance when they reached the first room.

"Quinn."

"Yeah?" Quinn said, turning with a smile on his face. As he expected, it was more fun to tell someone alive about the vaults than to Friar.

This was the last chance for her, she thought. After this, she would have to wait for an entire summer break to try again, and she wasn't in a place where they could meet throughout the break, but a certain Slytherin was in such a position. If she stopped

"Ivy?"

She looked up, unsuccessfully tried to calm her beating heart, stepped forward.

Actions were louder than words, and nothing would be louder than this right now.

Quinn watched as Ivy stepped to him, stood on her toes, and before he could make sense of what was going on, her lips were on his, and for a moment, his brain shut down; when it came back online, his first thought was that her lips were soft, pillowy against his, and he could feel the gentle tickle of her breath beneath his nose.

Ivy's heart soured when she didn't feel Quinn kiss her back, and even though she had expected it, she still felt the sinking feeling, but the next moment, her eyes fluttered open when she felt him reciprocate, alas it only for a brief magical moment as Quinn pulled himself back jerkily.

"What. . . what was that?" he asked while taking a deep breath as he stepped away from Ivy.

Ivy pursed her lips and clenched her fists as she spoke, "It was what it was."

"No, no, no, no, that's not an answer. I know what it was, but. . . why?"

Quinn asked with an incredulous look on his face.

"I like you."

". . . What?"

"I like you," she repeated; the last few seconds had given her newfound courage.

"I'm with Daphne."

Ivy shrugged.

Quinn opened and closed his mouth a couple times before finally speaking, "What did you think would happen? What were expecting to accomplish by doing. . . this."

"I don't know," she said, staring him square into the eyes, "only that I had to do something before I regretted not doing anything."

Quinn stared at her speechless, and after a spell of silence, he stepped aside.

Ivy understood what he wanted and walked towards the teal exit, but before she turned and spoke, "I'm serious about how I feel, and I'm not about to give up so easily, so remember that." After saying that, she exited the vault leaving him alone, stunned.

Quinn pursed his lips, and he could still feel the kiss. He closed his eyes and scrunched his nose, and internally berated himself for losing control of the brief moment.

'Why did I kiss her?' It was something he shouldn't have done, not when he was going out with Daphne. 'She can't know this happened,' he looked around the dull room and decided that this incident was going to stay buried in this vault.

"Nothing happened," he said, assuring himself, "yes, nothing happened."

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Quinn West - MC - His day went through a 180-degree change.

Ivy Potter - Bold & Brave - 'I did it,' she thought.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - That was messed up, right?! I can't believe

that happened!

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If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the DISCORD Server and blast those ideas.

The link is in the bio!

255. Chapter 255: Aegis

If you want to read ahead of the posting schedule then head over to my Patreón.

All the chapters would still be posted here, but you can support me with a donation and get chapters earlier than usual as a bonus.

Link in the Bio/Profile

Chirp~ Chirp~ Chirp~

Quinn opened his eyes with the chirpings of birds flying into his ears. He laid on his side, staying still, watching the alarm clock tick its way to 6 O'clock. He raised his hand above the clock, and the moment, the second and minute-hand ticked to twelve, the clock rang, but even before the first complete ring, his magic silenced the alarm.

Quinn pushed himself up, sat on his knees, and slid off his bed with the same thought he had every morning after waking up — why did he set up an alarm if he woke up before it?

He walked to the window and stared out the lawns of the West manor glistening in their usual well-maintained lush green. Today was his first day back home after the school year ended, thus the first time he had slept in his home bed.

'My dorm bed is better,' he thought. 'I should have brought it with me. . .

I wonder if the elves would have tried to take it back. . . maybe I'll try it next year.'

After changing into his workout clothes, Quinn went down to the property and completed his morning exercise routine, all the while wondering if he should pop by Eddie's house because it was sort of lonely doing his morning routine without him, but decided it against and finalized to send him a letter with only one sentence — Exercise Bros For Life. *heart*

He continued with his morning by taking a shower to wash away the sweat he had worked up and finally went down to the dining room to break the night time fast.

"Good morning," he said as he pulled out a chair to sit at the table.

George returned the greeting without looking up from his newspaper while Elliot took a moment to look up from his newspaper, greeting him with a bright smile. Ms. Rosey too greeted him while handing Quinn his own stack of preferred newspapers and magazines.

A glass of milk flew into the dining room, sitting itself on the table in front of Quinn while serving utensils placed more food on his plate than the other three. He picked up the glass and smiled a "Thank you, Polly" after tasting the honey in the milk.

"Lia didn't come?" Quinn asked as he dug into his food. "She's in the country, isn't she?"

"She is. She'll be here in the evening," said Ms. Rosey, mixing honey in her tea.

Quinn hummed while tasting the eggs and the pepper sprinkled on them just for him. He wondered what he should do for today; it was his first day back home, so lazing around at the manor and spending time with Ms. Rosey was the option on the forefront, but then there was the other option of going to the non-magical world and see what was new. He weighed the options in his mind and decided that it would be better to

stay at home for the first few days before venturing outside.

"Grandfather, how's Aegis doing?"

Aegis, or the complete name Aegis Warding Solutions, was the newly formed subsidiary of the West business. It was formed last year with Quinn's book of home/building protection wards as its value proposition. The last time Quinn had heard of Aegis, it hadn't been doing so well — struggling against the market dominator Goblin Nation's wards which had been the sole option for centuries. While Quinn had confidence in his wards, he understood Goblin Nation's grip on the warding industry and that Aegis had a good chance of failing like its predecessors.

"We are losing money," said George, bluntly.

Which didn't bring any surprise to Quinn's face. With the market scenario, it would take a while for Aegis to even break even, much less turn up a profit, and Quinn knew that what he was interested in was if there had been any positive indication about the company's future.

"There has been a weak yet steady stream of customers. Those who can't afford goblin-made wards, attracted by our heavy discounts, they make the majority of our customer base." In the first year, Aegis had slashed its service prices to beyond the bone and were losing money on every warding, but that was the only way to gain a foothold in the market.

"Then there are those who have decided to supplement their pre-existing wards with ours — but those are few in far between, primarily warding enthusiasts checking out the new product."

"Anyone I might recognize?" asked Quinn.

"Indeed, there's one. Amelia Bones added our wards to her home when she was upgrading the protection at home — a smart move considering now that she's almost the Minister."

Fudge had been voted out of his office as such, elections for the next

Minister were close, and Amelia Bones was going to win without a shred of doubt — the elections were but a formality.

"Is that so," muttered Quinn. That was good news, terrific even. Someone like the Head of DMLE / soon-to-be Minister using their company's service was all the endorsement needed to get into the high-end market.

"What about the thing I suggested before? Targetting parents of first-generation magicals," he asked.

"It's has been half a success. Some people loved having wards around their houses, while others turned our people away the moment they heard what they were selling — slammed their doors."

Quinn nodded with pursed lips. Not all first-generation magicals got along with their magical children; many grew distant from their families because of the different world they lived in. Not being able to relate and talk about common topics put cracks in relationships, and the non-magical parents blamed magic for it.

"I hope at least the parents with younger children are taking well," he asked.

"They are indeed. They show interest, then it takes a lot of explaining on our part to make them understand what the wards do and how they work," said George. "But, thanks to your scripts, manuals, and pamphlets, the process is much easier."

"Salesmen?" asked Quinn.

"For the non-magical side, all first-generation magicals."

"Excellent."

Of course, warding in non-magical societies came with its own set of limitations. To gain approval from the Ministries around the globe, where Aegis had been launched in the previous year, the company had to key in the country-wide detection ward-nets that enabled the working of the

trace placed on the focuses used by underaged children. Thus, for safety reasons (International Statute of Magical Secrecy), first-generation children still couldn't use magic in their homes.

When the conversation ended, Elliot chimed in and asked, "Young master, what do you plan on doing this summer? Will you travel again this year?"

"Hmm. . . I do have plans some plans out of the country, but it'll be most a day or twos of work before I return home," said Quinn. "Other than that, I'm planning to stay at home."

"Where do you plan to visit?"

"Switzerland. I'm planning to take a trip to Basel, Switzerland."

George looked up from his paper with a questioning glint in his eyes.

"Basel. . . may I ask the reason for the visit?"

Quinn glanced at the three adults and decided that this was as good a time as any. "If all three of you're free now, I'd like to show all of you something." He looked at George, "It's the reason for my visit to Switzerland."

The three adults looked at each other before nodding.

"Polly," Quinn called, and the West family house-elf popped into the room, standing beside Quinn's chair, looking up at him with her big, vivid eyes. "Would you please bring my briefcase down from my room; it's on the floor in my closet. Thank you."

Poppy popped away to return half a minute later with Quinn's trusty briefcase floating above her hand.

Quinn thanked Polly and placed the briefcase on the floor. With a wave of his hand, the briefcase expanded to a large-sized trunk, big enough to take up one-third of a single-person bed. The large briefcase opened up, and instead of standard insides with regular objects, the briefcase had

stairs descending inside.

"Whenever all of you're ready," said Quinn, and the rest of them weren't ready — only after everyone had their breakfast did the four people step into Quinn's luggage.

"Now that I think of it. It's my first time stepping in here," Elliot said, following behind Quinn. "Same for me as well," said Ms. Rosey, stepping down with one hand on the railing. "This is my first time as well," added George completing the trio of first-time visitors.

Quinn, along with the group, walked through a series of corridors with rooms lining them. It would have been fine if it was only that, as it was what George, Elliot, and Ms. Rosey expected, but there were things that stood out to them.

Along the way, they came upon a few abnormal doors.

They saw a door with runes etched on every inch of the door panel and the frame. When passing by another door, they all felt a chilling cold assault their bodies. Another door on their path lightly rattled in its hinge constantly. They passed by another door, and unlike others which were brown, this one was an unnatural scarlet red color. Then there were two-door facing each other, both open wide, but they couldn't see anything inside other than pitch-black darkness.

When asked about the bizarre doors, Quinn answered with, "Ongoing experiments."

"We are here," Quinn said, standing in front of a regular door. He flicked up the light switch on the outside, opened the door, and motioned them to enter inside.

George, Elliot, and Ms. Rosey entered the door, and their eyes narrowed at the contents inside. Laying in front of them were room height mounds of gold coins, treasure chests, statues, open sacks of precious jewels and

gems, and various things all made from gold — only, everything in the room was shrunk down, and that too aggressively.

George picked up a coin from the mound, and it was only as large as a tiny thumbtack. He stared at the shrunken down coin and then at the mounds — his mind did some rough calculations, and the result made him suck in a sharp breath.

He turned to his grandson with blown up eyes, "Quinn. . . where did you get all this gold? This. . . this is a lot of gold," he looked at the sacks of jewels, and once again, his mind added value.

It took them an extra beat, but Elliot and Ms. Rosey also came to stilling stop at the sheer enormous amount of wealth in gold and jewels. For any one of them, it was the first time seeing this much wealth in a place that was outside one of their numerous bank vaults.

"I went on an adventure inside Hogwarts," said Quinn, smiling. "The end of that adventure as a giant hall full of gold treasures, all for me to claim."

George narrowed his eyes at his grandson, "Do you mean one of those vaults that you told us about?"

Quinn nodded. He had told George about the vaults in the aftermath of the Sin vault and the other members in subsequent times. And while they were aware of the vaults' existence, they weren't privy to the contents of the vaults — the challenges, the rewards, the dangers he faced, and his injuries.

"So this is why you want to go to Basel," said Ms. Rosey.

Quinn nodded, "There's no use for all of this gold to lay here gathering dust. It'd be better to put all this wealth into my vaults there, and reap an interest and funnel it into investments. I'd also like to start making some investment of my own."

George instantly looked interested, "What do you have in mind?"

"I have some targets in the magical community, but mostly, I'd be investing in the non-magical world. For that, I'd need some help — if you could connect me with someone who could handle the investments in the non-magical world, that'd be helpful."

George sighed. He hoped that Quinn would make investments in the magical world as that was more up his alley. But he nodded, "I'll arrange someone that'd be able to take you through the investments."

Quinn smiled. He had a lot of money, and his wealth only grew with each passing day, but Quinn knew that to stay wealthy, it took effort and planning, and he had to remain wealthy so that he could spend the coming years of life researching magic. Even if he would never go hungry, with no clothes on his body, or without a roof over his head because of his body, but to pursue research, he would need capital, and these investments were going to fund those researches — no matter how extensive they became.

After they exited the briefcase, George asked, "What about the brothers you told me about? What was their name? Weasley twins, correct? What are their plans?"

"They just graduated, grandfather. It'd take them some time to set up their joke shop. Though their plans and preparations are solid enough that they'd be getting up and running soon."

"Do you think they will be profitable?"

Quinn nodded, "I'm a hundred percent sure that they'd be profitable. After all, I not only planned their business but also helped them with their product. Combine that with their competence, no chance their business is going to fail."

George placed his hand on Quinn's shoulder, looked him in the eye, and

spoke while looking satisfied, "I am proud of you, son."

"Thank you?"

"So, I'm going to trust you and invest the same amount of the family money in the same areas that you do."

"Eh, really? I'm planning to invest a lot of money, though."

"No worries, I have a lot of it."

". . ."

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Quinn West - MC - His "West" is coming up.

George West - Grandfather - Flexing at the end.

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If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the DISCORD Server and blast those ideas.

The link is in the summary!

256. Chapter 256: Flight &

Gringotts

If you want to read ahead of the posting schedule then head over to my Patreón.

All the chapters would still be posted here, but you can support me with a donation and get chapters earlier than usual as a bonus.

Link in the Bio/Profile

A gentle breeze blew in a moorland with rolling hills with low-growing vegetation with clouds flying low in the sky above, drifting carelessly with the wind that rustled the scrubby bushes and the carpet of purple and red flowers of heathers in bloom. In the depth of those lands, away from the grazing animals and the herding shepherds, stood Quinn alone without a sound other than the occasional song of a bird perched on a

stunted tree.

This spot had become a routine visiting spot for him in the two weeks Quinn had been visiting the location for the purposes of being alone, away from all peering eyes.

"Let's give this one more try," he said, looking down at the floor. A soft breath of wind blew down, and the grass around Quinn's feet bent away from him. Quinn clenched his feet, and the wind beneath his feet grew stronger. The grass strands were now parallel to the ground they laid their roots in. "Alright, time to puff it up!"

With a burst of magic, the forces of winds, bearing the power of thrust, took Quinn's feet off the grass. He stood still, his back ramrod straight with his feet joined together like a soldier standing at attention.

Quinn kept his chin straight, but his eyes stared down below at the ground, slowly moving away from him. He remembered the first few days when even the initial task of taking his feet off the ground was a toilsome task that he failed for a countless number of times (countless for others, he exactly knew how many times he failed.)

"Okay, this is going good," he muttered, and that's when everything stopped being good. Quinn had mastered the part of lifting up from the ground, but what he hadn't got the manoeuvrability down, he couldn't turn or, in fact, move in any direction other than up. For the nth time, he tried to move, but immediately, the winds went out of control, and his ascending body was thrown into a frenzy.

He sighed — he had screamed in shock a lot in the past two weeks — but now, he couldn't be bothered with it. A blue light covered his body, cutting his momentum, and guided his body gently onto the ground.

With his body flat against the ground, Quinn stared above at the blue sky, his lips pressed into a white line. Ever since in the Architect's Vault's

third room, where he had achieved flight in the state of rage, Quinn knew that he could achieve it again, and this time without anger fueling his magic.

He sat up straight and thought back to the last two weeks of continuous failure of achieving flight through wind magic.

According to Quinn's own personal classification, there were two ways to perform a task through magic. The first one was what he called the direct method, while the other one he termed the indirect method. To take an example, cutting an object through a severing charm was the direct method, while cutting via wind blade was the indirect method.

The same went for flight. Quinn's method of flight was the indirect method through wind magic.

'I wonder if Voldemort's method is the direct method or if he's also an indirect method,' he thought. The direct method to flight would be a spell/magic solely crafted for flight, and while Quinn knew from the lore that Voldemort had achieved flight, he didn't know if it was true flight.

"Whatever, not that he will tell me if I ask him," Quinn sat up from the ground, "or, maybe he will if I ask nicely and well. . . join him," he chuckled, "yeah right. . ." Quinn shook his head and got up, stretched his arms, and once got to practice.

The winds contorted under his influence, again picking up power to do his bidding. His body rose in the air like it did every time, and like every time, his control was thrown asunder.

"What am I missing?" he sighed, and just for a change, instead of using Arresto Momentum, he conjured a bubble around himself with his body locked in the center, always staring up. The bubble bounced off the ground, springing across the moors freely, without a course of direction in mind. "Don't tell me it's something so cliché as that, would it?"

Quinn popped the bubble and landed on his feet.

"No harm in trying," he said. "Now, how did it go? The wind is free, the wind is boundless, the wind is without restraint. Yeah, let's see if the jargon works."

Quinn loosened the muscles in his body, changing his stiff posture to the one he was most relaxed. The winds blew, and Quinn furrowed his brows. Keeping his body loose felt conflicting from what he was doing. He stopped the ascent and kept his body hovering only a foot above the ground.

Thomas Edison had once said, 'I have not failed. I've just found ten thousand ways that won't work.' And the man's words did connect with Quinn — he was no stranger to failure; he probably failed more than any individual on a daily basis. But every failure gave Quinn some insight into what he was doing wrong.

He thought back to what was shared in his myriads of failed attempts. 'How do I look at flying?' he thought. 'It wasn't like a bird, no that was a different principle. Planes' flight principle doesn't work either. Jetpack? Well, yes, I have been using thrust to gain altitude, but I have been doing more than a simple jetpack.'

Jetpack's flight method was the closest to his application, but a real-life jetpack was nowhere versatile enough to match its fictional counterparts, and he wanted that versatility.

'Is there a method to achieve that versatility? Hmm. . .'

An idea struck him. It was an inspiration. A strange inspiration — an inspiration from a wrong time, a time he never thought he would draw inspiration from.

The memory of his body leaping from the Astronomy Tower surfaced in his mind. He remembered the sight of Friar's panicked face and what he

felt at that moment. There was dormant thought of trusting his magic, but there was another one, standing in the shadow of the first thought. 'Surrender myself to my magic.' At that moment, it was just Quinn and his magic, and in some ways, he had surrendered the control he kept so tight.

"Let's try it," he thought with his intentions evident in his clear eyes.

Quinn loosened his body completely, and instead of using his muscles to control his body, he used wind. His face, which had tucked down because removing strength in his neck, rose up with winds — like a marionette puppet, the winds controlled his body.

In Quinn's terminology, he was currently using the indirect method to control his body. Using his muscles was the direct method while using the wind was the indirect method.

"This is uncomfortable," he said, "but we can work on that." But it was working; he could feel that he would be able to fly freely if he tried right now.

"Let's fly," a smile appeared, and the winds took charge.

With a few grass strands below his being uprooted, Quinn flew — not only did he ascend up, but he began turning in directions. He turned parallel to the ground, and with a thought, he launched himself forward like a flying superhero.

"Woohoo!" he yelled as he twisted and turned in the sky; it was exhilarating and exciting; it was like flying in his animagus form, but a bit different — in his animagus form, flying had come naturally after a while without much effort, but this took an effort to keep flying.

"Yeah, this is uncomfortable," said Quinn, hovering in the air. His movements were choppy, and if he turned too quickly, his body would abruptly bend, and it hurt. "Need to find a method to correct it. How did

I do it in the vault?"

He closed his eyes, thought back to the vault, and began a simple three-step thinking process — Observe, Reflect, and Make. He thought back to what he did instinctively during his rage; he had already done this before, but now, he hoped to get additional insight with a breakthrough. In his memory, he felt the wind against his skin. It was similar to what he was doing now, but it was different. 'It's heavier,' he thought and reflected upon his observation, 'it's like I was displacing the wind inside the sphere.'

In anger, he had formed a sphere of high-velocity spinning wind, but that wasn't feasible in his standard form. That sphere took too much magic and concentration to keep operational and was more of a result of Quinn's desire to be safe, with the wind sphere's primary feature being protection and the flight being a by-product.

His mind then took him to the Great Lake, specifically how he used water magic for swimming. He would cover himself in a teardrop of calm water and manipulate/push the surrounding water to move. Quinn wondered if he could apply that same method here in flight.

"Okay, this is enough for today," said Quinn before turning his sights to the horizon. Now it was time to test it.

He turned himself invisible and went off. He flew above a distance above the tree, eighty feet above the ground, looking at the scenery as it zoomed past him — the hills, cows, buffalos, sheep, their shepherds, rock mounds, among other things suitable in the moor. Quinn entered the countryside with houses and small communities and flew over people living their lives, leaving behind only a gust of wind on the ground.

As Quinn increased his speed, he started to feel the wind resistance. He

couldn't keep his eyes open, and when he tried, they immediately dried up, while the wind hitting his skin started to sting. Quinn decided to apply his swimming method and created a pocket of air around him to solve the problem, which cut the harsh winds with speed from hitting him.

He grinned; with the problem solved, he sped up, flying faster than any helicopter and even faster than some fast-flying birds.

That day, there were gossips around some places that people heard pitched yelling noises from the sky, zooming past them, but when they looked up, there was nothing there. Soon, the gossips from places distant from each other reached each other, and they realized that it wasn't their ears ringing.

It was picked up by a morning show on the cable network and was categorized with a UFO teacher / extra-terrestrial sighting.

Quinn had achieved flight.

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It was a day before Quinn would leave for his two-day trip to Switzerland, and he had something to do before leaving for the trip.

He looked at the snowy white building that towered over the other little shops in the Diagon Alley. He stood in front of the burnished bronze doors with a pair of goblins wearing uniforms of scarlet and gold. As he climbed the steps and entered Gringotts, the bank guards bowed in curtsy that he returned.

He walked past the second set of silver doors, not giving the Gringotts warning any attention. He wasn't here to steal anything, so there wasn't necessary to pay head.

Another pair of goblins bowed him through the silver doors. He entered the vast marble halls, and about a hundred more goblins were sitting on high stools behind a long counter, scribbling in large ledgers, weighing coins in brass scales, examining precious stones through eyeglasses.

There were too many doors to count leading off the hall, and yet more goblins were showing people in and out of these.

He walked to a free teller and stood in front of the counter, waiting for the bank goblin to speak to him.

"Speak," said the teller goblin after ten seconds of wait, looking at him with his beady and calculative eyes.

"Good morning," Quinn said with a smile, "I'm here because I want to sell something of value today, and I'm hoping that Gringotts would be able to offer me a good deal of coin for it."

The goblin teller, Riphook, looked at the human before him. To their kind, it was difficult to make out humans from other humans if not for some standout feature or if they were someone famous. To Riphook, who was trained in identifying humans because of their jobs, he determined that the human in front of him was a human child. Riphook narrowed his eyes; he was skeptical if this Quinn would have anything of as Quinn stated of value.

"What do you want to sell?" asked Riphook, in a no-nonsense voice.

Quinn smiled and took out a purple palm-sized velvet box from his pockets and placed it on the goblin's counter. Quinn gestured for the goblin to go ahead and take a look at the box. The goblin picked up the box, but when he opened the box, it wasn't a ring as he expected; instead, there was a gold coin sitting on the velvet cushion.

"This. . ." uttered Riphook, looking at the coin in his hand.

Every Gringotts coin ever minted the bank, was enchanted with a special

magic for identification purposes. That spell was only cast by goblins — goblins who worked in the minting part of Gringotts, and humans had no knowledge about the spell, just that Gringotts was able to which coins were real. So when Riphook looked at the coin in his hand, which sported a design he didn't recognize, he thought it was a fake, but that chain of thought was squashed when he felt the goblin magic cast on the coin.

Riphook looked up from the coin and asked, "What is this?"

Quinn smiled, "I'm here to sell a Gringotts galleon from a thousand years past."

Riphook sucked in a breath. A thousand-year-old coin! Gringotts held old coin designs in their archives, but he wasn't sure if they had a thousand-year-old galleon in their collection. He looked down at the coin again, and now he looking at an important piece of goblin history — something that should belong with the goblins and not in the hands of a human. He had to buy this, no matter what the cost. But this was outside his authority, and the coin in question was too important.

"If your claim is true, then Gringotts might think about buying this galleon," said Riphook, playing it cool. "For that, I'll have to call in a goblin scholar who specializes in old coins and would be able to verify your claim," he stood up from his chair, "so if you don't mind, will you accompany me to a waiting room where we will further discuss this mind."

"I don't mind."

"Wonderful," Riphook smiled a toothy grin, "please follow me; I'll lead you to the room." He could have called someone else to escort Quinn, but this was too big of a deal, and he couldn't risk losing recognition of bringing in such a valuable item back to the goblin nation; as such,

Riphook decided to stick with Quinn for the whole deal.

"Lead the way," said Quinn smiling. "Though I do have another request."

"Yes, don't be shy, please do tell."

"While waiting, if I could discuss matters with my vault manager, that'd be great."

"That can be arranged. Tell me your manager's name, and I'll need the key to your vault."

"My vault manager's name is Bloodpike." Quinn handed Riphook his key, and the goblin nodded shortly after.

"Everything seems to be in order. I'll have Bloodpike meet you as soon as possible." The goblin looked up at Quinn as they walked through the many gates, "My apologies, I haven't gotten your name yet; how shameful for me."

"My name is West. . . Quinn West."

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Quinn West - MC - Flying & Selling.

Riphook - Looking for a promotion - This will definitely lead to my promotion.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - It's not a meaningless cliff; I have more Gringotts planned. Look forward to tomorrow.

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If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the DISCORD Server and blast those ideas.

The link is in the bio!

257. Chapter 257: Selling To The

Goblins

If you want to read ahead of the posting schedule then head over to my

Patreón.

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Riphook stilled in shock as he turned to stare at his newly identified seller. The story of Wests was infamous in Gringotts. How over the years, little by little, the Wests had pulled out their money from their vaults and transferred it into another one overseas. In the history of the British Isles, where their bank had been the singular option with no alternatives, an account like Wests pulling all of their money out had never happened — the only times an account left Gringotts was when they didn't have enough money to maintain their account and pay for Gringotts services, such was never the case for Wests, it was as far as that.

It was a black spot in their history. They were the human's entire banking industry, and even if the human's never allowed them wands, they couldn't take the banking away from goblins — it irked the humans much, but there was nothing they could do about it — ironclad contracts had been inked more than a millennium ago, and even without that, the humans couldn't deny their excellent services.

". . . West, you say."

"Yes, Quinn West."

"I see. Let's proceed to the meeting room."

Riphook looked at the exit he was going to take before he knew who Quinn was — it led to a lower-grade meeting room, that room was, of course, out of the question now, even if Gringotts saw minimal business from Wests, they couldn't treat them like any other random that person that walked in the bank.

Moreover, this was an opportunity. Riphook glanced at Quinn from the

corner of his eyes. Walking beside him was a younger member of the West family, and young meant future — if he could somehow form a good relation with this child, that could see Gringotts get more business from Wests in the future, and as a bonus, he would get recognition and praise for making it happen.

'Time to hammer the gold into galleons,' he thought and chose another exit, this one leading to one of Gringotts fancier meeting rooms that they used to entertain their high-profile clientele.

"If you'd wait in here, I'd be back in a bit with our appraiser and Bloodpike," Riphook opened the door to the meeting room.

Quinn smiled at the goblin as Riphook closed the door behind him. He turned back, and instead of the typical meeting room, the room was more of a lounge setting. There was a gilded chandelier illuminating the room with a fully-stocked bar, beautiful paintings on the walls, luxurious furniture — the entire room glimmered with posh in its every corner. He sat down on a very comfortable sofa and looked at the room. "They sure are going all out," he said with a chuckle in his voice, "and here I thought they would be upset with me. Well, I am bringing them a part of their history and culture."

Quinn took out the velvet coin case with the old galleon. Instead of melting down the old, outdated galleon into a gold brick that would sit in a bank vault, selling it to the goblins for its historical value was much more beneficial.

As he set down the case on the low-table in front of him, the door to the meeting lounge opened.

Quinn looked up at the door and asked with a slightly tilted head, "Who might you be?" The girl, no the young woman, standing by the door wasn't the goblin he was expecting.

"Good morning," the woman stepped forward with a cultivated grace,

"my name is Thalice."

"Hello, Thalice. My name is Quinn. It's nice to meet you, but I'm confused as to why you are here."

Thalice smiled, revealing her perfect pearly white behind her rosy lips,

"Teller Riphook told me to come here to keep you company while he goes fetch your vault manager."

"How nice of him."

Thalice smiled before pointing at the bar in the room. "Would you like to drink something? The bar is stocked with all kinds of beverages, even some goblin drinks if you'd like to try them. I recommend that you do give them a try — they're a different taste from what we have in our pubs and shelves."

Quinn shook his head with a polite smile, "Thank you for the offer, but I'm not feeling to drink something right now, maybe some other time."

Thalice nodded understandingly, walked over to the sofa set, and sat right next to Quinn, bringing over a pleasant scent of tastefully sprayed perfume with notes of citrus over a woody vanilla along with a floral tone that he couldn't make out.

"So Quinn, tell me about yourself."

"Hmm, something about myself. . . I like magic. Would you like to see some?"

"I would love to, but it wouldn't be wise to draw your wand in the goblin grounds. It goes against both Gringotts' rules and the treaty terms," said the Gringotts employee, her meticulously maintained brows furrowing.

"It's alright," said Quinn, mischief flashing in his eyes, "I don't need my wand to perform this magic; I don't even need to cast a spell. It's a special sort of magic, completely safe and not in violation of any treaty

agreements."

". . . If you say so," said Thalia, giving Quinn a silent look, doubtful if such magic existed.

Quinn reached into his pockets and took out a pattern-engraved silver card case gifted to him by Marcus. "All I need are a deck of playing cards," Quinn grinned, swiping the case open to reveal a deck with crimson-and-gold backs.

Thalice watched as the cards moved under the skillful movements of Quinn's digits. "Wow~," she said with fascination, clapping lightly.

"Alright, I'm going to spring the cards from one hand to the other," he pressed the cards slightly, and they shot to his other hand. "I want you to stop me at a point in the middle — any point you desire — and I'll stop for you to pick the top card, understood?"

Thalice nodded.

"Excellent, tell me to stop," he started the spring flourish.

"Stop!"

Quinn stopped and presented the split deck in his lower hand, "Good, now take the card, don't show it to me, but memorize it — suit and all. Done? Perfect, now place it back. Yeah, just like that." He shuffled the cards a bit before hiding the deck between his palms. "Now, do you think I know what your card is — know that I'm not using any magic, and this deck is as standard as it gets."

"No, you wouldn't know what my card is," she said, looking at Quinn with an amused smile.

"Wouldn't be impressed if I pick out a card from the deck and it turns out to be the one you chose?"

"Very."

"And that's what I'm going to do," he removed the deck from his palm

and began looking through it, and somewhere in the middle, a smile appeared on his face, and he discreetly pushed a card up with his pinky, making it stand out from the other cards, and pulled out a gasp from his audience.

"I'm assuming this your card."

"Yes! This is my card!" Thalice grabbed Quinn's hand along with the deck, pulling them close to her. "How did you do that?! You must've used some magic; there's no other way," she looked up from the cards and leaned closer, "how did you do it?"

Quinn softly smiled, "A magician never reveals his secret, miss. It's against our sacred code."

"Aww, can you tell me, please~? I won't tell anyone else, I promise."

"My apologies, but I can't. But, how about I interest you in another one?"

Thalice let go of Quinn's hand, "Yes, please," her eyes shining like an excited child.

"Alright, I will again ask of you to choose a card from the deck." Quinn spread the cards in a fan with the cards facing Thalice for her to choose, who picked a card and looked at it before putting the card back as per Quinn's instructions.

"Now, I'm going to spread and shuffle them all over the table, just to make sure that I wasn't cheating in any way." Quinn laid the deck over the table and thoroughly shuffled with his palms. "How about just to be more thorough, you also give it a good shuffle?"

Thalice leaned ahead, her silver necklace dangling from her exposed neck and slightly low-cut top.

"Good, now, pay attention to my hands to ensure that I'm not using any trickery." She nodded, and her eyes remained trained on Quinn's hand that hovered the mat of cards.

Quinn suddenly placed a finger on a card, "I feel it; this is your card. I'm sure of it." He lightly flicked the card's edge to flip it over and reveal an ace of diamonds.

"No, that isn't my card!" Thalice bounced in her spot, clapping her hands.

"Haha, you're wrong —" Her voice died when she looked up from the cards to Quinn and saw a queen of hearts loosely hanging off an edge from Quinn's lips.

"Really," he grinned, "a pity that I was wrong. Maybe, I'm not worthy of the beautiful craft of magic."

"How. . . when. . . that's not possible," said Thalice.

"It's magic, my dear; everything's possible," said Quinn, mysteriously before continuing, "You have beautiful eyes, Thalice."

Thalice found herself staring into the pair of stone-grey eyes, and even though they were an uncommon color, there was something else in there that she couldn't look away.

The door to the lounge opened, and whatever it was broke as Thalice realized she was staring unknowingly. She turned to the door and saw three goblins — the third goblin made her eyes widen. She looked back at Quinn, who opened his card case for the cards to stack themselves neatly in a deck before packing themselves into the case.

"Mr. West," said one of the goblins, dressed in clothes better than Riphook, "my name is Bloodpike; I'm your vault manager."

"Nice to meet you, Bloodpike," said Quinn. "I can't believe that in the six years my vault has been here, this is the first time we have met."

"Indeed, your transactions mostly come from order cheques," said Bloodpike, "I have only seen your signatures over hundreds of cheque leaves, but no you."

"Well, better late than never," said Quinn.

As Quinn was talking with Bloodpike, Riphook was communicating wordlessly with Thalice. He looked at her and silently asked a question, but Thalice shook her head with a silent sigh, making Riphook frown.

"Mr. West," said Riphook, "let me introduce to you the appraiser, Bogrod."

The appraiser nodded but didn't say anything.

Quinn nodded back, but he had noticed Thalice's change in expression.

He glanced at Riphook, and he had to say that the teller was trying hard for this. Quinn had seen the peculiarities in the human Gringotts employee — she was too flirtatious, the subtle touches, how she had sat right beside him when everywhere else was wide empty. And when he had peeked into Thalice's mind, he knew that his guesses were correct — she was hired by Gringotts to flirt with clients to make them more impressionable and agreeable during the deals. Every act of her was to put the advantage to Gringotts' side — even when she suggested a drink, she was trying to get him tipsy using the extremely high-alcohol content in the goblin drinks. But all Thalice got from her probing was that Quinn liked magic.

The three goblins sat opposite Quinn, with Thalice leaving the room.

Quinn gave the coin case to Bogrod, who took out a loupe (special magnifying glass) and started to observe the coin with his other hand constantly fiddling with the coin.

The ancient goblin spoke in an old voice, "This is a genuine galleon. . . the spell is old, different from what we use today, but the magic is surely goblin brand and from Gringotts." He looked up at Quinn and nodded, "this coin is indeed a thousand-year-old."

"That's great," said Quinn.

"How much do you want for this, child?" asked Bogrod.

"Fifty thousand galleons," said Quinn.

Bogrod shook his head, "Too much. Gringotts can give you thirty-thousand at most."

"I'll come down to forty-five, but not any lower; how about it?"

Bogrod refused his counter price, "I can move up to thirty-two, but not a knut more."

Quinn went silent and stared at Bogrod. He was dressed in simple clothing, but they were clearly better than even Bloodpike's. The other two goblins hadn't spoken a word as Bogrod negotiated on his own. He was clearly someone very important and in a higher position in Gringotts.

"I won't go below forty," said Quinn, "if I don't get my price here, I can always put the coin to auction, and I'm sure some goblins in the goblin nation would be very happy to take it off my hand."

Bogrod's sharp eyes stared at Quinn. 'West's,' he thought. Gringotts was one of the biggest banks in the magical world, with many countries where they had a monopoly over the banking sector just like they had in the British Isles, which was their home base — the first Gringotts to ever exist. So it was a disgrace on their reputation when that very branch had lost the biggest client they had and that too without them knowing.

"Okay," he said, "I agree on forty thousand galleons." He wanted to refuse and tell the child that he could try his luck in the auctions, but this was about their history, and the coin should rightfully belong with Gringotts and not in some individual's showcase.

"Good," smiled Quinn, reached into his pockets, and took out two more coin cases, "would you like to buy a sickle and knut? I have them right here."

The three goblins froze in their seats, staring at the two coin cases as Quinn opened them and showed an ancient sickle and knut sitting in the boxes.

"I want forty more for each — a total of eighty thousand. No negotiation, take it or leave it," said Quinn. While the Architect's vault was all gold and jewels, there were quite a few sickles and knuts lying around.

". . . We will take it," said Bogrod, sighing.

"Excellent, hundred and twenty thousand galleons, not bad for a day, not bad at all. It was good doing business with Gringotts," said Quinn.

"Thank you for returning this to us," said Bogrod. He wasn't bothered by the money that had exchanged hands — for Gringotts, it was that much of a big deal, but getting the coins was a significant event.

"It was my pleasure. I know the importance of historical artifacts, so I'm glad that these coins have made it back their way to goblin nation."

Bogrod nodded, took the coins in his hands, and silently began observing them. It was the indication that his job was done here.

From there, Bloodpike took over, "The galleons will be deposited to your vaults, Mr. West —"

"Ah, please don't do that," said Quinn, "I will be taking the galleons with me, and now that you have brought it up, I would like to talk about the reason for the meeting with you.

"My vault will be transitioning to be solely under my name."

When his vault had been set up before his first year at Hogwarts, the vault was a joint account between Quinn and Ms. Rosey (because she handled that portion of finances), and she would deposit a set amount every month in Quinn's account as part of his allowance.

But after getting the Architect's wealth, Quinn had decided to stop taking an allowance from his family. Another step to his independence. He had an argument with his grandfather about his decision — Quinn didn't want the money while George wanted to continue the allowance.

Quinn argued the case that he had his royalties and his newly gained

wealth; as such, he didn't need an allowance. While George remained adamant that Quinn was still in school and it was his(George's) responsibility to support him till the day Quinn was ready, which according to George, was at least not before Quinn's apprenticeship with Alan D. Baddeley, and if Quinn was thinking right, George would continue to keep him on an allowance if he took more apprenticeships after the first one — which Quinn had given thought to.

After an hour of back-and-forth, the grandson-grandfather came to a mutual decision.

Quinn wouldn't get a monthly allowance, just like Lia, who had also stopped taking an allowance when she graduated and got a job — but Quinn, like his sister, was going to gain a trust fund in his name, which would be regularly added with funds and those regularly added funds would grow through investments handled by a team of West-employed fund managers.

These trust funds were for the two siblings. So if one day they required emergency money, they could look there and take it out without needing to ask anyone, including George. Which, in essence, was still an allowance, but with extra steps. George West, much like his grandchildren, was prideful and stubborn.

"The monthly deposits will be stopping from the month of September. Furthermore, I'm going to impose a twenty thousand galleon limit on the vault, and every time the money in the vault exceeds, I'd like to be informed," said Quinn before taking out an envelope. "These are my instructions that I want to be applied on my vault when it changes ownership on the first of September."

Bloodpike took the envelope and pocketed it. He was going to look at it later. He was a vault manager who handled high-level accounts; this

account was nowhere near his usual level, but because it was a West account, it had been assigned to him, and he had taken it. He wondered if this account would ever do something for him, but looking from Quinn's spoken instructions, he was planning to restrict his wealth in Gringotts — just like his family.

"Understood," he said, "I'll make these changes accordingly."

"Thank you," said Quinn and looked at Bogrod. There was another reason he had come here today, and initially, he was going to discuss the other matter with Bloodpike, but seeing that Bogrod was of a much higher authority, he was going to deal with him.

"Mr. Bogrod," said Quinn, "I have another matter I would like to discuss with you."

Bogrod looked up from the coins. "Yes? What is it?" he asked, feeling happy about his gains today.

"I want to talk to you about this," Quinn handed the goblin a slip of paper, "it's only for your eyes."

Bogrod took the slip and unfolded the slip, and there was a single word on it. "Leave us alone," said the old goblin, in a deeper voice for a goblin. Riphook and Bloodpike stared at Bogrod, stupefied at the sudden order, but followed it nevertheless, leaving him with Quinn.

"What would prompt you to bring this up?" asked Bogrod, his voice somber. He turned the slip and showed Quinn the word he had written.

Horcrux

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Quinn West - MC - Gold, Silver, Bronze. . . I have them all.

Riphook - Goblin Teller - Looking for an opportunity to rise up the ladder.

Bloodpike - Goblin Vault Manager - High-profile banker.

Bogrod - Goblin Higher-Up - About to converse with "Quinn."

Thalice - Gringotts Employee - Got too mesmerized by magic to properly do her job.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - This finally felt like a "me" chapter after such a long time. This was very satisfying to write.

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If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the DISCORD Server and blast those ideas.

The link is in the bio!

258. Chapter 258: Arriving At
Switzerland

If you want to read ahead of the posting schedule then head over to my Patreón.

All the chapters would still be posted here, but you can support me with a donation and get chapters earlier than usual as a bonus.

Link in the Bio/Profile

"What would prompt you to bring this up?"

Quinn stared at the old goblin, who looked at him with beady eyes, a guarded posture, and the paper slip clinched tightly in his long nails.

"So you're aware of the Horcrux," said Quinn. "That's a good indication."

"No, it is not. Even the mention of this vile magic is an omen of misfortune and giving an invitation to ill-fate," said Bogrod, barring his teeth.

"Oh, come on, it's not that bad."

Bogrod crushed the slip in his hand and pounded the fist on the table, "It is not 'not that bad,' boy. For you to talk about the vile magic like it is nothing serious can only mean that you don't know about it!"

"I do know about it, Mr. Bogrod," said Quinn, intertwining his finger over his thighs. "Horcrux. . . the magic through which a magical severs a part of their soul through the act of cold-blooded murder and hide that part of the soul in an object outside the body, thus tethering the main soul to the plane of living even if the mortal coil is destroyed, thus achieving immortality or at least a type of immortality." Bogrod looked at Quinn with stunned eyes. "So, Mr. Bogrod, I do know what a Horcrux is and why it's considered to be one of the vilest of magic in existence."

Bogrod didn't move an inch of his muscle, his gaze intently observing the human child in front of him. What he had thought would be a glorious day of bringing a historical part of their culture was now turning into something else. He was sure that after years when he looked back to this day, this talk would come to his mind before the memory of obtaining a thousand-year-old piece of their legacy.

". . . I ask again, boy. Why have you brought this up?"

"Goblins, the race on this Earth that holds paramount knowledge on curses and curse-breaking. Even if your race has solidified their place as those with gold, when in need of curse-breaking, anyone with an iota of knowledge and sense would turn to goblins."

If it was another time, Bogrod would puff his chest and turn his nose up.

"A Horcrux at its core is an enchanted object," Quinn continued but omitted the part that a Horcrux could be a living being as well, "meaning that with sufficient knowledge, it could be broken, so I ask of you, goblin, does your kind have a way to break a Horcrux?"

Rowena Ravenclaw's Diadem and Helga Hufflepuff's Cup — two priceless artifacts created by the Hogwarts Founders, and while their creator didn't interest Quinn, he was thoroughly interested in the fact that both the artifacts were rumoured to have magical properties — he didn't know the

nature of those magical properties, and wished to know. Alas, they were both tainted by Voldemort's soul, and before Quinn could even desire to study them, he needed to remove the soul fragments without destroying them.

And that's why here he was asking a goblin he was meeting for the first time about a topic that attracted the feeling of wariness and unease. But it couldn't be helped; he had tried to find a method on his own — scoured both the Hogwarts Library and Room of Requirements, but nowhere could he find a method that didn't involve the destruction of the soul's vessel.

Bogrod didn't answer immediately, instead observed Quinn, searching where this question was coming from — why did the human child want to know about the obscure magic, where had he learned of its existence, did he wish to create a Horcr—

"I do not wish to create a Horcrux, goblin," said Quinn, startling Bogrod.

"Don't look surprised; it's written all over your face. Moreover, I respect the sanctity of my soul to split it and keep it outside of my body." Just the thought of splitting his soul brought disgust up Quinn's throat — it was the only thing he had brought with him to this world, the sole possession that truly belonged to him.

"How do I believe you?" asked Bogrod.

"There's no need to believe me," said Quinn. "If I was wished to create a Horcrux, then I wouldn't have asked you, a high-ranking goblin, while sitting on goblin soil, inside Gringotts, with multiple people aware of our meeting. No. I would've found a goblin who knew about Horcrux, met him in secret, and after gaining the information, killed him to ensure my secret forever remained a secret.

Now, Mr. Bogrod, tell me, does the goblin kind knows a method to

destroy a Horcrux?"

Bogrod and Quinn stared at each other at a length before the former sighed, "No, we don't have a method to destroy a Horcrux. We have tried to look for a method, but we were never able to find how to rid an object of the soul. The godforsaken magic uses the ethereal soul to protect earthly objects."

Quinn showed no change in expression, but internally he sighed with disappointment. "I see," he said, "it's unfortunate then; I hoped that I could've learned something new today, but it seems that won't be the case."

Bogrod stared at Quinn with disbelief. This was why he asked for Horcrux, just so that he could learn something new? If he wanted to learn something new, then look for well-known, respectable magic; why Horcrux.

Quinn stood up from his place as he had nothing more to discuss or accomplish today. "Thank you for answering my question, Mr, Bogrod. For your time and hospitality, I would like to extend my thanks towards you," he reached into his suit breast pocket and took out three more coin cases.

Bogrod inhaled sharply at the sight of the coin cases.

"This is my gift to you." Quinn set down the three cases on the table and opened them to reveal an old galleon, sickle, and knut. "It's up to you what you wish to do with these — you can turn them to Gringotts, or you can keep them for yourself. If you decide to turn them to Gringotts, justify it was as a sign of goodwill from a West, and if you decide to treat yourself, I will never speak of these coins ever again."

Bogrod looked away from the coins up towards Quinn. He knew what that meant; whatever was discussed between the two was not to be

disclosed. The gift of coins was just something to ensure that silence.

"It was a pleasure meeting you, Bogrod," said Quinn, smiling. "I hope that when another opportunity like this strikes our door, we will again be able to do some business."

After all, there was something else that he wanted from the goblins; it just wasn't the right time to get it, but when the correct did come, he would come back and get it.

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"Have you packed your clothes?"

"Yes, I have properly packed my clothes, and didn't you have Polly double-check? What's the use of asking me?"

Ms. Rosey narrowed her eyes, "No matter if someone checked or not, in the end, it's your responsibility to check your work."

"Yes, ma'am," said Quinn.

"Hmm. . . do you have the gold secured?"

Quinn lifted his briefcase, "All of it in here."

"What about the gold for your use?"

"I have plenty in my pockets."

She nodded, satisfied. Her Quinn had grown up now, so this much was enough.

Elliot entered the hallway with the main door to the West Mansion. "It seems you're ready," he said and raised a small lapel pin. "I have the portkey ready."

Quinn nodded before turning to Ms. Rosey and hugging her. "I'll be back in a couple days. Hold down the fort for me." Ms. Rosey snorted as she hugged Quinn back.

"Good stuff," said Quinn, ending the hug. He turned to Elliot, "Let's go."

The two exited the mansion and began their walk towards the estate gates.

"This brings back memories," said Quinn. "Whenever I leave the country, you always walk me out."

Elliot chuckled, "That seems to be the case. I hope that will remain the case."

"Sounds like a good tradition to me."

"So, anything special you wish to do in Switzerland?"

Quinn shook his head, "No, I wish to return to as soon as my work done is there. I'm in the middle of a project, and leaving on vacation with the project in progress doesn't fit right with me."

"A project?"

"Yes, I'm working on this year's QWASPP. I'm almost finished, but there are a few kinks that I straighten and a few runes to fix — it's on a crucial stage, so I'll be returning to complete it."

"Oh my, may I know what is the product this time?"

"Nope~," Quinn smiled and wagged his finger. "It's a surprise. You'll know when I show it on the day of the reveal."

"A little hint?"

"Hmm. . . what I'm going to present already exists; I'm just putting my twist on it. I have been slowly working on it for a few years; it was just the last year that the project picked up the pace."

They reached the wrought gates, Quinn waved his hand, and the iron gates groaned open.

"This is it," said Elliot and stepped closer to Quinn to pin the lapel pin on Quinn's suit. "You'll be received by one of our employees in charge of our vaults and money in Switzerland."

"He must be a high-ranking person in the business," said Quinn, thinking of a Chief Financial Officer.

"She," said Elliot, "the person you'll be meeting is a woman."

"Ah, is that so. My apologies for assuming their gender. What's their name?"

"Helena Berenberg," said Elliot.

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The rainbow colors drained, and the world returned to normality as the Portkey dropped Quinn in its intended position. He looked around his surroundings and saw himself in a room with grey, bricked walls, not having seen a single coat of paint in their lives. His eyes quirked seeing MLEs lighting the closed room, making him happy — his invention had truly become international.

The sound of clearing of a throat caught his attention, and he turned to see a woman with dark brown hair dressed in posh embroidered wizarding with a brooch on her chest. She looked to be about in her mid-forties, which meant she was at least eighty years old, but that was the best guess Quinn could make. Beside her were two men, looking to be a bit younger than her, and similarly to her, were dressed in posh robes.

"Hello," Quinn walked towards them and asked the woman in the middle, "are you Helena Berenberg?"

The woman nodded, "I'm indeed Helena Berenberg, and you're Quinn West."

"That I am," said Quinn, grabbing Helena's offered hand and kissing it.

"Welcome to Switzerland," she said before pointing at her two associates, "there are my second-in-commands here — Gossler and Seyler."

Quinn nodded to both the men and shook their hands.

"Where are we?" Quinn asked, looking at the room. "Why was the Portkey planned to arrive at this place?"

Helena smiled, "This is actually one of the basement rooms our headquarters designated to be an arriving point for Portkeys. As for the reason for its dark appearance is to make the sheer difference more impactful."

"What do you mean?" he asked, tilting his head.

"It'd be better if you see it," said Helena, motioning to the room's exit with a set of stairs going up.

And so they went up, and after going through a hallway, they entered the main building, and Quinn understood what Helena was talking about.

Quinn had seen many buildings with stunning interior aesthetics, but the West Headquarters in Switzerland was easily one of the most captivating buildings he had seen.

High ceiling supported by columns that led up to crowned ceilings with golden designs beautifying every corner of the ceiling and even the walls which were lined with statues and sculptures, luxurious grand chandeliers stocked with MLEs lighting up the beautiful lobby. Beneath his feet was a beautifully patterned marble flooring, and the entire lobby was lavishly furnished.

But his eyes attracted to the thing of water in the middle of the room — if it could even be called that. It was a large shimmering sphere of water, as clear as a diamond, floating over a pond built into the floor and inside that water sphere, swam glowing fishes.

Quinn squinted his eyes at the water sphere; he noticed something peculiar with it. He moved closer to it and saw that the fishes weren't actually fishes, but just glowing colored water charmed to take the shape

of fishes. He watched as a red fish and a blue fish to each other — they met each other and turned into one bigger purple fish. The fishes on the rainbow spectrum would merge and split to turn into colorful fishes.

"Wow," he said before turning to Helena, "you all really are finance people, aren't you?"

His words elicited a peal of laughter from Helena, Gossler, and Seyler.

Basel, Switzerland, was where a large portion of West wealth that was spread around the globe — it had been a big stash which had been turned bigger when George transferred the Britain capital to Switzerland, giving it a substantial increase, which led to the construction of this headquarters that handled and managed a considerable amount of wealth. It was a monument solely built to showcase West's wealth.

Helena's eyes caught someone, and she called the person, "Alexia, please come here."

Quinn turned to see a tall blonde young woman with hazel eyes dressed in a pleated blouse-jacket over a white shirt above a long skirt, and topping the outfit was a shoulder cape.

Helena put a hand on Alexia's shoulder as she introduced her, "This is Alexia Piaget, and she'll be there for your every need during your stay here."

Alexia gave a short bow and smiled pleasantly, "Please feel free to tell me anything you want, and I'll arrange it for you."

Quinn nodded but kept staring at Alexia. "Have we met somewhere," he asked, "because I'm sure I have seen you somewhere, but I can't put my finger on it."

"No, we haven't met," said Alexia, but there was a smile on her face, "but there's a chance that you might have seen me. I'll give you a hint — Beauxbatons."

Quinn's mind raced and immediately went to the Beauxbatons delegation that came to Hogwarts for the Tri-wizard tournament, but no, Alexia Piaget wasn't there. But then Quinn recalled that Alexia had said they hadn't met, and it clicked for Quinn as a memory surfaced in his mind.

"I remember now," he said, "I have seen you in one of Lia's photobooks, yes-yes, you studied in Beauxbatons with my sister, didn't you?"

"Yes, your sister and I are friends," said Alexia. "She talked a lot about you know. Our friend groups feel like we know you, or you when you were a child."

Quinn groaned, "What did she say?" His sister had dotted excessively when he was little, and while that was nice and all, he could guess what she said to her friends.

"Well, to start with, there were a lot of stories."

Quinn groaned more. Like not liking the photos from your past, Quinn, too, didn't enjoy discussing his childhood. Looking back at it now, him acting like a child was cringing to him now.

"There were a lot of cute photos on her nightstand, which would change every time she would come back from home," Alexia said, enjoying herself, and even Helena and the other two were having fun.

"That damn sister of mine," said Quinn, feeling deep embarrassment. He looked at Alexia, "I hope you're a good friend of Lia and wouldn't mind divulging her school-days stories. I'm going to need a lot of ammunition if I'm to make her feel as I'm doing right now."

Alexia's smile grew broader, "We would need a lot more time if you want to listen to all of them."

"Ms. Paiget, I'm looking towards our time together."

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Quinn West - MC - Embarrassed of his dark past.

Bogrod - Goblin Higher-up - Chose to turn in the coins to leverage for an increase in status.

Alexia Paiget - Lia's friend - The West siblings are interesting.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - I hate the "Goblins Being The Answer To Everything" trope!

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If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the DISCORD Server and blast those ideas.

The link is in the synopsis!

259. Chapter 259: Monolith

If you want to read ahead of the posting schedule then head over to my Patreón.

All the chapters would still be posted here, but you can support me with a donation and get chapters earlier than usual as a bonus.

Link in the Bio/Profile

Quinn stared at the building in front of him.

It was a building that he thought was completely opposite to Gringotts.

The goblin bank was made from white stone showing its ancient majesty, while the building in front of him was a soul-sucking black without a fleck of dust marring its polished exterior. If Gringotts exterior design reflected the architecture of the time it had been built, then the building in front of him was just a stocky black box. Gringotts had bronze gates, the building in front of him had glass doors.

The only thing both had come in was that their names were written in gold.

□Monolith□

"Monolith, huh," he said, "the symbol of terror and reassurance at the

same time."

Helena standing by his side, nodded, "It's the bank's policy — don't steal from us, and we will keep your money safe and secured."

"Gringotts, back home, is the roughly the same — though they are much more explicit about their threats, carved right on the front door." Quinn liked the Gringotts' prose very much, but he also liked Monolith's subtle forewarning. It had his seal of approval. "Tell me more about Monolith."

"Well, it's a classic private bank," said Helena as she, Quinn, and Alexia, walked to the glass doors and the two guards dressed in blue-and-silver opened the door for them. "They serve affluent clients with an abundance of wealth, like your family — provide them with facilities like basic banking services, brokerage, limited tax advisory, concierge-type services, discretionary asset management, and the vast array of wealth management.

"They are infamous for their secrecy promises. Once money goes into Monolith, it's difficult for an outsider to get information about who holds what and how much; they promise that your financials are going to be kept under a tight seal, of course, they won't help you break the law — bend around the law, sure — but not breaking the law. And because they only service high-asset clients, who have rock solid financial stability, it ensures that Monolith won't go bankrupt, thus making it extremely safe for them to hold your assets."

"That's reassuring," said Quinn as he looked around the bank.

The first thing his eyes went to were the little stone gremlins perched on the walls and ceiling around the huge room. He watched as one of the gremlins' eyes followed him like a security camera, making him wonder what they would do if he was an intruder. Alas, he didn't have the liberty to test out to pull out a black ski mask and shotgun.

The lobby only had one greeting table, and the lobby somehow didn't look desolate despite the lack of any other furniture. Behind the long white patterned marble table sat three women in the prime of their beauty, dressed in identical attire.

They walked to the middle woman, who looked up from her work and stood when she saw them approaching. "Madam Berenberg," she said with a slight bow, "we have been expecting; I hope you're having a pleasant day."

"I have been fine, thank you, and I hope you're the same."

The woman who worked at Monolith as a front desk concierge nodded to Alexia before turning to Quinn, who she found was staring at her intently with a raised eyebrow.

"Is there something, Mr. West?" she asked.

Quinn looked away from her and towards the other two concierges who were engrossed in their work before looking at the woman again. "You three are identical," he asked, "triplets?"

The woman smiled softly with her painted-pink lips. "Yes, Mr. West, we are triplets." The other two of the trio looked up and nodded with identical smiles. Quinn had seen twins — Potter Twins, Patil Twins, Weasley Twins, and the Carrow Twins; the latter two pairs were the classic identical twins who matched with their twins, but even they weren't a match for the triplets before him, he couldn't tell one apart from another.

". . . You know my name?" asked Quinn.

"Yes, we were informed that you'll be visiting today."

Quinn looked at her lapel badge and saw a name tag that said — Amaryll. He glanced at her sisters and learned their names — Cheryl and Daffodil.

"I have an appointment with Gair," said Helena.

"Mr. Gair is ready for you," said Amaryl. "I'll guide you to him; please follow me."

They walked into the inner part of the bank through an entrance in the inner wall of the lobby and entered a room with a dozen doorways. They stepped into the doorway with the number four in roman numerals etched above.

"I have heard that the number four is known as the West gate as through their one can go to the part of the bank that handles the West fortune," said Alexia, whispering into Quinn's ears. The West fortune stored Monolith was big enough for the bank to assign an entire section for its care.

They walked through a few corridors, passing by many doors coming across a few people who would nod to Helena — she seemed to be extremely famous in the Switzerland finance industry. After the corridors exited, the interior changed into a classic renaissance design, much different from the rest of the bank.

They soon reached a pair of dark wood doors. A pale woman sat outside the door, to a side behind a desk. She wore thin-rimmed circular glasses with messy brown curls flowing down her shoulders.

Quinn's gaze lingered on the woman as he noticed something strange with her. 'She's lacking blood,' he noted. He had long become adept with blood magic that, along with his expertise in healing magic, that he could intuitively tell a thing or two about blood at a glance, and this woman's appearance told him that she was at a loss of blood, though he couldn't tell the reason without casting magic.

"Ixquic," said Amaryl to the woman, who looked up at her with a semi-dazed that regained focus at seeing Amaryl. "We are here for Mr. Gair's appointment with Master Quinn West and Madam Helena Berenberg."

"He's waiting for you," said Ixquic, her voice held a whisper-like quality. She got up from her chair, slowly walked to the door, lightly rapped her knuckles before opening the door a crack and looking inside. "Madam Berenberg is here."

A deep voice sounded from inside, "Send them in."

Ixquic pushed one pane of the double doors open with her entire body.

"Please go in," she gestured them in.

Helena and Quinn entered the similarly styled office, leaving Alexia outside. A wall covered with bookshelves, artwork framed on the others; a sitting area around a table in one part of the room; wooden cabinets fitted with glasses. And the most eye-catching part of the room were animal heads mounted on the upper walls — lion, tiger, wolf, elk, among other non-magical animals but then there were the magical species, and that collection was impressive from every angle — an Egyptian sphinx, a Peruvian Vipertooth dragon, a South Ameican Firedrake, a white-feathered Griffin, and the list went on.

Sitting in the centre of the office was a man in his prime, dressed in a simple black shirt and white pants, leaning into his chair behind a simple-yet-ornate four-legged desk.

"Helena," greeted the man in his deep voice without standing up, "you look beautiful as ever. How about we go to dinner tonight? I know a lavish place where we can enjoy some great wine and food."

"I'm flattered, Gair, but I would like to politely refuse. I am, as you know, married."

"What has that got to do with anything?" said Gair apathetically, causing Helena to sigh; she had long gone used to it. Next, Gair turned his half-lidded eyes to Quinn, "So you're George's grandson. . . hmm, I can see the resemblance, though I think like your sister more."

Quinn stared at the man intently, "So, you're the reason why the lady outside seems to be hypovolemic." The moment he had set his eyes on the man, he knew exactly why the secretary, Ixquic, outside had a lack of blood volume in her body

"Aren't you an observant one," said Gair, his red-eyes smiling. He raised his hand that rested on the armrest of his chair and rested his sickly-pale face (much paler than Ixquic) on his palm. "What gave me away?" he said with a voice swimming in amusement.

"You're clearly a Vampire," said Quinn.

"That I am," said Gair while gesturing for them to sit down.

Quinn glanced at Helena, but she didn't seem to be surprised, meaning she knew about the man's face, and well, why wouldn't she? This man, Gair, wasn't really hiding his race.

Quinn sat down opposite Gair, who still had a laid-back smile, "Second point —" Gair slightly raised his brows, "— the lady outside, her name — Ixquic. . . Mayan origin. . . and its meaning — Blood Woman," he matched eyes with Gair who was now smiling, "I just hope I'm wrong about Ms. Ixquic's history and the origins of her name."

"Oh? Do tell," asked Gair, curious.

"You're a vampire, and I guessing an old one?"

"Hmm, old, yes, I suppose you can say that. Let's say that I started working for your family when your grandfather's grandfather was a young man."

Quinn's eyes narrowed. That was older than he had first thought. "If you're that old, and she's named Ixquic, I just hope that it's not her real name, or at least the first one, and you gave it to her."

"I did give that name to her," then Gair smiled, "when she was born."

Quinn's lips thinned. His thoughts were correct. "She was raised to be

your blood bag," said Quinn; half-statement and half-question.

"Mhmn. Though you don't need to worry about her, she's doing it on her own accord and is getting compensated handsomely."

"Is she the only one?"

"Right now, yes."

Which meant there were others before.

"Well, if this is her choice, then I suppose it's none of my business," Quinn said before formally introducing himself, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Gair. I'm Quinn West."

"Ah, I haven't introduced myself, haven't I? My name is Idris Gair, and as you guessed, I'm a Vampire, and I work as the Head Account Manager for the West Account in Monolith, and am also part-owner of Monolith.

You're an interesting one, Quinn West."

Quinn shrugged. "So, Mr. Gair, how did you come to work for my family?" he asked.

"No need to call me Mr. Gair. Just Gair or Idris will do," said Gair, curiously observing Quinn. "As for your latter question — Monolith is a bank which allows various races to work for them — I started at the lowest, but by the time your grandfather's father took over, I was already working in the current position and have been working in the same position."

Helen chimed in and provided a fact, "Gair's a rare manager in Monolith, unlike the others, who work on multiple accounts, Gair only manages one section, and only focus on the West funds."

"Your family has more than enough money, which is too much for me complete," said Gair. "I can't diversify even if I wanted to do because of the amount of work I go through with just your money stored here at the bank. I have no interest in taking any more accounts."

"So, I heard that you're here to deposit a large amount of money?" asked Gair.

Quinn nodded, "I have come into more gold, and I'd like to add it to my vault here."

"We can do that," said Gair, "My team and I are the ones who manage your personal account here. I have to say, it's one of the fastest-growing personal accounts I have seen in the recent time.

"Your vault is already ready; we just need to load it with some money, and we'd be ready to go fully operational. So how much are you planning to put in?"

"A lot of it," Quinn smiled.

"Well," Gair stood up, "come on, let's go make a deposit."

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Quinn West - MC - Blood magic is one of his expertise.

Idris Gair - Vampire - Very old; flirty; laid-back; has raised his own blood bank.

Ixquic - Blood bank (Blood Woman) - Probably earns more than any secretary.

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All the chapters would still be posted here, but you can support me with a donation and get chapters earlier than usual as a bonus.

[Link in the Bio/Profile](#)

260. Chapter 260: Class Of Elite

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Quinn, Helena, Alexia walked with Gair and Ixquic as they traversed the complicated maze that was Monolith.

"Fun fact about the bank," said Gair, "its first location was in a mountain, as literally in a mountain. Ixquic, tell them about it."

Ixquic, who walked along with Helena and Alexia, who were behind Quinn and Gair, spoke about the history of the bank, "The founder, two dwarves — Bromrag and Dhummak, they craved the mountain to create the bank's first headquarters, and because the entire place was a single structure made from rock-cutting, they named it Monolith."

Gair half-chuckled, "Technically, it was something in dwarven, but I, for my life, can't pronounce it, and so couldn't most of our clients, so they changed it to Monolith."

"What happened to the place in the mountains?" asked Quinn.

"Landslide," said Gair

"Damn, must be rocky."

Gair laughed, "Yes, it must have been rocky, good one."

"So dwarves founded Monolith, huh. Then how did you become a part-owner?" asked Quinn.

"Well, I have been part of the bank for a long time, obviously one of its best people, and after working so long here and playing the right moves, the stars aligned, and they rewarded with me a minor ownership," said Gair before sighing. "Though I don't like the extra work they piled upon me. I swear they only gave me the swig of the blood so they could dump work on me."

Which told Quinn nothing, but from his impression of the Vampire, he probably would have derailed a person or two's career (probably much more) to get to his position.

"Office politics," said Quinn, "must be tough."

"You have no idea, kid."

Quinn noticed that the corridors were slanting downwards slightly for a while now. He was sure they had long left the surface and were underground. Soon, the walls turned into dungeon-ish with rough rock walls, only the floor remained smooth and flat. Soon, they reached an elevator with a shutter-type door and walls and floors, which had tiny holes through which one could see.

A stocky-dwarf with fizzled hair and pointy beard sat outside, slumped into a chair with feet hanging forward. When he saw the group approach, he stood up.

"Arsek, how're you doing today?" asked Gair in German.

"Master Gair, rare to see you in the mines," said the newly-identified Arsek replied in German but with a bulkish accent.

"You know how it is; it's good down to the mines and sniff all that gold behind the doors," said Gair before taking out a key. "I would like to use the elevator."

Arsek eyed the key and then the group — mainly Quinn, Helena, and Alexia, who weren't part of Monolith. "As you ask, Master Gair." Arsek pulled the shutter open, inviting the group inside.

Inside, Arsek took out a ring hoop with dozens of keys and deftly detached a key from it. In front of him, beside the door, where yet again tens of keyholes without any indicators marking them. Arsek took the key and inserted it in one of the unmarked keyholes before looking at Gair, who inserted his key into the sole keyhole on his side of the door. With a nod to each other, they turned the keys, and an earthen yellow trail of magic cruised through the elevator's body.

The elevator began moving down with a tiny tremor before stopping and speeding right horizontally and then in several different directions on

both vertical and horizontal axes.

"Arsek, tell our guests here a little something about the elevator."

The dwarf looked at the three non-Monolithites and puffed his chest as he spoke, "The elevator's special. To wake the baby," he caressed the wall, "you need two key — employee man one, and other from elevator man like me. Without two, the elevator not moving."

He pointed at the unmarked keyholes. "Employee man key go into one hole, but elevator man needs to choose right key and right hole to start the elevator," he said with pride before growing somber. "Only elevator maker knows how elevator move, and no one else, so only right key in right hole take people to the right place."

After a while, the elevator opened, and the group exited the elevator with Arsek sitting on another chair placed outside the elevator.

"Don't think less of dwarves," said Gair. "They're highly intelligent, master of magical engineering and construction. But most of them prefer to stay with their own kind, and for that reason, they aren't well-versed in human languages. If you heard them in dwarven, you'd realize how smart they are."

Quinn nodded in understanding, realizing why Arsek spoke in German.

Basel was in the German-speaking part of Switzerland, after all.

"I never thought less of them," said Quinn, recalling an experience from his travels with his grandfather. "I remember talking to a dwarf who was proficient in English, and he was one of the most well-spoken and smart people I had encountered."

"It's good that you understand," said Gair; the Vampire had developed a soft spot of the dwarven-kind in a bank that had a large dwarf population. "We have arrived at your new vault."

Ixquic stepped forward, took out her wand, and with a cast, the door split

into numerous cubes that crawled to the sides, leaving a passage open to the vault. A gust of wind came rushing from behind, entering the vault, leaving them with a cold shiver.

"Shall we," said Gair and stepped inside.

"I'll be waiting here; please call for me if you desire my assistance," said Helena.

Quinn nodded and entered the vault behind Gair. He felt a magic scan him as he stepped through the threshold.

"All yours," said Gair, pointing at the empty vault.

Quinn observed the space, "Hmm, this is going to be barely enough. Oh, well, I'm sure you guys will figure it out." He set down this briefcase on the floor; the briefcase expanded to a larger size when Quinn flipped the top open. He looked at Gair, "May I draw my wand?"

"Be my guest."

Quinn drew his fake wand and said, "Stand back." He made a light swing before stepping back himself.

When nothing after a few breaths of time, Gair said, "Is there something —"

With a threatening rumble that shook the briefcase, a geyser of glimmering gold coins came bursting out, spraying in whatever direction Quinn pointed his fake-wand to.

"Hmm, this reminds me of where I piss in the toilet bowl," said Gair.

"Vampire can urinate?"

"Of course, we can. I, at my base, still have human-like physiology."

"Is it true that Vampires can heal by drinking blood?"

Gair glanced at Quinn for a brief second before returning to the gold shower. "Yes, we can. Every Vampire has the ability, but not all can do it."

"What do you mean?"

"We feed on blood to sate the thirst for it. But the damned thirst never really subsides, so Vampires who can't control the thirst just end up drinking the blood without using it for healing. It's common in young ones who don't have the experience, but there are a few old ones who give in to the thirst and never control it — well, those guys are usually put down because of their drinking sprees."

"Have you ever gone on one?"

Gair laughed in reply — a fake laugh that had been used so much that it had turned real.

"How much did you bring?" asked Gair, looking at the five gold mountains that reached the ceiling, with a sixth one in progress.

"I'm pretty sure we sent the exact amount, didn't you get it?"

"I leave that sort of stuff to my people. I pay them for a reason."

"This room's just big enough; when I'm done, there'll be barely enough to walk around."

"How did you get this much money, kid? When I was your age, I would lose my mind if someone gave me a couple of galleons?"

"I took it from a man who didn't need it anymore."

"Seriously?"

"Don't worry, he's dead. . . and short, he's short."

". . ."

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Outside the vault, Helena and Alexia peered inside at the gold coins spraying out with a sculpture coming out once in a while.

"That's a lot of money," Alexia said with fingers touching her parted lips,

"and all of that is Quinn's, and his alone?"

"That seems to be the case," said Helena with surprise on her face. She knew about another account in Monolith that gained royalty amounts from various West products.

"Wow, that's a lot for someone Quinn's age," said Alexia, wondering what it would be like to have that much money.

"Yet that's not even the tip of the iceberg that is West's wealth," said Helena.

Alexia nodded. She usually worked in the finance department and knew the amount of money processed through the thousands of transactions every day.

Helena shook her head when she saw Alexia's nod. "No, even the amount we handle here is the true extent of the West's wealth. It's just one part of it — a big part of their European business, but not the true view of wealth.

Do you know there exists a class even among the uber-rich?"

"Eh," Alexia uttered in confusion, "a class. . . in those people, I don't understand."

"Even I didn't understand it before I reached a certain point in my career," said Helena. "But there are three classes of uber-rich — the lower class, the middle class, and the upper class."

Alexia furrowed her brows. "I. . . I don't understand. Aren't people or families with that much money. . . just rich?"

"They are rich, with more money they would need in their lifetimes, there isn't any doubt in that, but that doesn't mean that all of them are equal," said Helena. "The lower class are the people who have their wealth tied into one business; for example, if all of West wealth was tied into MagiFax, then they'd be of the lower class of uber-rich."

"Why is that lower class? Isn't MagiFax huge? My mother said that it changed how things happened in her company."

"Yes, MagiFax is revolutionary, but that makes West wealth limited to MagiFax. If, for some reason, MagiFax became obsolete because something better came along, or if the MagiFax services deteriorated, then the worth of the business would crash, and that would reduce the wealth of the company."

While Alexia couldn't see MagiFax failing, she nodded at the hypothetical situation. "Then how do you resolve that?" she asked.

"You become a middle class of uber-rich," said Helena as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

". . . Madam Berenberg."

"Don't look at me like that; let me explain, and it will make sense," said Helena chuckling. "Middle class of uber-rich is when you don't put all your eggs in one basket. When a person's wealth doesn't come from one source, but from many different sources."

"Oh! I understand!" said Alexia, her voice causing Helena to lean away a bit. "West family is middle class, aren't they? They have so many businesses, so even if one of them fails, the rest of the business would still bring in the money, so they don't have to worry about losing all their wealth as it is distributed."

Alexia recalled MagiFax, MLE, Lunar Developer, which were just the latest, and there were so many more industries that West had been operating in for decades.

"Right on the bell, you're correct," said Helena. "The middle-class uber-rich don't have to worry as their wealth is so widely distributed that even if they lose many of their business, they would be secured. The middle-class uber-rich have seemingly unlimited amounts of cash; they can have

huge political influence if they choose to exercise their power, and their wealth continues to accumulate no matter how hard they try to give it away."

Helena was sure that when it came to pure business, no one had a better positioning than Wests as they were not only diversified through industries, they were diversified through countries, which provided them a layer of diversification that was quite unparalleled in the magical communities.

"But you're wrong in one thing, Alexia," said Helena. "Wests aren't a middle class; they are of the upper class of uber-rich."

By now, Ixquic had scooted near the two ladies to listen to the interesting talk.

"The upper class are the true old money elite that has been wealthy for generations. They are royals or nobility or from a lineage of wealth that extends back to recorded history. They don't own companies; they own countries. They are Saudi royals, or Russian oligarchs, or European nobility, or American old money. These people don't use banks like Monolith or hire people like us who manage their wealth for them. Why? Because their wealth is much harder to quantify. You can work out business value quite easily, and there you have it, the worth of a lower class or upper class.

"But upper class don't hold wealth like this," Helena chuckled. "Imagine having a nation's national treasury as their bank balance. They directly own state enterprises that aren't open for the general public to buy. They might own the very land the country was built on. Need some money to spend? Write a letter to the country's treasury department, and the nation will personally become your walking wallet.

"These families' wealth is also highly stable because they are so well-

diversified, and the only way to make them broke is to bring down an entire country. As for political influence? They either pull the strings from the shadows or are directly head of the state."

Alexia seemed blown away. "But why haven't I heard of such people?"

"Because they try their hardest to stay hidden. People like these are backward or poor countries, and it wouldn't look good if you are spending money when your country is struggling with poverty,"

explained Helena. "But have you heard of Abates of Italy?"

"Lia's mother's family?" said Alexia.

"Yes, they're a family that has been there before Italy was established.

They might not have power in the muggle part of the country, but when it comes to the magical part, there's nothing bigger than Abate in the country. They, like the Wests, run a few businesses, and even these businesses might be on a decline; that's just a front that the family runs to do something. Even if all those businesses went down, it wouldn't affect Abates one bit."

"Then. . . the West?" asked Ixquic, speaking for the first time.

Helena looked at the silent girl, "It was around the same time your boss started to work with the Wests when the then family's head started to invest in poorer countries. Under his rule, Wests essentially brought out magical parts of those countries and rose from your standard middle-class to upper-class.

"His next-generation solidified the position. George West, who came after the solidification, chose to focus on actual business as those countries could be left alone to grow and only required guidance once in a while. His son, Adam West, ventured into the muggle world, but that halted because of his untimely death. Lia West, the next in line, seems to focus on the magical world because of the recent influx of new innovative

products.

"Though her younger brother," Helena pointed to Quinn inside the vault,

"Quinn West seems to have asked for someone who'd help him invest his

newly gained wealth into the muggle world. It seems that Wests are

going to gain another layer of diversification with this new generation."

The three, who all worked for Wests, looked at the West inside, still

spewing gold, witnessing a part of the lineage bigger than they seemed

and only truly known to those with elite status or those in the right

places.

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Quinn West - MC - You love gold? I have mountains of it.

Idris Gair - Part-owner of Monolith - Oh boy, that mountain looks like it's

about to fall. . . on me.

Helena Berenberg - Search her surname - Phew, that was a lot speaking.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - So yeah, there are classes of billionaires (I couldn't use billionaires, so I used uber-rich.)

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If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction

or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the

DISCORD Server and blast those ideas.

The link is in the synopsis!

261. Chapter 261: Meeting The

Broker

If you want to read ahead of the posting schedule then head over to my

Patreón.

All the chapters would still be posted here, but you can support me with

a donation and get chapters earlier than usual as a bonus.

Link in the Bio/Profile

[This chapter is edited by a dear reader: Liacster]

Quinn tapped his finger at the beautiful mahogany table. He was sat in a conference room inside Switzerland's West Headquarters. He glanced up at the clock in front of him that showed five minutes to eleven — ten minutes remaining to his last meeting in Switzerland before he went back home.

"He should be here by now," said Quinn.

Helena looked up from her everyday paperwork, she might have been keeping Quinn company, but that didn't mean she wanted to take her regular duties home. "He will be here. . . it's just that that person has a reputation for being punctual, he won't be here a minute before its time to arrive," she said.

"Is that so," said Quinn and then closed his eyes to spend some time in his mind.

The next time Quinn opened his eyes was at the sound of the door opening and a loud voice that came from the said door. "I am here, lovely people, so let's make some gorgeous gold for everybody."

Quinn looked at the loud man. Hair set with wax, a finely groomed beard, a natural tan skin, a tailored grey checkered suit on his body, and an expensive watch on his wrist.

The man strolled into the room, pulled up a chair, and dropped himself down on it. He leaned back and spread his legs wide, and stared at Quinn, who sat in front of him. "So, you're Quinn West, huh. Man, you're young, and with so much money. . . those born with silver spoons have it so good and easy."

"It would be better if you don't—" Helena tried to say something, but Quinn raised a hand.

"You are?" Quinn asked.

"Eh? You don't know me?" asked the man, blinking in surprise.

"Of course not. Should I know you?" Though he noticed the American accent

The man's broad smile somehow stretched wider. "I like you. . . I like you. . . I like you." The man leaned forward towards the table and set his elbows on it as his fingers tapped a quick beat. "My name is Jerome Walker, but I'm more popularly known as the Broker. . . It is a pleasure to meet you," he smiled.

"Well then, Mr Walker, I hear you can help me invest my money in the non-magical world."

"That I can," the man raised his hands and wiggled his fingers. "I am the Broker, the man who trades between the wizarding and the no-maj world. Anything you desire from the no-maj world, I'll get my hands on it — no matter what the item, the Broker will find it for you."

"And how did you get into this fascinating business, Mr Walker?" asked Quinn.

The Broker leaned back into his chair and drummed his fingertips against each other. "I was born to a wizard father and a no-maj mother, or at least that's what I was told, but who can tell in America."

Quinn raised a brow at that. He knew about the laws in America where first-generation magicals were taken away from their families because of the witch hunt history of the country and raised by the Ministry until they had completed their education; the same went for orphans.

But this was Quinn's first time seeing someone like that.

"I wasn't that good with magic," the Broker said with a satisfied smile, "the worst at it really, neither was I good at Quidditch and because of my background, I couldn't make it into the Ministry — it's tough to succeed without some kind of backing there. So, after I graduated, I struggled for

a while, jumping from job to job, before I decided that there wasn't much of a future for me in the wizarding world, so I decided to try my hand at the no-maj world, and well, all sort of stuff happened, and here I am. The man who everyone wants to be, but not all can become."

"It must've been tough," said Quinn, "venturing into the non-magical world after living your entire life in the magical one."

"Na, it wasn't that difficult," Broker waved it off, "people are people — they're the same everywhere. It took a year at most before I was a person brought up in the no-maj world, and I have to admit, it was much more fun than the wizarding world."

"Well, that side of the world has its charm," said Quinn before deciding to get to the point. "I am looking to invest a little of my wealth into the non-magical world, and from the word around, the Broker's the best there is."

"You have heard correct. I'm the best in the business. I was the only one when I started; there have been many who have tried to walk the path I took, but they can't beat the original, and that's why they call me THE Broker.

So tell me, what do you want to acquire, and I'll get it for you."

The Broker looked up at the kid in front of him. What could a boy his age want — a car, maybe a computer, or a game console, or whatever a bratty teen these days wanted.

"I want companies."

The Broker's hand stroking his beard stilled over his chin as he tilted his head. What did the kid say? Companies? Maybe he heard it wrong. "Sorry I didn't get that. Could you repeat what you said?"

"I want to buy companies."

Broker slowly leaned forward. "Companies. . . as in?"

"Well, I have some in mind that I want to buy. Most of them have already

gone public, so we're going to have to buy stocks, or if you approach the owners, who are looking to liquefy a part of their share, I don't mind buying from them directly. There are two that haven't gone public, but one of them would soon, so I want to buy a lot during the IPO."

Broker opened his mouth before closing it and repeated the process a couple of times before he finally uttered some words. "You want to buy companies? you want to buy stock? As in the stock market? You. . . you actually know what stocks are."

"Of course, I know what stocks are," said Quinn, furrowing his brows.

"You can do it, right? Or do I need to find someone else?"

That pulled the Broker back into the game. "Of course, I can get it. That's not even a question. I can get anything; a few stocks isn't going to be difficult. A few calls in the correct places, and you can buy all the stock you want."

"That's good to hear," said Quinn, pulling a folder from his pockets and sliding it towards the Broker. "These are the companies I have chosen and the amount I want to be invested. As this my first investment, I'm going for the long haul, and it would be a very long while before I even think of liquifying them."

"Oh ho, a client who knows what they want, huh. My favorite sort of client," he pulled the folder to him. "Let's see what you have in mind."

He opened the folder and started reading. "Oracle, Intel, IBM, Microsoft, Apple. . ."

Quinn nodded. He didn't know much about the stock market, but what he did have was the memories of his previous life. However, even in his previous life, Quinn wasn't much involved in the business world or even investment. It didn't help that the detailed memories of his previous life faded with every year — those memories weren't accessible through his

mindscape, and thus Quinn had to write a lot of his memories so he didn't lose them.

However, he didn't live under a rock; he knew what was really big and what would do really well in the future.

"Yeah, so these companies, as you might see, are tech companies," said Quinn. "I have full confidence that these companies will do very well in the future. There's Amazon, which I heard is going to go public very soon, so we're going to buy a lot during the IPO. Also, I would like you to keep an eye on Google."

Quinn was also looking forward to the dot com bubble crisis happening to invest more and solidify his position in the tech industry.

"And, if you flip it over, you would see that I have chosen a few more companies that aren't tech companies because I want to diversify a bit," said Quinn. "Monster Beverage Corporation — a beverage company, Jack Henry & Associates — which is again a tech-based but in the financial sector, there's Cerner — also tech-based, but it's involved in healthcare, so I have listed it separately like I did the previous one.

I have listed Best Buy, Ross Stores, which are both retail stores that I think are going to do well. Kansas City Southern is a railroad company that I researched a bit and was a last-minute entry. UnitedHealth Group because the health industry is not going anywhere but up, and as such is a no-brainer. Next, there's Berkshire Hathaway, a conglomerate that deals in everything insurance and freight rail transportation, retailing," Quinn took a breath. " and Finally, I want to cap it off with Nike because basketball is huge right now, so I want to leverage that and 'ride the wave' so to speak. And that's that. . . Well?, what do you think; would you be able to do it all?"

The Broker had his eyes glued on the sheets. He'd heard what Quinn had

said, but most of it wasn't registering as his attention was occupied by the numbers printed on the paper.

'. . . What are these outrageous amounts?!' He glanced up over the folder at Quinn briefly. 'Why does he have to buy so much? Did he add an extra zero or something?'

It wasn't like he hadn't traded in these amounts— some people wanted him to buy antiques or artworks, and those things were ridiculously priced. But this was a different ballpark, and he was going to have to put in some serious work just so these investments, in VERY prominent companies didn't make big waves and attract unwanted attention. No matter what he would need to invest these amounts slowly over an extended period to hide them from the prying eyes.

"Alright," said the Broker, "I'll set up—"

"I actually wanted to invest more," said Quinn almost petulantly as he crossed his arms.

"... what?"

"I had to cut my investment in half because grandfather said that he wanted to match any investments I make, and taking that into account I thought that as they were, it might make a serious change in the market, which I don't want."

"Match the amount. . ."

Helena jumped into the conversation. "Yes, we would need a replication of what you're going to do for Quinn, but this would be tied to a fund which is connected to George West, and this goes without saying, but we would expect absolute secrecy on your part about this."

". . . Double you say," said the Broker, looking at the sheets before shutting his eyes while doing the calculation. That changed everything; now, he was going to be calling in big favors and greasing certain hands

to keep it under the radar. He opened his eyes. "I can. . . No, I will make this happen. But it's going to cost extra, Because what you're asking me needs a lot of work and time, mine specifically, to pull off."

"Not a problem," said Quinn, gesturing to Helena. "Please contact Mrs. Berenberg here, and she'll pay for your services. Remembering of course to keep these requests separate from each other, and thus, bill each differently."

"Whatever floats your boat," said the Broker before fully leaning into his chair, feeling strangely mentally exhausted after such a short meeting. "Why couldn't you have just asked for a car or a yacht or a plane. I could have the keys in your hands before the month ended. This. . . This is going to take at least a year, probably longer."

Quinn shrugged. He currently had no need for a yacht or plane — he preferred to fly and swim himself, even a car was rendered a moot point with apparition under his belt.

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Quinn West - MC - 'Dot com bubble. . . Facebook. . . 2008's financial crisis. . . coin release. . . hehehehe.'

Jerome Walker - The Broker - A man between two worlds.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Well, the long-standing request of investing in the muggle world has been completed. Also, I'm not a financial geek, so I just chose the American stock market, which is why The Broker is an American. And all of the stocks came from 'best performing stock in the 30 year period,' and the obvious tech stocks. Also, let's not get into the butterfly effect. This was just my attempt at showing muggle investment.

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If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the

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262. Chapter 262: An Inspired

QWASPP

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Link in the Bio/Profile

George and Lia walked in the corridors of West Manor.

"I'm a bit worried about him," said George.

"Why? What did he do now?" asked Lia, the twenty-seven-year-old, who looked to be in her early twenties.

"He's barely at home these days. He goes out in the morning to the gym of his; I'm already gone by the time he returns for breakfast. Then Rosey tells me that he goes out again soon after that only to return in time for supper."

"Does he say where he goes?"

"He names places, towns, cities, seaside ports; he has named almost every portion of the country. But that isn't much to go with."

"I'm sure he's just going to the Greengrass' place," Lia grinned, looping her arm with her grandfather.

George hummed.

"So, any idea what he's going to show us today?" she asked.

George shook his head. "Just that it's not something new. Or that what's he told Elliot."

"Then I hope it's something we already sell," sighed the person in charge of every subsidiary built for her brother's inventions. "Opening a new

company every year's bothersome work, not to mention looking for the correct people to lead those companies. There are so many people with their top bunks empty."

"You can always pass one of them to Elliot."

"No, that won't be necessary," said Lia in firm refusal. She was trying to build a reputation in the West businesses that didn't have anything to do with her family name. She was secure enough to delegate responsibility to her subordinates, but passing on the companies assigned to her, which involved her baby brother's inventions, wasn't something she was going to do anytime soon. "Uncle Elliot oversees more than twice number companies than I do. He already makes it like I'm wet behind the ear; I don't want to make further fun of myself.

"Good," said George, satisfied, "if you accepted, I would've been disappointed." He didn't oversee any of the companies, but when he was working under his own father, he oversaw thrice as many companies as Lia and expected her to reach that level someday.

"Oh, we're here." Lia removed her arm from George's as the door to the room where they were going to spend the upcoming time came into view.

"Let's see what he has for us today."

Lia opened the door with George peering from above her head. They stared at a door standing in the middle of the room, and from behind the door, Quinn's face peaked out with a white sketch marker clenched between his teeth.

Quinn opened his mouth to speak, letting the marker fall, but it began to float up immediately after being let go. "Excellent time, both of you. I just finished putting the last touches on the product today; please gather around so that we can start this year's QWASPP."

"Now, what might this be?" asked Lia, moving around the cerulean blue

door standing in its frame.

"It's a door," said Quinn, puffing his chest as he crossed his arms.

George brushed his hand against the door pane. "This is. . . not a good wood, neither is the craftsmanship. What is this made from?"

"Common Oak," said Quinn. "As for the craftsmanship, it's made like that purposefully."

"What does it do?" asked Lia excitedly as she wrapped an arm around Quinn's shoulder.

"Well, you might actually recognize it without me telling you," Quinn took out a skeletal key hanging from a thin chain from his pocket, and the moment George saw the gold glint of the metal, his eyes widened.

"Is that an Abate key?" George asked, taking the key into his hand.

"No," said Quinn chuckling, "while I would love to have a key that could access the Abate network, I don't have it." He smiled at the key, "Though, this key in your hand does work something like Abates."

Lia looked at the door, "You mean. . ."

"Grandfather, would you like to do the honors," said Quinn.

George nodded. He took the key to the door and used it to open the door with a click. He grabbed the doorknob above the keyhole and twisted it for the door to open to a back alley street.

"It's really like the Abate network," said George as he stepped out into the deserted street with Quinn and Lia following after him.

"Ah, so we are in North Yorkshire," said Quinn looking around.

Lia frowned, "Why do you say it like that?" Even George noticed how Quinn worded his sentence.

"Well, this is a QWASPP, so I'm going for something that we can sell," said Quinn. "Britain already has the floo network, and while walking through a door would be much better jumping into a fireplace, I don't

think if we can take floo out of Britain. . . well, maybe we can, but that's not what I made this for."

"Then what?" asked Lia.

Quinn looked at George. "Grandfather, do you know what a Vanishing Cabinet is?"

George's eyes widen with realization. He looked at the door, then at the desolate street, then back at Quinn, who smiled.

"It's the best time to sell something like this," said Quinn.

"Uhm, what are we talking about here?" asked Lia.

"Vanishing Cabinets — are a pair of cabinets connected to each through the means of spatial magic that allow an object or person to enter one cabinet and exit through the other. They have been a popular household item to have during wars — they were especially favored here in Britain during the last war to escape using them when the Dark Lord and Death Eaters stuck."

"That doesn't make sense," said Lia, recalling one of her readings on the war, "didn't Death Eaters attacked people in their homes," she looked at the door, "if they had these. . . then why?"

". . . Because Vanishing Cabinets weren't commonplace," said George with somber tenor. "It requires considerable skill to craft a pair of working Vanishing Cabinets; not anyone can make those; as such, only a select few were able to get their hands on them."

Quinn added, "Moreover, Vanishing Cabinets weren't popular items outside wartime. They were much more common during Grindewald's conquest that spanned more than two decades, but after in the time of peace, the market fell, and the craftsman stopped making them, and with time, they became rare, and so did the people who could build them.

"When the Dark Lord struck, there were only a few people who could

build them, and even those could only produce at a limited rate, forget about training others. So only those with the gold and connections could get one built, and the rest were left without one. Peace was achieved again, but the Vanishing Cabinet went away with it as it did before.

". . . But as we know, the Dark Lord's recently ended his vacation and is back in the office, so. . ."

"It's the best time to sell," said Lia, repeating Quinn's words.

"Yes," said Quinn, grabbing the doorknob of the door, "this takes inspiration from the Abate network that it is indeed a network of doors. For the last week, I went around the country and built a limited network.

"How this work is that when a person opens a door, it connects to a random door on the network, which as you might have noticed," Quinn pointed around him, "are in deserted places, all covered by anti-non-magical wards, which eliminates the Vanishing Cabinet's weakness — that is, if you find the cabinet outside the house, opens you up to an ambush, but with random doors, you don't have that problem."

"What if someone finds all the doors in the network?" asked Lia.

"Doesn't matter," said Quinn, "if we add enough doors, it doesn't matter if you find them all if you don't have enough man to cover every one of them." He raised the key, "It wouldn't take a key to exit the house, just a secret password — but if you want to go back home — it will take the key held by the people who would be pre-connected to it and would require another secret password."

"You said something about the door being crafted the way it was?" asked George.

"Ah yes, that was for a showcase that any door could be on the network. It could be anything, anywhere, and one wouldn't know unless they used the door. Similarly, it could be any door in the house — a bathroom

door, bedroom door, or even a door to the basement — it could also be a secret door hidden in any random wall."

The West exited the back alley and back to their house, closing the door behind them, after which Quinn showcased the randomized feature of the door, opening the door to a couple more places around the country that Quinn had visited via apparition and found the deserted places by flying while being invisible.

"I have a question," asked Lia, "how does this interact with the wards. What is stopping a person from using these doors to bypass the wards and arrive inside a house?"

"Good question," Quinn said, appreciating the question. "These doors can be tied into the wards. You can set the doors so that no one can come into the house using one of the outside doors — so only outgoing would be available. In fact, it's the recommended setting. If you get out of your house during danger, then don't return to the house for a while, and go somewhere else."

"The idea is good," said George, walking around the door. He stopped and opened the door, and without a key, it was just a normal door. "If we can construct a wide enough network, we would be able to turn it into something that would be very attractive to everyone."

"Yeah, about that. . . there is one teeny problem with this," said Quinn.

"What is it?" asked Lia, snapping out of her thoughts that went to how to set up a business around the door network.

"Only I'm able to build these doors," said Quinn.

The magic behind the connected doors came from four sources — spatial magic books, the Vanishing Cabinet technology, the Abate network, and finally, from the entrance tunnel of the Aquatic Vault.

He had started with studying spatial magic to solve the entrance tunnel

in the Great Lake guarded by the Kraken, which would somehow switch going down to up. And after years of irregular research, Quinn was able to figure out how the entrance worked. During the progress of that research, Quinn came across the Abate network, and after dealing with Dolion, Quinn had spent a portion of his remaining time in Italy studying the Abate doors while he was alone with Aksel Thorn. The Vanishing Cabinet technology was easy to get his hands by paying for the manuals, and while he never went to the Vanishing Cabinet in Hogwarts, he knew everything about them.

The problem was that Quinn's approach was sophisticated because Quinn valued stability and the range of the door, which made it very difficult for a person to learn how to do it. It would require a magical with considerable skill to learn the method created by the sources, which is even individually challenging to learn, and to train someone in his technique would require money and a lot of time.

"I can make ten a day," said Quinn. He could make more, but only ten in the time he was willing to set aside for the venture. "Which isn't bad as in little more than three months, we can have a thousand doors across the country, which I think are more than enough for the initial stage.

"After that, we can take orders from the customers, and I can continue to make ten a day that would be installed inside the customer's home. If we started early, by the same time next year, we would have covered a lot of people all around Britain."

George stayed silent for a while before saying, "The fact that you have presented to us, it means that you require something from us, or you would've done it on your own."

Quinn nodded.

"What do you require from us?" asked Lia.

"I don't want this to be connected to the Wests or even me and want the manufacturer to be a mystery, and for that to happen, I would require the family's help." Quinn didn't want to involve his family in the war, but it would prevent multiple people from becoming victims of the upcoming raids if this was implemented.

George held his hands behind his back, staring at the door for a good while. ". . . It is easy enough to do," he said, "I can make it so that West wouldn't be connected to your doors. Even if someone tried to dig out the truth, they would only find themselves in a labyrinth. However, I have a condition."

"Please say so. If it's something I can do, I'll do it," said Quinn.

George turned to his grandson and spoke in his serious-business voice.

"You're to give me a promise that I can call in later."

Quinn tilted his head. That's it? He was absolutely fine with that. "I accept your condition," he said.

"Then the deal is made," George said. "You make these doors, and I personally will make sure that a secret operation is ready for you to spread this product."

In the future, a mysterious group would start to sell their escape services.

The secretive group and their network of doors would infamously be known by a common name — The Labyrinth.

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Quinn West - MC - I'm always working on the old projects.

George West - Grandfather - Now has a promise from his grandson.

Lia West - Elder Sister - Handles all of the businesses that sell Quinn's products.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - The reason why Quinn accepted was that it was asked by his grandfather. He doesn't mistrust George at all. Quinn

would have rejected if some asked him; he would have put it down if they asked him of a promise, essentially a blank cheque.

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If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the DISCORD Server and blast those ideas.

The link is in the bio!

263. Chapter 263: Diagon Alley

Outing

If you want to read ahead of the posting schedule then head over to my Patreón.

All the chapters would still be posted here, but you can support me with a donation and get chapters earlier than usual as a bonus.

Link in the Bio/Profile

It was a fine Sunday morning.

Quinn sat on the breakfast table with a Quibbler issue in one hand that detailed the 'research trip' that the Lovegood family had taken to the lovely country of Sweden and a glass of apple juice in the other.

"Oh, this is a fun one," said Quinn, reading a column by Luna. "Did you know that more than half of Sweden is covered in forest, which equates to around the same size area-wise to the entirety of Britain? That's a lot of forest."

There was a light popping sound inches over the table, and a stack of letters fell onto an empty spot (courtesy of Polly.) Elliot, who sat closest to the pile, reached over and picked it up. He looked at the name on every envelope and passed them onto their intended recipients seated around the table.

"Oh, it's a letter from Hogwarts," said Elliot, looking at the last letter from

Elliot.

Quinn, Ms. Rosey, and George all looked away from their reading material up at Elliot, who held a large square envelope. "It must be your results," said George for a sharp interest to appear in Ms. Rosey's eyes.

Elliot passed the letter above to the table to Quinn.

"Hmm? There's something hard inside here," said Quinn, as he pressed the letter with his fingers. He made a swiping line with a finger, and the top crease of the letter tore away as if cut open with a letter-opener.

Quinn tilted the envelope for a badge to fall into his other palm.

"Oh, it's a Headboy badge," said Quinn, holding the circular badge by the edges.

"Congratulations, young master," Elliot said with a proud smile. Ms. Rosey and George's congratulations followed.

"Thank you. You know what this means, right?" Quinn showed them the badge. "Any guesses? No? Okay, I'll tell you. This means I'm going to get my own suite with my own bedroom. . . ah, I'm going to get my own bedroom. . ."

"What happened?" asked George as Quinn trailed off.

"I will have to move out of the dorm," said Quinn, "which means I won't be living with Eddie and Marcus. . . ugh, now I'm not sure if I want to move out." He slept in the same room with his best friend for the majority of the year — in the six years Eddie, Marcus, and he had been roommates, Quinn had come to his room at home to be less 'his room' than their dorm room in Hogwarts.

"You can tell them that you won't be needing the Headboy suite," said George, a former resident of said suite.

"Hmm? No, no, I still want the Headboy suite, but I also want to have a spot in the dorm — I fear that if I exit the dorm, they'll assign another

roommate to Eddie and Marcus." Quinn held his chin in thought before shrugging, "I'll write a letter and see what happens.

"Now, let's see how I did this year." He pulled out the parchment inside and unfolded it.

Hogwarts End-Of-Term Results Sixth Year

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Pass Grades

OUTSTANDING (O)

EXCEEDS EXPECTATIONS (E)

ACCEPTABLE (A)

Fail Grades

POOR (P)

DREADFUL (D)

TROLL (T)

.

Quinn West has achieved:

Arithmancy — O*

Astronomy — O*

Ancient Runes — O*

Care of Magical Creatures — O*

Charms — O*

Defense Against the Dark Arts — O*

Herbology — O*

History of Magic — O*

Potions — O*

Transfiguration — O*

* - Highest Score In The Year.

Quinn read the last line on the parchment before once again over his

grades. He nodded in satisfaction. "Another year with all big-Os with stars on top," he said, announcing his grades to his family.

Ms. Rosey all but snatched the result parchment when Quinn handed it over and looked squinted her eyes to look if he had left smudges on the parchments — dirty spots would need to be fixed before she added it to Quinn's academic folder of report cards.

"Are you going to change any of your classes this year?" asked George.

"You said that you have been wondering about dropping Care. . . and that for a couple years now."

"True. I have been on the fence for that a couple years now, but there's only one year left, so I'll just take the class, and with Rebeus Hagrid teaching Care, something interesting is sure to pop here and there."

Quinn stood up from his chair. "Now, if you'd excuse me, I have an appointment that I have to attend. Ms. Rosey, I won't return until evening, so no need to prepare lunch for me."

"Where are you going?" asked Ms. Rosey.

"I was invited to see how my very first investment turned out," said Quinn smiling.

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Quinn stepped out of a dark corner of Diagon Alley that he had just apparated into and stepped into the main street. He looked up and sighed at how the sunny morning had turned overcast in the span of mere minutes. If there was one thing he didn't enjoy about his home was how much it rained.

He looked away from the murky clouds and took in the market area.

Diagon Alley had changed. The colorful, glittering window displays of

spellbooks, potion ingredients, and cauldrons were lost to view, hidden behind the large Ministry of Magic posters that had been pasted over them. Most of these somber purple posters carried blown-up versions of the security advice on the Ministry pamphlets that had been sent out over the summer, but others bore moving black-and-white photographs of Death Eaters known to be on the loose. Bellatrix Lestrange was sneering from the front of the nearest apothecary. A few windows were boarded up, including those of Florean Fortescue's Ice Cream Parlor, which Quinn had heard had been dragged off by Death Eaters, making him wonder what Death Eaters wanted from the ice cream vendor.

On the other hand, several shabby-looking stalls had sprung up along the street. The nearest one, which had been erected outside Flourish and Blotts, under a striped, stained awning, had a cardboard sign pinned to its front:

AMULETS: Effective Against Werewolves, Dementors, and Ineri.

A seedy-looking little wizard was rattling armfuls of silver symbols on chains at passersby.

"One for you, lad?" he called at Quinn as he passed by, leering at him up and down.

Quinn raised his hand and revealed a sneakily transfigured copy of the seedy amulet vendors' product sitting in his palm. He pointed further down the street. "There's a lady there selling the same stuff, but much cheaper than here. You might want to fix your prices, slash them in half, mister, and maybe then someone will buy something."

Of course, everything he said was complete hippogriff shit — Quinn either wanted the man to look at the supposed competition and leave his stall alone, which Quinn was sure (from a little wide-area Legelimity) would be upturned by the similarly seedy neighborhood stalls. Even if the

man didn't leave his cart, there was a chance he would take his word and slash his price by half and make a lesser profit from his fraudulent deals. Quinn didn't wait to see what the seedy man did. He was satisfied that he had been able to plant a seed of doubt in the man's mind.

He passed by another shop and stopped to gaze at the closed Ollivander's. There were no signs of struggle, which was a positive sign. 'I hope he took my advice,' he thought, thinking about the wandmaker, who loved his job a bit too much.

"Well, I'll find about it when the school starts," he sighed. A fleeting can on a couple of first years would reveal the status of the wandmaker.

He moved along the street, looking at the increasing number of wanted and warning posters on every single shop until he came across a fork in the road.

"Whoa- hohoho," said Quinn, stopping in his tracks.

Set against the dull, poster-muffled shop fronts around them, the shop's windows in front of his eyes hit the eye like a firework display. Casual passersby were looking back over their shoulders at the windows, and a few rather stunned-looking people had actually come to a halt, transfixed. The left-hand window was dazzlingly full of an assortment of goods that revolved, popped, flashed, bounced, and shrieked; Quinn's eyes began to water just looking at it. The right-hand window was covered with a gigantic poster, purple like those of the Ministry, but emblazoned with flashing yellow letters:

WHY ARE YOU WORRYING ABOUT YOU-KNOW-WHO?

YOU SHOULD BE WORRYING ABOUT U-NO-POO —

THE CONSTIPATION SENSATION THAT'S GRIPPING THE NATION!

Quinn burst into a chortle. "Oh boy, these two are going to be murdered in their beds," he said with a smile as he walked towards the shop, which

he had brought last year so that he could rent it to the Weasley's.

He entered the shop, and it was packed with customers; Quinn could not get near the shelves. He stared around, looking up at the boxes piled to the ceiling: Here were the Skiving Snackboxes that the twins had perfected during last year; Quinn noticed that the Nosebleed Nougat was most popular, with only one battered box left on the shelf — he had worked on those with the twins. There were bins full of trick wands, the cheapest merely turning into rubber chickens or pairs of briefs when waved, the most expensive beating the unwary user around the head and neck, and boxes of quills, which came in Self-Inking, Spell-Checking, and Smart-Answer varieties.

Quinn clasped his hands behind his back and stepped forwards. The crowd unknowingly parted, making a path straight to the front counter, where a gaggle of delighted ten-year-olds was watching a tiny little wooden man slowly ascending the steps to an actual set of gallows, both perched on a box that read: REUSABLE HANGMAN — SPELL IT OR HE'LL SWING!

He looked above the kids, and a large display near the counter caught his eyes. He read the information on the back of a box bearing a highly colored picture of a handsome youth and a swooning girl standing on the deck of a pirate ship.

"Daydream Potion. . . one swig and you will enter a top-quality, highly realistic, thirty-minute daydream, easy to fit into the average school lesson and virtually undetectable (side effects include vacant expression and minor drooling). Not for sale to under-sixteens.

"Oh my, isn't this a crafty little one," he reached into the display and picked out a clear vial with the pinkish-purple liquid inside. He effortlessly undid the anti-theft charm on the vial, uncorked it, and

tipped a tablespoon's worth onto his tongue. "Hmm. . . ah, so that's what they used, huh. That's nice."

He smiled when he heard the voice of one of the brothers.

"No, kid, we don't have a telescope that tells you the answer, but we have one that would punch you in the eye if you use it." A smiling Fred stood in front of him, wearing a set of magenta robes that clashed magnificently with his flaming hair.

"Now, wouldn't you look at that, Mr. Big-shot business owner," said Quinn.

Fred turned Quinn, and his eyes widened to see Quinn. "Quinn, you're here! When did you arrive?" he asked as he pushed his way to the counter.

"Just now," said Quinn and tossed the Daydream vial to Fred. "Switch the rugweed with possumhaw, and that would fix the drooling. Also, get a better anti-theft spell, this one's embarrassingly easy to break."

Fred blinked at the potion vial in his palm before looking at Quinn.

"Come on, leave something for others, would you," he sighed before perking back up. "Come on, let me take you to George, and show you the thing we wrote to you about."

Quinn followed Fred toward the shop's back, where he saw a stand of card and rope tricks.

"Oh, are these non-magical tricks?" asked Quinn, picking up a deck of cards. "Let me guess, this one's a marked deck?"

"Muggle magic tricks!" said Fred happily, pointing them out. "For freaks like Dad, you know, who love Muggle stuff — and well, people like you. It's not a big earner, but we do fairly steady business; they're great novelties."

"Hey. . . I'm not a freak," said Quinn, "I'm just your average card geek."

Suddenly, a curtain was pushed to the side, and George peaked out. "Oh, Quinn, you're here. Welcome-welcome." he shook Quinn's hand. "Come in, come in. Let me show you the real money maker."

They went into a darker, less crowded room. The packaging on the products lining these shelves was more subdued.

"We've just developed this more serious line," said Fred. "Funny how it happened . . ."

"You wouldn't believe how many people, even people who work at the Ministry, can't do a decent Shield Charm," said George. Of course, they didn't have someone like you teaching them."

"That's right. . . . Well, we thought Shield Hats were a bit of a laugh, you know, challenge your mate to jinx you while wearing it and watch his face when the jinx just bounces off. But the Ministry bought five hundred for all its support staff! And we're still getting massive orders!"

"So we've expanded into a range of Shield Cloaks, Shield Gloves . . ."

". . . I mean, they wouldn't help much against the Unforgivable Curses, but for minor hexes or jinxes . . ."

"And then we thought we'd get into the whole area of Defense Against the Dark Arts because it's such a money-spinner," continued George enthusiastically. "This is cool. Look, Instant Darkness Powder, we're importing it from Peru. Handy if you want to make a quick escape."

"And our Decoy Detonators are just walking off the shelves, look," said Fred, pointing at several weird-looking black horn-type objects that were indeed attempting to scurry out of sight. "You just drop one surreptitiously, and it'll run off and make a nice loud noise out of sight, giving you a diversion if you need one."

"Handy," said Quinn, satisfied with their business sense.

"Here," said Fred, catching a couple and throwing them to Fred.

"At this rate, you're going to become defense contracts first and joke shop later," said Quinn, pocketing the items.

"No," smiled George as he dusted a Shield Glove, "these were fun to make, but as expected, the stuff that's outside was a hundred times more fun to make."

Fred nodded, "The joke items might not make as much money as these things, but they're what we opened this shop for."

Quinn raised his hands, "Hey, I'm the silent W in the triple W coalition. You guys do whatever you want, and if you want some help, and I'm here to provide that." He looked at Instant Darkness Powder and Decoy Detonators, "You know, we can sort of combine those two — sort of — well turn them into a flashbang."

"Flashbang?"

"Uh-huh, instead of darkness, you use a strong and sudden burst of light that would momentarily blind a target which would be launched in succession with a loud burst of sound, disrupting the hearing — causing pain, buzzing, and maybe even an inner-ear imbalance."

A young witch with short blonde hair poked her head around the curtain; Quinn saw that she, too, was wearing magenta staff robes. "Uhm, there's —"

She stopped when the curtain was pushed aside, and a couple more heads poked inside.

"There you are," said Ron Weasley, "I have been looking all over for you — it's blimey crowded outside." The redhead, younger Weasley, then noticed that his brother had company, "What are you doing here?"

"To be fair," said Fred and George finished, "this is his building."

"Hello, Ronald," said Quinn turned to the spectacled boy beside him,

"Harry," the curly-haired girl peeking over Ron's shoulder, "Hermione,"

then he saw the freckled Weaslette pushing her to the front, "Ginny," and finally his eye went to the girl with red hair and green eyes, ". . . Ivy."

"There's a customer out here looking for a joke cauldron, Mr. Weasley and

Mr. Weasley," said the store employee.

"Right you are, Verity, I'm coming," said George promptly. "Quinn, you help yourself to anything you want, all right? No charge." He turned to his younger brother, "You're going to pay double, Ron."

"Why?!"

Fred followed after his brother and patted Ron's shoulder as the twin went out, "We're a business, dear young brother. If we're going to make a profit, we would need to charge more — and who else to charge but family." He turned to the girls, "Ladies, would you like to see our WonderWitch product line — they're very potent and very popular."

Ron followed after George to find if the family markup was a joke or serious; Harry tagged along with him. Hermione and Ginny followed after Fred to see the WonderWitch products; however. . .

"I'll be there in a bit," said Ivy.

Hermione looked between Quinn and Ivy. She nodded before leaving the two behind.

"Quinn," said Ivy.

"Ivy," Quinn greeted her back again.

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Quinn West - MC - Headboi! Building Owner! Investor! Silent W!

Fred & George - Entrepreneurs - Mr. Weasley & Mr. Weasley.

Ms. Rosey - Scrapbooker - Has all of Quinn's reports card preserved.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Next chapter, we're going to see something very exciting. . . and no, it's not going to do anything a certain redhead.

It's time for the return.

If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the DISCORD Server and blast those ideas.

The link is in the bio!

264. Chapter 264: Return Of Noir

If you want to read ahead of the posting schedule then head over to my Patreón.

All the chapters would still be posted here, but you can support me with a donation and get chapters earlier than usual as a bonus.

Link in the Bio/Profile

"Quinn."

"Ivy."

A silence fell in the room with only the two in it. This was the first time the two talked or even met after their last contact in the Architect's vault.

"I got my results today," said Quinn, leaning against a display case in the middle of the room. "Did you get your OWL results?"

Ivy nodded, "We got them in the morning."

"How did you do?"

"Nine Outstandings and two Exceeds Expectations."

"Wow! Congratulations on finally becoming a NEWT student. That's one more OWL than I got," said Quinn. "Where did you get double-E subjects?"

"History of Magic and Arithmancy," Ivy said with a sigh.

"Ah, now that I remember, you're better at practical than theory, aren't you," said Quinn, causing Ivy to look at him with a glimmer in her eyes,

"well, those nine fat-Os are going to pull up the Arithmany double-E, and

History of Magic isn't really considered if you aren't going in a historical research subject. Even then, no one's going to complain seeing at double-E. Except for Professor Snape — he doesn't take anything less than Outstanding for his NEWT class."

"What about you? How did you do in your OWLs last year?" she asked.

"I got ten Outstandings. Unlike you, I only took ten subjects — no Muggle Studies and Divination for me."

"Hermione got eleven Os."

"Oh my, now that's an achievement worth bragging. If she only stuck with Divination, she would have got the entire dozen."

"How did she do?" asked Ivy.

Quinn's eye twitched. Here he avoided going to a certain topic area, and she just pulled the conversation dangerously close to it.

". . . I haven't met Daphne today," he said.

A half-smile of satisfaction appeared on Ivy's face. Quinn knew about her grades than Daphne's — now that was a small victory that she liked very much.

Quinn saw the smile and could practically read her mind off the expression. Did this girl have no tact or subtlety? He internally sighed — this was Ivy Potter; she did things head-on.

He decided to change the subject, "I heard your father was there at the carnival attack, how's he? I hope he didn't face any unfortunate mishaps."

"He's fine, thank you for asking. Thankfully, he didn't get injured," said Ivy, her voice losing its power as her gaze flitted around the room, looking anywhere but at him.

"I see. I'm glad that he's fine," said Quinn, berating himself for breaching an uncomfortable topic. "How's the summer going for you? Having fun after OWLs?"

Ivy sighed, "With Voldemort back. . . mum's a little worried about letting us go out — you know, Boy-Who-Lived and whatnot."

"True-true, so hold up at home, huh. How're your parents about wands at home?"

"Not allowed," Ivy said with her lips pinched together.

"Now, that's truly unfortunate," said Quinn. "I would've gone mad if I was not allowed magic while isolated in my home."

After that, both moved out of the backroom when they heard Lily call out from Ivy. They entered the front area of the store, which was still bustling with people (mostly children moving around to browse the stunning variety of products.)

"Yes, mum?" said Ivy.

"Ivy, there you are," said Lily, heaving a sigh of relief. "Where were you? I was looking for you!"

"I was in the backroom. You could've asked Harry; he would've told you."

"I couldn't reach your brother; it was too crowded and loud, so I couldn't even call out to him," said Lily before her eye caught Quinn standing behind her daughter. "Quinn, what a surprise, how're you dear?"

Congratulations on the ten crowned Outstandings; Professor Flitwick was beside himself when he bragged about the results to us."

"Thank you, professor," said Quinn with a polite smile.

"You got ten crowns?!" said Ivy with her mouth slack — she had only got one crown for Transfiguration.

"He's been getting crowns on all his subjects for the past six years, dear,"

Lily revealed, smiling at her daughter's expression. "Another congratulations is in order," she continued turning back to Quinn.

There was more?! Ivy's eyebrows all but trying to disappear into her hairline.

"It wasn't actually a question, but congratulations for becoming the Headboy," said Lily smiling. "It was a unanimous decision; all Professor voted for you — well, Mr. Firenze abstained from voting as he didn't feel like he knew any of the Prefects well enough to vote."

Ivy's surprise melted away — it really wasn't a question. But she did give an impressed nod to Quinn for the unanimous decision.

"Thank you, professor. I'm honored with the trust that all of the faculty has shown towards me and will ensure to stand up to the standards," said Quinn with a short bow.

"Now-now, no need to be so formal," said Lily.

"Ivy!" The three turned to see Hermione walking towards them with an older couple following behind her. Hermione raised a small pink pot to show it to Ivy, "Look, what I found. Guaranteed ten-second pimple vanisher — Fred says that it works on everything from boils to blackheads."

Ivy nodded, gently took the pot from Hermione's hand before saying, "Quinn got ten crowned Os."

It took a moment for the brain of the smartest witch of her class to catch up, but when it did, her jaw dropped, "T-Ten c-crowns!"

"Dear me, that's a lot. Hermione got three crowns," said the woman behind Hermione. She had mid-length curly brown hair and big bright brown eyes.

Seeing that Hermoine was busy gaping at Quinn, Lily decided to do the introductions. "Quinn, this is Dr. Mary Granger and Dr. Richard Granger. Hermione's parents." She then turned to the Granger parents, "This is Quinn, a seventh-year at Hogwarts, the school Headboy, and the top student of his class."

"Good afternoon, Dr. and Dr. Granger. Hermione has told me about you,"

said Quinn.

"May I ask what she said?" asked Richard.

"That you're a Dental Surgeon while Dr. Mary is an Orthodontist," said Quinn.

"So you're also a muggleborn, Quinn. Where do you live?" asked Mary.

"No, ma'am; I come from a household with a long history of magic," said Quinn. "I would be what you call a pureblood."

"Then. . ."

Quinn smiled, "The non-magical is part of the world, and I wish to take whatever this world has to offer me."

Mary and Richard exchanged looks. It was the first time they had seen a Pureblood who actually knew what a dentist meant, much less terms like Dental Surgeon and Orthodontist being thrown out like they were the norm. Their only other experience were the Potters, Weasleys, and, unfortunately, the Malfoys — two out of the three had no idea what the non-magical world was actually like.

"That reminds me," said Quinn, taking out two cards from his pocket, handing them to the Granger parents. "I don't know if you have been approached, but my family runs a modest warding business," the Potter mother-daughter quirked their brows at the word modest coming out Quinn's mouth, "we offer a service to ward non-magical households and deliver a wide range of options that you can choose from."

Richard looked down at the card and did a double-take when he saw a phone number listed on the card. ". . . Your family business use telephones?" he asked in disbelief.

"Yes, we do. You can call that number to have a company representative come to your house and explain to you about our services, and you can also use the same number for customer services. You can also MagiFax or

owl your requests, but we prefer MagiFax and calling."

Mary and Richard stared at Quinn, who seemed an oddity to them.

"May I also get a card," said Mama Potter, looking extremely interested in the warding service.

Quinn was more than happy to provide one, but as his hand went back after handing the card, a shrill sound went off in his head. He sucked a shuddered breath as his hand slowly dropped below.

"Quinn?" Ivy said when she saw Quinn's smile drop.

Quinn immediately pulled himself together and faced everyone. "It was lovely to meet all of you today, and I would love to continue to talk, but I have to, unfortunately, leave now."

Without waiting for a response, Quinn pushed his way through the crowd out of the store, disregarding Ivy's calls from inside the store. He ran through the Diagon Alley, ignoring the seedy amulet seller, who shouted at him and entered the same dark corner to which he had apparated into. He detached his special pockets from his clothes, and immediately after, all of his clothes came undone from their seams, falling down to the floor. Quinn kicked his shoes off and pulled his socks off, leaving him only in his underwear. He stuffed all of his removed clothing into the special pocket and took out a white triangle patch made from stiff cloth, the size of his fist.

He slapped it on his chest, and a blue ripple went through the white patch as it expanded and stretched until Quinn's body was covered in spandex. Another blue surge and the spandex transformed into cargo trousers and a hooded military-style jacket over a skin-tight full-sleeved shirt that covered his head, hiding all of his hair, with black compression pants under the cargo pants.

Quinn stretched his fingers, setting the tactical gloves, and tapped his

tactical boots' toe against the ground. He slapped his special pockets on the wall, which ate the pockets under Quinn's command.

He tapped the triangle patch, and a front mask covered his face.

Another tap and the white attire turned to black.

Noir Transformative Gear v2 was operational.

Invisible Vigilante had returned.

And with a pop, he was gone.

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Aegis Warding Solutions, the West subsidiary that handled the warding business. The wards used in Aegis' products came from a comprehensive tome, an amalgamation of runes from multiple different runic languages. There wasn't a single warder hired by Aegis who had been completely able to figure out the wards that they inscribed.

Which was why they didn't know that every time they laid a warding scheme over a building, they left behind a backdoor. A backdoor that only one person knew existed. The person who created the Aegis warding system.

So when the wards over Ossuary, the home of the Bones family, were activated into defense activity, the backdoor with a certain rune code was triggered, sending an alert.

Quinn apparated on the grass and faced a mansion with a forest in the background. His eyes behind the mask frowned at the flickering dome over Ossuary — he could tell that the wards weren't broken through finding a weak point and exploiting it. . . no, the wards were brutally ripped apart with an aggressive force.

He only knew two people in the country capable of doing this, and Quinn

knew which one of them was responsible for this.

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Bellatrix Lestrange twirled her wand as she swayed to a hum she sang as she felt the wind caressing her face. She stared at the demolished door of the building through which her master had entered alone.

He had said: 'No one was allowed to enter as he dealt with Amelia Bones.'

His other servants (all lower than her, everyone was lower than her) all thought their master was going to execute the about to be elected-Minister.

But she knew that her beloved master would try to persuade Amelia Bones to join him and pledge her allegiance. She couldn't understand the reason behind her master's decision — maybe it was because she was a pureblood — whatever the reason, she knew that her master was always right.

"Lady Lestrange, should we go inside?"

Bellatrix didn't look back to face the Death Eater she didn't even know the name of. "No need. Master is invincible," her voice turned cold, "and master's orders are absolute; you're not even allowed to think about disobeying them."

"Y-Yes."

Bellatrix hummed in approval at the fear in the voice. Not even his servants were allowed to not fear her master.

She frowned when she felt the anti-apparition around they had set to not allow Bones escape flicker. "Hey, what are you guys doing? The ward is becoming shaky — can't you guys even do one simple job right?"

She had asked her master to bring along people like Rodolphus, Rabastan, and Augustus, who were competent and entirely loyal to him like her, but he refused, saying that he alone was enough and the

nameless servants would be enough to cast the ward.

Bellatrix frowned when the ward began flickering more than before, and there was still no answer. She finally turned to face them — a Cruciatus or two were in order; maybe those would be enough to wake them up.

"You—"

The acidic words died in her mouth as she saw the five Death Eater standing in the places they had been before, but. . . all of them were encased in ice.

"What—"

Her words again died in her mouth as she felt something behind. Before her face could even show the change in expression, her magic reached her wand, and a shield manifested behind her.

However, the very next second, she felt the shield break and felt a jolt.

She looked down and saw a glowing red sword coming out of her midriff.

Bellatrix slowly turned her head and saw a black mask and pitch-black eyes staring at her from behind the mask.

She heard the figure in black click his tongue.

Bellatrix again channeled magic into her wand, but before she could even do half a cast, her wand was stripped out of her hand, and almost simultaneously, another red flash hit her, and the world started to go black. The last thing she saw was the black figure running inside the house, leaving behind a strong gust of wind that almost knocked her back.

". . . Master. . ."

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Amelia Bones and Voldemort stared at each other.

The Dark Lord stood in the middle of the room while the Head of DMLE sat on the floor slumped against a wall.

"Amelia Bones. . . join me," said Voldemort. "You are pure of blood, so join the glorious cause, and you shall not only live past today, you'll gain endless glory as the Minister of Magic under my regime."

"I refuse," said Amelia instantly. "You killed my brother!"

"Edgar Bones, yes, I remember getting the news of his death," said Voldemort nonchalantly, "and his wife died along with, didn't she? Leaving behind a young child. Only if they bowed to me, they would have lived to see their child grow," he looked around, "where's that child?"

Amelia didn't answer and continued to glare. However, inside, she thanked the fates that Susan had gone to visit her friend Hannah.

"Do you not care about her?" asked Voldemort. "If you leave, she would truly be orphaned."

"She'll understand," Amelia spat.

Voldemort looked outside the window and felt the collapsing ward. "It looks like the Aurors are here." He looked back at Amelia, "It's a pity, if you agreed, we would've made this world a better place. But, you have made your choice. . . so today, I'll kill you and dump your body in front of your Aurors, let them see your lifeless body and despair before I wipe them out.

"Be grateful that you died by my noble hands."

He raised his bone wand towards Amelia, who decided to glare at Voldemort to not give him the satisfaction of breaking her spirit.

"Avada Ke—"

The wall to their left exploded into pieces, lifting up a cloud of dust and debris.

Voldemort looked to his side and thought it was an Auror, and then he felt a large amount of magic being coagulated — a sign of being cast. Two dozen ice spears came whistling towards him. Voldemort lazily raised a shield — these ice spears weren't even a threat. But to his surprise, the ice spears poofed into black clouds before they even hit the shield and covered his vision with an opaque haze.

He raised his magic to wipe away the haze but felt something cold. A corrosive spell solely cast to melt his body until nothing left assaulted his shield — this one was a bit of a threat. For a second, Voldemort was surprised that an Auror would cast such a 'vile' and 'dark' spell — he wouldn't have batted an eye if an Auror cast a killing curse at him to save their head, but this was something different — something that was cast to make him suffer.

He was interested to see who this Auror was. He flicked his wand, and the dark curse fizzled away. With a look, Voldemort vanished the haze. And there stood the Auror. . . or he was expecting to see. Instead, he saw a man dressed in black kneeling by Amelia Bone's side.

Their eyes met for a split second before the man in black and Amelia Bones were both gone with a negligible pop.

Voldemort stayed still for a second. He walked to the window and saw what had happened to his Death Eaters. He saw Bellatrix bleeding out on the grass, but the others drew his attention.

"So that was the Invisible Vigilante. . . interesting."

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Quinn West - MC - Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

Voldemort - Dark Lord - Plans need to be changed.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - I know you guys would've wanted a more direct confrontation, but this was more fitting. Also, like most times, the

next chapter is going to explanations, talks, and reactions. So look forward for a few things that were missed cos of the action.

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If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the DISCORD Server and blast those ideas.

The link is in the bio!

265. Chapter 265: Return Of Noir,

Pt 2

If you want to read ahead of the posting schedule then head over to my Patreón.

All the chapters would still be posted here, but you can support me with a donation and get chapters earlier than usual as a bonus.

Link in the Bio/Profile

The fabric of space twisted in black and red before it spewed out Quinn and Amelia Bones onto a moorland. Amelia collapsed onto the ground while Quinn got up from his kneel and looked around.

'Shit!' he cursed inside. In the hurry of getting Amelia away from the Dark Lord, Quinn had apparated to the first place that came to his mind, which was the moorlands where he practices flying that he had been visiting for a while now. 'I'll have to find a new place now.'

He turned to his rescuee, who laid prone on the low-growing vegetation.

Amelia's eyes met him, and the Head of DMLE dragged her body away from him.

"Amelia Bones," said Quinn, his voice distorted, "where is your niece?

Speak!" He had to go back for Susan, and if he knew which room she was in, it would streamline his entry and exit, decreasing the chances of contact and conflict with assailants.

"She. . . She isn't home," Amelia said, wincing.

Quinn stopped his shoulders from sagging in relief and kept his posture constant. The thumps of hearts ringing in his ears began slowing down, and he felt the high come down.

"You. . . Y-You are the Invisible Vigilante," she said, her mind running the scenes from a minute before. The ice spears, masked figure, the distorted voice — all separately weren't identifying features, but all put together pointed to one individual.

"Are you injured?" asked Quinn instead.

"What were you doing at my home?"

Quinn peered at her, and he couldn't see a wand on her person.

Obviously, Voldemort must have disarmed her. "Do you have a way to contact the Auror's Office or the Ministry?"

"Who are you?"

Quinn held back the sigh. She wasn't answering his question. "Who am I is no importance to you, now, answer my questions."

"I'm the Head of DMLE; it is my business more than anybody," said

Amelia, her voice returning to her. "The department has a bounty on your capture or identity."

"I do not care for silly bounties. I am not someone the Ministry needs be waste their time to capture; there are much graver problems to be solved."

"Why have you donned the mask then?" she asked. "Why do you change your voice?"

A moment of silence succeeded Amelia's question.

Quinn trained his gaze at her. "I wear my mask to hide who I am underneath. I wish for no one to know the person beneath the disguise — to remain nameless and faceless. There is nothing to look beneath the

mask Amelia Bones, do not waste your breath on trying to find out."

"I don't know the motivations behind your decisions or your action.

However, you can't continue to do this; the more you do it, the more people would notice and inevitably try to emulate you by putting on masks and cloaks and going out on the streets."

Which was neither lawful nor safe and Quinn knew that which was why he didn't go out every night and acted as a neighbourhood vigilante.

Quinn sighed and apparated away, leaving Amelia stunned. She looked around seemingly endless not-so-green grasslands, and the sky above also didn't seem to be kind today as grey overcast the blue. She didn't even know where she was, much less how to get home or to the Ministry.

Amelia winced as she tried to sit up straight and placed a hand on her side. Bearing through the pain, she tried to stand up while thinking about how to get into contact when a pop interrupted her thought.

"Oof!"

Amelia watched as a young man dressed in the typical style of clothing that was preferred and developed in the Auror Office and worn by the majority of the Auror force.

"Wh-What?!" sputtered the young man as he pushed himself back away from his abductor. He had been patrolling his beat as usual when he heard an apparition pop behind him, and before he could stop his feet, his body froze up, and the next thing he knew, he was thrown down onto the ground.

He took out his wand to defend himself while taking in his surroundings when he noticed the other person sitting on the grass a few steps away from him.

"Madam Bones!" he shouted in surprise before noticing the dirt, grime, and blood on her. "You're injured!" The young Auror immediately

stopped backing up and leaped in front of her, coming in between Amelia and Quinn with his wand pointing threateningly at the latter. "Madam Bones, what's your status?! Do you need assistance? Is he the one who injured you?"

The young Auror had positioned himself in a way that his non-wand was hidden from Quinn's vision. He reached into his overcoat pocket, and with his wand in hand, he focused his magic and sent out alerts of the highest level he had the authority to with Auror cipher saying AMELIA BONES DANGER again and again.

"You have called for other Aurors, good," said Quinn.

"I have, so it would be wise for you to surrender yourself right here and now, and maybe we will be able to discuss some leniency," said the young Auror.

Quinn looked over the young Auror's shoulder towards Amelia. "Amelia Bones, you should strengthen your security detail. You are about to become the Minister, and there are many people who are not happy with it — displeased enough to murder you to prevent you from taking the chair. You survived today, but the next time might not be as fortunate as today. Take my advice, and I hope you will be able to live long enough to make the country so that I do not have to don the mask ever again.

"Dark times are ahead, Amelia Bones, and this country will need someone like you taking the helm and steering it through it."

Quinn raised his hand and shot a disarming spell towards the young Auror, who pulled up a shield, but the magic tore through it and sent the wand flying into Quinn's hand, who threw it a distance away.

He didn't want to be spelled while apparating.

By the time Voldemort had met his eye, Quinn was already mid-apparition; thus, there was no need to pull up a shield for safety, much

less stupidly attack the Dark Lord. But this Auror was cautious against him, and Quinn was sure the Auror would try to keep him or a part of his body here.

He wasted no more time and apparated away from the place.

The young Auror pushed the ground beneath him and sprinted to his wand. He re-armed himself before running back to Amelia. "Madam Bones, allow me to perform some healing magic; please tell me where you are injured — do you think you're fit enough to side-apparate?"

"I'm fine, son. What is your name and designation, Auror?"

"Junior Auror Philligen at your service, madam!" said Philligen as he began administering first aid treatment.

"Thank you, Auror Philligen. Have you sent for support?"

"Yes, they'll be arriving soon enough."

The Auror badges could be turned into tracking beacons in time of emergency. Right now, there was probably a platoon of Aurors flying towards them.

"Madam Bones, who was that?"

"The Invisible Vigilante."

Philligen sucked in a breath. He was in Auror School as a Trainee when the Invisible Vigilante had struck at the Quidditch World Cup Finals, and they had discussed it in a class. The images they had been shown of the case were the first gruesome ones for his entire batch.

"That son of a—"

He stopped talking when dots suddenly appeared in the sky, flying in a formation he recognized. "The backup is here, Madam." He raised his wand shot a flare in the sky.

The dots turned into people on brooms, who soon landed on the ground. Eleven Aurors came running towards them, and in the lead was Sirius

Black.

"Boss! What happened to you today?!" said Sirius. "We got the call from Philligen here and immediately sent someone to check the house, just to find it ravaged. What the hell is going on?!"

"You-Know-Who came knocking," Amelia said, standing up after with tolerable pain.

"WHAT?! Voldemort?!"

Amelia nodded, "He wanted me to either join or die. I was about to die when the Invisible Vigilante suddenly barged and pulled me out here. Junior Auror Philligen was brought here so that he could alert the Office. He's disappeared away before you guys could arrive."

"Were you able to find out who he was?" asked Sirius.

Amelia shook her head, "No, but we need to raise the bounty on his capture — double it, no triple it. And we need to set up a team to find him. I want to know he is; if he's a 'he' or not; where I can find him — I want his search bumped up the priority status."

Sirus blinked in surprise at the sudden order and the intensity. "Why now? Did something happen?"

"He knew," said Amelia. "There wasn't a single word of chatter about the attack or even a peep anywhere that the Death Eaters were about to do something, and we have been looking actively looking for them since the carnival," he eyes turned sharp, "but he knew that You-Know-Who was going to attack me, and he came barging in."

"He was there at Hogsmeade, then at the World Cup, and now this — once I could take it as luck, twice maybe a coincidence, but three times? No, this was no coincidence. That man clearly has a way to know how and when the Death Eaters are going to move, so we need to locate him to find it out."

"Boss. . . if we go by your theory, wouldn't he have also known about the Azkaban breakout, the carnival, or the Ministry?" asked Sirius.

"You have a point, but think about it — even if he has a way to find out the information, he's but one man — he might be limited in his approach, and we can learn his method, with our resources, we might truly be able to exploit it to its full extent."

"But what if there's nothing to be exploited?" asked Sirius. He wasn't the fan of the idea of mitigating resources to find the Invisible Vigilante just because of a theory that might not even be true.

"I read the report on the Invisible Vigilante that you wrote after the World Cup," said Amelia. "In it, you wrote that it was a strong possibility that the Invisible Vigilante was someone who had lost family in the war, who is out for revenge. . . and you how those type of people can be. . . they are desperate, motivated, focused. . . and in this case, the man seems to be putting his all into it."

Sirius pursed his lips; he had indeed written that. "Boss. . . while I don't like the idea, but I see the point you're making. Make the call, and I'll brief the new team on my analysis of the Invisible Vigilante."

"Thank you, Black. Now, get me to St. Mungos. . . I want to be fixed up before my niece sees me."

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Quinn popped up in the alley where he had buried his 'Quinn' belongings.

He stamped on the ground in frustration. He waved his hand and charmed the dark corner alley's entrance to not to be disturbed. He slapped his chest, and the mask faded away.

He had missed a crucial opportunity today.

He put his hand on the wall, and the bricks spat out his pockets.

Taking care of the Death Eaters was simple enough — ice and sound, and all were entombed in ice without a peep. Bellatrix Lestrange, however, would have been a bit difficult to take care of without making a ruckus. He probably would have needed to fight her for a good while if he hadn't ambushed her.

He didn't have that liberty.

Time was of the essence, and Amelia Bones' life was at stake.

So he sneaked behind her back and used to Emperyeon to create a sword for stabbing. . . and so he pushed the blade into her back — aiming for the heart. However, Bellatrix sprang up a shield in the last moment, which deflected the blade enough that it ended up in her abdomen.

She survived. He wanted to give it another go; however, between her and Amelia Bones, he chose the latter.

He did the last button on his shirt and sighed. For the first time in his life, he had felt that it was okay to be the judge of someone's life — that someone was, of course, Bellatrix Lestrange.

He had failed. And except for the anger from his failure, he didn't feel much of anything.

Quinn looked down at the Noir patch. It had gained another level of notoriety and this time straight in the eyes of Voldemort. It was nerve-racking, to say the least, facing Voldemort — he would have been more confident if he was alone, but with Amelia Bones nearby, he wasn't confident enough for a direct confrontation, thus again, he took the stealthier option.

"I guess it fits the image." He went by the name Invisible Vigilante, after all.

"I'll have to be careful," he muttered to himself. . . and he thought it was

time to put in action the next stage of his plan.

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Quinn West - MC - Damn it, I ended up sealing another magic.

Amelia Bones - Head of DMLE - Now, how do I explain to a teen that our house is gone. . .

Sirius Black - Senior Auror - I guess I have to put together a presentation now. . .

Philligen - Junior Auror - Told his batch that he saw the Invisible Vigilante up and close.

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If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the DISCORD Server and blast those ideas.

The link is in the synopsis!

266. Chapter 266: Brandishing

The Shovel

If you want to read ahead of the posting schedule then head over to my Patreón.

All the chapters would still be posted here, but you can support me with a donation and get chapters earlier than usual as a bonus.

Link in the Bio/Profile

Quinn sat in the lounge with a book in hand. He raised the glass of cold and smooth banana milkshake, put the straw to his lips, and took a refreshing sip. The printed words formed chains of understandings and thoughts in his mind as he read through paragraphs and flipped through the pages.

He looked at the glass in his hand. He glanced back to the book for a second before going back to the glass. He clasped a touch harder, and the

milkshake began to shake with tiny droplets bouncing on the surface.

Quinn glanced back to the book and observed a diagram. His eyes returned to the glass, and the entire glass began thrumming against the inside of his palm with the straw jumping from rim to rim.

"So, something like that, huh." Quinn removed his hand from the glass and left it floating in the air. He rested his open palm on the armrest of the sofa, magic flowed, and the couch started to tremble in its legs. He could feel the vibrations spread through his body. "Okay, this is sort of neat."

He closed his hand, and a two-tine tuning fork manifested in his grip. He pushed magic through the conjured tuning fork, and the tines began shivering and producing a shrill melodious sound. Quinn ramped up the magic, and the tine's oscillations increased in intensity, creating a high-pitched sound.

Pang!

The tuning fork cracked and disappeared in his grip.

"Ah, it broke," he sighed. "Vibrations are neat."

He grabbed the floating glass to sip sweet goodness and placed the closed book on his lap. "Oscillation Theory of Harmonic Magic" it said. It was one of his latest endeavors — the fabled vibration magic. It could make cutting sharper, break objects, among various other uses.

Quinn had come to notice the presence of vibration in various magics he was using — the water sonar and earth sense both at some point were indirect applications of magic, even the Viking book of winds had a portion of sharp winds that essentially used vibrations at the core for cutting, the severing spell itself was pure vibrational motion splitting the target. The sound itself was vibrations — the silencing wards dulled the vibration till there was no sound left, the voice modulation while he was

dressed in Noir transformative suit was a modification in vibration, he could even make the air molecules vibrate to emulate speech that didn't come from his voice box.

And according to the book, vibrations had a whole rabbit hole worth of connections with magic, which Quinn was interested in exploring.

He sucked in the last bit of his milkshake and lifted up the straw with his mouth. A little breath down the straw, and the long tube split in the middle.

"What are you doing, Quinn. You're going to make a mess."

Quinn watched as George walked into the lounge. "Nuh-uh, I won't," he said, and the straw joined back together. It floated out of his mouth and dropped into the glass on the table.

Quinn watched as George sat in front of him. However, there was something different about him. George looked. . . restless, and the last time Quinn had seen his grandfather look restless was when he had lost his magic.

"Grandfather, is something wrong?" asked Quinn. George took a deep breath as he looked at Quinn. He didn't reply immediately, which set up a worry inside Quinn. "Grandfather?"

". . . Lia—"

"What happened to Lia?" asked Quinn, getting to his feet. A million thoughts passed through his mind — which started out with what might have happened to Lia, but soon the thought that someone had found his identity and had targeted Lia dominated his mind.

"She. . . She is bringing home her. . . boyfriend," said George, gravely — as serious as he had ever been.

"I'm going to ki — huh. . . what?" said Quinn, the energy he had built up drained right away. "Boyfriend? Did you say, boyfriend?"

"Yes, boyfriend."

"Ah, that's nothing to be —," Quinn started off relieved that his worst thoughts didn't come true, but then his mind caught up with George's words. "Oh. . . oh. . . oh. . . OH!"

Quinn sat down, and the grandson and grandfather pair sat in silence for a while.

"I didn't know she had a boyfriend," said Quinn breaking the silence.

George sighed, "You know how she is about her relationships. She only tells when she thinks the relationship is going somewhere, and her standards for that are quite high."

"Quite," said Quinn, sighing. His sister was very personal about her love life, even with them — her family, and he didn't mind — however, this was different. "Lia hasn't brought any of her boyfriends home. . . this will be the first time."

"Yes," George said, gazing at the table in front of him, "and that can only mean one thing."

"She must be really serious about this guy," said Quinn, similarly staring at the table in thought.

Polly popped into the room to take away the empty milkshake glass. The glass flew into her hand, and she was about to leave but stopped when she saw her Big master and Little master staring at the table in silence and with the same expression on their faces.

"Do you know who this guy is? What does his background report say?" asked Quinn. The first step to fighting(winning) a war was to know the enemy.

George shook his head, "After your sister found that I did it with that Jason fellow, she got angry and didn't talk to me for months. . . I never kept tabs after that."

Quinn clicked his tongue. So they were going to go blind. 'No, you can't think like that. Lia's going to bring the punk here at the home ground; we have the advantage.'

"When is she bringing him?" he asked.

"Tomorrow for brunch," said George.

"That isn't much time," Quinn stood up, "but let him come. . . I will see what Lia sees in this. . . what's his name?"

"Abraham. . . Abraham Astier."

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The floo fireplace roared green, and out of the flames came Lia walking out into the West mansion's floo fireplace room. She was excited for today. It was the first time she was bringing her boyfriend home, after all. There was a flash of green behind, and Lia turned with a small to see her companion walk out of the fire.

He walked out on the floor and immediately stumbled as a step. Lia knowing there could be a chance of this happening, reached out her hands and stabilized him before he could fall.

"You really are bad with the floo," said Lia, smiling.

Abraham nodded a thank you to Lia as he regained his balance. He pushed up his thin-framed wayfarer glasses and helplessly smiled, "The floo doesn't agree with me, unfortunately."

Lia looped an arm around her boyfriend's arm and tangled her fingers with his. "There's a trick to it, you know. If you'd just let me teach it to you, you won't have to fall every time."

"Believe me when I say this, but I have tried every trick and tip in the book, but nothing has ever worked for me. The gods of floo have never

favored me — they seem to hate me even."

"Aww, that's impossible. How could anyone hate someone as cute as you?" said Lia, pressing a kiss onto Abraham's cheek, just at the edge of his lips.

"We are at your family home!" Abraham said in a rushed whisper as he looked at the door, fearing someone would walk in the very moment.

"So, what?" said Lia with a mischievous grin on her face; she leaned closer to Abraham and whispered into his ear, "You know we could stay here for the night; we could stay in my childhood bedroom and. . ."

"Lia!" Abraham said, feeling scandalous. "You know how anxious I am, please can we not do this. If this is your way of helping, it's not helping."

"There's nothing to worry about. My family's going to love, I'm sure of it."

"Didn't you say that your grandfather is a strict man? What if he doesn't like me or approve of us?"

"Yes, he's a strict man, but that doesn't mean he isn't going to like you. He's a stickler for manners and likes things to be done in a proper way, but other than that, he's just anyone else. If you stay true to yourself, he won't have any problem with you or us."

Abraham peered at his girlfriend through his glasses as Lia reached out to fix his tie, which had shifted in the floo. His eyes widened. "You. . .

You're scared too, aren't you?!"

"No, of course, not," she said. However, her hand freezing for a second gave it away.

"Oh my god, you're scared!" Abraham said, now feeling more anxious than before.

"Of course, I'm nervous!" said Lia. "This is a big deal for me. This is the first time I have brought someone to see them."

"What. . . I-I am the first one?" A feeling of giddy happiness bloomed in

his heart, and he smiled when Lia silently nodded. "Well, if you say that we're going to fine, then we're going to be fine."

Lia looked up at Abraham and saw the giddy smile on her face. His smile gave her confidence, even though it wasn't a dependable smile, but it was one she liked.

"Of course, we would be fine. I said so already, didn't I?" said Lia with a bright smile which then turned into a teasing one. "But, I am still feeling a bit nervous, so. . ." She tiptoed and leaned forward.

Abraham's eyes widened as he peeked at the door, but sighed and leaned in, but before their lips could meet. . .

"Little mistress."

The pair broke off at the instant and looked at the room's door to see big-elf eyes peeking from the corner of the door.

"Polly," said Lia clearing her throat, "would you inform everyone that we have arrived."

The house-elf nodded and popped away.

"Uhm, is there something else that I need to keep in mind?" asked Abraham as they walked to the lounge. "I should be careful of my etiquettes, and Ms. Rosey would be fine. Elliot, you said, won't be here today, but if he's, I should remain polite and ask him for some advice about my herb garden. Then there's your brother — he might tease us and that I should talk to him about magic."

Lia nodded, proud of him for remembering. "Out of everyone today, I hope you'd be able to make friends with Quinn," she said. "My baby brother doesn't let people close to him easily, so if he likes you, it would be a great deal to me." Abraham grasped her hand, and Lia smiled, "But you know, he might be the one you might be able to impress the easiest."

"Why do you say that?"

"Well, I'm his beloved sister, so, naturally, he'd like to know more about my boyfriend, so he will actively seek you out, which he doesn't usually do with new people. Plus, he's also dating someone, and that's the point of importance."

"What does your brother dating someone have to do with him liking me?"

"The relationship is very new, and more importantly, it's his first relationship," a calculative glimmer shone in Lia's eyes. "You can exploit that and profit by giving him advice about how to progress in his relationship. He'd listen to you who had much more experience than him carefully, and when his relationship, he'll remember that you helped him and give you credit. Voila, you'll be best mates in no time."

He stared at her, wondering why she was talking as if this was a business strategy. "But what if his relationship fails? At your brother's age, relationships change faster than you can brew a polyjuice potion."

"I'll have you know that my brother is very-very charming. The reason I'm so confident this is going to work is even if you give him mediocre advice, he'll just end up making it work, and you'll be reaping the benefits of his work. Also, didn't I say that my brother doesn't let people close to him easily. The fact that he started dating means something in his world, and I know that girlfriend of his; she's like my baby brother in that aspect.

"Finally, Quinn has my looks, so you know, he's the full package. Girls will brew Amortentia just to have a tryst with him," said Lia with overflowing pride.

The couple finally reached the lounge.

"How do I look?" asked Abraham.

Lia observed him from up and down before nodding, "You look perfect. Now, don't be nervous; you'll be amazing."

Abraham took a deep breath, faced the lounge door, looked at Lia, and nodded. When they entered the room, there was only one person in the room, sitting on a sofa, facing away from them.

"Quinn," called Lia as they moved forward, and Abraham braced himself.

"Look who I have with me—"

Lia stopped speaking, and Abraham froze in his spot when they had walked near Quinn and had the entire him in their view.

"You're an idiot," said Lia, her hand going up to her face.

"Now, why would you say something so hurtful," asked Quinn; he was the furthest from an idiot, so it was pretty hurtful to him.

He walked to Abraham with a smile on his face and raised his right hand for a handshake while his left hand raised a shovel over his shoulder.

"So you're Abraham. My name is Quinn, and well, I'm looking forward to knowing more about you," said Quinn with a bright, friendly smile.

Abraham shook hands with Quinn, but his eyes were fixed on the shovel, noticing the shiny edges of the spade blade that looked dangerously sharp. ". . . I-It's a pleasure to meet you, Quinn. Lia has told me a lot about him."

"I hope all good things," said Quinn, noticing the man's French accent. "I can't say the same about you, though. Lia hasn't talked about you at all. Before tomorrow, I didn't even know you existed."

Abraham, of course, already knew that. Lia had explained to him how she shared her love life with her family. He, however, wasn't expecting it to be brought up and thus was at a loss on how to respond.

"I-I see," he said.

"Quinn. . ." said Lia, her words burning with anger.

"Alright, alright, I'll stop," Quinn wrapped an arm around her shoulder.

He removed the shovel from his shoulder and dropped it, but the shovel

disappeared before it hit the ground. "I was just playing around, you know, breaking the ice with a little bit of comedy."

"That thing you said to him wasn't funny," Lia said, still looking angry.

Quinn pursed his lips. "I'm sorry. I was purposefully hurtful. But you know, I don't like this. He's going to take my big sister away from me. How am I supposed to feel about that?" he said with the world's most pitiful puppy-dog eyes.

And they were super effective. Lia West, one of the most protective sisters on the planet, melted away at those words and the look. She immediately hugged Quinn and spoke placating words of comfort and love. "What are you talking about? Who said I'm going anywhere. I'll always be here for my baby brother. I love you, Quinn, and nothing's going to change that."

"So if I come to your house to go out for a fun evening to the non-magical world, you'll come with me?" asked Quinn, channeling the younger brother energy.

"Why would I ever refuse that? You can come to me any time, even if I'm in another country, and you come to me there, we'll go do whatever you want."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

"Okay, I'm glad," said Quinn and hugged Lia, swaying a bit as he started at Abraham, who only had one thought that when he saw the smug smile that Quinn flashed him.

'Did she mean cunning instead of charming?'

Quinn and Lia ended the hug, with the latter feeling emotional about her brother's worries. Her brother didn't usually open up like this, so the moment now felt special to her, even causing her to tear up a bit.

Quinn walked to Abraham and quite uncharacteristically hugged the man, and Lia might have noticed it, but she was busy with her flowing emotions.

"Listen, mate, I don't have anything against you. I don't even know you. But you're the first guy Lia has brought home, which is really special for her. So if you hurt her in any way, I won't need to make you regret it as Lia will do on her own, but I will come after you and make you wish you had committed genocide instead of hurting my sister."

"I will never hurt Lia."

Quinn firmly patted Abraham on the back before ending the threatening hurt, but he frowned when he saw Abraham smiling.

"Why are you smiling?"

Being threatened by Quinn felt like validation to Abraham — that Lia's family had accepted the existence of their relationship and so had to threaten him. And when he told Quinn about it, the younger brother quirked an eye and said, "You're a little weird, aren't you?"

"Where are the others?" asked Lia after having a moment by herself.

"Today was a sunny day, so they're sitting outside in the garden," said Quinn. He observed the nervous couple as they went to meet the elders and chuckled, "You don't have to be anxious; you already passed the most challenging part of the day."

Now, leave it to me. I, with my heart of pure gold, shall help you lovebirds as the world's best cupid. I'll have the award of the best couple in your hands by the end of the day."

Lia brightly smiled with complete confidence in her brother while Abraham glanced at the sibling pair in worry.

Was this going to be alright?

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Quinn West - MC - Shovel is one of the most lethal weapons invented.

Lia West - Big Sister - Is wrapped around her baby brother's finger.

Abraham Astier - Mr. Boyfriend, French - The reserved one in the relationship.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Lia = Best Girl.

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If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the DISCORD Server and blast those ideas.

The link is in the synopsis!

267. Chapter 267: Meeting Mr

Boyfriend

If you want to read ahead of the posting schedule then head over to my Patreón.

All the chapters would still be posted here, but you can support me with a donation and get chapters earlier than usual as a bonus.

Link in the Bio/Profile

Quinn came running out into the gardens.

"Hide the shovel!" he said hastily.

George and Ms. Rosey, who both were sitting on outdoor furniture under the warm sun, looked up at Quinn, who glanced back behind him in a hurry.

"She got angry, didn't she?" said Ms. Rosey, vanishing the shovel that sat beside George with a wave of her wand. "I told you she won't like it."

"I was being cute! How was I supposed to know she wouldn't like that?"

Okay-okay, they're here. Act normal, act normal," said Quinn. However, he was the only one who needed to heed his words.

Lia and Abraham walked into the garden with Lia staring at Quinn with

narrowed eyes. Quinn flat-out ignored the pointed look and decided to move things along.

"Grandfather, Ms. Rosey, let me introduce Abraham Astier," he said.

"Abraham, this is our grandfather, George West, the Head of the family, and the lovely lady here's Ms. Rosey, the one actually in charge here."

Abraham stiffly stepped forward and introduced himself, "Hello, I'm Abraham Astier; it's a pleasure to finally meet you. Lia has told me so much about both of you."

George placed his teacup down and stood up. He walked to Abraham and faced the slightly shorter man. "Abraham Astier. . . I have been wanting to meet you ever since Lia told me about you. I look forward to knowing much about you today," George said as he shook hands with Abraham.

Abraham nodded before remembering what Lia had asked him to do and moved towards Ms. Rosey, who had stood up. He gently grasped her offered hand and kissed it in Ms. Rosey's preferred form of greeting. He felt breath return to him with Ms. Rosey nodded before silently sitting back down, which according to Lia, was a sign that he had passed the greeting phase.

He sighed in relief and turned back with a smile to see Lia and Quinn arguing in not-so-quiet whispers about how it should have been they who did the introduction.

"Children," said George, "come sit."

The West siblings stopped arguing and took their seats. George sat in front of the couple while Quinn took his seat beside Ms. Rosey, seated on the double-seater to the side.

"So Abraham, your accent, it's French, isn't it?" asked George.

Abraham received the cup of tea from Ms. Rosey. "Yes, I'm was born and raised in France," he said; his accent, while not heavy, had a French

flavor to it.

"I thought so too," Quinn said, sipping on a caramel milkshake. "You said born and raised — does that mean you studied at Beauxbatons as well?"

"Yes, I did."

"How old are you again?"

"I'm twenty-six this year."

"So you were a year junior to Lia, huh. Did you two know each other back then?"

"I knew him by face and name, but that was it," said Lia. And as for Abraham, "I knew of Lia — well, everyone knew of Lia in the school, she was insanely famous. But we were never acquaintances, much less friends."

"Then how did you two meet and get together?" asked Quinn, interested.

"I met Abraham when I was in France. . . Lyon, wasn't it? I was having dinner when I spotted him in the same restaurant and asked him to join me, and we things started from there," said Lia smiling sweetly.

"So, you live in Lyon in Abraham?" asked George.

"No, I was working in Lyon back then," said Abraha. "I'm from Bordeaux."

"Oh, what's your profession then?" Quinn asked while adding the findings into the new Abraham titled memory book.

Abraham straightened, and a glimmer emerged in his eye. "I'm a chef, trained in French cuisine."

Quinn, the self-proclaimed foody, leaned forward, "Tell me more."

"Well, I have been interested in cooking since I was very young. My mere(mother) is a fantastic cook, and I used to help her out in the kitchen when I was but a child. Then when I was, I would like to say fourteen, I took a summer job as a kitchen porter at a restaurant that used ingredients that didn't go well with magic — I was hired to peel,

cut, and do the prep work on them by hand.

"I must have done a good job back then because the Legumier(vegetable chef) told me that I could return the next year and they would pay me more," there was a nostalgic smile on Abraham as he recollected the memories. "I did return the following summer because the money they promised was good, but after the first day, the same chef asked me if I would like to learn from her. I had nothing better to do, so I agreed. I would learn in the morning when the restaurant wasn't open and would work in the evening before the dinner service.

"The summer ended, but the apprenticeship didn't. My teacher told me that I could return the next year. At that time, I wasn't sure if I wanted so I told her I would think about it. But then I started to cook in the dorms when I was hungry late at night. . . then my roommates started to ask me to cook, and before I knew it, I was being paid to cook for my dorm floor."

Abraham shrugged with a lop-sided smile, "It felt good. . . so I decided to go back the next summer, and the summer after that. By the time I graduated, I had decided that I was going to be a chef. I went to the same restaurant and took a formal apprenticeship under the Chef De Cuisine. I learned and worked there for two years before moving on.

"Then I went around the country, working under different chefs and learning everything they had to offer. . . and when I turned twenty-four, I was made the head chef of a new restaurant from a patron who had come to like my cooking."

"Wow, I want to do something like that!" said Quinn.

"You want to be a chef?" asked Abraham. "Y-You can come work for me if you want."

"Huh, no-no, I don't want to be a chef," Quinn waved his hand. "I want to

go around the world and learn magic," he crossed his arms with a faraway look, "yeah that would be the dream. . . learning the different cultures to make something of my own." Books were an excellent source of knowledge, but there were other things — little intricacies and nuggets of wisdom, which could only be found where the magic was being actively used by a community.

'Ah, that's right,' thought Abraham, 'Lia said that Quinn loved magic.'

"Where is this restaurant of yours?" asked Quinn. "I would like to visit."

"Ah, I actually left that job," said Abraham, scratching the back of his head.

"Eh, then?"

Before Abraham could answer, Lia took the initiative. "Abraham starts his own restaurant the next month," she said proudly.

"Oh, a chef and a restaurateur, now that's more like it. So where's the new restaurant? I will visit there," said Quinn.

"It's in Manhattan, New York," said Abraham, surprising everybody.

"You got a permit to open a magical shop in Manhattan?" asked George.

His eyes went to his granddaughter with a question in them. Lia matched his eyes but didn't deny it.

Manhattan was the magical hub of the United States. Woolworth Building — a building in Manhattan, housed the Headquarters of Magical Congress of the United States of America (MCOUSA), and because of the secretive and controlling nature of the Magical Congress, not anyone could just up open a magical business in the area. If it was a century or two in the past, it would have required a thorough vetting process to get a permit, and even then, a single mistake would result in the termination of the permit and the closing of the business. But today, the area was so high-profile and full of important people that it required connections in

high places to do anything in Manhattan.

The fact that Abraham was allowed to open the shop in such a high-profile area and Lia not denying it could mean only one thing. She was the one who pulled the strings.

Lia heard a sound in her ear that came out of everywhere and nowhere at the same time. "Do you own the restaurant building in Manhattan? Blink once for yes."

She recognized the voice and turned to see that Quinn was talking with Abraham about the logistics required to run a restaurant, but she knew it was him.

Lia blinked once.

The voice spoke again, with Quinn still talking with Abraham. "Sell the building to me."

Lia frowned and mouthed, 'Why?'

"Because it's clear that you helped your boyfriend with his restaurant, and from the looks of it, grandfather isn't happy about it. He is probably, no scratch that — he IS thinking less of Abraham right now. If I know grandfather, he's is thinking that Abraham manipulated you into helping him.

"So if you sell the building to me, then that would placate his displeasure as that would take the control out of your hand and into mine. It would separate business from personal, which I'm sure would help when you explain your decision to him later. It's quite elementary, don't you think? How about it?"

Lia pursed her lips in thought for a while before reluctantly nodding.

"Now that's what are we talking about," said the voice projected with the help of sound and vibration magic. "Also, I'm not paying a single knut above the market price."

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Lia closed the door behind her and sighed when the stopper clicked into place.

"So, how did it go?"

She looked up and saw Quinn leaning against the wall in front of their grandfather's study.

"He was upset," Lia said, "as you said he would be."

"Well, that was to be expected," said Quinn as the sibling pair walked away from the study. "You know, he's being protective, right? In our position, the biggest doubt while in a relationship is if our partner is with us because of our money. Someone as young as Abraham opening a restaurant screams him taking advantage of you."

"But, I did it on my own," she said. "Abraham doesn't know I own the building; I used one of our lawyers for lease negotiations. He even went to the permit office and applied for the license and doesn't know that I pushed it along the line to get approved."

Quinn patted Lia's back in comfort. "What's done can't be changed, so we need to move along and remedy the situation. Did you tell grandfather about me buying the building?"

"Yes, I did. Thank you for that suggestion. It helped," said Lia. She peered at Quinn and noticed her brother's relaxed features. "You don't seem to be upset about my choices — even Ms. Rosey was a bit disappointed."

Quinn glanced at his sister before shrugging. "You care for him; I can see that much. And he's at a crucial point of his career, so I can see why you helped him out.

"To be honest, I was tempted to use Legilimency to see what his

intentions were," Quinn said, and Lia's eyes narrowed dangerously, "but I didn't do it. . . I believe in your choice of partner. Even if you made a mistake in judging a person's character, I know you won't let anyone bully or manipulate even if you have feelings for them."

And for Quinn, between him and Lia — she was the more dependable one.

Lia stopped and suddenly pulled Quinn into a hug. "When did my baby brother grow up so much? Don't grow up and stay my cute baby brother, please. She buried her face into his shoulder, "You even grew taller than me before I knew it," her hug tightened, "thank you, Quinn."

Quinn hugged her back. "It's okay, don't mention it; you're my dear sister, after all," he said. Quinn knew how much Lia cared for him. Ever since he had come into this world, she had sent him a letter twice every week while she was away, and that had continued throughout the years to this day, and he knew how busy Lia had been during the years when she had just started working, but not once had the letter stopped.

"But you know the problem isn't over, right?" said Quinn.

"What do you mean?" she said, not letting Quinn go from her hug.

"You'll have to tell Abraham that you were behind the setup of his restaurant, or he will find one day, and that won't be good for your relationship," he said.

'Hypocrite.' "Tell him the very next chance you get." 'Hypocrite.' "Come clean and be honest with him." 'Hypocrite.'

"But, what if he gets angry. . ."

"You'd have to take that risk, Lia. Even though I have only the guy for a few hours, I say that he will understand."

Lia stayed silent for a good while before nodding into Quinn's shoulder.

"Okay, now, let's go get some ice cream," said Quinn, ending the hug.

"That's a great idea," said Lia giggling, "the best one you had today; much better than the shovel."

"Don't disrespect the shovel. It holds power you can't even fathom," said Quinn, snorting. "Should we go get Abraham? Where is he staying."

"He's probably already sleeping. He said that today was stressful for him. He's staying at a hotel."

"He could have stayed the night here; why did you set him up in a hotel."

"I said the same thing to him, and Ms. Rosey had even set up a room for us in advance, but he refused."

"Us? As in you two in the same room? Eww. . ."

"Oh, grow up, will you?"

"Decide on one thing, woman. Do you want me to grow up or not?"

The day ended with the West siblings chattering away.

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Quinn West - MC - I'm not paying for the ice cream.

Lia West - Elder sister - A girl in love.

George West - Grandfather - Protective granddaddy.

Ms. Rosey - Kept an eye on Abraham - Her thoughts — "A lot of work is needed. . ."

Abraham Astier - Chef, Restaurateur - Thinks he did pretty well.

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If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the DISCORD Server and blast those ideas.

The link is in the synopsis!

268. Chapter 268: The Next In

Line

If you want to read ahead of the posting schedule then head over to my

Patreón.

All the chapters would still be posted here, but you can support me with a donation and get chapters earlier than usual as a bonus.

[Link in the Bio/Profile](#)

Quinn stepped out of the fireplace with green flames parting to let him through. He patted his clothes once, and all dust spots from the floor vanished.

"Quinny has come."

He glanced down at the familiar voice, and there stood a house-elf with big glistening brown eyes and floppy ears with a small bronze earring on the helix of each ear.

"I hope I didn't keep everyone waiting," said Quinn.

"Quinny always on time," said Gretszy, the house-elf of the Greengrass household. "Mistress Daphy waiting for you in the lounge. Let me take you."

"Thank you, Gretszy," said Quinn to the cleanly dressed house-elf dressed in a cottage-white toga. A practice that the Greengrass family had adopted from seeing Polly dressed in her uniform-togas. They had even called Polly to hammer down the view into Gretszy, who refused to wear anything other than her makeshift clothing made from pillow covers which had become ragged after years of repeated cleaning.

As they walked through the halls of the Greengrass mansion, Quinn asked, "Is Astoria home?"

"Mistress Tori is home. Doing homework."

"Could you please tell her to come and meet me when she's done?"

"I will tell."

Gretszy dropped Quinn off at the lounge. Quinn entered the room, and as promised, Daphne sat on a sofa with her feet folded to her side. She held

a book in her hands that Quinn recognized — it was a healing manual focused on lungs. Advanced material that wasn't in the Hogwarts curriculum and only taught during healing apprenticeships.

She must have heard him walk in as she closed her book and set it down onto the small side table before looking up at him. "You're finally here," she said, "I got tired waiting."

"I'm on time, milady," said Quinn as he sat down beside her. "So, how're you doing today?"

Daphne scooted near him and leaned against Quinn as she replied, "There's nothing much to do at home, so I just end up reading books these days," she sighed, "even Tracey is out traveling with her parents. . . I'm bored."

"What about the garden you were tending to? Did you already do that?"

"No, I haven't started that. . . it's too hot outside."

"Then, do you want me to help you?" Quinn took out a lightly tinted circular vial. "I even brought a potion[alchemic] that will help the growth of the plants that you told me about."

Daphne took the vial off Quinn's palm and eyed the sloshing liquid, which she squinted her eyes to make out its green color behind the tint.

"I guess we can do that, but let's wait for a while," she said and rested her head on Quinn's shoulder.

"Whenever you want, I'm free all day today," said Quinn, glancing down at Daphne, looking at her blue eyes and golden hair. "Are your parents home today, or is it just you and Astoria?"

"Just me and Astoria," said Daphne. She looked up at him and noticed that he was looking at her. She gazed back at him and saw that his gaze was shifting to a particular part of her face.

She lifted her head to give him permission and closed her eyes as Quinn

dipped his inclined face towards her. She thought his lips were warm and soft as she parted her lips in response to his ticklish licks letting his tongue slip inside.

When they parted, Daphne was left feeling warm and fuzzy and in a fleeting daze.

"Milk and Honey; you had tea recently," he said, commenting.

"Mhm," she voiced softly. She felt Quinn's finger on her chin as it lifted her face up for another round, and her heart was more than happy to oblige.

"Oops!" The two parted with haste at the unexpected sound and looked at the door where Astoria stood with a hand on her mouth and mischief in her eyes. "It looks like I have disturbed you two. I'm sorry for intruding upon your. . . dalliance."

Daphne reddened at her sister's snicker and amusement-filled eyes and glared at her with irritation. "What do you want?" she asked.

"I want nothing, sister mine," said Astoria, still giggling. "It's your boyfriend that wanted me to meet him and called for me."

Daphne looked up at Quinn, a question in her icy blue eyes. She and Quinn only met twice a week in the summer break, and she didn't appreciate it when that time was interrupted.

Quinn nodded, "I did ask Gretsya to tell Astoria that I wanted to meet her."

"And why's that?"

"I have something of importance to ask of her. . . Astoria, if you would," inviting the younger Greengrass to sit with them.

"So, what do you want to talk about?" asked Astoria.

"Well, as you know, the next coming year will be my last at Hogwarts,"

Quinn said, "and there are some matters that need to be taken care of before I leave."

Quinn reached into his pocket and placed a black and gold card on the table between him and Astoria.

Astoria reached over and picked up the card, and familiarity flashed in her eyes. "Why're you giving me the AID card?" she asked.

"I have an offer for you. It's up to you if you choose to accept it — though I would like it if you would," said Quinn and then pointed at the card in Astoria's hand. "Astoria. . . would you look to become the proprietor of AID after me?"

Astoria gasped as she froze in her spot, her widened eyes dipping down to the card in her hand. Even Daphne sat up straight beside Quinn and stared at him with a questioning look of surprise in her eyes.

". . . What do you mean?" asked Astoria.

Quinn rested his hands in his lap. "AID is something I built in my second year, and it has been five years since that fateful day. It has grown from something that used to handle little problems into something that organized the biggest Hogwarts Quidditch tournament ever held." There was a proud glimmer in Quinn's eyes as he spoke about AID. "And now that I am soon to leave Hogwarts, I don't wish for AID to leave with me. So I've come to a decision to pass on AID to another. . . and that another is you, Astoria."

"M-Me?" asked Astoria, her breath hitching.

"Yes, you," said Quinn. "After thinking about who could succeed me to continue AID — you were the candidate that I deem the best."

"What about Luna? Isn't she part of AID? Shouldn't she be the one to succeed you?"

"True, Luna is part of AID, and she always will be as much part of AID as I am. But she's not fit to succeed AID as the main proprietor. She's more like a stray cat that would come when her heart desires," said Quinn with

a shake of his head and a chuckle. "Do you know, when I invited her to join AID, she asked me to pay her in cookies — ah, that was an interesting day indeed.

"I'm sure if I go ask Luna to succeed AID, she would agree, but if I tell her that she doesn't have to and I have another option in mind, she'd decline and tell me to choose them — she will only accept when there's no other option."

When it came to skill, Quinn knew Luna, who he had taught for years to be better suited for the task than Astoria, which was an important factor considering that a lot of AID's requests were magic requests from students who weren't able to cast the required spells themselves, or simply didn't want to take on the hassle of doing so.

"Okay, that sort of does make sense," said Astoria as she had become friends with the eccentric Ravenclaw through Quinn. However, the question still remained. "But why me?" she asked.

"Well, as you must realize, that the proprietor of AID is a unique position in Hogwarts. I personally started it, which makes it a student venture, and as such, it isn't controlled by the faculty — save for the fact that the permission to use the classroom that is being used as the office lays in the hands of Professor Flitwick, but I'm sure as long as AID keeps true to its purpose, which is to help the students, he won't take away the permission.

"But I digress. Coming back to the position of the proprietor. . . Astoria, people don't realize it, but the proprietor of AID holds more power than any other student position in Hogwarts, more than the Prefects or even the Headboy and Headgirl — and I'm both a Prefect and Headboy, so take my word for it."

"How do you mean?" asked Astoria, confused. She looked at her sister,

but even Daphne was clueless as her.

A satisfied smile surfaced on Quinn's face as he pulled back his shoulders and raised his chin high. "Do you know why I started AID?" he asked.

"To help the students," said Astoria, repeating the official AID motto.

"Actually, that's incorrect. Sure, helping people is an integral part of AID and the main reason for its success. But the reason for AID's inception was to solely benefit me," said Quinn, pointing both thumbs towards him.

Astoria quirked her brow. "How does AID help you?" she asked, but then the thought flashed behind her eyes. "Ah, you mean the money, don't you? You charge the students for their services, which goes into your pocket! You mean that, right?"

"No-no-no, that's not it," Quinn laughed as he waved his hand. "AID barely breaks even every year. For five years, I haven't pocketed a single knut out of AID — but I have funneled revenue into the workshop, so maybe I have attained monetary gains from it. . . but no, money wasn't the reason I started AID."

"Then what's the reason?" That was her only guess.

"The reason AID was started was to gain favors, or as I like to lovingly call them debts," said Quinn.

"Favors? Debts. . .?" said Astoria, tilting her head.

"A question to you and even you, Daphne. . . why do you think for five years, I have been offering massive discounts on the AID subject notes? It would've been logical to give them on the very first year, maybe even the second, but not every year.

"Would either of you care to venture a guess?" he asked.

Both sisters dipped their chins in thought before looking at each other to see that the other didn't have an idea.

"We have no idea," said Daphne, who had never actually availed the

offered discount and had paid. She frowned, wondering why she refused it in the first place.

"Hmm. . . maybe, you two of you aren't the right audience for this question," said Quinn, recalling his relationship with the two sisters.

"Astoria hasn't ever come to buy my notes, which I presume is because you use Daphne's. . ."

Astoria nodded. She used the notes that Daphne had kept and not thrown away.

". . . and I stopped offering Daphne the discount after the first time because she was a friend," said Quinn.

". . . You stopped offering me the discount because I was your friend?" voiced Daphne, feeling confused about her words.

Quinn nodded, "I'm not sure if you remember, but the only time I offered you the discount, I spoke the conditions I offer to everyone — I will provide you with a discount and help you out, and you can, in turn, help me out when I need it later. In simple terms, I scratch your back and you scratch mine. But if we look at it from a different angle, everyone who availed the discount owes me a favor.

"Not only that, I offer the same conditions while taking any request that comes through my doors."

Quinn crossed his legs, rested his interlinked hands on his knee, raised his chin, and smirked, "95% of the people who have ever stepped through the doors owe me a favor — be it first years or seventh, quidditch jocks or top scoring nerds, the delinquents or the Prefects, purebloods, half-bloods, or the muggleborns — the likes of Potters, Bones, Longbottom, Nott — all - owe - me - debts."

It was slow, but the realization started to set in Astoria and Daphne's minds. They knew the power of favors — their father had demonstrated

it a countless number of times. It was why the children of many lower-grade members of the Grey faction and even the Dark and Light faction would treat them, the daughters of the leader of the Grey faction, with respect and politeness — all of them wanted favors from their father.

"But it doesn't end there," said Quinn chuckling, "do you know the best part about it? Most of them don't even see it as debts they unwillingly owe me. . . because I'm helping them, they are grateful, and will very willingly and happily return the 'help' — of course, there are sometimes they don't like it when I ask them of difficult tasks, but they oblige nevertheless."

Daphne stared at her boyfriend, watching him tell Astoria about his various exploits. This was a new side of him that she hadn't seen before. Sure he had always been playful and mischievous, but this side was different — him talking about how he had control over the Hogwarts students. . . she wanted to hear more about it.

"In short, AID was created because I wanted to build myself a network of connections and debts that I could call upon any time — no matter which house, social circle, or social ladder — I have contacts that I can use. And as it stands, that initiative has seen extraordinary success," Quinn said, finishing.

". . . Again. . . why me?" Astoria was impressed, but she still wanted to know the answer to her question.

"Ah, look at me, getting so distracted, my apologies," said Quinn. "My vision of the proprietor of AID is someone who has excellent communication skills and understands the power that comes with the position." He raised his hand and bluntly pointed at Astoria, "You are the person who checks both the boxes.

"Your pureblood background makes other purebloods comfortable.

However, you are outgoing, well-liked with a positive reputation, good looking, smart, have ample emotional quotient — all these things allow you to be approached by the half-bloods and muggleborns. And you, a Greengrass, realize exactly how to exploit the asset named AID."

Quinn didn't pretend that things like appearance didn't matter. A person with good looks would have a better impression on people, which was essential for AID. It was all about people and how they perceived things, especially teens.

"You really think I will be able to take over AID?" asked Astoria. AID was a big deal in Hogwarts; everyone knew about it, and the reason it was such was because of Quinn West — he had a reputation for having a solution to every problem imaginable. Quinn West was nigh untouchable in Hogwarts — the top of the pyramid. . . and Astoria wasn't sure if she could stand up to that standard.

"Astoria, one thing you should know about me is that I am very sentimental about the things I get attached to," said Quinn, staring straight at Astoria. "If I thought you, or anyone else, wasn't suitable for the job, I would have shut down AID rather than passing it onto an unworthy person.

"I'm offering this job to you because I think you're suitable."

That felt good to hear, Astoria thought; however, she still had doubts, which Quinn answered without her needing to voice them.

"And it's not like I'll be throwing you into the middle of everything without help. If you chose to accept, I'd teach you the ins and outs of AID before passing it on to you. You'd work beside me for a while before I completely retire," said Quinn, offering training. "And you'll have Luna with you, who you can rely on until you get the hang of things.

"You can take time to decide and tell me—"

"I'll do it!" Astoria said immediately.

Quinn paused and stared at Astoria before asking, "Are you sure? I suggest that you take some time to decide. It's not a small commitment."

"No need," said Astoria, looking at the AID card with bright eyes, "I want to do this."

Quinn glanced at Daphne, who shrugged helplessly; her sister was always the impulsive type.

"Alright then, welcome to AID, Astoria Greengrass," said Quinn with a smile.

Astoria beamed a bright grin before getting up suddenly. She cleared her throat, "Thank you, Quinn, for this opportunity, and I promise I'll not let you down. Now I'll take my leave, and" she smiled teasingly, "leave you both to whatever you were doing."

"Astoria!" Daphne shouted in irritation as her sister giggled and ran out of the room.

Daphne spat a sigh before looking at Quinn, who was staring at her with a different kind of smile. She felt red climb her cheeks as Quinn pulled her close.

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Quinn West - MC - My Hogwarts Legacy will continue.

Daphne Greengrass - Girlfriend - Found a new side of Quinn and is interested.

Astoria Greengrass - Teasing Sister - AID's Successor.

Gretsy - Greengrass House-elf - Has three sets of togas.

FictionOnlyReader - It's 8:30 am here, and I haven't slept, crazy! - The reason why I even bothered to write about Astoria in the first place.

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If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction

or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the DISCORD Server and blast those ideas.

The link is in the synopsis!

269. Chapter 269: The First Hunt

If you want to read ahead of the posting schedule then head over to my Patreón.

All the chapters would still be posted here, but you can support me with a donation and get chapters earlier than usual as a bonus.

Link in the Bio/Profile

The array of contorted lights and scenery flashed past Quinn's eyes.

His feet landed on the solid ground after apparating through the fabric of space. He stretched his extremities, relieving himself of the usual feeling of being stuffed through a narrow tube.

Quinn raised his face hidden behind the Noir mask to glance upon the majesty of the blazing summer sun. He blinked as his eyes adjusted to the new light.

He stood in a country lane bordered by high, tangled hedgerows, beneath a summer sky as bright and blue as a forget-me-not. Some ten feet in front of him walked a little girl with pigtails, skipping down the dusty road with a thing of flowers in hand. The girl passed by Quinn, seemingly oblivious to his masked and hooded presence under the anti-muggle charm covering him.

Quinn walked forward with deft steps on the path he had surveyed multiple times before during the initial scouting of his target destination.

He stopped and stared at the wooden signpost that stuck out of the brambles on the left-hand side of the road. The wooden sign had two arms. The one pointing in the direction the little girl had walked toward read: GREAT HANGLETON, 5 MILES. The other arm, which pointed to

the front, said, LITTLE HANGLETON, 1 MILE.

He walked the short path with grass on either side with nothing to see but the hedgerows, the vast blue sky overhead, and his own light footsteps. Then the lane curved to the left and fell away, sloping steeply down a hillside so that he had a sudden unexpected view of a whole valley laid out in front of him. Quinn could see a village, undoubtedly Little Hangleton, nestled between two steep hills, its church and graveyard clearly visible. Across the valley, set on the opposite hillside, was a once handsome manor house surrounded by a wide expanse of eerier weed-covered lawn.

Quinn looked down the downward sloping hill with a steep angle and considered if he should trot down but decided against it. He stepped forward, and the winds came sweeping in beneath Quinn's feet, lifting him a foot above the ground as he glided down the slope.

If he continued down to the base, he would have reached Little Hangleton; however, the village wasn't his final destination. He rounded right on a curve and entered upon a narrow dirt track bordered by higher and wilder hedgerows than those he had left behind. The path was crooked, rocky, and potholed, sloping downhill like the last one, and at the end of it was a patch of dark trees a little below him. The track soon opened up at the copse, and Quinn cut the gliding winds and came to a halt on the ground.

Despite the cloudless sky, the old trees ahead cast deep, dark, cool shadows, and despite having scouted the area before, it took a few seconds before he could discern the building half-hidden amongst the tangle of trunks.

It was a strange location to choose for a house, or else an odd decision to leave the trees growing nearby, blocking all light and the view of the

valley below. It was clear from the moss growing on the walls and the broken-off tiles on the roof, which left the rafters exposed, that the place was inhabited. Nettles grew all around it, their tips reaching the windows, which were tiny and thick with grime.

'So this is it,' Quinn stared at the old cottage, 'The Gaunt Shack.'

The ancestral home of the Gaunt family, located in the woods just outside the village of Little Hangleton. It was a shabby little shack that once housed Marvolo Gaunt, his wife, their son Morfin, and daughter Merope. The father and the son being the other two Parseltongue residing in Britain other than Voldemort and Harry Potter.

Quinn walked to the decrepit door of the cottage and stared at the rotten door, which had bent out of its frame and only stood ajar because of its odd position. He waved a hand, and the door separated from its joint and flew to the side as Quinn stepped inside.

The house seemed to contain three tiny rooms. Two doors led off the main room, which served as kitchen and living room combined. A broken and filthy armchair sat beside a choked and dusty fireplace. The ceiling was thick with cobwebs, the floor beneath his boots coated in grime. The only light came from broken and boarded windows that received the sunlight filtering from the trees outside.

The floorboards under his feet creaked as he walked around the house, looking around. He stood in the middle of the cottage, and a light blue aura spread out from him in a dome shape, phasing through the broken furniture, pillars, walls, doors to cover the entire house. He got no response from the scan, so he tried it again. A red dome scanned the Gaunt Shack, then a green one, followed by a variety of detection charms looking for magical enchantments.

Ping

The voice came from the bedroom where a bed split down the middle lay broken on the floor. Quinn waved his hand, and the bed shrunk down to a matchbox, leaving the part of the room empty. He stared at the floorboards that were as patchy and grimy as any other piece of the floor in the cottage, but there was something magical in them.

The wooden boards creaked as rusted nails holding down them popped out, and the planks held down by the age-old glue came out apart easily. There was a patch of the earth beneath them, but Quinn wasn't fooled; he dug the mud out with magic and finally laid his eyes upon the motive of him coming here.

A golden box sat there buried in the foundation of the house.

Quinn bent his forearm up, and the box rose up. It was heavy. Quinn suspected it was genuine gold. If it was, then it would be fitting the nature of its owner and creator. Quinn blew on it, and the mud and dust were stripped away, bringing out the gleaming and inviting sheen of the gold box.

The box was set down on the floor, and Quinn kneeled beside it. His eyes and magic observing the enchantments keeping the box locked. He had to admit, they were powerful, despite the very long period of lack of care.

"Now, let's break them up."

Quinn's magic began its work and worked to dismantle the enchantments that made the box into a black box capable of surviving being blasted in the sky and dropping down the high altitude down to the ground in freefall.

"Magic from various cultures," commented Quinn, his eyes looking at the box a complicated and excited eyes. The amalgamation of different cultures of magic worked together to create something that even Quinn found tricky to solve, and yet it was the proof of concept that he wanted

to accomplish.

Click

The box unlocked after an hour of effort.

Quinn took a deep breath and raised his gloved finger to lift up the lid, and sucked in a cold breath at the solitary ring that sat inside.

It was a gold ring etched with detailed designs and looked as if it had been just polished, gleaming like the rays of the sun itself.

Marvolo Gaunt's Ring.

On the top of the ring, fixed underneath the four gold fangs, was a black gemstone. Quinn's eyes remained fixed on the gemstone, on the design that was inscribed onto it — a line with a circle drawn from the top enclosed inside a triangle.

The signature of the Deathly Hallows.

And, the gemstone. . .

"Resurrection Stone," said Quinn sighing a cold breath in the mid-summer.

- [A/N: Read Carefully] -

He thought it was beautiful, enchanting, and something that would look great on his finger, where it belonged.

Thud

"Hmph," he smirked. His mental shields had effortlessly thwarted the mental curse.

Quinn looked down at his hand and saw the Gaunt Ring in his right with his left hand's fingers outstretched, obviously so that he could put on the ring. A cold sweat trickled down his temple beneath his mask, and his nap felt cold.

He had just nearly put the cursed ring on.

The ring. Gaunt's Ring. A terrible curse was cast upon it. A curse that

would wither away the one who would put it on, leading to a swift and quick death to get them away from the ring. However, there was one more, another curse that made the ring more deadly than it was — it enticed those who gazed upon it to slip it on so that it could lead them to their death.

"Won't you look at that, the mighty Quinn West trembling in front of a measly magical ring?"

Quinn looked up from the ring and saw himself. . . 'him'. . . squatting in front of Quinn, matching eye levels. 'He' looked exactly the same as Quinn; the only difference was that 'he' was dressed in a suit while Quinn was dressed in the Noir transformative suit.

"It has been a while, hasn't it," 'Quinn' said, smirking. "The last time we met was in Lupin's class, and the Boggart took the form of yours truly," he said, touching up his tie with a confident smirk. [Ch. 79]

Quinn's eyes went to the 'Quinn's' hand and saw a wand — Acacia wood, fourteen inches, rigid.

"Oh, you notice this beaut," said 'Quinn,' holding the wand in both hands.

"Of course, you'd notice it; it's the wand that chose you and the one you have been betraying for the past six years. I don't know what your problem is, but I quite like it," 'he' smirked, "I'm power incarnate with it in my hand."

Quinn stared at 'him,' "Why would you, my worst fear, be here to convince me to put on the ring? I would never do a thing you say."

'He' laughed loudly. It was wild, rambunctious, and louder than Quinn had ever laughed in his life.

"Me, your fear?" 'he' said between laughs. "Man, you can crack a joke or two from time to time." 'Quinn' leaned forward, put his face close to Quinn, and stared at him with 'his' glowing purple eyes. "I'm not your

fear, Quinn. I am you. I'm you when your worthless Ego is eliminated, and the golden Id is given time to shine. I'm your Greed, Pride, Gluttony, Sloth, Envy, Wrath, and Lust.

"Speaking of Lust, you bagged Daphne; good job there. She's a total hottie. But why are you wasting time by just tasting her. . . when you can eat her up. . . I can imagine it, she'll taste heavenly," 'Sin-Quinn' cackled, "just ask her, she'll agree. . . you have noticed it, right? She never disagrees with you, always supportive like a good pureblood wife. . . such a good girl.

"I'm sure she won't refuse if you bring in the spicy redhead into the mix," said 'Sin-Quinn,' licking his lips. "A ménage-a-trio. . . just thinking about sends a shiver down my spine."

"Shut up!"

'Sin-Quinn' grinned and raised his hands in surrender. 'He' looked down at the ring and spoke, "But you have to agree with me when I say that they deserve some closure, don't they?"

"What the hell are you talking about?" asked Quinn.

"Come on, you know what I'm talking about, silly, I am you, after all," said 'Sin-Quinn,' placing a hand on his cheek and looked at Quinn as if he was a child. "Grandfather lost his young son before time; he was so young. And Lia lost both her parents at the tender of ten, leaving her to care for her younger brother of one. Don't you think they deserve to meet Adam and Aria West one last time to get some closure in their eyes. . . after they both only have each other in the name of family.

". . . After all, we took their precious grandson and brother away from them," 'he' said.

Quinn looked at his alter-ego, but instead of red rage, there was a look of stunned surprise on his face.

"Why do you make such a face?" he asked, looking at the guilty look on 'Sin-Quinn's face.'

'Sin-Quinn' looked down at the ring with a twisted wry smile, ". . . Why are you being silly again? Didn't I tell you? I am you. I'm the essence of your deepest and truest feelings. . . just like the worthless you, even I feel guilty about taking the child's life and taking over."

"Quinn died from falling from his window," Quinn bit back heatedly, clenching his empty trembling hand.

"Not according to our memory, he didn't," said 'Sin-Quinn.' "The bout of accidental magic made him bounce off the ground, and then we took over." 'Sin-Quinn' sighed again and shook 'his' head, "It doesn't matter what happened, you know," 'he' stared at Quinn, "as long as you believe that you killed Quinn, logic has no place in this argument."

Quinn had no rebuke to that. It made sense. . . Sin-Quinn was his everything multiplied and let out without a moral filter. Humans were inherently illogical beings, who ran on their emotions rather than logic, and if he believed certain things, then that was it.

"So, how about it, buddy?" said 'Sin-Quinn,' putting 'his' hand on Quinn's shoulder. "How about we put on the ring and let our beloved family meet their loved ones. . . maybe we can even try calling for the real Quinn and find the truth — if we didn't cannibalize his soul, then he would appear, and that would grant us some peace, don't you think."

"Y-Yes. . . Yes, we should do that," said Quinn. "Lia, grandfather, Uncle Elliot, and Ms. Rosey would be ha-a-ppy. . . w-we can call the Real-Quinn. . . ah, I-I-I can even call grandmother and-and let grandfather meet her. He would be so happy!"

'Sin-Quinn' nodded with a smile, a patent Quinn controlled-smile.

Quinn patted his chest once, and the mask disappeared — leaving behind

an unamused expression on Quinn's face as he stuck out his tongue.

"Did you thought I would say that YOU FUCKING THIRD-GRADE FAKE OF A REPLICA?" Quinn said, rendering 'Sin-Quinn' stunned. "Come on, man, what kind of shitty curse is that? Hey Dark Lord, is this the best you can do with a soul attack? Hey, are you listening?"

"W-What?" asked 'Sin-Quinn.'

Quinn stood up from his kneel and took out a spherical glass container with a cloudy tint. "Are you really supposed to me? I was convinced that the soul attack got everything until you started to spout the bullshit about using the Resurrection Stone. Because I would never suggest no matter how delirious I was.

"Why would I willingly take on a life-ending curse which will kill me when I have a sure-fire method to destroy the curse?" said Quinn taking out a small vial with the same cloudy tint. "If I wanted to use the Resurrection Stone after I destroyed the retched object it's attached to." He poured the deep-purple-almost black liquid from the vial into the sphere container.

"W-What are you doing?" asked 'Sin-Quinn' looking between Quinn's face and his hands. "What's that?"

"You don't know?" asked Quinn. "The curse must really depend upon the mental aspect that I blocked. And here I thought that the soul-splitting maniac would have better knowledge of the soul. But I'll give you the credit where it's deserved — you sure got a lot of memories that were connected deeply to my emotions despite the mental failure."

Quinn swivelled the liquid in the sphere container. "This my fake-me is Basilisk Venom," he smirked at 'Sin-Quinn,' whose eyes widened to the limit. "You guessed right, it's from the same Basilisk that you found in the Chamber of Secrets when you were in school — Tom Marvolo Riddle."

'Sin-Quinn's' face darkened at the mention of the name.

"You might not know because it wasn't in the book, but Basilisk Venom can destroy a . . . Horcrux," said Quinn, continuously enjoying the ugly expression on 'his' face. "I actually told the same thing to the Diary you — man, you have the best expressions — but both the Basilisk and Horcrux were created by Herpo The Foul. Quite ironic, don't you think? The man who created a magic of immortality also created the things that could destroy it."

A horrified expression and stark-white expression of fear appeared on 'Sin Quinn's' face as 'he' raised 'his' hand to reach out to Quinn, but 'his' hands passed through Quinn.

Quinn held the ring between his index finger and thumb, showed it to 'Sin-Quinn,' grinned, and dropped the ring inside the sphere. "Bloop~!" "No!" yelled 'Sin-Quinn.'

A violent sizzling sounded inside the glass sphere, with a black haze filling the inside of the sphere.

Quinn looked up at his likeness started to melt and burn while letting out painful screams in his own voice. 'Sin-Quinn,' about to perish, looked at Quinn, who spoke some parting words.

"I wish I could say that you got close to enticing me, but I would be lying. . . sorry, Horcrux, but my wand is more tempting than you."

As Quinn's words ended, so did the life of Voldemort's Gaunt Ring Horcrux.

"Oh, shit!" Quinn hurriedly straightened his hands as the activated Basilisk Venom, which just had a violent reaction with the Horcrux, ate through the specially-made glass (Quinn's invention) which could hold Basilisk Venom for a couple of months.

Quinn goggled at the bubbling Basilisk Venom that ate through the wood

and seeped into the ground below. His eyes went back to the sphere as he removed his hand from it and let it float. He transfigured a hole back open and let the blackened ring fly out of it.

A blob of water covered it, and it sizzled immediately because of the residual venom, which spent itself by eating away at the water, leaving the ring safe for Quinn to grab.

Quinn grabbed the ring with his gloved hands. He grabbed the ring-hoop with one and pulled out the gemstone with his other.

He stared at the gemstone, which, unlike the charred ring, looked untouched — the Basilisk Venom hadn't harmed it. . .

"Resurrection Stone. . . maybe because it's a soul artifact, the Horcrux couldn't attach itself to the stone and only stayed on the ring," said Quinn, but it was only speculation from his side.

". . . Soul Artifact."

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Quinn West - MC - The First Kill Of The Hunt

'Sin-Quinn' - Defense Mechanism Manifestation - Soul-based attack of Horcrux.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Re-Read if it's not clear. And I will leave it up to you to think about where the truth of the 'Sin-Quinn' ended and where the lies began. . .

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If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the DISCORD Server and blast those ideas.

The link is in the synopsis!

270. Chapter 270: Meeting At
Cirkus

If you want to read ahead of the posting schedule then head over to my Patreón.

All the chapters would still be posted here, but you can support me with a donation and get chapters earlier than usual as a bonus.

[Link in the Bio/Profile](#)

Cirkus, a long-running restaurant in Vertic Alley of the magical market district of London, was a restaurant with nine levels divided into three segments — the underground segment with three levels catered to the shady members of the society who didn't wish to be seen and demanded privacy, the base segment with aboveground three levels that served any and everyone who wanted to drink and dine at the established, and finally, the upper segment with the top three levels that hosted the wealthy and influential with an assortment of services.

Michael was a front desk host situated on the first floor of the upper segment. He had been working at Cirkus for fifteen years. He had started as a server on the base segment and had worked his way to his current position, and wanted to continue on his rise through the ranks to one day become a floor manager, preferably in the upper segment.

The elevator in front of Michael's desk, which only served the upper segment, dinged. Michael looked up from his work and got up to serve the guest as the elevator door opened. To his surprise, there was only one person along with the elevator operator. However, the single person wasn't the reason for his surprise, but the person's appearance.

The person placed a sack of coin onto the operator's hands and stepped out of the elevator. The boy, who Michael thought couldn't be any older than eighteen or nineteen stepped walked to the front desk.

"Good morning," said the boy, "I would like to use one of your private rooms."

Michael's fifteen experience wasn't for naught. He had picked up the tricks of his craft from years of observing the people who came to Cirkus. He had caught the relaxed demeanor of the boy. The boy in front of him might have looked young, but Michael looked past that and observed the blue suit with red checker grids — it looked simple enough, but his trained eyes could see the quality of the fabric and the craftsmanship of the stitching.

The boy was definitely someone who could afford to be at the upper segment of Cirkus.

"Of course, sir," said Michael. "We offer an array of private rooms, which one would you like to use today—" He hadn't seen the boy here before, so he went through the entire selection.

"I don't require anything extensive, just somewhere my companions and I can sit, have a discussion and enjoy our meal in privacy," said the boy looking down at the list on the table.

"It'll be arranged, sir. How many guests would be joining you?"

"Two people."

Michael rang a bell behind his counter and summoned a bellman. He handed a key to the bellman and said, "Escort our guest to room 1-07."

"Ah, I just remembered. . . I would like a room on the top-most floor," said the boy.

Michael and the bellman stared at the boy, and Michael started to have doubts if the boy truly knew about Cirkus. "Dear sir, the third floor is exclusively reserved for our most esteemed guests. I regret to tell you this but only with that special access can use the top-most floor's"

"You mean this one?" When Michael stopped talking, the boy took out a solid silver card with the classic Cirkus tower etched in the middle with a border all etched in gold.

". . . Yes, that exact one," said Michael, receiving the very exclusive and very rare membership card, and it was real. "Ahem, my apologies," he handed the card back, "please follow the bellman, and he will show you to your room.

But before that, sir, I would like to know your and your guest's names so that we could escort them to your room when they arrive."

"My name is Quinn West, and my guests will be Nott and Zabini," the boy with stone grey eyes looked at Michael as he said, "I can expect privacy from Cirkus about our meeting, correct?"

". . . Of course, sir, please be rest assured," said Michael. In one sentence, he had received some big names. West and Nott — both of those names were esteemed patrons who had access to the top floor while the infamous Madam Zabini was a regular guest.

After a while, the elevator once again dinged open, and two people stepped out.

"Good morning; how can Cirkus serve you today," said Michael looking at the two teenagers.

"We are meeting someone today," said the blonde teen.

"Mr. West has been waiting for you, Mr. Nott," said Michael recognizing Theodore Nott Jr from earlier visits and turning to bow to the other teen.

"It has been a while since you have graced our doors, Mr. Zabini.

Blaise Zabini held back a sigh. His mother had dragged him here more than enough times. He had suffered through numerous kitty parties full of his mother's social circle without someone of his age to talk to.

Because of those gatherings, Cirkus had indeed become a circus where he was the main attraction for the ladies to bother.

"Mr. West is waiting for you on the third floor," said Michael as the bellman arrived.

The two Slytherins looked at each other simultaneously. Neither of them had been to the third floor before, even Theodore, whose father was one of the exclusive patrons.

They took the elevator again and reached the third floor. It was completely different from the first floor, which was already posh enough, but the third floor was above and beyond. It was also deafeningly silent as they walked through the marble floor that reflected as well as any mirror, passing by a few identical heavy, elegant doors — all private rooms, specially created for a very exclusive clientele, who Cirkus would provide with anything he would request.

They reached another identical door, and the bellman pressed a bell before speaking, "Dear guest, your companions have arrived."

"Come in," came a voice that was distorted because of the room's magic to protect privacy. The bellman opened the door, bowed to Theodore and Blaise, and left right after entering.

"Nott, Zabini," said Quinn looking at the two Slytherin, "how nice to meet both of you after such a long time — please sit down."

The two sat down nervously, looking at Quinn, who raised a cup to take a sip. Both of them had discussed with each other before calling a meeting with Quinn, who had called them both to Cirkus. The times had changed ever since Voldemort had shown himself in the Ministry, and their parents had begun moving in response to the event. They had Quinn's promise of help and were worried that things were moving faster than they had expected, and thus this meeting was called.

"Both of you look anxious," said Quinn. He looked at Blaise, "I get why he looks like he has been losing sleep, but what about you? Your mother doesn't move in the circles with the Dark Lord and his cosplay party. . . what, cosplay? Ah, it means dressing up in costumes."

Blaise rubbed his forehead and leaned back into the sofa. "Ever since the news of You-Know-Who's return, she has caught a worry. She has been thinking about moving to Italy, and I can tell because she told me that she missed Italy and then spent hours telling me great things about the country. Then, after a few days, she tried to sneak in a talk about the school there.

. . . And the worst part, mother has been recently seeing a man from Italy. At this rate, she's going to pull me out of Hogwarts and take me with her."

Blaise didn't want to leave Hogwarts. He had spent the last five years in the school and its dorms, living there for most of the year. All of his friends were there, with who he had spent more time than his own mother since joining. Just the thought of leaving Hogwarts to go to another school set a weight in the pit of his stomach.

"Oh, that's indeed a cause of worry," said Quinn before leaning forward and looking at Blaise with serious eyes. "Just one question though. . . the man she has been seeing, by any chance, is he surnamed Abate?"

Blaise blinked in confusion at the sudden question. "No, his surname is something else. Why do you ask?"

"Nothing serious, just a personal curiosity." Quinn pulled back and waved the question off. The Abates would have been a bite bigger than to be chewed, even for the famed temptress.

"She's not going to pull you out this year, right?" asked Quinn.

"No, but at this rate, she might just do it the next year," said Blaise shaking his head with a sigh.

"Then, you don't actually have a problem," said Quinn shrugging. "You'll be 'of age' the next year, an adult magical, and will have the legal authority to attend any school you want. . . and if you don't have the

money, you can always take a loan for me — I'll lend you the school fees and then some for living costs. If you want something other than that, you can show me how it's important, and I'll dispense more money. The only downside is that you'll have to pay more when you finally start working."

Quinn gazed at Blaise, who seemed to sink into thought about his proposal. Even if there was a simple situation to separate from his mother, the decision was tough: from one day living his normal life to the next where he had to depend on someone who wasn't his family.

Quinn wouldn't blame Blaise if he decided to follow his mother's wishes.

"What about you?" Quinn turned to Nott. "What has your father been doing these days? Having fun alone at home with his family, I hope."

"Only if," said Theodore spitting out a heavy sigh. "He has been meeting with the Dark Lord more and more these days. I secretly listen to my parents when they talk about father's Death Eater meetings."

"So you're worried that Nott Snr going to take you to the Dark Lord so that he can brand you as a junior Death Eater?" asked Quinn. "A legitimate worry."

"It has already started," said Theodore with a worn-down look. "One day, I heard that father has been going to ceremonies. . . ceremonies to add new people into Death Eaters, and there have been these ceremonies every week." He covered his face with his hands. "And I don't know why but father suddenly had the idea to have me branded with Dark Mark as soon as possible. I was lucky that mother forbade it that father had to back away. . . but I know it won't be like this the next year — he will try again when I turn 'of age,' and I'm not sure if mother will be able to stop him at that time.

I might become a Death Eater while I'm studying at Hogwarts."

Quinn probably knew why Nott Snr had the sudden thought of turning his minor son into a Death Eater. He had gotten intimidated by his peer, who went by the name Malfoy; seeing the other Death Eater offering his son to become a Death Eater prompted Nott Snr to possibly offer Jnr to do the same.

Quinn silently sighed as that brought up one of the pieces of information he was missing. He hadn't seen the shadow of anyone named Malfoy in the entire summer break; as such, he had no idea if Draco was branded with the Dark Mark. He hadn't dared to go near the Malfoy mansion in fear of being spotted by the Dark Lord or his Death Eater, especially after the Amelia Bones incident.

"Zabini doesn't want to leave Hogwarts, but it seems like you leaving Hogwarts might be the only option," said Quinn softly.

Theodore's face reappeared from behind his hands as he stared at Quinn incredulously. "What do you mean?" he asked, but the fear of knowing what exactly Quinn meant built up in his chest.

"Next year, if you go home, your father will try to make you a Death Eater, and if you refuse, I'm not sure if you will survive." Both Theodore and Blaise felt cold shivers go down the spine. "I do not know your father, but either he will kill you himself for being a 'blood traitor,' and if he doesn't do that, the Dark Lord will do it himself.

Let's say your father doesn't kill you; he might just drag you to the Dark Lord and brand you. If you choose to stay. . . I'm sorry to say this, but Nott, your chances are looking bleak."

Theodore went deathly pale. His fears had been spoken in words. He was either going to die or become a Death Eater. A drowning and choking thought dominated his mind, 'I'm trapped—'

"But if you go away," said Quinn, "if you disappear, you can escape death

and the fate of becoming a Death Eater." Quinn stared deeply at Nott. "I can do that for you. I can make you disappear like a star in the bright morning sky."

Theodore took a slow, lengthy breath as he leaned back into his seat. He knew what Quinn's offer entailed. It meant that he would have to uproot his life and move to another place. And if he took the last war in mind, he might have to move away for a decade, or maybe even more if the Dark Lord wasn't brought down.

"Is there no other way?" asked Theodore.

He wasn't excited about the possible relocation. He didn't want to leave his life. Was he so helpless that to escape and change his entire life was the only option?

"There's an option that doesn't require you to leave," said Quinn, and it instantly poured stars of hope into Theodore's eyes as he looked at Quinn intently.

"You can defect," said Quinn.

". . . What?" asked Theodore.

"You can reach out to the Minister, or the Grey faction, or the Light faction and tell them that your father is looking to make you a Death Eater and ask them to rescue from that," said Quinn, proposing the alternative idea. "The Ministry won't move if you can't provide them with proof, but next year when you turn 'of age,' you'll have great chances of getting their protection. As for the Grey and Light faction, they won't help you out in public, but they'll support you from the shadows — you, like Zabini, can choose to go to Hogwarts, and when you're out of Hogwarts in the summer break, the three groups might help you out."

Theodore's status as a Death Eater's son, who wants to be rescued, was a great political hook that all the political factions would love to exploit. It

would not only look good, but Theodore was a potential source of information — something he himself didn't know about.

"Th-That. . . I-I don't. . ." said Theodore, hesitating.

"It's a suggestion, Nott," Quinn said, looking at the troubled boy. "You're, unfortunately, not in a favorable situation — both of my suggestions have their merits and demerits, it's up to you what you want to take — or you don't take either and come up with a solution of your own."

"I don't have anything of my own," said Theodore; it was why he was here talking about his problems.

"But you are desperate, and believe me, desperation is a strong motivator. So don't give up hope yet. Think about it, and if you aren't successful — my option is open, and the second one is worth giving a try."

Quinn treated the two stressed Slytherin to a hearty meal before leaving Cirkus. He turned to face the two outside the restaurant.

"Think about what you want to do, but don't let it dominate your lives," he said. "Both of you have my help as a safety net, so while you can't ignore the problem, there's no need to treat it like the world's end.

Now, gentlemen, I'll take my leave. Reach home safely."

Quinn took out his fake wand, and after a lazy wave goodbye, the space twisted, and with a pop, he was gone.

"Oh, that's right," said Blaise. "He turned seventeen, didn't he? He's 'of age'. . . lucky."

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Dumbledore apparated onto a path with long, wild hedgerows on both sides. He glanced around with his wand out to see if someone required a quick memory charm; fortunately, there was no one in the vicinity. He

walked down the crooked, rocky, and potholed path, sloping downhill with a nervous rhythm in his step.

He reached the shabby shack hidden amongst the tangle of trunks. It was the Gaunt Shack in Little Hangleton. The place Dumbledore knew as the hiding place of Tom Marvolo Riddle or as he was better known as Lord Voldemort's vile immortality providing Horcrux.

The place that he had found out through Bob Ogden's memories of when he had arrived at the place to meet the residents Marvolo Gaunt and his children, Morfin and Merope, for Ministry business about Morfin Gaunt breaking the wizarding secrecy laws by torturing the muggles down in the village.

He arrived at the crooked door of the shack and was about to detach the stuck door when he stopped to observe the door — he wondered why the door looked different than what he had seen from away in his previous visit. He dove into his memories, and contrary to his observation, the door looked the same as the one in his memories. Just to be sure, he cast detection spells on the door, and there wasn't any magic cast on the doors, so he detached the door and walked inside the shack.

Again, there was something off in the shack. Dumbledore hadn't been inside the shack, but something felt off to him — maybe it was something about how the cobwebs looked or how the grime below his feet felt, but he couldn't put his finger on it.

He set off detection charms through the shack and detected magical enchantments, just like his previous scouting attempts, and yet again, his intuition was proven wrong.

"Maybe it's something Tom added to turn people away," Dumbledore muttered to himself.

His detection charms told him to head towards the bedroom where he

saw the broken bed, and this time, he ignored the strange feeling and shrunk the bed to access the floor underneath.

He frowned. There was something wrong with the floorboards. But this time, he chalked it up to the presence of the source of magical enchantments underneath. He pulled them out, dug the ground, and uncovered the golden box.

There it was, the container of a Horcrux. It was going to be the second Horcrux that he was going to come across; the first one, the Diary, sat in his office with a big hole stabbed through it.

He lifted the box with magic, and to his utter surprise, the lid of the golden box rattled. . . it rattled.

'No, that can't be,' thought Dumbledore, 'Tom wouldn't be so careless.'

A spark of unease was lit inside him as he set the golden box down, performed detection charms to ensure there was no trap — there wasn't, and now even that didn't bode well in Dumbledore's heart. He opened the door, and everything suddenly made sense.

A charred, burnt, damaged black ring sat inside the box along with a slip of parchment stuck on the inside of the lid.

It read in printed black letters:

"Here lie the remains of Dark Lord Voldemort's destroyed Horcrux."

Everything suddenly made sense. Why everything since the door felt strange — while he couldn't tell the origin of discomfort, but his mind could instinctively detect those that he consciously couldn't.

Someone had gotten here before him and had destroyed the Horcrux.

Someone else had the knowledge about Voldemort's Horcrux other than him.

The question that screamed in the silence was: Who? Who was the individual who knew about Voldemort's secret to immortality?

Dumbledore knelt on the floor and took the ring into his hand. The damaged ring still held value. He had seen it in the Morfin Gaunt's memories of his meeting with a young Tom Riddle. In those memories, there was a black gemstone stone studded on the ring — and it had the mark of the Deathly Hallows. He stared at his wand — the Elder Wand, one of the three Death Hallows, and the last one being in the hands of the Potter children, the Invisibility Cloak.

Dumbledore frowned at the cracked and broken charred gemstone on the top of the ring. He squinted his eyes, and he could see the mark of Deathly Hallows with a crack splitting the mark.

"Was I wrong?" Dumbledore muttered. "Was the ring a counterfeit?"

It wasn't a reaching thought as Morfin Gaunt didn't have a job, and he might have sold the ring and replaced it with a fake for sustenance. But that meant that Dumbledore had no idea where the third Deathly Hallow was.

Dumbledore threw the thought behind his mind and focused on the Horcrux problem. He could tell that the parchment wasn't old, at least not old as the war; he was sure that the parchment wasn't older than a couple years.

Which meant someone had destroyed the Horcrux in a span of a couple of years from the current day.

Dumbledore frowned. It bothered him that there was an unknown element out there with Horcruxes.

Dumbledore didn't like it.

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Quinn West - MC - 'Of Age.' Used an old parchment.

Blaise Zabini - Anxious Slytherin #1 - Wants to stay and might get to.

Theodore Nott - Anxious Slytherin #2 - Wants to stay but might not get

to.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - «Ah. . . I should just—»

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If you have any ideas regarding the magic you want to see in this fiction or want to offer some ideas regarding the progression. Move onto the DISCORD Server and blast those ideas.

The link is in the bio!

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