

Інформація

Адреса змісту:[https://www.fanfiction.net/s/13893841/153/A-Magical-](https://www.fanfiction.net/s/13893841/153/A-Magical-Journey)

Journey

Книги

>

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...

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313. Chapter 313: Superbia

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[Link in the Bio/Profile](#)

"You're pathetic."

The silence that had filled the soulscape returned again with Quinn's words. Both Quinns stared at each other— one impassive, other rigid with fury growing on his face.

"What did you just say?"

"Is there something wrong with your hearing; sheesh, I'm not old enough to have hearing problems."

"You-you. . . !" the light around Violet-Quinn started to flare dangerously. He clenched his fist tight enough that they trembled with deep anger.

"I was dethroned, you say," Quinn didn't let up and continued his assault.

"And you were put on the top? Really? I mean, you look like a splendid guy, but your behavior, on the other hand. . ."

"What about it?" asked Violet-Quinn with an edge.

". . . just a bit immature," Quinn shrugged.

The expression that came on Violet-Quinn's face was one that Quinn was sure that he had never made. He looked like he was about to burst into flames of fury, and violet hue was fluctuating wildly— Quinn had been hurt, but never like this.

"Immature. . . I?" said Violet-Quinn, his voice laced with a warning. "Take that back."

"Why would I?" Quinn didn't wait for a second to throw his reply. "Just this morning, you raced against Eddie, and you know that Eddie naturally runs faster than us, which showed when he was ahead of us during most of the run, but then what you do?" Quinn continued

mockingly, "You used body magic to gain an edge, and if it was just that, I could've excused it as a necessary action to stop Eddie's annoying victory celebration and him holding it over us for eternity— but you went on throttling to the full, crossed the body's limit and, . . . left him in the dust."

Quinn moved close to his violet counterpart and whispered, "That was the pettiest, most immature thing I have ever seen, and it cripplingly cringing and embarrassing that it was ME who did it. It was absolutely disgusting."

He leaned away and watched as a shadow appeared over the eyes of the apparition of the Sin curse. Everything from Violet-Quinn's tone, words, to the colored glow, Quinn had made an educated guess about what the figure in front of him represented.

"So what," said Violet-Quinn, raising his head with a smirk. "I can do whatever I want, and if my actions seem juvenile is more of 'you' fault than a 'me' fault. I don't see where it is my fault."

The violent oscillating flickering of glow stopped, and Violet-Quinn stared down at Quinn with a raised chin and looked ghastly like a certain pureblood family, who consider themselves superior to others.

"That answer is what I'd expect from someone like you," said Quinn, sighing. "You're after all my pride, my hubris, my vanity."

It wasn't instant, but a few clicks of clock's worth of time before a grin split Violet-Quinn's face, and he started laughing— it was a peal of belly laughter than Quinn himself had only let out on rare occasions of celebration and achievement, but from Violet-Quinn's mouth it sounded heavy and overbearing.

"I am NOT yours in any form, Quinn," said Violet-Quinn, sneering at the name. "I am superior to you, I surpass you in every form, I am simply

better— you're beneath me, making me something larger than your worthless. . . self. . . . why do you look at me like that."

Violet-Quinn stopped laughing and boasting when he saw the expression of pity on Quinn's face, his smile turning into a frown at the unexpected expression.

"I feel sorry for you."

". . . What?"

"You're clearly a result of my pride being amplified due to the Sin curse," said Quinn shaking his head. "When you think of the word pride, does it strike you as positive or negative? Pride is an emotion that can be both nurturing or poisonous. It's okay to feel proud when you accomplish something great: It's good to 'take pride in our work.' People like it when someone tells us, 'I'm proud of you.' All of these expressions communicate a positive kind of pride: dignity, respect, and honor, traits that we all can embrace. Feeling proud tastes delicious — it inspires positive behavior. Being proud, however, is a different thing — it can make one come across as arrogant and self-centered.

Aristotle described pride as the 'crown of the virtues.' For the Greek philosopher, pride implied greatness. He considered a proud person as someone who is and thinks to be worthy of great things. And I agreed with his thoughts— I have done great things as such it was natural for me to hold pride.

To think we are worthy of great things when we are not. . . is vanity.

Whereas to think of oneself worthy of less than we are worthy of. . . is cowardice. But because I felt I was truly great, and thus neither vain nor cowardly."

Quinn looked sorry as he continued, "But I had thought about this a lot, and if I look at it, I haven't done anything of exception, have I?"

Violet-Quinn's eyes widened as the final words left Quinn's mouth.

"What have I done in my time here in this world that is truly something of my own? Have I accomplished something genuinely great?" said Quinn in askance. "This body wasn't mine but belonged to the child; I should be grateful to him and his parents for it and the magic that it came with.

Speaking of magic. I pride myself on possessing more magic than anyone I have ever met, but anyone in my position, having adult-like consciousness since age four, knowing the future ahead, could've accomplished what I have— it's nothing special, and comparing myself to others, who didn't have my circumstances is clearly something I should be proud about. Even my wandless capabilities result from my circumstances of starting to learn magic at an extremely early age.

My knowledge? Is it something I should boast? No, the only reason I had access to so much wisdom in the first place was that grandfather indulged my requests and used the fortune that HE had to provide me with whatever I wanted; I should be grateful to him for where I stand today. After all, without him, I would be nowhere near I'm today. Even the more esoteric knowledge I have comes from the Room of Requirement. I have been standing on the shoulders of giants, who had genuinely contributed to furthering the world of magic.

My Inventions? I should be proud of them; after all, I made them from scratch, and didn't they push a revolutionary change in how magicals live. But did I really? Yes, I made them, but not once in all my years have I used something in my inventions that truly were my own. Everything was already invented, and I just put them together using the inspiration that I knew from my memories or what I saw somewhere else. If someone had my vision, anyone of enough competence would be able to create what I did. So do I take pride in my work? Yes. Should I be proud? No.

Was I proud? Unfortunately, yes.

The Cursed Vaults? Something I had devoted a lot of my life to. Yes, I have far beyond what anyone before had, and that's a matter of pride. But did I ever you stop to think who was my competition— children of my age, who didn't have the time I had for preparing their magic, who probably didn't have the resources I had, and nor the maturity to work on magic as I did. If someone of my level gave the Cursed Vaults, who knows what would've been the result— there's a chance they would be better than me.

My initiative to deal with the Horcrux is honorable, and when I began dealing with the soul anchors, I didn't think of it as something to be proud of; I was doing something any decent would do— given that I know I'm not really a decent person. But recently, my thoughts had turned to something of doing everyone in this country a favor by getting rid of the Dark Lord's life saves. Yeah. . . something I never thought I would end up feeling, but it seems my self-arrogance was something that I had played down for myself."

Quinn's smile and eyes were dripping with pity as he stared at Violet-Quinn. "I don't know when, but my authentic pride— the feeling of confidence and competence about who I was— turned into hubristic pride, letting egocentrism and arrogance take over. The latter encourages aggressive behavior; the first, affiliation.

And the already worsening situation turned into a toxic one when I let the Sin curse which gave birth to you. It is my fault that you had come to existence, that if I had introspected, maybe you would've not been born. . . so, from the bottom of my heart, I apologize. Forgive me."

Violet-Quinn stared at Quinn, his eyes blown wide. With every word coming out of Quinn's mouth, Violet-Quinn got more and more somber

and silent, more and more shadows appearing on his face, the glow around his body flickered, jumped, receded haphazardously without any pattern. But when, at the end, Quinn apologized, his demeanor changed to one of life-changing shock as if he had been struck by lightning.

". . . What nonsense you're talking about," said Violet-Quinn. "I don't have to care about any of that gibberish because I'm better than everyone else."

"No, you're not," Quinn said shortly. "They're many who are better than us."

"I am! Who has more magic than me!"

"That's only because of me working hard on it."

"If it wasn't for the curse, you wouldn't have the amount of magic."

"True, but that's doesn't have anything to do with you. You're a byproduct of the curse, not the curse itself."

"Shut up! I destroyed the runes you set up in the morning with ease."

"That's because the memory of me setting them up remains in my head and the magical focus I have built from my hard work."

"Shut up! Shut up! I can achieve more than you, much more than you!

I'm not a coward who worries about small things that don't matter."

Quinn sighed, "Everything you do matters. The smallest action can turn into consequences of the highest effects. Ignoring them because you think they're beneath you is poor outlook."

"I. AM. BETTER. THAN. YOU."

"That is true," said Quinn, and Violet-Quinn's rage faltered as his momentum came to a halt. "Your outlook on life and how you do deal with things would indeed be better in various situations; you'd be able to make decisions quicker, charge ahead without getting stuck in thinking, and because you're still me and have that twisted pride, you wouldn't

allow yourself stop growing to remain better than everyone else," he smiled, "you're indeed better than me."

He stepped closer and placed a hand on Violet-Quinn's shoulder. "I understand; I truly do."

". . . You're a hypocrite," said Violet-Quinn, his voice now weak. "You only care about all of this shit when you have your ass on the line."

"I know. . . I have to work on it."

Violet-Quinn stared at Quinn as his body started to turn into a violet solid, slowly breaking into pieces that dissipated into nothingness. For his final words, he said,

"I hope Greed ruins you and you rot in hell."

Quinn lowered his hand and gazed at where the twisted personification of his pride stood. He had to treat it as a real entity because, at some level, it was just that.

"Ah, that sucked," he sighed, looking up. Just saying all of those things wouldn't have worked, Quinn realized that and knew that if he didn't mean what he said, the pride-personification would've realized it, and the effect would've been the complete opposite. But confronting himself and all of that wasn't pleasant.

After wallowing in his thoughts, Quinn looked at the infected soul, and if it wasn't his imagination, the ominous glow had dulled. He glanced around, but there was no sight of another personification nor any indication of arrival time.

He floated to the infected soul and sat down beside it.

One was done; six more were to go.

The silence returned to the dark soulscape.

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Quinn West - MC - At least I can laugh at myself.

Violet-Quinn - Pride - I hate you.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Had to research a lot on what's the deal with Pride. Let's hope there's enough research material on other Sins.

NOT ALL SIN CHAPTERS ARE GOING TO BE LIKE THIS. They're going to be weaved into the plot that's going on outside.

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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!

314. Chapter 314: Acedia &

Arrival

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At the tail end of June, a rare cool afternoon greeted the highlands of Scotland, with Hogwarts welcoming a softer sun and gentle breeze to its grounds and hallways, and enjoying that pleasant weather was Quinn, laying on the grass outside the castle, looking up at the floating clouds, thinking how appealing the fluffy white listlessness was looking to him.

He sighed in contentment. Ever since he had let the curse in, he felt that he had attained the listlessness of the clouds. All the stress had vanished, his body felt light, his magic springy, and even the short nap he had just woken up from was heavenly enough that he wanted to return to sleep and not wake up until it was strictly necessary.

"Don't worry, don't hurry," he muttered and closed his eyes to get back to

his nap.

«You should be worried and most definitely have a sense of hurry.»

Quinn frowned at the voice in his head. He opened his eyes, and instead of the blue dotted sky, he found himself staring at a wall of black murkiness with hints of multi-colored tints. He raised his hand, and his brows slanted at the blue hue that was spreading out from his body. He grunted as he lifted himself up from the cold ground to sit down, his back slumped.

"There's a lot on the line, and sitting there doing nothing is just not the correct thing to do, no matter how I look at it," a voice sounded out.

Blue-Quinn looked to the side and saw a figure identical to him without the blue glow sitting beside a floating mass of black that gave out a hollow light. He stared at his 'parent' and said, "Even if I don't do anything, it's not like it's going to affect me negatively."

"Come on now, we both know that's not true," said Quinn. He had his fingers intertwined and was tapping his thumbs against each other, and in the room, the dull taps sounded like clicks of a clock. "I have been preparing for this for a year. . . not that was when things were pushed into an active gear— I have been preparing for this for several years. We can't have that all to waste, now can we."

Blue-Quinn stared at Quinn for a moment before his head slumped down along with his shoulders before he laid back down and rolled over to his side, and propped his head on the palm of his folded arm. His half-lidded eyes gazed at Quinn, who was looking back at him.

"All that work you did was unnecessary—"

"I won't say that."

Blue-Quinn sighed, "Don't interrupt, please. It breaks the flow, and that's annoying and troublesome to start again. Just let me finish speaking; I

don't speak much anyway."

"Sorry about that, go ahead, please. I shall listen with patience."

"Thank you," said Blue-Quinn. "Now, I agree taking care of Horcruxes does help, even though it was so much work. . . so much work," he trailed, "but your plans for the coming break-in just sounds unnecessary and you could. . . I could do without it, yeah, not going to do that," he finished with a lazy smile.

"You really are slothful; even with the amplification, I never thought my sloth would reach this level," commented Quinn, his thumbs still tapping against each other. "Do you know, when I was researching the sins, I didn't do much on sloth. In fact, sloth might be something I never even considered a serious sin, even though it was potentially the reason I never went into the vault a second time during the first tenure of the curse. But it did make me ask the question, 'What does it mean to commit the sin of sloth?'

First, I thought it was physical laziness. While laziness is undoubtedly an element of sloth, there's more to this sin than just laziness. After some thinking, I narrowed it down to four factors— carelessness, unwillingness to act, half-hearted effort, and becoming easily discouraged by any possible difficulty. So let's ask some questions," said Quinn.

"Am I careless? All of us need rest, but has my rest turned into negligence? Have I begun to not care and not give my best effort in whatever life circumstance comes my way? Not really; I haven't been careless, at least, not because of sloth.

Am I unwilling to act? Ha! Have I begun to procrastinate? Ha! I'm not the grasshopper who doesn't prepare for winters; I'm the might ant. If I was unwilling to act, Amelia Bones would've been buried in her family cemetery and the Ministry on its way into the Dark Lord's hands. While I

think things thoroughly, I never procrastinate. As I have done nothing of those, I have yet to commit that sin.

Do I do everything with a half-hearted effort? Ever since I have come to this world, I have made sure to make the most out of it, and doing things half-heartedly is wasting time and against my priorities. I do too many things simultaneously, and doing those half-heartedly would end up in failure across all boards, and I just can't allow that.

Am I discouraged in the face of every difficulty? I have risked my life in five different Cursed Vaults; they have been difficult, time-consuming, dominated my life more than I like to admit— I could've been doing much safer things all that time, but I went ahead with the Curse Vaults because of the perceived potential, difficulties can go drown itself."

Quinn got onto his feet and skipped to Blue-Quinn, and squatted down to bring his face close to Blue-Quinn's. "And you know all about it, don't you."

". . . What?"

"You know, I wasn't sure how to approach you at the start, but then you talked about my plans, which was what I would've expected. . . but then you made a mistake— you only talked about it," said Quinn, in an aggressive whisper. "Sloth doesn't have the strongest hold on me, I know it, you know it, and you just should it by not even once mentioning magic. . ."

Blue-Quinn stayed silent. However, the bored and laxed look was nowhere to be seen.

". . . If you were truly a sloth with concrete control, then you'd mentioned my magic. How that I have grown beyond my age and how it would be fine if I take a rest, probably for a decade or two and nothing would change— but you didn't, and that made me realize," a savage grin split

his face, "you represent sloth, but you're still an amplified personification of MY sloth. . . and if there isn't much to begin with even with amplification, it won't rise to an assertive level. You can feel also feel it, too, don't you? You don't mind the physical laziness, but I'm sure you're doing the usual thing— even though I can't feel the magic in my body, I bet you have been spending it like usual. Come on, tell me I'm wrong." ". . . Tch," Blue-Quinn clicked his tongue. "Yeah, yeah, whatever. I did what I was asked. . . ."

Quinn stood up with a smug smirk before his eyes turned grave. "I accepted pride because I was guilty of committing the sin. But I won't accept a sin that I haven't committed— SO," he cocked his foot back and let it rip forward, driving a kick straight into Blue-Quinn's stomach, "GET OUT OF MY SOULSCAPE!"

Blue-Quinn couldn't get in a word(not like he looked like he wanted to say anything) as his body turned into luminescent blue solid, dispersed into pieces on the kick's impact just like the personification of pride had done before.

"Alright, that's two," Quinn muttered, turning his eye to his soul. The soul which had been the darkest shade of black had now lightened. "Good, it's working— I just need to keep this going."

From the two sins, he could tell that this time around, a single sin would be in charge, dominating the 'created' personality while the other sins would hang out in the minority. Pride had taken the driver seat first, with the Sloth going second(which he did think was strange— he would've expected Sloth to go last).

"I wonder what's going to be the next."

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Night descended upon Hogwarts, the dinner feast was done, and the day had entered into the curfew period with students in their dorms. Dark clouds hovered over Hogwarts with streaks of lights flashing in the darkness, announcing the possibility of a downpour.

However, not all students were in their rooms; one Draco Malfoy was out of the dungeons, far away on the top, the seventh floor. He sat on a chair inside the Room of Requirements that he had fixed from its broken state. He had skipped the dinner feast and had been in the Room of Lost Things for a couple hours, jittery with worries, roaming back and forth in front of the repaired Vanishing Cabinet until his legs demanded rest, making him sit, and since then, he had been staring at the Vanishing Cabinet. Even though his prancing had been quelled, his worries still bubbled in his gut, threatening to come pouring out, only being held back by his foot tapping on the floor.

'A-Are they not coming?' Draco thought, leaning away from the backrest. 'Should I go to the other side to see what the delay is? Or is the mission canceled?' his thoughts filled with hope.

Draco decided against leaving Hogwarts and leaned back into his chair again. However, now his agitation had been ignited, and he needed an outlet. He looked around, and he was covered with junk of all sorts. But then he felt something on his side, and his hand went into his robes to take out his wand.

He stared at his wand. Today. . . he would have to use it against something he had no idea how to even approach, much less defeat. How was he supposed to raise his wand against the great Albus Dumbledore, the defeater of the Dark Lord of a previous era? How was he supposed to kill Albus Dumbledore?

'You have to do it, or else he will kill everyone,' a voice spoke in his mind. 'He won't spare your father nor your mother,' the image of the snake-like man made Draco shiver. 'If you fail, everything's over.'

Suddenly, Draco's breathing became short, and he found himself short of breath. He grabbed his chest as his lungs heaved, and the world was turning for Draco— he couldn't do anything but try to get air into his lungs and watch as his mind started to shake and shiver. When everything came to a lull, his ears were ringing, and his inner clothes were drenched in sweat.

Draco felt like bursting into tears.

He didn't want to do this.

He couldn't do this.

He was pulled from his thoughts when he heard creaking of wood and immediately sat straight, looking at the Vanishing Cabinet with wide eyes. He stood up when he saw the door swing open, and there stood a man inside.

"Ah, dear Draco, you look ready," said the man dressed in Death Eater garb. "It's good that you're ready— you have a lot to accomplish today; you're going to be the star of this spectacular night."

Corban Yaxley smiled as he greeted the young Malfoy. He stepped out of the cabinet and closed it behind him before stepping aside.

The cabinet vibrated, and once again, the door opened for another man to step out. "That didn't feel like much," said Amycus Carrow, he too, dressed in Death Eater robes.

Then came Alecto Carrow, Thorfinn Rowle, along with Gellert Gibbon.

All three inner circle Death Eater.

The Vanishing Cabinet shivered one final time, and the door opened again, but this time, the man that stepped seemed to look like he was

crouching inside the cabinet and had to duck to not bang his head.

"Whoever made this should be gutted," said the large, vicious-looking man with matted grey hair and whiskers. He had pointed teeth and long yellowish nails, adding to his bestial appearance. He wore Death Eater robes that looked like they were uncomfortably tight. His hairy arms were exposed, and they weren't branded by the Death Mark.

The man was the most violent werewolf in the country.

Fenrir Greyback.

The infiltration squad was ready, and it was time to bring Hogwarts to its knees and announce the return of the Dark Lord to the world.

Draco Malfoy looked at the adults around him, and his grip around his wand tightened. . . so they wouldn't notice the tremble that wouldn't stop.

In the Headboy Suite three floors below, Quinn opened his eyes, and a savage grin crept onto his face as magic flared inside his body intensely.

It was time. . . .

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Quinn West - MC - Arrogant I might be, lazy I am not.

Draco Malfoy - Junior Death Eater - Mission Impossible.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Did you notice the switcheroo at the start?

Heh, they have been doing it to him since the start; it's only fair he got to do it to them.

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315. Chapter 315: Wrath &

## Confrontation

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"So this is Hogwarts," said Fenrir Greyback, his small, dead eyes gazing around the hallways. "Hmm, looks different than what I had imagined it to be," he continued with a raspy chuckle, "I wonder how many would be reborn today with a changed fate— ah, just thinking about it gives me a thrill."

The Death Eater, all graduates of Hogwarts, turned their eyes to the werewolf with disgust.

"We're not here to play, Greyback," said Alecto Carrow, frowning. "We have an important responsibility today. The lord will be displeased if we failed, so keep your . . . antics in control today, or who knows what will happen if we were to return with a failure on our hands."

Fenrir twisted his towards Alecto and dully stared at him for a silent moment. He gruffed snort in response before turning to Draco. "So, young Malfoy, where can we find your dead, I'm sorry, dear headmaster. I can't wait to meet the old bat and get a good taste; I'm sure it'd make all of this worth it."

"H-He should be in his quarters or in his office," said Draco.

"It'd be not wise to corner him in his room," Thorfinn Rowle scratched his chin, "from what I'm aware of, the headmaster has gargoyles guarding his quarters and office— even if we act quickly, he'd know we're coming, and I refuse to believe Dumbledore doesn't have some hidden measures in place, all-in-all making our attempts to surprise him this way moot.

However," Thorfinn continued, "we can surprise him via an ambush. The question is how to get him out in the open."

The Death Eaters all began to think about how to get Dumbledore out in the open, so they could get a drop on him. It was then that Draco spoke up, "We can launch morsmordre just over the Astronomy tower to lure Dumbledore out— if he sees the Dark Mark over Hogwarts, he will come running out."

"That is a great idea, Draco!" Amycus Carrow exclaimed. "If my memory serves me right, the stairs to the tower are in such a way that we can pick out any pesky ones that try to interfere."

"To make sure that Dumbeldore is alone, I suggest that some of us go to the professor's quarters and stand guard there to hinder them," said Corban Yaxley.

There were nods and ayes from the other.

"Bah! Whatever," said Fenrir. "Just get Dumbledore to me," he glanced at Draco, "if he fails, I'd love to get Dumbledore's blood on my hands."

Draco held back a hitch in his throat.

"Are you ready, Draco? You're going to turn famous overnight."

Draco nodded with difficulty yet tried to seem brave.

"The Draco, if you'd lead Fenrir to the Astronomy Tower," said Thorfinn.

He glanced at Gibbon and Yaxley, "you guys go accompany them and guard the base of the tower in case someone tries to get upstairs. I will go with the Carrows to the professor's quarters and block those who come out from there.

When the deed is done, cast another morsmordre high in the sky, and we will know to retreat."

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The discussions were over, and the Death Eater groups made their way to

the grand staircase. All of them, bar Draco and Fenrir, had put on their masks and had pulled up their hoods to hide their identities— they were prominent figures in public with their identities free of the Death Eater tag still useful in some ways.

"What is this?" said Fenrir, stopping, his nose twitching as he glared to the front.

Fenrir's gruff voice with cautiousness made the Death Eaters stop in their tracks and look where the werewolf looked. They furrowed their brows when they couldn't see anything, but just when they were about to question Fenrir, something entered their vision.

The segment of the hallway in front of them was drowned in darkness.

The segment had no windows, and the torches on the walls were extinguished. Just next to the dark segment was a large window covered with clay grills letting in the pale moonlight, creating a crisp line of shadow and light. In that crisp line, a soft mist came spilling out from the shadows as if making a blanket on the floor's surface.

"Well?!" Fenrir questioned. "Is this normal?"

"No, I haven't seen this before," said Draco with a tight shake of his head.

Just in a couple of seconds, the mist that seemed endless flowed out in waves and reached the Death Eaters. It covered the entire floor, rising to just above their ankles.

"It doesn't seem dangerous," said Thorfinn, as his testing spell didn't give any negative response. "But what is this—"

Out of nowhere, the sound of footsteps sounded in the empty hallways.

The Death Eaters all withdrew their wand as the footsteps closed in. A part of the mist was disturbed when a foot covered in overall black stepped out as if it had been the part of the shadow, only to break out just this moment. The foot was followed by the entire figure draped in

black from head to toe.

Draco stared at the unknown figure with doubt. 'Who is this,' he wondered and glanced at his group to see that all of them had assumed a duel-ready stance with their wands positioned to cast spells at a moment's notice.

". . . You, you're," Yaxley muttered, but his voice echoed in the night. He glanced at his companions, and his eyes behind mask seemed to ask the question, 'Is the figure in front of them who he thinks he is?'

"Death Eaters, you dare come to Hogwarts," a voice that didn't seem human to any ear sounded from the figure that wore a plain black mask. "The castle is no place to people like you," he turned to Draco, who was fumbling out his wand, "and you have a student with you. . . is that how you got in here?"

The voice and words only worked to put the Death Eaters more on guard, especially Draco, who felt the gaze burrow into him.

"You're the one who they call the invisible vigilante," said Yaxley, "but what are you doing in Hogwarts. . . ?"

Quinn, who was dressed in his Noir gear, turned his eyes to Yaxley. He felt his heart pick up the beat as he spoke, "Where ever scum of the earth like you go, I shall follow to make sure follow to ensure that your mechanisms are shattered into crumbles, and just punishment is dolled for your crimes."

Thorfinn turned to his companions and immediately ordered, "There's no need to converse with this fellow. We will get rid of him and continue with our mission."

The Death Eaters nodded, and Friar, who had been silently looking at Quinn, stepped forwards with a yellow toothy grin.

"So you're the one who sneaked away Bones from under the lord's nose,"

he said, cackling. "Lestrange said she wanted to twist her dagger in your gut, but it seems she won't get the chance— or who knows, maybe the crazy witch would be happy mutilating your cold corpse."

Quinn's gaze focused on Fenrir, and his heartbeat was now rising on the stairs to an elevated beat. "Fenrir Greyback. . . you pride yourself as the 'progenitor' of the werewolves in this country. Does inflicting the curse that much joy to you that you target innocent children?"

At Quinn's words, Fenrir burst into laughter that travelled to every corner of the long hallway and to its neighbours. "Progenitor, I like the sound of that. Whoever you are, I thank you for this; I'm going to use it as my moniker. . .yes, Progenitor— it has a nice sound to it," he gazed at Quinn and grinned, "today you can die in peace knowing that you've pleased me."

Quinn could hear his heartbeat in his ears over the sound of his breath against his mask. His fingers under his gloves twitched, and his muscles turned taut with excitement.

"Me, dead?" he said, trying his best to keep his words from cracking. "All of you," he addressed the Death Eaters, "made the mistake of entering Hogwarts today uninvited. . . so don't think you'll be leaving here."

Two spell-lights manifested over his hands. The magenta bubbling with black thrummed ominously as Quinn pointed his palms towards the Death Eaters. "Only way you'll be leaving the castle today is dead." Quinn released the spells towards the Death Eater with a smile of madness behind his mask.

The moment the spells had manifested over Quinn's hands, Alecto Carrow had stepped forward and pulled Fenrir back. He began casting and completed his shields just before the spells came zooming towards him. The magic, instead of colliding with the shields, exploded into a burst of

magenta flames, spreading everywhere like a wildfire, scorching the walls and floor.

The Death Eaters reacted to fire, and all pulled their shields and counter-charms to subdue the spells. The stubborn flame raged, licking the magic shields, corroding them with acidic sizzles. And even though the Death Eaters all conjured their shield, one of them was a beat slow and paid consequences.

"AAAAAHHH!" Gellert Gibbon screamed as the cursed fire came in contact with his shoulders and ate away his clothes, then at his skin, burning it like an acid splash. It was only until another member pulled him under the shield did Gellert escape the flames, but his injuries remained, stinging and burning.

"HAHA, take that!" Quinn yelled, his voice drowned by the flares of the fire. He didn't mind and pushed more and more magic into the cursed flames.

«I can't believe the day has come where I would see such gross poor use of a magic of my own design, and never in my wildest dreams I thought it would be me.»

Quinn's laughter died as a frown marred his face. He ignored shook his head, deciding to ignore the voice.

«Why would you use the wide-exploding configuration here? It makes zero sense.»

Ignore it, he thought. It had done sloth no good to respond, and it wouldn't do him no good.

«Haah. . . this is so foolish and embarrassing. Mindlessly forcing more and more magic into a spell that isn't designed to take this level of input. That's the problem with guys like you. They don't appreciate the intricacies of magic.»

He couldn't take it anymore, and a part of his concentration dove into the

soulscape, where the voice originated. Inside there, he opened his eyes and found that his body was glowing red.

Standing in front of Red-Quinn was original Quinn with a smile on his face.

"Oh my, a guest," he said. "How exciting!"

"What do you want?!" said Red-Quinn with a growl in his tone.

"I'm just here to talk, buddy," Quinn softly smiled.

"If you hadn't noticed, I'm sort of busy, and you're disturbing me," there was grit in his voice.

Outside, Quinn's cursed fire spell was snuffed; however, the Death Eaters were still un-cocked. He raised his hand, and the temperature dropped for several degrees as ice boulders manifested in the air. He lowered his hand, and the huge boulders went catapulting towards the Death Eaters to crush them.

"But, I was bored~, " said Quinn, also keeping an outside. "If you hadn't noticed, there isn't much to do here in this dump."

"Drop the bullshit, and come to the point," said Red-Quinn.

Quinn wiggled his brows for a moment before he shrugged. "If you keep fighting like this, you're not going to win— and while it would be difficult for you to lose with my capabilities, the Death Eater squad would trap you long enough to do the job."

Red-Quinn didn't bother to put his thoughts into words; instead, he chose laughter as the medium.

Quinn stared at the twisted personification of his wrath and shook his head. He knew this wasn't going to work, at least not the way he was trying to do things. And Red-Quinn seemed to think so as well as he vanished from the soulscape.

"Well, I can always play the devil on the shoulder," Quinn muttered.

And Quinn's warning soon came to be true as the battle continued to progress.

Alecto Carrow swiped her wand, and a colossal ice spear diverted from its flight path and crashed into the wall, piercing into the bricks. She didn't stop and shot a zap of killing green towards the sole assailant, but a tile broke away from the floor and exploded at impact. Alecto glanced at her brother, who was currently raising exploding spells at a thick floating barrier of ice that seemed to be perpetually recovering.

"Amycus," she called, "this isn't getting anywhere. We're wasting our time. We need to get out of here."

"I would love to," Amycus countered an exploding ice shard, "but this guy isn't letting us go!" He raised the wand at an angle and shot a projectile to bypass, but a snappy-fast spell came zapping out from Quinn's side and exploded to counter Amycus's magic. "How can he cast so much magic!"

They were six people, seven included Draco, and while one of them was injured, their opponent was striking their attacks down with defenses and counters while dealing his own damage.

They were getting nowhere.

"We need to get Draco and one more person past him to do the job," said Alecto. The group knew that the longer the fight lasted, the more the chance of getting noticed, especially with the ghosts roamed in Hogwarts. She turned to the rest of the group. "Who wants to go with Draco?"

"I'll do it," came a reply from Cabron Yaxley.

"What?!" Fenrir immediately interjected. "I'm the one who's to pass here!" Thorfinn, who was listening, inserted himself into the conversation. "No, Fenrir, we need you here. You're the only one who can brute force here to him, especially if we want to get two out of here; we would need to create an opening that only you can make here," he said, keeping the

disgust down and hidden.

The werewolf countered a spell before staring at Thorfinn, who matched his gaze.

"Alright, I will do it just this once," said Fenrir. "And by saying that only I can do it, means I'm allowed to let go and let it out."

"Yes, I'm expecting that to work."

Fenrir's teeth seemed to be sharper from before as he grinned. "You know it was getting difficult for me to keep it down; I'm not used to being human on a full-moon night."

The Death Eaters exchanged glances with each other and stepped back as they knew what was to come.

Unlike the other werewolves, Fenrir Greyback accepted his Lycan side, embraced it, loved it— and after hundreds of nights letting his other side run free, not once resisting it, had allowed him some control over the other side. And for today, he had a single dose of his most hated potion, which would allow just enough control that he could stay in his human form for several hours after the full moon.

The already tight Death Eater robes started to stretch further as the sound of cracking and creaking sounded from Fenrir's body, and unlike others in his situation, which would be screaming in the sheer pain, Fenrir was laughing in pleasure. There was a terrible snarling noise. Fenrir's head was lengthening. So was his body. His shoulders were hunching. Hair was sprouting visibly on his face and hands, which were curling into clawed paws.

The transformed werewolf threw his head up and growled before he looked at the Death Eater, and they clutched their wands tighter. But the werewolf didn't jump towards them, and in some way, they even thought that the werewolf was smiling.

Werewolf-Fenrir leaned forward with his feral eyes glaring at the blurry figure in front of him, hiding behind barriers of ice. He roared and then went charging towards the enemy.

Some of the ice on the barrier melted away, and a spell came hurling towards Fenrir. He made no attempt to dodge the spell and let it hit his body and then proceeded to shrug it off like a child's punch. The charge continued, and Fenrir exploited the hole in the ice barrier to rip the barrier apart and jump into melee range.

Quinn watched with wide eyes beneath his mask as the werewolf brought along a foul smell and, more importantly, the vicious claws and sharp teeth. Instantly, all the focus on the other magic was abandoned for a fast load of body magic inside his own body. He raised his foot and gave Fenrir a charged front kick, but unexpectedly, the werewolf staggered a couple steps.

The werewolf looked at Quinn with what seemed surprise in his feral eyes, mirroring the same emotion in Quinn's eyes. But Quinn's shock turned into annoyance almost instantly.

«Werewolves have high resistance to many magic and have elevated physiques.

Letting them close like you did is the worst thing you could've done. But you already knew that, yet you got cocky, opting for destructive rather than efficient and useful magic.»

Quinn furrowed as he shot another spell on Fenrir, who tried to get close to him. In the corner of his eyes, he saw Draco hiding behind another Death Eater trying to sneak past him. He cast a spell to stop them just to abandon it when Fenrir came charging again, making Quinn focus on the werewolf.

«Ah, Wrath, I don't get angry easily or frequently. When I do get angry, I blow up— controlled fury isn't my thing. I remember how unloaded on the Icy Vault

when it almost killed me. You who were born from within me would obviously gain my stats. . . . heh, you're not capable of making rational decisions, are you?»

Quinn(Red) frowned, and his hands clenched hard, stretching the leather of his gloves.

«If you keep this up, a professor or Dumbledore will come here, and the deadlock would end up making it so that we wouldn't be able to escape, and that would inevitably result in the secret identity getting exposed. . . and we don't want that, do we.»

If it had been Pride, he wouldn't have minded getting his identity exposed; even Sloth would've been quite lazy and made a mistake leading to exposure. But Wrath didn't have those limitations/motivations. He wanted the identity to stay secret, so he could continue to wreak havoc in the future.

«Come on, give me control, and I will take care of this situation. . . .»

The voice sounded like a devil's offer and the result. . . ?

Quinn raised his hand and shot a spell at Fenrir, who again didn't dodge it, but he came to a halt this time.

Fenrir looked down and saw his werewolf arm turning back to his human arm. He looked up at Quinn with one human and one werewolf eye, shock tainting both just before pain hit him.

"Now, Death Eaters," said Quinn, a smile hidden from his listeners, "let's move on with the events of this night."

It was good to have control back, thought Quinn, as his magic flowed under his control.

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Quinn West - MC - Corporeal bodies are the best.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Hmm. . . out of all the Sins I have written,

including those coming in the future. I think Wrath is the one I am most unsatisfied with.

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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!

316. Chapter 316: Regaining

Control

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 cracked his neck and flexed every movable muscle in his body. It hadn't been long since he had lost control of his own body, but finally, being in his own skin felt phenomenal.

He breathed a sigh of comfort and turned his gaze to the werewolf in front of him while watching in his peripherals as Yaxley and Draco ran past him to continue their mission of the night. They eyed him all the while, and he could feel both their eyes and wands pointed at him even when they weren't in his eyesight. He, however, didn't make any moves to stop or even hinder them.

They could get the ball moving while he finished the job here.

He turned his attention back to Fenrir and saw that he was back in his werewolf form. "I have to give it to you, Fenrir Greyback. You're a special werewolf— that spell would've reversed any other werewolf to their human form for at least a couple of minutes with searing pain— but you.

. . you barely even sucked in an extra breath, and you're already back in full form. Truly impressive."

"What did you do?" Fenrir asked. He didn't wait for a response and jumped at Quinn with his claws bared.

Quinn waved his hand, and a blinding yellow jet of magic hit Fenrir square in the chest, sending him back, tumbling, and skidding along the floor.

"Homorphus charm," said Quinn's Noir voice. "An incredibly inefficient spell that temporarily reverts a fully transformed werewolf into their human forms."

Fenrir roared in pain while yelping in between as his body wriggled on the floor as the thick mat of fur/hair receded back into his body and muscles deflated back to their pre-transformation form.

"Didn't I mention it hurts horribly," Quinn commented.

When he looked away from Fenrir at the Death Eaters, who watched the scene in shock. He wasn't expecting them to stop and stare between a fight, but he could only partially blame them. The Homorphus charm, as he had mentioned, wasn't a great spell— not only did it cause tremendous pain to the target, it also wasn't effective enough to be a practically-viable spell— the spell would fail seven out of ten times, a shocking percentage when facing a werewolf who could transmit the lycanthropy curse. Only when someone with enough skill and power like Quinn used the spell would it work, and even then, the Homorphus charm working against 'THE' Fenrir Greyback must've been shocking to the Death Eaters.

Quinn, of course, wasn't shocked as his opponent. Orbs of dirty-yellow magic manifested around him, turned into spell-lights, and zapped towards the Death Eaters. Shields were pulled immediately in panic,

which only seemed to grow when the spell ate away at their protection.

Quinn didn't stop and summoned winds to shoot blades at the defending Death Eaters.

He then returned to Fenrir Greyback and stepped on the man's chest as Emyrean shot out of the floor, bounding Fenrir's arms, legs, torso, and neck as he tried to struggle against the bounds while the werewolf form started to return.

"I was looking forward to today," said Quinn, as he began charging magic into a Homorphus charm. "I was disappointed that Bellatrix Lestrange didn't show up, but seeing you in the line-up made the entire ordeal worth it."

Fenrir's eyes shook as he watched the yellow spell turn brighter. He growled and tried to push himself up, just to be pushed down by Quinn's body magic-assisted leg and punished by the Emyrean bounds.

"Fuck you!" he snarled.

"Oh no, thank you," said Quinn and let the rampaging magic into Fenrir's body.

Fenrir let out an ear-ringing roar as the magic reversed the transformation by force. The painful yelling was so harsh that Quinn cast a sound-blocking barrier to keep it contained; however, the Death Eaters were kept within the confines of the sound barrier so that they could be part of Fenrir's experience.

The exchange of spells halted when the screams pierced the area. The Death Eaters stopped still as their hearts beat faster as they watched the blurred figures behind the ice barrier. The screams continued for more than half a minute before turning into yelping and finally passing into silence.

Quinn removed his feet from Fenrir's chest. The once imposing man now

laid on the floor prone, unconscious, and bloody. The werewolf transformation was tough on the human body, and while Fenrir's unique circumstances had allowed him to switch painlessly, even he couldn't handle the reverse without feeling the changes forced on his body while the lycanthropy curse resisted stopping the reversal. Two opposing forces in his body had ripped it apart, leading to severe damage and bodily harm.

'That's that,' Quinn walked past Fenrir and dispelled the ice barrier that had served him well while he took care of the most troublesome of the bunch.

"Now, lady and gentlemen," he said as he stepped into view. "I have taken care of your attack dog— he yelped bravely and did try to bite, so be proud of him," the humor vanished, "and now it is time for all of you to follow after him."

There were no quips or jabs from the Death Eaters' side as they chose to respond with spells.

Multiple shields, results of multiple different spells, sprung in front of Quinn as he stood calm in his spot as the Death Eaters spell came just to be stopped; even the occasional killing curse by the floors tiles that Quinn had floating around to keep him safe.

Quinn raised his hands, and appendages of red Emyrean radiated into existence out from his body, raising above his body into the air to a height that the Death Eaters could see them glowing in a threatening light. They would remember that moment as the last time of relative peace.

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Quinn stood in the middle of unconscious Death Eaters as dark soot and haze emanated from his body, covering the bodies of the Death Eaters, who had their cracked masks laying beside their bodies.

Tetani Nervum worked to cripple their nerves in their arms to take away their ability to use a wand and, in turn, cast magic.

Quinn sighed when the magic was complete, and the Death Eaters sealed from using magic until he released their arms by restoring their arms. He wished that more people had come to Hogwarts so that he could do more damage.

'At least they're were named Death Eaters,' he thought, looking at the faces, recognizing from the Ministry parties and old newspaper articles on Wizengamot hearings.

Quinn lifted all of their bodies and pushed them against the walls. The surface of the walls turned into liquid and the Death Eaters sunk inside, leaving only their hands(above the wrist) and feet(below the ankle) to dangle outside as Quinn solidified the wall, trapping and showcasing them at the same time along with their wands.

He wasn't worried about them not being found. Harry Potter knew that Malfoy was doing something in the Room of Requirement, and even if others didn't know until now, they would know after today, and someone would be led here to see his artwork.

Quinn finished his work, and at that moment, he saw a green hue reflected on the wall. He turned to see through the grated windows and saw a green skull in the night sky with a snake slithering out of its mouth.

'Perfect timing.'

He walked to the grate and narrowed his eyes as two additional spells launched out of the Astronomy Tower. They headed in different

directions— Headmaster's Office and Headmaster's Quarters.

Quinn couldn't tell the nature of the spells, but if he was to guess, the magic was to make sure that Dumbledore saw the huge skull-and-snake, or at least that he saw it first.

"I should also get there," Quinn muttered and turned towards the destroyed place of broken marbles, ice pierced into the bricks, scorched walls, and various other spell damage from deflections and misfire. "I should fix this up before going—"

Quinn's eyes widened as a bout of dizziness hit him, sending him staggering. He tried to look straight ahead, but the world didn't seem to cooperate with him and spun around like a gyroscope, and no matter how much he tried, he couldn't focus on a singular point. He took a single step ahead and stepped on the side of his ankle, and fell to the ground. His hands went forward to stop him from kissing the ground. But then his ear started to ring, and even a single moment made him feel like emptying his gut.

As he was sweating, a voice inside his head spoke,  
«Where are you going without care? Did you forget that you're still going through an internal crisis?»

Quinn grunted and sent healing magic around his body to isolate the cause and erase it so that he could regain some semblance of balance. Given the circumstances, he deployed mind and body magic, but even casting magic was hindered because of the physical experience he was going through.

«Yeah. . . none of that going to work when we have your Soul under our control. It's such a fascinating thing— Soul, that is. It has a tremendous connection with magic, but at the same time, it's such a vulnerable spot to those who know to work it.»

"What are you—"

«Playtime's over; it's time to return to your room; come on, you're grounded.»

Quinn felt as if senses had been given a shock as for a second, all was kicked up to eleven, but the next second, everything dulled until he couldn't see, hear, or feel anything. Then everything came back in a blink of an eye— literally, he blinked, and he was able to take stable input through his senses again.

And they showed him a dark and dingy space instead of the Hogwarts corridor.

"Now, what was all that about?"

Quinn sighed when he heard the voice, but not from his mouth. He turned and saw another one of himself, this one glowing green. The Green-Quinn had a smirk on his face as if enjoying the situation.

"As much as I dislike it, I have to give it to you, the way you got rid of Wrath was impressive," said Green-Quinn, slow clapping. "To think you'd trick the blockhead into willingly relinquishing his control. That idiot gave up the control and ended up getting erased out of existence, but I guess we can only expect that much from someone who has nothing but red steam up in the top shelf."

Quinn sat on the floor, his face slumped down, chin meeting the chest. He had thought that he would have control for at least another hour, if not more. There was always a time gap between every sin personification appearance— they would enjoy the control of the body for a while before heading inside to meet him, and Quinn hoped that if he was in control, he could at least have some more time before the control was wrestled away.

He was naive in his assumption. They, of course, wouldn't allow him to remain in command— he wouldn't do it if he was in their shoes.

Green-Quinn skipped to Quinn on light steps and squatted down in front of him. He tilted his head to take a look at Quinn's bowed face. "Hey, hey, what happened to you? Why so sad? The worse is yet to come." That got to Quinn. He looked up at Green-Quinn's smug face with wide eyes.

"Now, I like that face," said Green-Quinn.

". . . I beg you, please don't derail the plan."

Green-Quinn wiggled his finger with a smile. "Can't do, big guy. I don't like the plan, and I'll do as I feel because I'm in charge. Too bad for you, though."

Quinn's eyes turned sharp into a glare. "I'm warning you, don't mess it up. If you even think about messing it up, I'll make your short pathetic life miserable before snuffing it out like your 'brothers.' Don't test me, or I'll make you envy those who came before you."

The personification of envy stared down at Quinn, his face devoid of emotion before a tight smile cleaving his face.

"We will see about that."

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Quinn West - MC - Why do good things have to end so quickly.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Today, I booked the tickets to my first flight. Excited.

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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!

317. Chapter 317: Invidia

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«You dumb idiot, do you think that going against my plan would somehow make you feel superior? Is that it? You jealous piece of shit, do you think that screwing me over would finally give you validation about your fake existence.»

Quinn(Envy) chuckled with the voice in his head and walked towards the Astronomy Tower while keeping an eye on the destination through the windows in the way that would show him the view of the Dark Mark.

«Pathetic. Ugh, I never thought that something so pathetic would rise from me. I was fine with the Sins that came before you, but you're the worst, most disgusting part of me amplified.»

Quinn injected the magic and activated Recon with the voice password.

Under his command, the map came to life and interfaced what Hogwarts fed to it.

«What, no words? You were spouting all that nonsense just before, what happened. . . oh, wait a minute, do you not know to speak because it's your first time having a body? How piti—. . . .»

Quinn smirked when the voice went silent as if the plug on a spinning record player had been pulled, making it come to a screeching halt. He glanced at Recon and began listing out names:

"Albus Dumbledore. . . . Minerva McGonagall. . . . Filius Flitwick. . . .

Pomona Sprout. . . . Severus Snape. . . . Lily Potter. . . . Septima Vector. .

.."

He was still on time. The professors were all in their rooms, and from the looks of it, they weren't shuffling around, which meant that they hadn't woken up yet, except for Snape, who was already on his way to the

Astronomy tower. Dumbledore was also out of his room, moving towards the Astronomy Tower.

'Did he not send the message to them?' Quinn thought, scoffing.

'Overconfident old fool—.'

«You dare use my own magic against me.»

Quinn's steps halted, squeaking against the marble, with Recon momentarily staggering in the air.

«If you don't remember, let me rem— . . . remind you, I was the one who found how to block all your voices, so of course, I know how to get around it.»

His hand tightened into a fist. He clicked his tongue and started walking again.

«Do you think not talking to me will help you keep control? Come on, don't fool yourself. You will have to confront me, just as I was forced to confront you. You hurried over to meet, so don't go avoiding me now.»

Quinn tapped his feet on the floor and cracked his knuckles as the voice continued to blare in his head, berating him, insulting him in every word and sentence. The voice was so loud and constant that it occupied his mind and grew to the point that it got difficult to even keep a line of thought.

He stomped his foot on the floor with a snarl on his face. He descended into the soulscape and found himself in the dull space. Green-Quinn's pupils narrowed when he saw that the walls were no longer completely black, and parts of the walls were now getting diffused into four colors.

When he turned his eyes to the center of the room, his apprehension grew when he saw that the black Soul now had a golden glow.

"Where. . . ?" Green-Quinn frowned when he couldn't see Quinn by the Soul's side.

It was then a voice whispered into his ear, "Like what you see? I guess

someone upgraded my jail cell."

Green-Quinn jumped away and turned started to see Quinn, who had just been standing behind him. "What do you want?" Green-Quinn asked.

"You know what I want," said Quinn, walking towards the Soul, "the correct question here is how to go on about what I want."

"What do you mean?"

"Today's an important day for us— yes, us— and I can't allow your petty behavior to ruin it, so I'll give you two choices. One is that you follow my plan and don't intervene; in return, I give you some time to play around before the time inevitably comes that you vanish," Quinn continued despite the sneer from his green counterpart. "The second option is that you relinquish control over to me, and we bid goodbye here on amicable terms."

". . . What kind of fool do you think I am," Green-Quinn spat, "there's no plus for me in either of those options— if I'm going to disappear—"

"Not if, when."

"— Shut up! As I was saying, if I'm going to disappear, which I'm not, I would make rather make your life difficult than before I leave."

"What is your problem with Dumbledore?" Quinn asked suddenly.

"Err. . . what?" Green-Quinn blinked in surprise, losing the snide remark he was about to throw out.

"You're my personification of envy; that much is clear from your behavior. So the next question that rises up here is where you stem from. Pride stemmed from the arrogant view that I was better than others; Sloth was a poor amplification physical laziness; Wrath came from the characteristics of my anger. . . . so where do you come from."

Green-Quinn's eyes turned somber, and his mouth stayed silent.

"Envy is the sin of jealousy over the benefits and achievements of others.

It's interesting because I thought my pride would be enough to stifle out envy because of its origin, but here you're, standing in front of me. . . so it makes me wonder where did you come from? There are only a few people I have ever felt genuine envy towards.

There's Mr. Alan for his sheer natural talent for mind magic; I could only imagine what that'd feel like, but after getting so much of his help, yeah, I only have respect for him now. Architect is a short petty man, but what about the other Cursed Vault creators— I've thought for hours on hours on how the Icy Vault's creator managed to create and store Absolute Zero, or how the Aquatic Vault's creator managed to record those memories in the water along with the healing factor, but that sort of. . . eh, they're dead, so there's no need to envy them.

Who remains? Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore. . . I'm not envious of his name, that's for sure. But I remember feeling part-appreciation part-envy about the influence that he has built over the people of this country, or that he was trained by THE Alchemist Nicholas Flamel himself, or the knowledge he must've crammed in that head of his, or how he can move around freely, whereas I have to carefully step about— yes, it was because I made it so— but still, there have been times I have been seen him as a target of my envy. . . . tell me, do you hate Dumbledore that much?"

Quinn stared at Green-Quinn, measuring his expressions. The personification of envy had been aggressively hostile towards, much more than the ones before him, and given the current situation, it wasn't optimal to have such a hindrance.

"I'm not envious of Dumbledore," said Green-Quinn, his sharp eyes glaring at Quinn. He raised his hand and pointed at Quinn, "All of this is because of you!"

"Me?" Quinn asked in confusion and surprise.

"Us Sins are based on you, birthed from your personality qualities, and because of the curse, those qualities were amplified and twisted, making us inherently flawed entities. Even if we are able to seal you away, we will not be able to live full lives. Pride wouldn't have been able to show vulnerability or be humble; Sloth would've at some point stopped growing; Wrath's life would've derailed at some point, sooner rather than later," Green-Quinn glared as if trying to burn holes into Quinn.

"And I'd never be able to happy in the happiness of my loved ones— my flawed existence would never be able to see others doing good, and I would have no way to fix it. . . do you think that's an enjoyable way to live? I hate you because you're the reason I'm like this. If you just had left the Sin Vault alone, I would've never been created and would've never had to experience the sheer bleakness that's ahead of me.

But you know what? I will stay true to my nature. If I can't have a good time, I will not allow you to have one either. As long as I'm here, I will make your life miserab—"

Green-Quinn's eyes widened as his words died in his throat. He looked down and saw a golden blade striking out from his abdomen. He shakily turned back his head and saw that the blade had come out of the Soul, and he could see the flimsy blade crumble away as the darkness of the Sin curse immediately re-covered the golden part that had been able to break free.

"I am sorry," said Quinn, all the previous hostility gone. "Yes, it was my fault that you were born, and if only I stayed away, none of this would've happened. I realize that stabbing you in the back isn't the best way to deal with you, and I could've done much better, but I'm sorry, the current situation has me on a time crunch, and this is the only way I could think

off."

Green-Quinn saw the area around 'wound' turn into a fluorescent green with small petal-sized chunks flying away as the green spread. He looked up at Quinn and tightly shook his head with complex emotions, mostly anger and rage.

"Fuck you, I hope Greed completely takes over, and you never see the light of the day." With that, he disappeared like those before him.

Quinn stared at the spot where Green-Quinn had stood for a moment before he looked up at his Soul.

'How did I do that?' he thought about the sudden blade.

He had been training his Soul ever since he had laid his hand on the Resurrection Stone. He was able to conjure a shield around his Soul, which had protected him from getting instantly being controlled by the curse, and that was before he had shortly trained under Alan, which had allowed him to better utilize what power he had built. And if he could conjure a shield, he could also conjure a sword.

But soul offense was different from soul defense as one could mostly only practically use it if the attack could be transmitted out to the targets, who were usually not in the soulscape, and Quinn hadn't grown his Soul to the point where he could transmit outside. . . so he hadn't gone into offense.

He hadn't learned how to conjure a sword, even if it could only stay within the soulscape.

He had just done it, and it had unnaturally natural.

Quinn shook his head and decided to move on. There was work to do. He closed his eyes and invoked the magic he had his control on. After getting rid of Pride, Sloth, and Wrath, he regained some control over his magic, which had again increased now that Envy was also defeated, and was sure it would continue to grow as he continued to beat the remaining

Sins.

He breathed out, and when he opened his eyes, he was back in control of his body.

'I should have some time,' Quinn thought. He had gotten rid of more than half of the seven, which did give him more control, or at least he thought/felt so.

He glanced at Astronomy Tower before looking at Recon, and he could already see that Dumbledore and Snape were closing in on the Astronomy Tower, and the other professors were also shuffling in their rooms. He was also sure that the Aurors were already notified by someone in Hogsmeade, and one of the professors, most probably McGonagall, would let them in on their arrival.

"I need to hurry," he said and started to run through the hallways.

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Quinn West - MC - Four of seven.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - I am happy with my version of Envy. It could've worked with Wrath as well, but I think I liked it on Envy.

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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!

318. Chapter 318: The Astronomy

Tower

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Quinn covered ground in the hallways, jumping between Hogwarts' internal secret pathways. He kept an eye on the Recon, and with every passing second, he could see activity from several different people in the castle.

He jumped out of a secret pathway and sprinted to a T-corner nearest to him like an arrow shot from a bow. He skidded to a halt, and one full-motion, the magic flowed from his core to the world outside. The air cooled down, and ice crystal crackled, freezing in the air, starting from the middle and from the edges near the wall. Quinn exerted his magic, and in mere seconds, a thick ice barrier had blocked one hallway on the T-corner.

Quinn backed up and ran away from the ice barrier with his eyes on Recon as his legs did the walking for him. He watched as Recon showed him the position of two people on the floor above— Aurora Sinistra and Septima Vector. According to his estimates, both the professors would take the route he had just blocked to get to the Astronomy Tower. They would either try to take another course, a longer route, or try to destroy the barrier— whatever way they chose, it would buy him time.

He popped out at another path, and just like before, he shot a charged shot of ice magic, and it expanded into another thick wall, blocking one more path. . . . then another, one more, two more, three more, until a half a dozen different paths were ice-blocked.

Quinn again looked at Recon and browsed through the zoomed-out paths to find the one name he was looking for and found it moving towards the Astronomy Tower just like every other person that was out and awake at the moment.

He glanced to his right and saw a straight path, one turn around the

corner, and the spiralling stairs to the Astronomy Tower would be clear sight. However, there was a Death Eater in his clear sight right now; his eyes were looking towards the stairs, and he hadn't seemed to notice Quinn.

Quinn pointed his palm towards the Death Eater, and one magic shot later, the Death Eater was lying on the ground.

He turned to his left and set his eyes on the short dark path. Hurried steps knocked on the marble floor, reverberating in the empty night, and with every footstep, the sound became louder until he saw billowing dark robes enter his sight.

". . . You."

"Severus Snape," said Quinn, looking at his potions professor.

Severus Snape stopped to a halt when he saw someone he wasn't expecting to see today.

"Who are you?" he asked, taking out his wand.

Quinn didn't reply verbally; instead, he raised his hand and shot a bone-breaking curse at Snape.

Snape conjured a silver shield and met the magic. He staggered a step when the curse pushed him back and made the shield groan and dent to almost the breaking point.

"You'll not be passing here today, Severus Snape," said Quinn, his magic flaring again.

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By the light of the Dark Mark hovering in the sky, Dumbledore climbed the spiralling stairs that led to the top of the tower was opened, something that he was sure Argus Filch diligently closed every night.

There was no sign of a struggle, of a fight to the death, of a body;

however, Dumbledore could feel the tenseness around him.

He stepped out to the roof, and his eyes immediately up at the green skull with its serpent's tongue glinting evilly above them. Dumbledore readied his wand as he walked near to the ramparts on the edges of the roof.

"Expelliarmus!"

Dumbledore didn't look back, and the red spell stopped before hitting him and fizzled away. He turned around; standing against the ramparts, very white in the face, Dumbledore still showed no sign of panic or distress. He merely looked across at his failed-disarmer and said, "Good evening, Draco."

Malfoy stepped forward, glancing around quickly to check that he and Dumbledore were alone.

"Expelliarmus!" Draco yelled again, and a red jet again zipped at Dumbledore, but once again, it fizzled away before reaching him.

"A question I might ask you. Or are you acting alone?"

"No," said Draco, his eyes turning to the green Dark Mark. "I've got backup. There are Death Eaters here in your school tonight."

Draco kept a brave face, not showing any sign that Death Eaters weren't the only ones in the school tonight.

"Well, well," said Dumbledore, as though Malfoy was showing him an ambitious homework project. "Very good indeed. You found a way to let them in, did you?"

"Yeah," said Malfoy, who was panting. "Right under your nose, and you never realized!"

"Ingenious," said Dumbledore. "Yet . . . forgive me . . . where are they now? You seem unsupported."

"They're making sure that we are left undisturbed. To ensure that your lackeys don't interfere with what's going to happen here today."

"Hmm, I must say that you're confident if nothing more," Dumbledore smiled. "Well, then, you must get on and do it, my dear boy."

There was silence. And in front of him, Draco Malfoy did nothing but stare at Albus Dumbledore, who, incredibly, smiled.

"Draco, Draco, you are not a killer."

"How do you know?" said Malfoy at once. But he seemed to realize how childish the words had sounded and flushed under the greenish light.

"You don't know what I'm capable of," said Malfoy more forcefully. "You don't know what I've done!"

"Oh yes, I do," said Dumbledore mildly. "You almost killed Katie Bell and the thing with poisoned chocolate that ended up circulating in Gryffindor. You have been trying, with increasing desperation, to kill me all year. Forgive me, Draco, but they have been feeble attempts. . . . So feeble, to be honest, that I wonder whether your heart has been really in it."

"It has been in it!" said Malfoy vehemently. "I've been working on it all year, and tonight —"

Somewhere in the castle's depths below, Draco heard explosions; his shoulders stiffened and glanced over his shoulder.

"Somebody is putting up a good fight," said Dumbledore conversationally.

"But you were saying . . . yes, you have managed to introduce Death Eaters into my school, which, I admit, I thought impossible. . . . How did you do it?"

But Malfoy said nothing: He was still listening to whatever was happening below and seemed paralyzed.

"Perhaps you ought to get on with the job alone," said Dumbledore.

"What if your backup isn't able to hold back the professors, and I'm sure that soon the Aurors and my Order of Phoenix would be here soon."

Malfoy merely stared at him.

"I see," said Dumbledore kindly when Malfoy neither moved nor spoke.

"You are afraid to act until they join you."

"I'm not afraid!" snarled Malfoy, though he still made no move to hurt Dumbledore. "It's you who should be scared!"

"But why? I don't think you will kill me, Draco. Killing is not nearly as easy as the innocent believe, and I don't think even if you wanted, you could kill me. . . . So tell me, while we wait for your friends . . . how did you smuggle them in here? It seems to have taken you a long time to work out how to do it."

Malfoy looked as though he was fighting down the urge to shout or to vomit. He gulped and took several deep breaths, glaring at Dumbledore, his wand pointing directly at the latter's heart. Then, as though he could not help himself, he said, "I had to mend that broken Vanishing Cabinet that no one's used for years."

"Aaaah." Dumbledore's sigh was half a groan. He closed his eyes for a moment. "That was clever, and if there's a Vanishing Cabinet, there must always be a pair of them."

"In Borgin and Burkes," said Malfoy, "and they make a kind of passage between them. I was the only one who realized what it meant— even Borgin didn't know— I was the one who realized there could be a way into Hogwarts through the cabinets if I fixed the broken one."

"Very good," murmured Dumbledore. "So the Death Eaters were able to pass from Borgin and Burkes into the school to help you. . . . A clever plan, a very clever plan . . . and, as you say, right under my nose."

"Yeah," said Malfoy, who bizarrely seemed to draw courage and comfort

from Dumbledore's praise. "Yeah, it was!"

"Now, I understand, yes I do," Dumbledore nodded with a soft smile.

"There is little time, one way or another, so let us discuss your options, Draco."

There was a bang and shouts from below, louder than ever; it sounded as though people were fighting on the actual spiral staircase that led to where Dumbledore and Malfoy stood.

"My options!" said Malfoy loudly. "I'll kill you—"

"My dear boy, let us have no more pretense about that. If you were going to kill me, you would have done it already without entertaining me with the conversation. And let's look at this intelligently here, Draco; you weren't able to disarm me, and even if you did, I would've been more than enough for you even without my wand."

"I haven't got any options!" said Malfoy, and he was suddenly white as Dumbledore. "I've got to do it! He'll kill me! He'll kill my whole family!"

"Draco, I had doubts about you, and I do appreciate the difficulty of your situation," sighed Dumbledore. "Why else do you think I have not confronted you before now? Because I knew that you would have been murdered if Lord Voldemort realized that I suspected you."

Malfoy winced at the sound of the name.

"I did not dare speak to you of the mission with which I knew you had been entrusted, in case he used Legilimency against you," continued Dumbledore. "But now, at last, we can speak plainly to each other. . . . No harm has been done, you have hurt nobody, though you are fortunate that your unintentional victims survived. . . . I can help you, Draco."

"No, you can't," said Malfoy, his wand hand shaking very badly indeed.

"Nobody can. He told me to do it, or he'll kill me. I've got no choice."

"Come over to the right side, Draco, and we can hide you more

completely than you can possibly imagine. What is more, I can send members of the Order to your mother tonight to hide her likewise. . . . We can even try to save your father, but it would depend if he wants to come. . . . Come over to the right side, Draco . . . you are not a killer. . . ."

Malfoy stared at Dumbledore. His mouth was open, his wand hand still trembling.

"You'll save my mother?" he asked, his voice cracking.

"Yes, Draco, she will be safe. I give you my word."

Draco slowly lowered his hand until he let his arm limp down; his wand slipped from his fingers— it clicked on the floor, and now no one was there to stop it. . . .'

"Very good, Draco, very good," said Dumbledore, smiling.

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The hallway around Quinn and Snape lay broken, consumed in destruction.

Quinn sighed as he stepped towards a Snape who was on his knees with Empyrean chains grabbing onto his arms and legs, pulling him to the ground. Quinn looked down on him as he struggled to look up with a cut above one of his eyes.

"You have to let me go," said Snape, panting.

Quinn shook his head. "I'm sorry, but I can't allow you to interfere."

"You don't understand, I have to. . ."

"No, I do understand, and that's why you can't go," said Quinn, his eyes lacking their usual shine.

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FictionOnlyReader - Author - The second Sin Arc is finally written and

complete— Chapter 328. I am think I'm done with personality change arcs for a while. I do have another idea for a personality change concept, maybe I will do it in another work.

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.

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319. Chapter 319: The

Unbreakable Vow

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[ SKIP THIS CHAPTER IF YOU ALREADY KNOW ABOUT THE DETAILS OF THE UNBREAKABLE VOW. THEY REMAIN UNCHANGED HERE. ]

"So, what can I do for you?" Snape asked, settling himself in the armchair opposite the two formerly Black sisters. He poured out three glasses of bloodred wine and handed two of them to the sisters. Narcissa murmured a word of thanks while Bellatrix said nothing but continued to glower at Snape. This did not seem to discompose him; on the contrary, he looked rather amused.

"The Dark Lord," he said, raising his glass and draining it.

The sisters copied him. Snape refilled their glasses. As Narcissa took her second drink, she said in a rush, "Severus, I'm sorry to come here like this, but I had to see you. I think you are the only one who can help me.

Severus, I know I ought not to be here; I have been told to say nothing to anyone, but —."

"Then you ought to hold your tongue!" snarled Bellatrix. "Particularly in the present company!"

"Present company?" repeated Snape sardonically. "And what am I to understand by that, Bellatrix?"

"That I don't trust you, Snape, as you very well know!"

Snape set his glass down upon the table and sat back again, his hands upon the arms of his chair, smiling into Bellatrix's glowering face.

"Narcissa, I think we ought to hear what Bellatrix is bursting to say; it will save tedious interruptions. Well, continue, Bellatrix," said Snape.

"Why is it that you do not trust me?"

"A hundred reasons!" she said loudly, striding out from behind the sofa to slam her glass upon the table. "Where to start! Where were you when the Dark Lord fell? Why did you never make any attempt to find him when he vanished? What have you been doing all these years that you've lived in Dumbledore's pocket? Why did you stop the Dark Lord from procuring the Sorcerer's Stone? Why did you not return at once when the Dark Lord was reborn? And why, Snape, is Harry Potter still alive when you have had him at your mercy for five years?"

She paused, her chest rising and falling rapidly, the color high in her cheeks. Behind her, Narcissa sat motionless, her face hidden in her hands.

Snape smiled. "Before I answer you — oh yes, Bellatrix, I am going to answer! You can carry my words back to the others who whisper behind my back and carry false tales of my treachery to the Dark Lord! Before I answer you, I say, let me ask a question in turn. Do you really think that the Dark Lord has not asked me each and every one of those questions? And do you really think that, had I not been able to give satisfactory

answers, I would be sitting here talking to you?"

She hesitated. "I know he believes you, but . . ."

"You think he is mistaken? Or that I have somehow hoodwinked him?

Fooled the Dark Lord, the greatest wizard, the highly accomplished

Legilimens who no mind can hide from?"

Bellatrix said nothing but looked, for the first time, a little discomfited.

Snape did not press the point. He picked up his drink again, sipped it,

and continued, "You ask where I was when the Dark Lord fell. I was

where he had ordered me to be, at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and

Wizardry, because he wished me to spy upon Albus Dumbledore.

You know, I presume, that it was on the Dark Lord's orders that I took up the post?"

She nodded almost imperceptibly and then opened her mouth, but Snape forestalled her.

"You ask why I did not attempt to find him when he vanished. For the same reason that Avery, Yaxley, the Carrows, Greyback, Lucius" — he inclined his head slightly to Narcissa — "and many others did not attempt to find him. I believed him finished. I am not proud of it, I was wrong, but there it is. . . . If he had not forgiven we who lost faith at that time, he would have very few followers left."

"He'd have me!" said Bellatrix passionately. "I, who spent many years in Azkaban for him!"

"Yes, indeed, most admirable," said Snape in a bored voice. "Of course, you weren't a lot of use to him in prison, but the gesture was undoubtedly fine —"

"Gesture!" she shrieked; in her fury, she looked slightly mad. "While I endured the dementors, you remained at Hogwarts, comfortably playing Dumbledore's pet!"

"Not quite," said Snape calmly. "He wouldn't give me the Defense Against the Dark Arts job, you know. Seemed to think it might, ah, bring about a relapse . . . tempt me into my old ways."

"This was your sacrifice for the Dark Lord, not to teach your favorite subject?" she jeered. "Why did you stay there all that time, Snape? Still spying on Dumbledore for a master you believed dead?"

"Hardly," said Snape, "although the Dark Lord is pleased that I never deserted my post: I had sixteen years of information on Dumbledore to give him when he returned, a rather more useful welcome-back present than endless reminiscences of how unpleasant Azkaban is. . . ."

"But you stayed —"

"Yes, Bellatrix, I stayed," said Snape, betraying a hint of impatience for the first time. "I had a comfortable job that I preferred to a stint in Azkaban. They were rounding up the Death Eaters, you know.

Dumbledore's protection kept me out of jail; it was most convenient, and I used it. I repeat: The Dark Lord does not complain that I stayed, so I do not see why you do."

"I think you next wanted to know," he pressed on, a little more loudly, for Bellatrix showed every sign of interrupting, "why I stood between the Dark Lord and the Sorcerer's Stone. That is easily answered. He did not know whether he could trust me. He thought, like you, that I had turned from faithful Death Eater to Dumbledore's stooge. He was in a pitiable condition, frail, sharing the body of a mediocre wizard. He did not dare reveal himself to a former ally if that ally might turn him over to Dumbledore or the Ministry. I deeply regret that he did not trust me. He would have returned to power three years sooner. As it was, I saw only greedy and unworthy Quirrell attempting to steal the stone and, I admit, I did all I could to thwart him."

Bellatrix's mouth twisted as though she had taken an unpleasant dose of medicine. "But you didn't return when he came back—."

"Enough!" said Narcissa, in a low and deadly voice, looking up at her sister.

Bellatrix still looked unhappy. Taking advantage of her silence, Snape turned to her sister. "Now . . . you came to ask me for help, Narcissa?"

Narcissa looked up at him, her face marred with despair. "Yes, Severus. I — I think you are the only one who can help me; I have nowhere else to turn. Lucius does not want to listen. . . ." She closed her eyes, and two large tears seeped from beneath her eyelids. "Severus," she whispered, tears sliding down her pale cheeks. "My son . . . my only son . . ."

"Draco should be proud," said Bellatrix indifferently. "The Dark Lord is granting him great honor."

Narcissa began to cry in earnest, gazing beseechingly all the while at Snape. "Why, Severus? Why my son? It is too dangerous! This is vengeance for Lucius's mistake; I know it!"

Snape said nothing. He looked away from the sight of her tears as though they were indecent, but he could not pretend not to hear her. "That's why he's chosen Draco, isn't it?" she persisted. "To punish Lucius?"

"If Draco succeeds," said Snape, still looking away from her, "he will be honored above all others."

"But he won't succeed!" sobbed Narcissa. "How can he, when the Dark Lord himself — ?" Bellatrix gasped; Narcissa seemed to lose her nerve. "I only meant . . . that nobody has yet succeeded. . . . Severus . . . please. . . . I beg you. . . . You are the Dark Lord's favorite, his most trusted advisor. . . . Will you speak to him, persuade him — ?"

"The Dark Lord will not be persuaded, and I am not stupid enough to attempt it," said Snape flatly. "Yes, the Dark Lord is angry, Narcissa, very

angry indeed."

Narcissa seemed to lose what little self-restraint she still possessed.

Standing up, she staggered to Snape and seized the front of his robes; she gasped, "You could do it. You could do it instead of Draco, Severus. You would succeed, of course, you would, and he would reward you beyond all of us—."

Snape caught hold of her wrists and removed her clutching hands. "The Dark Lord would want me to stay at Hogwarts, fulfilling my useful role as a spy, no matter if Draco succeeds or not. However, it might be possible. . . for me to help Draco."

She sat up, her face paper-white. "Severus — oh, Severus — you would help him? Would you look after him, see he comes to no harm?"

"I can try."

"If you are there to protect him . . . Severus, will you swear it? Will you make the Unbreakable Vow?"

"The Unbreakable Vow?" Snape's expression was blank, unreadable.

Bellatrix, however, let out a cackle of triumphant laughter. "Oh, he'll try, I'm sure. . . . The usual empty words, the usual slithering out of action . . . oh, on the Dark Lord's orders, of course!" She shuffled to Snape, her face close to Snape with wide eyes. "Come on, Severus, if you mean it, vow it."

"Snape did not look at Bellatrix. His black eyes were fixed upon Narcissa's tear-filled blue ones as she continued to clutch his hand.

"Certainly, Narcissa, I shall make the Unbreakable Vow," he said quietly.

"Perhaps your sister will consent to be our Bonded."

Bellatrix's mouth fell open.

"You will need your wand, Bellatrix," said Snape coldly.

She drew it, still looking astonished. She stepped forward and placed the tip of her wand on their linked hands.

Narcissa spoke. "Will you, Severus, watch over my son, Draco, as he attempts to fulfill the Dark Lord's wishes?"

"I will."

A thin tongue of brilliant flame issued from the wand and wound its way around their hands like a red-hot wire.

"And will you, to the best of your ability, protect him from harm?"

"I will."

A second tongue of flame shot from the wand and interlinked with the first, making a delicate, glowing chain.

"And, should it prove necessary . . . if it seems Draco will fail . . ."

whispered Narcissa (Snape's hand twitched within hers, but he did not draw away), "will you carry out the deed that the Dark Lord has ordered Draco to perform?"

There was a moment's silence. Bellatrix watched her wand upon their clasped hands, her eyes wide.

"I will."

A third tongue of flame twisted with the others and bound itself thickly around their clasped hands, like a rope, like a fiery snake.

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Severus Snape - Death Eater - Man bound by a promise

Narcissa Malfoy - Desperate Mother - Anything for her son.

Bellatrix Lestrange - Devout Follower - Provoked and Provoked.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Dark and brooding.

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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.

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## 320. Chapter 320: The Broken

### Vow

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"So you vowed an Unbreakable Vow," Dumbledore spoke from behind his desk in the Headmaster's Office, his finger tracing the rim of the tainted glass bowl filled with sherbert lemons. "That wasn't very smart of you, was it now, Severus."

"The Dark Lord would've intended me to do it in the end, I think. But he is determined that Draco should try first. This is merely punishment for Lucius' failures; I am not aware of what that failure is, however. Slow torture for Draco's parents, while they watch him fail and pay the price," said Snape. His eyes were on his arms— one of them marked by the Dark Mark while other freshly inscribed by the Unbreakable Vow, leaving behind a reminder of what waited for him if he were to break the vow.

"You were sadly cornered into taking the vow," Dumbledore sighed, pushing the bowl away. "Who would have thought that the proud Narcissa Malfoy would come begging at your doorsteps. . . and that with her sister."

Narcissa's sister. The corner of Snape's eyes wrinkled as his nose twitched. "If I had refused Narcissa's request, Lestrangle would have gone babbling her crazy mouth into Dark Lord's ears." Any chance he had to escape being bound was sealed the moment Bellatrix Lestrangle had stepped into his home.

Dumbledore stroked his beard. His eyes watching Snape, who had his

usually scowling eyes staring dazedly at the table; a rare sight from the vigilant and sharp potions master.

"What do you plan to do now?"

"I do not know," said Snape. "Do you have a way to undo an Unbreakable Vow?"

Dumbledore shook his head. "Unfortunately, I don't." He sighed, "Even the wording she used doesn't show me a way you can escape the bindings, especially with intent and all."

There was silence. Neither man spoke, nor there was any chatter from the empty headmaster/headmistress portraits, all having scurried away on the orders of Dumbledore.

"Do you intend to follow through with the vow, Severus?"

Snape's dark eyes went up at Dumbledore, and he scoffed, "Are you asking me to spare you to spare you with me costing my life, Dumbledore?"

Dumbledore shrugged, his expression unchanging— calm, looking at Snape with his usual sparkling gaze behind his half-moon glasses.

Snape's eyes narrowed into half a glare. "You don't believe I will be able to succeed if I am to try."

"One can never be too careful, Severus. This might be arrogant of me, but I do not believe that you will be able to kill me if I do not desire for you to succeed. . . and I have no desire to die."

"So, I am to die, then?"

Dumbledore kept his silence on the question, but he did speak, "How does Draco plan to carry out this mission of his? Did Narcissa share something she might have heard from her son?"

Snape's fist clenched on his lap; however, that was the only indication he showed with his body and face remaining calm and unperturbed. "No, the

poor woman was fear-stricken that after the vow was sealed, she couldn't even stand still on her, and it was better for her to return home. . . and I haven't had the chance to meet Draco."

"Lord Voldemort foresees a moment in the near future when he will not need a spy at Hogwarts?" asked Dumbledore.

"He believes the school will soon be in his grasp, yes."

"I see. Now then. Your first priority will be to discover what Draco is up to. A frightened teenage boy is a danger to others as well as to himself. Offer him help and guidance, he ought to accept, he likes you —"

"— much less since his father has lost favour. Draco blames me; he thinks I have usurped Lucius' position," Snape shook his head.

"All the same, try. I am concerned less for myself than for accidental victims of whatever schemes might occur to the boy. Ultimately, of course, we need to save him from Lord Voldemort's wrath."

Snape raised his eyebrows, and his tone was sardonic as he asked, "Are you intending to let him kill you?"

"Of course not, but I can try to sway him to the correct side. If we can ensure that we can at least save his mother, I am sure the boy would walk to our side."

"From the way Lestrangle talked, Draco seemed excited about the prospect of being deemed worthy of such grand responsibility," said Snape.

Dumbledore shook his head, "He might think so, but as the time passes and he tries to scheme about killing me, the weight of the situation and actions would dawn upon him. Draco would become cognizant of what he was asked to do— all I need to do is to persuade him in the moment of pressure and weakness. We have time to lay the groundwork to ensure that he turns."

". . . You have everything planned, don't you," said Snape, sneering.

Dumbledore eyed Snape. There was a long silence, broken only by an odd clicking noise. Fawkes, the phoenix, was gnawing a bit of cuttlebone.

"When it happens, I want you to be there, Severus," said Dumbledore.

Snape frowned, "What? Why do you need me there?"

"If I fail to convince Draco, then the responsibility will fall upon you. You must give it a try— he would be much more willing to listen to you, who is a well-known, trusted Death Eater, and suddenly knowing that you're on the other side would give him hope."

His tone was light, but his blue eyes pierced Snape. At last, Snape gave another curt nod before standing up and announcing his leave. He turned away and walked towards the exit when Dumbledore once again spoke up.

"Thank you, Severus. . . and I am sorry for placing this burden on you."

Snape slowed to a stop. In that moment of stillness, no words were exchanged. Snape's robes billowed, and he was off again.

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Snape struggled in the air against the glowing red bindings wrapped tightly around his body, barely giving him the space to breathe freely.

His struggles came to a stop when he was thrown onto the ground.

He used his legs to push himself back as he dragged himself away from his capture, who was staring down at him. He soon felt the wall of the room he had been brought with him with his back. His eyes moved between the black-clad captor and the closed door.

"You should relax," Quinn said, seeing the disturbed Snape, "it is too late for you to be thinking about returning back to the Astronomy Tower."

Snape's eyes turned to him, and he shouted his demand, "Release me this

instant. You have no idea that what you're interfering with."

"I do understand what I am involving myself in," said Quinn. "I don't know that you and Dumbledore have planned, but whatever it may be, I can't have you killing him today— Malfoy will not cast the spell, and Dumbledore will live past today."

Snape's eyes turned into eggs, and his body went slack for a moment. His mouth opened and closed wordlessly before he finally asked, "Who are you? How did you. . . ."

There was no moment from Quinn, but Snape could feel the gaze trained on him. Then the black-gloved slowly raised up to the black mask, there was a double-click, and then the hand lowered again, taking the mask with it.

Snape's eyes already wide eyes widened yet again as he a tremor shot up through his body. "Q-Quinn West!?" he all but yelled. "W-W. . . What?!" Quinn stared down at his mask. It was a risk, he knew that, nevertheless.

. . .

"Good evening, professor. I apologize for the injuries I caused during our duel, but I had to ensure that you were disarmed and disabled for me to take you away." Quinn noticed the confusion on Snape's face that had deepened as he had spoken. "For the context of the situation, I am who the have come to call the Invisible Vigilante. . . ."

Snape's breath caught, tell-tale signs that the realization had dawned on him.

". . . Today, Draco Malfoy allowed six Death Eaters entry to Hogwarts, and I made sure they were put to rest before they could complete their reason for visit," said Quinn. "Right about now, Draco Malfoy is alone with the headmaster. . . and from what I know about those two, what I can see happening is Dumbledore successfully persuading Draco, bringing

today to an end."

Snape felt his head swirl. He felt a throbbing overcome as he tried to think of what he had just seen and heard.

"You swore an Unbreakable Vow with Lady Malfoy."

"! How did you?!"

Quinn shook his head with a smile, "That is not of importance, professor. What is of significance is that I can't allow you to go up there to kill the headmaster—"

Snape looked as if he wanted to say something, but Quinn continued.

"— I do not wish to know if my assumption is right or not. As long as the Dark Lord walks this Earth, the headmaster won't let himself die in vain. But I don't know about you— you might want to live past today by completing your vow. Unfortunately, that isn't the outcome that will lead to the least damage, so I have taken it upon myself to ensure that you broke your vow."

Snape stared at his student of seven years. Quinn had his head bowed and didn't dare meet eyes with him.

". . . You wish to kill me?" asked Snape, the tense energy in his body slowly draining.

Quinn shook his head, his chin still tucked. "There are a few minutes to midnight, and for all intents of the magic, if you fail to kill Dumbledore today, you will have failed to uphold the vow. . . and the penalty of failure will bring your life to an end. . . ."

His voice trailed; what came next was unsaid.

But Snape had no problems putting the unsaid into words. He spoke with a tired voice, "If I don't die at midnight, you will kill me yourself."

Quinn gave a short nod.

"What if I told you that I was never going to kill the headmaster," asked

Snape.

Quinn shook his head. "I have no way to verify your claim, professor. I can look inside your mind, but it takes time and preparation to be entirely sure when the target is someone of your skill. I have neither of those. Soon this place would be crawling with Aurors and Order of Phoenix members, and when they find the Death Eaters or notice that you're missing, they will come looking— I can't be here in this attire when that happens.

And when it comes to life and death, people's thoughts can change in a blink of a second."

Snape stared at the ceiling above, myriads of thoughts roaming in his mind. "Have you prepared yourself? Taking a life changes people, assuming I'm going to be the first one."

"I . . . I think I am," said Quinn breathily. "There is a heavy pit in my stomach that I want gone, but with each passing moment, it only grows heavier. I don't know if this will change me. . . but this is something I have chosen for myself."

"Of all people who I thought who would kill me, I never thought it would be you, West," said Snape, "but I guess I did think that the Invisible Vigilante might come for me."

Quinn finally raised his head and gazed at Snape. The potions master looked resigned.

He asked Snape if he could ask him a question.

Snape nodded.

"Why did you never make peace with Lily Potter. I heard she tried to put the past behind," asked Quinn.

"I couldn't," said Snape. "You already know so much, so you must know that I'm a double-spy for both sides. If I grew closer to her, I would lose

that position. . . and it was too precious for me to let it go. . . . It was for her own good."

Quinn bowed his head. He felt a buzz in his pocket. It was time, and he told Snape about it.

"I see; I prefer a quick, painless death if you could provide me with that," said Snape. "The killing curse would be best for that."

Quinn took out a pocket watch and clenched it tight in his hand. He watched as the minute and hour smoothly met at the top of the watch face, and a soft ping sounded when midnight arrived. Quinn didn't move and kept his eye on the watch as the minute hand did another round.

"Didn't you want to not to be seen," said Snape.

Quinn didn't respond and waited for another minute before he closed. He snapped the pocket watch close with a deep, deep sigh.

"Make it quick," said Snape and shifted in his spot to get comfortable.

Quinn slowly raised his palm to face Snape and could feel his heart threatening to beat itself to death.

"It was a pleasure learning under you, sir," said Quinn.

"Don't lie to a man about to die," said Snape before he closed his eyes.

His last words were followed by a green light that flushed every corner of the room.

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Quinn West - MC - May he have a great adventure.

Severus Snape - A ruined man - Death comes us for all in the end.

Albus Dumbledore - Headmaster - Alive.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Just made a promise/deal IRL that would come to fruition in 6 years. It's a big(biggest) deal for me and I wanted to document it here. It's literally going to be a turning point in my life.

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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!

321. Chapter 321: The Half-Blood

Prince

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 flap door to the Astronomy Tower's roof blasted open, and a crowd of people came bursting onto the top. A mix of Aurors and Hogwarts professors, all competent in their own rights, exploded onto the scene with wands whipped out, fully expecting to get involved in a fight. . . . but the reality of the situation was the opposite.

"Albus!" McGonagall huffed in her night robes with a sleep cap on her head.

On the roof stood in the middle were Albus Dumbledore kneeling on the floor with Draco Malfoy laying flat on the ground, his chest moving up and down.

Albus Dumbledore kneeled in the middle with Draco Malfoy laying flat on the ground. The young Malfoy's chest heaved up and down; he had his eyes covered with his arm, and those straining who could hear above their own breathing could hear him mumbling something repeatedly.

"Everything is alright, good people," said Dumbledore with a smile.

"Draco here is just having a little bit of difficulty breathing; I'm sure he will be fine in a moment."

Draco's hand weakly shot up and grabbed Dumbledore's robe. "My mother," his eyes bore daggers into the older man.

"Emmeline, if you would," said Dumbledore to a lady in the crowd, "about the thing we talked."

Emmeline Vance, a member of the Order of the Phoenix, nodded and turned to other members who cleared out with her. They had the mission to one Narcissa Malfoy to rescue.

"Poppy, can you escort him to the hospital wing? I think he might also need a dreamless sleep potion for his comfort today," Dumbledore said as he stood up. The Medi-witch scurried to Draco's side; within moments, he was on a stretcher and being levitated out of the rooftop with an Auror escort.

"Albus, something terrible has happened," McGonagall spoke the moment she saw a chance, "the Death Eaters! They—."

"Draco tells me he had managed to sneak in some Death Eaters into Hogwarts, yes, I'm aware of it." Dumbledore glanced at the Aurors and professors here present and frowned. The number of people present in front of him was strange. "Are all the Death Eaters already captured? I did hear some sounds of fighting earlier. . . ."

The people looked at each other awkwardly, making Dumbledore confused.

"Is something wrong?"

"Albus. . . the Death Eaters were already captured before we could reach them," said McGonagall. "We tried to look for them but couldn't find a trace of a single person with a Death Eater emblem on their body or a Dark Mark on their arm. . . the only reason we could even find them was that a ghost discovered them on the seventh floor."

"What happened?" he asked, confused.

One of the Aurors in the crowd spat, "The invisible vigilante happened."

"What do you mean?" Dumbledore asked with eyes narrowed.

"On our way here, we came across obstructions. Seemingly every hallway that led to here was blocked by blocks of ice; some were even blocked twice or thrice." McGonagall sighed and shared a glance with others.

"And the hallway just outside. . . that was blocked by a block of ice that was at least a couple meters thick, it took a joint effort to melt, cut, sheer through it to get here. We even found another Death Eater on the stair's base."

"How did he get in?" Dumbledore asked, his voice taking a serious note. McGonagall shook her head. She(or they) had no idea. Nothing pointed where the masked crusader came from or how did he leave. . . or when he left.

Dumbledore's mind swirled in thoughts. The invisible vigilante was an unknown factor he was not expecting to rise up for today. He looked up at the Aurors present on the scene and said, "Aurors, if you could please keep this incident silent until morning, I would also talk to Amelia about this."

The lead Auror stood in attention and nodded. Dumbledore flashed his patent smile but didn't wait for chit-chat. He gave a look to his deputy and walked away with his professors in tow.

"What is it? Is something wrong? I can tell something's wrong," McGonagall's wrong.

"Find where Severus is," Dumbledore said with urgency. "No, wait," he paused and turned to Lily, "please get me the twins and ask them to bring the map with them."

The words on Lily's tongue about her children died when she heard about her map. She nodded, "I will get the map. I know how to use it," and she

went off rushing.

"Is there something you want to tell us, Albus?"

Dumbledore turned to face his professors and started with a sigh,

"Severus took a vow, an Unbreakable Vow. . . ."

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Dumbledore, the Head of the Houses, Lily Potter, and two Aurors, James Potter and Sirius Black, stood in front of one of the many classrooms of Hogwarts.

"He's in there," said Lily with deep sadness in her eyes.

"The door is open," Sirius pointed out. He exchanged glances with James, who nodded. The two Senior Aurors took out their wands, one spell later, and they were inside the room.

The room was empty. . . except for one thing.

Severus Snape sat against the wall, his head bowed down, dressed in his black robes as if it was just another day, and he was ready to face it with all his dark, sneering, meanness. Yet the same man who was always at attention, his vulture gaze always glaring at any potential prey, with a poison vial on his tongue. . . the same man had his head bowed, back hunched, his long oily hair falling in the front of his face, nothing that would reflect what the man actually was.

Everyone in the room knew that Severus Snape had promised an Unbreakable Vow. He had made a deal in the heat of the situation, knowing well that there was a chance— no, it was almost inevitable — that he wasn't going to be able to uphold the promises that his life depended upon.

Albus Dumbledore was going to live, which meant that Severus Snape

wasn't going to.

Everyone knew that.

And that's what happened, Severus Snape was dead.

Yet, for some reason, Severus Snape had a beautiful spread of sparkling white lily flowers with lovely yellow stamens that only served to accentuate their beauty, spread over him as if serenading the man.

"Was he. . . here?" Sirius put the thoughts in everyone's minds into words.

"Did the invisible vigilante do this?"

James Potter stared at the flower spread and the man he had never liked.

The man he loathed for putting his family in danger by whispering the prophecy into Voldemort's ears. The reason for his parents' death. He always thought he would feel joyous the day Snape would die, but that wasn't the case; there were no such emotions. He wasn't sad about the man's death, yet he wasn't happy about it. He turned to his wife and found her also staring, but he could see the sadness in her eyes, unlike him.

Lily watched her estranged childhood friend. The first person she ever knew from the world she had ended up adopting, the one who had told her so much about it when she was just a naive girl with stars in her eyes, prepared for what was to come. She hated Snape for the danger he had put her children into— if it was just her, she could've thought differently, but not when it came to her children. Yet the same person was her friend. She couldn't stop the feelings from her formative years rising, the ones from before everything astray, and she had lost her best friend, and he had lost her. She stared at the lilies, and her feelings further complicated— she knew that while Snape had relayed the prophecy to Voldemort, he had also pleaded with Dumbledore for her safety. . . and she didn't know how to feel about that.

"Oh, Severus," Dumbledore walked to Snape with slow steps.

He had been Headmaster of Hogwarts for long decades. He had seen children enter his school and leave as adults. Snape held a special place in Dumbledore's heart as a student. When students graduated, he would seldom see them, only at events or in passing by. But Snape had entered his sanctuary when he was eleven, and apart from the two turbulent years of war right after graduation, Snape had always been in Dumbledore's sight, first as a student, next as a peer.

He had come to trust the man. He had come to see that the troubled man with all his various faults had walked the road of redemption, not allowing himself the life's jor so that he could repent for the mistakes he had made. Dumbledore stared at Snape, a rare moment of dullness in his blue eyes. He had again failed another of his students. Dumbledore wondered if he could have done things differently, if he had done better, maybe Snape would've been alive. . . maybe even happy.

"I'm sorry, Severus," he muttered, a teardrop entering his beard, "I am sorry."

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The portrait door to the Headboy Suite opened, and Quinn stepped inside his room with heavy steps. Every step felt like he was walking in wet mud, pulling him down and becoming heavier with each step.

The lights in the room turned up when he entered momentarily before turning down at a silent command from Quinn, plunging into cold darkness— something he felt he needed right now.

Darkness could hide him, he thought.

Quinn raised his hand to his chest. He looked at his hand, and he could

still feel as if the green glow was still flashing from his palm. After staring at the palm of his hand, he tapped the chest, and Noir that covered reverted back into the base state. It shrunk down into a triangular plate and fell onto the ground.

He stared at it. The thoughts of picking it up passed his mind. It wouldn't take any physical movement from him. Just a single command and the Noir plate could be in his hand or in his briefcase.

Quinn didn't pick it up, leaving it on the floor. Instead, he walked to his bed and let himself fall into it. He laid on his stomach with his face to the side, staring at the single spot in the room illuminated by the moonlight stretching from the gap in the curtain.

He had taken a human life.

He had killed.

Did he feel guilt? No.

Was he going to give some excuse for justification? No.

Was he utterly unbothered by it? No.

He felt numb, as if his heart and mind had been stunted. There was no sadness, no horror, nor regret about taking life, nothing at all. It felt like Occlumency had been turned up, and his emotions had been disconnected, yet he could tell that mind magic wasn't the reason behind his state.

As he blankly stared at the moonlit spot in the room, his eyesight started to darken. He was tired. But sleep wasn't the thing that was taking over him. He was losing control. His time for in control of his own body had come to an end.

As the darkness took over him, Quinn decided to close his eyes and go to sleep. He was tired, and right now, he couldn't feel anything.

«Sleep, I will take care of it from here on. It's okay, I will take over for you.»

Quinn West - MC - Numb ~ Linkin Park.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Quinn couldn't break an Unbreakable Vow, at least not right now. I hadn't laid the suitable groundwork for it, and introducing it out of nowhere would leave a bitter taste in my mouth. I mean, I have made some sketchy writing choices, but introducing something without groundwork is not one of them.

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!

322. Chapter 322: Farewell

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 castle was abuzz early in the morning. Students poured into the Great Hall, but unlike the usual morning lethargy, people walked in groups, talking among themselves in whispers and peeling their ears on what others were talking about.

"Was your room locked last night?" Eddie asked. He moved around restlessly, looking around the hall.

Quinn nodded his head, "I woke up when I heard the noise. I tried to see what was going on but couldn't open my door."

"Neither could we, the door refused to budge. Though I did get to see the Dark Mark in the sky. Barton's window had a clear view of it. It was mad

creepy— I mean, ugh, the snake coming out of the skull's mouth, looking at it made me feel like a snake would slither out of my mouth. . . disgusting."

"I couldn't see it," said Quinn. "I have a great lake-side view, but not of the Astronomy Tower. . . a pity, really. I wanted to break the door but felt bad for the portrait outside; it would've been wrecked if I tried something."

He had managed to isolate the ruckus of his fight with Fenrir Greyback on the seventh floor, but his fight with Snape had been anything but silent. The Defense Against The Dark Arts professor had thrown more dark curses and spells than all other Death Eaters combined. Quinn had to be on alert to make sure none of those nasty spells nicked him, so the thought of creating a sound barrier had not been the priority. Moreover, people breaking his ice barrier had also made noise.

"Did they tell you anything about what happened last night?" Marcus asked Quinn.

Quinn shook his head, "I went to the faculty office with Clarrise" — Headgirl — "and the other seventh year Prefects, but the professors sent us away— told us they'd inform us after breakfast with everyone else." He jutted his chin towards the hall entrance where two Prefects stood, sending people going out back into the hall. "We were also ordered to not let anyone leave the Great Hall."

"Someone died," said Eddie, suddenly.

Quinn froze for a moment before he relaxed his shoulder.

Eddie continued, "I mean Death Eaters only cast it when they kill someone, right?"

"Who do you think died?" asked Marcus. "I asked around, all the dorms were closed just like ours, so it must be a faculty member."

"When you went to the office, was there someone missing?" Eddie asked Quinn.

"I . . . there were a couple of them missing," said Quinn. He clenched his fist under the table. "But not all the professors come to the office first thing in the morning, so . . ."

"No use thinking about it; the professors are here," said Marcus.

Quinn turned his eyes towards the 'back entrance' of the Great Hall. It was a small regular-sized door near the faculty table. The entrance was used by some professors who preferred not to take the main entrance for their respective reasons. But today, all the professors (including Hagrid, who crouched to save his head) entered the Great Hall from the back entrance.

The Great Hall lulled into whispers which were somehow louder than them talking usually. Their eyes followed the stream of professors as they walked to the faculty table and took their seats.

Marcus had been watching the professors as they sat down just like everybody else was doing, but then his eyes widened as he noticed something off about what he was seeing.

"O-One. . . one of them is missing," he said.

Eddie's brows were squished together, but they rose up when he saw what Marcus was seeing. There was indeed only one professor missing from the bunch.

Marcus' shocking revelation reached the ears of his neighbors and then set the trigger on what seemed like a complex, far-spreading domino chain that reached every corner of the Great Hall. In the time the professors took their seats, the whispers had blown up into full-blown heated discussions.

Quinn didn't say anything; instead, he watched the wall behind the

faculty table. The Great Hall was usually decorated with four house colors. Today, however, there were black drapes on the wall behind the teachers' table. Quinn knew instantly that they were there as a mark of respect to Snape.

Dumbledore ended Quinn's musings by standing up at the staff table. The Great Hall, which was boisterous in discussions, became very quiet.

"All of you," said Dumbledore, looking around at them all, "must have heard or even seen that there was a Dark Mark over Hogwarts yesterday." He paused, and his eyes fell upon the Slytherin table. Theirs had been the most subdued table before he had gotten to his feet, and theirs was the saddest and palest faces after they had realized what had happened.

"There is much that I would like to say to you all tonight," said Dumbledore, "but I must first acknowledge the loss of a very fine person, who should be sitting here," he pointed to an empty chair on the faculty table, "enjoying our feast with us. . . . I'm sorry to inform all of you that last night. . . Professor Severus Snape passed away."

The quiet that Dumbledore had commanded shattered and blustering sound rushed into the Great Hall as if trying to fill a void left behind a vacuum. Stunned and frightened, every face in the hall was turned toward Dumbledore now.

On the Slytherin table, people could be seen hugging each other, crying with bowed heads, and trying to comfort each other. Severus Snape might have been hated by most Hogwarts, but to Slytherin, he was everything a house could want from their head— he supported them, always took their sides, taught them how to behave like Slytherins, and was synonymous support symbol to all those who wore green.

Quinn turned to his back. Daphne, Astoria, and Tracey sat directly behind him. Astoria was leaning into Daphne as her sister hugged her from the

side while Tracey sat to their side with her head buried in her hands, hunched over the table.

He wanted to go comfort them but held himself back. Right now, it felt like he would be an outsider going into something he didn't understand and wasn't a part of.

'I will console her later,' he thought while watching Daphne. And as the thought passed his mind, Quinn paused for a moment and waited for something he was expecting. . . . but nothing happened.

"Yesterday," Dumbledore started again, "a group of Death Eaters broke into Hogwarts to cause harm and sow disaster. They appeared to have come to get rid of me" — there were gasps — "and the fact that I'm standing in front of you safe and sound, it is clear that they failed and were captured. . . however, in that defeat, they took away the life of Professor Snape, who bravely faced them, but tragically sacrificed for the safety of the school. . . ."

Quinn knew this was going to come. The truth of the matter couldn't come to light. If the fact that Snape swore an Unbreakable Vow to kill Dumbledore even became public knowledge, it would be a disaster and ruin Snape's reputation beyond all repair. That wasn't something the Order of Phoenix could do— even if not well-liked, Snape was still a member.

". . . his sacrifice would never be forgotten, so I would like you all, please, to stand, and raise your glasses to Severus Snape."

They did it, all of them; the benches scraped as everyone in the hall stood, and raised their goblets, and echoed, in one loud, low, rumbling voice, "Severus Snape."

Quinn glanced back at the Slytherin table. His eyes searched for Draco, but the young Malfoy was nowhere to be found. It seemed that the Order

had already hidden Draco hidden. Hogwarts was no longer safe for Draco — if Draco could be a Junior Death Eater, then others could be as well, and they might not have any qualms about taking a life, especially if their target was a 'betrayed.'

"Severus was not the friendliest of person, but those who knew him were aware of his qualities that made him a great individual," Dumbledore continued. "He was a good and loyal friend, even better confidant, a hard worker, he valued commitment and dedication above anything else. His death has affected you all, whether you knew him well or not."

Dumbledore looked sad. His line of sight would always be forward, full of confidence, but today his eyes were lowered as he spoke to the students. Seeing their headmaster like this was a first for all. A sense of sadness for the most disliked person in Hogwarts spread through the hall.

"Everyone in this hall," said Dumbledore, and his eyes lingered on the Slytherin students, "will be welcomed back here at any time, should they wish to come. Once again, I say to you all— in the light of Lord Voldemort's return, we are only as strong as we are united, as weak as we are divided. Lord Voldemort's gift for spreading discord and enmity is very great. We can fight it only by showing an equally strong bond of friendship and trust. Differences in background and culture are nothing if our aims are identical and our hearts are open.

It is my belief — and never have I so hoped that I am mistaken — that we are all facing dark and difficult times. Some of you in this hall have already suffered directly at the hands of Lord Voldemort. Many of your families have been torn asunder. Yesterday, an exemplary man was taken from our midst.

Remember Severus Snape. Remember, if the time should come when you have to choose between what is right and what is easy, remember what

happened to a man who was good, loyal, and brave because he strayed across the path of Lord Voldemort. Remember Severus Snape."

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Quinn waved his hand over a sheet of paper. It wriggled over his palm and folded itself into a bird. The paper bird flapped its wings and flew away into the sky, heading into the building. On the other hand, he walked out of the castle to sit in the grass and get away from all the Snape talk that was happening no matter where ever he went.

He wanted a moment of silence and peace.

He looked around to find a comfortable spot with some shade. He didn't have to look for long as there was one right in front of him. . . but the perfect spot was occupied.

A smile appeared on his face. He wanted some alone time, but he guessed that some company wouldn't hurt.

"Fancy seeing you here," said Quinn.

Ivy Potter, who had been sitting under the shade of the tree with her back against the trunk. She opened her eyes and came across the smiling face of Quinn West. She blinked in surprise and sat up straighter.

"What?" he asked.

". . . No, it's nothing," she shook her head. "What is it?"

"May I join you?"

". . . Sure."

Quinn smiled wider and sat down under the shade, but unlike Ivy, he laid down in the shade.

Ivy continued to stare at Quinn, making him ask: "Is something wrong?"

"There's something different about you, today. . . ?" she said.

Quinn chuckled. He took a deep breath and put his hands behind his head. "I guess there's something different. The annoyance had been silent."

Indeed, there had been nothing but silence.

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Quinn West - MC - Drinking in the silence.

Albus Dumbledore - Headmaster - A simple white lie.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Alright, that was enough of a break; we're getting back on track.

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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!

323. Chapter 323: Luxuria

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

Ivy stared at Quinn. He was lying on his back with his eyes closed. A gentle wind made its way beneath the tree's canopy and ruffled their hair, adding to the coolness to the shade, shielding them from the sun's heat.

"You are staring," said Quinn, cracking an eye open to look at her.

"It's just surprising," she said, "when was the last time you took the initiative to talk to me on your own accord. . . usually, I'm the one who to start up our conversations."

"You're making me sound bad," he chuckled.

"I'm not lying, though."

"No, you're not."

"Then what changed today?"

Quinn shrugged, "I wish I had a special reason. I came here to have some quiet away from the chatter. Saw you and decided to have some quiet time with you."

"Not that I'm complaining; believe me, I'm not. Shouldn't you be with Greengrass right now?"

"Right now, the Slytherins are holed up in their dorms, so, yeah," said Quinn and then turned on his side to face Ivy. "So, how's Gryffindor taking the news?"

Ivy shrugged. "Ron tried to make fun of the situation, but no one laughed and then got pelted when he got annoying. . . . It got really quiet in the common room, never expected that to happen for Snape."

"How do you feel about it? He must've made your life pretty miserable in his classes."

"You know I thought that too," said Ivy, pulling some grass. "Dad and Sirius scared Harry and me about Snape when we were about to start our first year. How he didn't like Gryffindor and that he hated. . . hated the Potters. And all of that was true— he doesn't like Gryffindor and hates Potters. . . . But strangely, he never targetted me. He mostly ignored me for the most part. I have no idea why."

Quinn gazed at Ivy. He could guess why. The resemblance between mother and daughter was much stronger than between daughter and father.

"I feel sad that he died," Ivy continued, "even though he was miserable to literally everyone else who wasn't Slytherin. . . and you, I guess. How do

you feel about his death?"

". . . I don't know actually. I feel mostly numb."

"What's with that?"

Quinn sat up and dragged himself to sit against the tree beside Ivy.

"Enough of that; let's talk about something else," he said.

«Why are you doing this?»

Quinn internally smiled as he heard the voice lacking strength.

'You know why I'm doing this.'

«If you want to be like this, go find Daphne; why are you targeting her.»

'Come on, don't be like this. Isn't this more thrilling?'

«No, it is not. Here I thought, you'd be a little more bothered with what happened yesterday.»

' . . . You think I am not!' Quinn yelled inside while continuing to talk to Ivy with a smile. 'I have to put up a normal front while you hide inside wallowing in the dark. I'm warning you, don't take that course with me.'

«Just leave her alone. I'll stay quiet. I'm not really in the mood to fight with you anyway. Just go jack-off in the room.»

'Yeah, about that. . . not going to happen. We want her, don't we?'

«What. . . ?»

'Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely,' he quoted. 'The West family name already granted us with enough social and financial power, and that was already too much. But know, we're getting stronger and more skilled with magic. . . with time, we would reach a level where our personal power would allow us to roam around pretty much unfettered. And yeah, I don't really want to get drunk on power, you know.'

«What, wait, I-I. . . don't understand. . . .»

'It seems you have some sort of confusion about the Sins. I am not Pride

who wants his ego stroked every other second; I don't want people around me to be yes-men. I am not Envy who would think that anyone who disagrees with me is just jealous. Or even Wrath, who would absolutely blow up if someone is a tad bit annoying.

I am you. . . just a lot more interested in the gentler sex.'

His eyes glimmered as he laughed along with Ivy.

'So before I go down that road, I need some sort of anchor.'

« . . . And you think this anchor is. . . Ivy Potter? I don't need an anchor! »

'Now, you're just trying to act dumb. For someone like us, getting people who will honestly say the truth is hard— we got lucky with our friends, but how long do you think that'll continue? Even among those good people, Daphne, our girlfriend, the person who's supposed to be closest to us, is the subservient type, and we love that about her; she's always so supportive, but we need someone who's going to challenge us to act as the anchor I talked about.

And out of all the people, no one else but Ivy has questioned our actions so consistently. Keeping her close will be beneficial to us in the long run.

. . . and well, even you can't deny that she's quite lovely.'

«You're going to ruin my relationship with Daphne.»

'Ah, don't worry about that; you already rolled the ball on that one.'

Quinn turned his eyes towards the castle with a smile. Daphne walked towards them. Her pace hurried as she saw Quinn and Ivy sitting close together under the tree.

"Quinn, what are you doing here, with. . . her?" Daphne said, eyeing Ivy with a vigilant eye. She raised the creased-up sheet of paper in her hand,

"You sent for me to come here."

"Yes, I wanted to talk to you about something," said Quinn.

«What the hell are you planning?»

'I'm helping you, of course,' he said, 'didn't you want to Daphne the dirty little truth? I'm going to do you a favor and do the job instead of you.'

«Stop! I will do it on my own! Don't mess with my life, you shitty fake!»

Quinn closed his eyes and took a deep breath to settle the sudden bout of headache.

'That's why I didn't want to come so down the line,' Quinn said to the one trapped inside the soulscape. 'If you're to blame someone, then blame Greed; he's the one who wanted this done. . . . I really don't want to do this, you know, I really don't, but I need to or he will. . . .'

Quinn stood up and dusted himself. He took a few steps forward till he was standing equidistance from both girls. He glanced at both of them once before turning to Daphne.

"You remember that I wanted to tell you something and asked you to wait for sometime before I could tell you," said Quinn. "It's a secret that I have been hiding for a long time. . . ."

«Stop!»

The moment Ivy heard those words, her eyes widened. She hastily got just as Quinn dropped a bomb.

«Shut up!»

"I kissed Ivy last year," said Quinn even with the splitting headache.

«. . . I'm going to gut you and believe me, I'm going to enjoy it.»

'Bloodthirsty much? Did killing Snape awaken something inside you?'

". . . What?" Daphne uttered with a stunted expression.

"Last year, we were alone. One thing led to another, and we ended up kissing," said Quinn. He noticed that the voice had gone silent once again. He bowed his head and continued, "I am sorry for hiding it from you and not telling you for so long."

A score of emotions went through Daphne's emotions, surfing everywhere

from sadness to betrayal, finally settling on anger with emotion draining from her face.

"Who started it?" she asked, her voice cold. It reminded Quinn of before Daphne had warmed up to him, just much worse.

"Doesn't matter," she turned her cold gaze to Quinn, "I will come to you later." Daphne turned to Ivy, "You knew that he was taken, everyone knew that we were together, so don't try to deny that. . . and you still did this."

Her wand came out. Ivy, too, took her wand out in response.

Quinn seeing that, stepped in front of Daphne and placed a hand on her wand arm to gently direct it down. "Daphne, please calm down; there's no need to point—"

Daphne pushed him away and glared at him. Her eyes were glistening as she pointed her wand at him. "Give me one reason I shouldn't curse you here and now."

Quinn once again stepped close to her and again lowered her raised wand arm. This time, she didn't resist and even let him take her wand away. She raised her other hand and punched him in the shoulder repeatedly.

"Why. . . why would you do that?" she said between her punches. "I trusted you."

"I am sorry, I made a mistake," said Quinn with a genuine apology in his tone. "Please forgive me; I am really sorry."

Quinn brought her closer as she kept on hitting him and hugged her. As he tightly hugged her, a strange smile appeared on his face. But then, the smile froze, and Quinn's expression turned from confidence to panic and horror.

His eyes dimmed for a split second before they went normal. Tranquility

appeared on his face as he stroked Daphne's back and whispered his apologies into her ear with magic weaved into his voice, manipulated his body temperature, trying anything and everything that would best calm Daphne.

. . . .

Inside the soulscape, Quinn sat slumped beside the Soul. Yesterday, he had taken a life for the first time. Life of a person who didn't deserve to die. Today, one of the bedrocks of his life had been shaken. He hadn't been there to do it himself or even able to stop it.

'You didn't want to stop it,' a corner of this thought whispered the treacherous words to him. 'You were glad that you didn't need to do it on your own.'

Quinn grabbed his head and hugged it to his knees.

He was so out of it that he didn't notice that suddenly the blackness that plagued his Soul was gone, and it was back to its golden state with only a few muddled black spots. The spotty walls that had improved after Envy had been removed opened up, and only varying shades of yellow remained.

"You know, I don't think the situation is as bad as you think."

Quinn tried not to respond. He kept his eyes closed and his head down.

But he couldn't restrain his anger at the ridiculous words spoken.

"You fuc—."

He raised his head up and all but growled at the personification of his sin in front of him, only for his words to die in his throat when he saw the figure in front of him.

"Hello, it's finally nice to meet you. My name is Quinn West, but you might better know me as. . . . Greed."

.

Quinn West - MC - At a new low.

Daphne Greengrass - Girlfriend(?) - Betrayed and hurt.

Ivy Potter - Anchor(?) - Caught in between.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - So. . . I don't know how it turns when a partner confesses to cheating. I have been in two relations in my life, and both of those ended without cheating involved, and none of my close friends have gone through the same. I have seen the situation on TV, but I don't know how Daphne, who is in her first relationship, would've reacted, so I went what seemed right to me.

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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!

324. Chapter 324: Desire Taking

Control

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

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Link in the Bio/Profile

"Hello, it's finally nice to meet you. My name is Quinn West, but you might better know me as. . . . Greed."

Quinn stared at the copy of himself glowing in a yellow hue. He couldn't take his eyes off the person in front of him. The other personifications, when they appeared in front of him, were all dressed in a simple black shirt and black pants. But not the one in front of him. Greed. . . wore [Quinn's] favorite suit, looking how Quinn would want himself to look.

"I know I look good, but come on, you're making me shy," said Greed with a smile.

Quinn's eyes darkened. He slowly got up and faced the figure in front of him. "Where is Lust?" he asked. "Bring him out. I have a couple words for him."

"Ah, that won't be possible, unfortunately. Lust is, let's just say. . . busy." "I don't care what or where he is. Switch out with him. . . . I just want to talk to him."

Greed laughed, "We both know that's not true; he really did mess things out there."

Quinn gritted his teeth, and the soulscape trembled for a moment. Greed turned his eyes around the space, a plain expression flashing over his face for a split second before he went back to smiling.

"Don't you act like you had nothing to do with it," Quinn said, clenching his fists. "I heard what he said— that he didn't want to do, that you made him do it." An aura of magic started to leak out of Quinn as he glared at Greed. "So. . . tell me what you have to say for yourself."

"Of course, Lust didn't want to do it," said Greed, matter-of-factly. "Why would that ball of lechery want to tell Daphne. If not for me, he would've taken decision making the situation much-much problematic than now."

Greed's attitude was started to get on Quinn's nerves. His life had taken a turn for the worst in the past couple of days, and this was, without doubt, the worst part of even that time.

"I did tell him to talk to Daphne," Greed continued, "but how would've I known that he would do in front of Ivy. Everything was going great— he headed to a quiet place, called her there— but then he got distracted by Ivy. If not for all his blood going through his lower body, he would've diverted the situation or postponed it, but that idiot didn't. . . what a

mess."

"Why would you ask him to do that in the first place?!"

"Isn't it obvious?" Greed smiled. "Because I love Daphne."

Quinn froze. For a second, all his anger and steam fizzled out, to be replaced with a stunned vacuum. The words didn't come to his mind, much less his tongue, and all he could for a moment was stare.

". . . You don't love Daphne. I love her. The only reason you only feel that way— if you're not lying, that is— is because you were born with me as the base."

Greed shrugged, seemingly not bothered by Quinn's jab. "And I can't do anything about. I was born as I was. The only thing I can do is to take what I have and work with it, and well, if there isn't something I lack— I will just take. . . get it," he said with a pleasant smile. "I was born with the love for Daphne— all of us were born with that. I couldn't sit and see her being kept in the dark while you and the others fought with each other. I asked Lust if he could do me a solid, and he being the good bloke he was, agreed with me."

"? Was. . . the good bloke he 'was' ?"

Greed's eyes slowly opened as he went, "oops~," as if he had been caught doing something naughty.

"You know how I said that Lust was busy. . . yeah, about that, he isn't busy— he just doesn't exist anymore." A wide, elongated thin-lipped smile stretched on Greed's face that looked the same as Quinn's.

"H-He doesn't exist anymore?"

"Yup, I gave him one simple job; he couldn't even do that properly,"

Greed shook his head with a sigh. "So, after I ate Gluttony, I decided that I don't really need Lust, so I popped him in as well. Quite exquisite both of them."

Quinn felt a blockage in his throat. He tried to speak but felt like someone had laid inside that stopped the words from coming out. He stared at Greed with an incredulous gaze.

"You ate Gluttony?"

"Ironic, isn't it? I ate the glutton. Well, while I say I ate both of them, it was more like absorbing all of their essences, but who cares about the semantics."

Quinn felt a headache come over him. He asked Greed how it was possible.

"Oh, it's possible, alright," said Greed, "I won't go into detail about our composition— I mean, why would I? But it's not just me; any of us could've done that. No one did it because it would've been a problem as any attempt to subsume another would've brought about retaliation from the others, and that would've turned out badly for the perpetrator.

How was I able to do it, you ask? Quite easily, actually. With only three of us remaining, the threat had decreased significantly. Neither Lust nor Glutton was strong enough to oppose me even if they teamed up— I'm a strong boy, after all. I saw the need to buff myself up a little, so I did what I saw as necessary."

"What you say as necessary. For what?"

"To take over, what else would it be. The initial aim of ever Sin was to take over the body and become the driver. . . the only driver. That, of course, wouldn't have been possible with seven of us, so we decided to take turns being in charge. Pride went first; I guess that was to be expected. We expected that you'd retaliate" — his nose scrunched up — "but the strength of your retaliation was something we underestimated. When you started to pick them off, we got worried, especially Envy. . . phew, you straight up stabbed him.

But then you off-ed Snape, and things started to look good for the final three— and very-very good for me."

Greed straightened out his suit jacket and continued, "Now, I would love to talk to you more— well, not really— but I have to go handle the situation outside while I can still get something out of it." There was an excited grin on his face as he said that.

"You are not going anywhere," said Quinn with a grave voice. "You all ruined my life; I'm going to fix it up before you wreck it beyond repair."

Half a dozen golden blades crackled into the soulscape, all of their razor-edged tips pointed at Greed. They vibrated, creating a terrible sound that seemed like it wanted to rip the fabric of reality itself.

Greed stared at those blades with calm eyes. He looked down towards Quinn, tilted his head, and smiled. Quinn's eyes narrowed. He waved his hand down, and the blades whistled towards Greed, who didn't move— he apparently didn't need to move as the blades suddenly shattered before they could even sniff the air around Greed.

The two matched eyes. Greed shook his head and turned away.

Quinn raised his hand again. A dozen blades again appeared in the space and whistled towards their target again. Greed paused, and the moment he stopped, the blades shattered like glass.

"I'm going to forgive that," said Greed. He turned his head sideways, lazily looking at Quinn. "However, punishment is in order. . . no one gets in my way of getting what I want."

Golden chains burst from the formless ground of the soulscape. Before Quinn could even react, the chains looped around his arms and legs. He was ruthlessly yanked down to the floor— forced to kiss the floor.

"Be a good boy, and I will make your stay short stay in here as comfortable as I can," Greed's voice echoed in Quinn's ears as he

struggled to get up just to make the chains coil around tighter, tensing him closer to the ground.

Quinn thrashed around before he started losing strength and could only down on the ground helplessly. He tried to focus his attention outside in the real world, but his nerves almost popped when he couldn't peer outside like he usually could.

Greed had blocked him out.

And just when Quinn thought he was truly alone ever since losing control, he heard.

"I was not expecting this."

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". . . Hey," said Quinn softly to the girl in his arms, who had stopped struggling maybe because she couldn't escape or perhaps she had just gotten tired. He slowly let her go, hoping that she wouldn't run away.

Daphne didn't run away. She stood there without moving, her head resting against his chest.

"Would you give me a chance, please," he said.

Daphne's response didn't come for a while. Quinn waited for it patiently, his ears picking up the crunching of grass behind him.

"What do you want to speak?" Daphne said softly.

"Give me a chance to explain, and I promise to not give any excuses."

Daphne's head left Quinn's chest. She looked up at him with her blue, which had turned red on the corners. She stepped away from him but showed no indication that she wanted to go away.

Quinn took that as a positive and stepped aside so that he could face both Ivy and Daphne.

Ivy nervously looked at Daphne and Quinn; there was a smudge of envy in her eyes at the sight of Quinn paying so much care and attention to Daphne. She had seen it many times throughout the year; had wondered what it felt like. She had tried to move past her feelings without much success.

"Why did you kiss her?" Daphne opened up the conversation without beating around the bush.

Quinn glanced to the side briefly.

Daphne picked on that slight movement. She turned to Ivy with narrowed eyes, "You kissed him first, didn't you," her tone made Ivy's eyes crinkle a little. "When did this happen?" she asked.

"The very end of the last year," said Quinn. He sighed, "She found one of my secrets earlier in the year, a promise was made, and we found ourselves alone. . . she surprised me with a kiss. . . and I ended up kissing her back."

"A secret?" Daphne's gaze turned graver.

Quinn nodded. "There are places in Hogwarts that only I know of. I have been exploring them for years." He looked at Ivy, "She by chance found me entering one and followed after me. I ended up sending her away, but not without promising to give her a tour when I was done. It was during the tour when it happened."

Daphne immediately asked more about the 'secret.' Quinn ended up sharing with both the girls about the Cursed Vaults— leaving out the particulars.

Daphne glanced at Ivy, giving her a slight glare. The fact that Ivy knew something about Quinn that she herself didn't know clearly didn't sit well with her.

"Why did you kiss her back?" Daphne asked, her stern eyes turned softer

and vulnerable as she asked, "Do you. . . are you. . ." The rest she couldn't speak.

Quinn nodded after a pause.

Daphne closed her eyes while Ivy's green sparkled like emeralds.

"Do you even like me anymore?" asked Daphne, her fist clenched tight.

"Yes, I do!" said Quinn with a bit more power, "I beg you, please don't doubt that."

While Daphne didn't look any better, Ivy's enthusiasm did dim slightly.

"Leave us," Daphne said— no ordered Quinn. "I want to talk to her alone.

I have to see whose fault this was."

Quinn contemplated if he should interject, but seeing Daphne, he refrained and silently nodded before turning to walk away.

"Do not use magic in any way to listen on us," Daphne sounded out, her voice warning and threatening at the same time. "Remove what you just cast."

Quinn halted in his steps. He snapped his fingers to remove the spell that Daphne had clearly found out by guessing. Even with the current circumstances, if there was one thing not to be doubted, it was— Daphne Greengrass knew Quinn West.

Quinn walked away to a distance out of earshot. He closed his eyes and waited, hoping the result would be what he was expecting.

If not, then he would just need to get it another way.

No one was going to stop him from getting what he wanted.

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Quinn West - MC - Greed. . . is good.

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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!

325. Chapter 325: The Dead

Prince

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

"I was not expecting this."

Quinn cranked his neck up. To his utter surprise, his eyes caught the sight of dragonhide boots. He shifted his body, bearing the stress of the chains tightening, to look up even further to up to find himself looking upon a person dressed in black.

His eyes turned into frisbees, for even in his wildest of dreams had he expected Severus Snape, the person he had just killed, would manifest in front of him in his own soulscape. It wasn't a dream, but it could've been very well a nightmare.

". . . Did Greed make you somehow?" Quinn couldn't remove his eyes from the face of the man that looked so real. "You wouldn't tell me even if you were," he sighed in self-deprecating. "You're here to haunt me, aren't you. . . go ahead; you deserve that much."

Quinn stared at the "ghost's" face— a thin man with sallow skin and a large, hooked nose, straight thinned lips, and dark, penetrating eyes that resembled tunnels, all framed by shoulder-length hair. Even the flowing black robes were so hauntingly similar to the real deal.

Snape looked down at Quinn in stoic silence until he finally spoke, "I expected more from the man who defeated me in a duel, especially more

from by whose hands I ended up dying."

Quinn lowered his head and pressed the side of his face on the floor, looking away from Snape. He couldn't give two squats about what Snape thought about him— but the question was valid— he right now wasn't even close to his usual self, much less his best self.

"It's strange, but I have been 'watching,'" said Snape, "and I have to say I was quite surprised you were going through this ordeal of yours.

However, I thought with your actions as the invisible vigilante, your conviction would've been stronger. It's disappointing to see that someone like that has fallen to this level."

Quinn didn't move or even twitch. He laid on the floors with chains around him.

"But I suppose you see what you expect to see. I thought you were different from all other dunderheads, but you're just like every one of those idiots."

Quinn snapped his head up and was ruthlessly yanked down by the chains. He forced his head up with the links digging into his neck. "I just went through Pride and Wrath the other day. . . I'm not free from feeling those emotions. . . so I suggest that you don't go down this route. Tell Greed that this joke of his is not amusing. Tell him that I will stay quiet, so there's no need to continue this distasteful joke."

"Oh? And what would you do about it? I'm not going to stop myself from calling what I see— what I see is just pathetic."

Quinn felt his anger rise up. He would've taken the indictments about killing Snape lying down because they were true; he would've apologized to the man's ghost. But to hear that he hadn't tried to fight against the Sins was an insult that he couldn't take.

"What do you know? You became a slave to an egotistical megalomaniac

snake and bent your knee in begging to an old manipulative bastard."

"I, you foolish child, have deceived one of the greatest wizards of all time, making myself one of his trusted generals while being in his service of an accomplished Legilimence with a head of secrets that could've gotten me killed. I had become significant enough that Albus Dumbledore, the walking image of all good, risked his reputation to give me— a Death Eater, who has spilled blood of innocents— shelter in a school full of children.

Until my death, I was well and good and made the best of my situation. And what have you done? Struggle against something that doesn't even exist."

"I could do both of that, and I could do them now," spat Quinn.

"As if. You can't even deal with yourself and escape from a simple mess that you have idiotically created for yourself. You won't last a single day in my situation. You would be painfully slaughtered by the Dark Lord, and Dumbledore would lead you by the nose until you couldn't tell if your actions were truly yours or something he planned for you."

It was as if the lid over a pot of boiling water popped because of the rising steam. The soulscape shook as Quinn pushed himself off the ground. The chains that bound him snapped by the links, shattering into pieces in the vain effort of trying to hold the owner of the soulscape down.

"Listen here, you overgrown bat," said Quinn, pushing his face near Snape's. "I don't want to hear all of this shit from someone who couldn't stop pining for a girl who was nice to the miserable little boy. Yeah, it was romantic and honorable for a while, but come on, it has been more than a decade."

Snape's expression didn't change; instead, he stepped back and gave

Quinn a look over. "Here, I thought you enjoyed the floor a bit too much."

"What—." Quinn paused mid-outburst. There were no chains around him, nor was he pressed against the floor. His feet were on the floor, standing him up. "How. . . ." he looked up at Snape, who was looking back at him with unimpressed eyes.

"Look around yourself," said Snape simply.

Quinn looked. It took him a beat, but he realized what Snape implied.

The soulscape had come a long way from the initial blackened state— the white was still tainted with a thick yellow, but the vibe that Quinn could feel was much better. He turned back towards the Soul, and his eyes widened when he saw that it had regained much of its beautiful golden color, and except for some muddiness, it looked as if it hadn't been touched by the sin curse.

"It seems that my death was enough for you to miss that you had recovered much of your soulscape," Snape sounded. "You should get a better handle yourself if you're going to continue with your other secret job. You were struck just at the right times that you weren't aware of the control you actually had."

Quinn turned to Snape with wide eyes. "You're not Greed's working, are you? You're the real deal— the real Severus Snape."

"That seems to be the case."

"But. . . how?"

Snape shook his head. "Unfortunately, I don't know. I remember being executed by the killing curse, but after that, I have no inkling of how I can talk to you here," he said, "but I somehow know it was because of the killing curse and something in your possession."

Quinn furrowed his brows in thought. "The killing curse and something in

my possession,' he thought.

A memory of reading entered his mind. In the Little Hangleton graveyard, Voldemort dueled Harry Potter after his revival. Their magic met, and the 'ghosts' of the people murdered by Voldemort emanated out from the clash of the spells. Quinn turned to Snape and wondered if this was the same phenomenon. He had, after all, forcefully expunged Snape's soul using the killing curse.

'But what about something in my possession?' Quinn wondered. The answer came to him like a bolt of blue lightning. His hand went to his chest, and while it wasn't there, he knew what it was.

The Resurrection Stone. It was his only possession that could that was related soul.

"I . . . think I know why you're here," said Quinn, rubbing his forehead, "but I can't be sure."

"Doesn't matter," said Snape, "I couldn't be bothered by something I have no control over. The subject of true importance is that I have to get you out of this mess."

Quinn continued to stare at Snape with a complicated and incredulous gaze.

"Greed has used some clever tricks to have you stuck here. But I think I can help you get out of here and get rid of Greed while doing it."

". . . How do you know all of this?"

Snape paused, "I do not have any memories after my death. One moment I was seeing the green of the killing curse, the next, I was here. However, I somehow am aware of what has happened with a few people— and for some reason, you're one of those people— I suppose I kept a check on my killer in the afterlife I can't remember. And it seems there is no secret to the dead."

There weren't many things Quinn couldn't understand, but this was one of those things he couldn't wrap his mind around.

"Now, let's not waste any more time; you have to follow my lead so that —"

"You can help me?" Quinn frowned. It didn't make sense.

". . . I'm dead, Mr. West. I can't directly do anything. It's against the natural law, and I don't fancy breaking them, even if I could. All I can provide you is an advantage that you can leverage into defeating Greed."

Quinn nodded. He could use some help. He couldn't see defeating Greed without help.

"But I will need something in return," said Snape.

"What?" asked Quinn with a surprise. He hadn't expected this. "I'm not going to hand my body over to you if that's what you want."

"I have no desire for your body, you fool," said Snape, sneering. "I need a promise from you."

"I'm not swearing an Unbreakable Vow with the dead."

Snape was not amused. He stared at Quinn with a look that thoroughly looked down on him. "Just your word would do. . . . I hope you're not going to deny me— the man who you killed— a simple promise."

". . . If it is something I can do, I will give you the promise for it," Quinn sighed, "I don't even know if you're real or not; you could just be a figment of my imagination."

"There is a war on the horizon," said Snape, "the Dark Lord is not going to hide any longer, especially after failing to kill Dumbledore. Wars are never pretty, and no one is spared from some consequences. I want you to promise that you will protect some people for me. . . two people. . .

Lily Potter and Ivy Potter."

Quinn's eyes widened. He said, "You are already dead. . . even now?"

Snape's eyes softened, and he uttered a single word, full of regality,

"Always."

Quinn's jaw couldn't drop any faster. He didn't even know how he had walked himself into this.

"I will try to ensure their safety," he said after recovering.

Snape's eyes narrowed, but Quinn didn't budge. Snape scoffed but nodded.

"So, how are you going to help me?"

Snape started, "Greed, as you call him, has blocked you out from what's happening outside. . . ."

Quinn tried to look outside, but he was still blocked. Thinking about what was happening brought him the anxiety momentarily forgotten because of the shock of coming across the dead man. Just the thought of Greed interacting with Daphne and Ivy made him want to throw up.

". . . . but in doing that, he has also blocked his internal vision," continued Snape. "He can look inside anytime he wants, but that would allow him to do the same. He hasn't done that, and I don't think he's going to do— after all, his entire aim of springing what going outside was to weaken you."

Quinn didn't respond. Greed had said that he was doing it because of Daphne— and that could be a reason, but it wasn't the sole reason. As Snape had said, Quinn knew that the timing was to send him into a rut— and despite having that realization, Greed's actions had the intended effect.

"You're going to use this vision block. . . and when he comes back, you're going to strike."

.  
Quinn West - MC - Still in deep doubt if what he is seeing is real or not.

Severus Snape - Dead - I can teach you to bottle fame, brew glory, even stopper death. . .

.  
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!

326. Chapter 326: Then There

Were Two

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

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Link in the Bio/Profile

Quinn watched from the far side at the two girls who seemed to be in deep discussion. . . at least he hoped it was a discussion and not an exchange of scathing words.

He focused on their lips, alas, they were neither facing him, nor it would've helped as he lacked the skill to read lips. Quinn's magic twitched under his impulsive commands, ready to launch a number of nifty spells ranging from enhancing his ears to picking up distant voices or sound magic to snatch their conversation and carry it over to his side. He contemplated, but he rested his magic after a moment of thought. It was difficult going against his own 'flawed' nature. . . but unlike his 'brothers,' he was capable of restraining himself with some effort— all thanks to the contribution of his two very generous brothers.

His thoughts took a walk to distract himself from the honestly nerve-racking conversation before him and wandered to wondering what was

happening inside the soulscape. The 'original' was bound there with the help of magic. . . .

'Ah, magic. . . it's so wonderful,' Quinn breathed a sigh of contentment. The range of magic under his fingertip was absolutely exhilarating and ecstatic. It couldn't, in a thousand years, compare to what he had when he was nothing but a voice in the back of the head.

. . . . Back to the 'original.' He had bound him up as a punishment for trying to the unsightly assault. He had been nothing but kind to the original. The additional penalty was blocking the original's view outside. Quinn's brow furrowed. The original was as resourceful as a handyman's tool kit with a cockroach's persistence. The original didn't have the assortment of magic usually available to him in the soulscape. . . an advantage for the Sins. . . despite that, he had been able to get his voice project out of the soulscape while they were in control— it had been the downfall of two of his brother: Wrath and Envy.

But that much wasn't enough to surpass expectations. What actually surprised him was the control over soul magic that seemingly came out of nowhere. The stab in Envy's back was sudden enough to send a tremor in the remaining Sins— causing him to go ahead with his plan of subsuming Lust and Gluttony. A wise decision as the original's access to magic jumped when he subsumed his brothers. He wasn't as strong as three Sins, but enough that he could keep the original down.

'Maybe I should try telling him that Daphne broke up with me,' he thought. Contemplating how the pros and cons of the situation— on the one hand, it would definitely be a substantial hit on the original's mental state, putting a hamper on his abilities, but on the other hand, he will have to block the view every time Daphne was as much as mentioned in a conversation. . . too much blocking would only serve to raise the

original's suspicion.

He clicked his tongue. If he could get rid of the original this instant, he would've deceived him about Daphne to strike when the target was at its weakest. But he had no method to get rid of the original— he was a prisoner that couldn't be executed— beat up, sure, but not executed.

The risk wasn't worth the unguaranteed returns, he decided. He would leverage another situation when one came in the future.

He was brought out of his thoughts when he saw Daphne walking towards him. He straightened up. Her every step was more nerve-racking than facing the angry original's barrage of soul-shearing blades.

"What do you like about her?" The question came even before Daphne's feet stopped on the ground.

He gazed at Daphne, a flash passing through his eyes. He studied her, mulling his answer for the best effect.

"I need someone who questions me and can keep me in check," he said.

"The dynamic between Ivy and I is such that she doesn't take my words as right as many do. She will question me until she's satisfied. Call me out if something doesn't make sense. I need that."

"And you're saying that I can't provide that?"

"Our relationship dynamic is different. In my heart, you represent a pillar of support— who I know will back me with whatever I do. Something I also so dearly need. But I also think that more often than not, you will support whatever choice I make. . . and those times when you do are enough for me to be worried. She's the anchor I need to ensure that I don't end up going down a path with no returns."

Daphne glared at him, her face becoming colder by the second. "Is that it? You need her because she is of some use to you? Then she can be a

confidant, why does she need. . . ." her tempo rose until Daphne breathed to calm herself down and stared at Quinn.

"I'm attracted to her, and she is to me," he said, maintaining firm eye contact. "Will you be comfortable with her close to me?"

Daphne closed her eyes: scrunched up in a frown. She took a deep breath before opening her eyes.

Slap!

She slapped him tightly with a wide swing. Quinn made no efforts to stop dodge it, taking it as intended. He didn't lower his head and stared at her with his intentions clear for her to see.

Daphne turned away and walked back to Ivy, who was looking at them from a distance. Her eyes widened when she saw and 'heard' the slap.

Quinn raised his hand and caressed his cheek. It stung. But he felt good about it. It was always better when Daphne showed more heated emotion than withdrew into her icy shell.

He got back to watching the two girls. It was a risky move on his part. He could lose both— Daphne could dump him; Ivy might not like his choice and approach and finally decide that she wasn't interested. The original would've never gone through this, not in a million years. This desire had stemmed from the original, but something that was fated to stay dormant until forgotten.

But he was different. If Quinn West wanted something, no one was going to deny him.

Quinn waited for what felt like close to three-quarters of an hour. It looked like the discussion had been reached its conclusion because Daphne and Ivy walked to him.

He studied their face. Daphne looked like she had a lot to say while Ivy's lips were stopping themselves from curling up.

He knew that instant that his bid had been successful.

"I'm in a mood where that face of yours irritates me." Daphne's words made him restrain his expression. She continued, "I should dump you here and now, but I just. . . can't" — Daphne's face was a strange mix of sharpness and vulnerability — "I do not if this is even something I should entertain. . . but I'm going to give this a chance," she looked into his eyes, "so please don't make me regret this. . . please."

Quinn stepped close to her in an instant and grabbed her hand. "You will never regret this, I promise," he said sincerely; his greed had obviously hurt her.

"I love you," he said.

Daphne stared up at him with her blue eyes full of emotion. For a moment, when Daphne's reply didn't come, he felt his heart drop, but it was only a moment as she raised her hand and softly stroked the same cheek she had slapped.

"I love you too," she said but then followed with. "I need some time."

Quinn's grip on her hand tightened. He didn't like the sound of that.

"It's not like that," she said with weakness in her eyes. "I am tired, with what happened yesterday and now. . . I'm going back to the dorms and. . . talk to Tracey about what happened here. You can expect her to come blowing steaming with her wand."

He gazed at Daphne. He raised her hand in his hand and kissed it. "I am very lucky, aren't I?"

"Yes, you are," she said. Daphne tipped-toed and kissed him on his cheek and then whispered into his ear, "If you leave me for her, I will do everything in my power to make you regret it." She moved away and gave him a good long look before walking away towards the castle.

He gazed at her all the way until she was no longer visible. Only after

that did he turn to Ivy, who was staring at him with a complicated gaze.

"While I'm grateful," he spoke, "may I know why you agreed. . . I was expecting you to curse me for even bringing it up."

"It happened so suddenly that I didn't get the time to think that," said Ivy.

"If you need more time, you can take it. Making a decision in a hurry to regret it later will not do any of us good."

Ivy shook her head, "I have decided to give this try. . . . It's strange, you know. At first, I never thought I could ever look at you with anything other than dislike, but here we are; I'm in a relationship with you who already has a girlfriend— and it's Daphne, no less. Never thought my first relationship would be like this."

". . . I sprung this on you without warning. Are you sure—"

"Yes, I'm sure," she cut him off. "I don't know if this will be a success or if this is a good idea to start with— I don't know why I agreed; there's no reason expressible for it— it is just what is." She shrugged, "If I feel like this is not working, I will walk away as if it was any other relationship."

"I said this before; I will say it again. You're not going to regret it."

"I really hope so," Ivy said with a blooming smile.

He stepped forward. Ivy's eyes widened as her body language turned shy.

She didn't move away. He drew her toward him with his eyes; she inclined her face toward his, and he laid his mouth on hers, which was like a freshly split-open fig. For a long time, he kissed Ivy and conveyed his feelings to her about how he thought of her decision to be a wise one.

"O-Ok, ay. . ." Ivy pulled back, her palm on his chest, slightly out of breath. She had her head dipped away from Quinn.

"Can we dub this our first kiss rather than the last one?" he asked, smirking, wondering if absorbing Lust had some pleasant side effects.

Ivy nodded absentmindedly before she realized what she had affirmed,

and the blush turned to a burning red.

After a while, the time to part had come.

"Can I also expect Hermione to come after with some nasty surprises?" he asked. "Maybe even Harry?"

"No. . . I'm going to keep this under wrap for now," Ivy continued when she saw his expression. "I'm not hiding this because I'm not sure of this. . . it's just that I don't want to listen to Hermoine harp. . . and I don't want this to go to Harry, dad, and especially mum just yet. Probably after we have spent more time together. . . are you fine with that?"

"You're making a compromise here. I'm going to follow whatever you want."

After working out a few details, Quinn bid Ivy goodbye. She went to the castle, leaving Quinn still on the grounds. He waited a while before finally opening the block over the soulscape.

"Hey, so I have some good news," he said. "I was able to—"

He stopped when he saw the original standing with no chains on his body, staring at him with a dull expression.

"How—" He felt a tap on his shoulder and on extinct, he turned, and the sheer shock wasn't the word enough to describe his feelings as he saw Severus Snape standing behind him.

"You're in my way to attaining my needs, and I can be very greedy."

.

Quinn West - MC - I have attained my greatest achievement.

Daphne Greengrass - Girlfriend-A - Is pouring her heart out to her best friend.

Ivy Potter - Girlfriend-B - Got questioned why she was so in such a joyous mood.

Severus Snape - Dead - Boo!

FictionOnlyReader - Author - LALALALALA! I can't hear you! I can't hear you!

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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.

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327. Chapter 327: Avaritia

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Link in the Bio/Profile

Greed staggered back a step when he saw Snape's visage with his face painted with shock.

Snape stared at the man in front of him. "You do indeed look identical," he said, his eyes peering at Greed, "I think you two can give those unsufferable Weasley twins a run for their money. . . . It's good that I can differentiate the two of you because of this yellowish aura around you— I do not like to be deceived. . . ."

Greed showed no movement and continued to stare at Snape with a shock on his face. The personification looked as if someone had sucked all the blood out of his body, leaving him pale and ghastly.

Snape took a step forward, and Greed took a step back. He seemed to snap out of his shock as he hastily turned towards Quinn.

"How did you do th—"

His eyes widened as his pupils shrunk. Greed watched as Quinn stood close to him with his hand holding a long golden blade held his both

hands firmly. The blade was thrust forward. The soul-blade going through Greed's body made for a sickening scene, even if it lacked the bloody gruesomeness.

Greed turned to completely face Quinn as he staggered back, his eyes going to the tip of the solid golden blood coming out of his body. His face crumpled in concentration— the golden blade broke into soft beads of firefly lights.

Quinn had no intention of letting Greed take his time. He stepped forward with rays of light bending into the shape of a golden knife grasped in his raised hand. His face twisted in aggression as, with a primal grunt, he stabbed Greed in his chest. With a shlick, the knife was pulled out and then sheered again into Greed's body.

Once more, twice, thrice, and then again. . . . With each brutal knife thrust, Quinn grunted with hate, channeling it into every stab.

Greed somehow managed to raise his leg and kick Quinn back. It was weak, and Quinn only went back a couple steps. Greed jarringly made some distance between them and made a slapdash half-turn towards the other person to guard himself against another backstab. But Snape had no move from his place, watching placidly as the violence unfolded.

Quinn watched Greed. Unlike Envy, who had gone down with one strike, Greed remained standing, albeit shakily. It seems absorbing other Sins had granted Greed increased durability, he thought.

"H-How. . . ?"

"A mix of using the Killing Curse and Resurrection Stone. . . it seems that Killing Curse left behind a residue of sorts that the Stone caught that.

Though I have no idea why he decided to appear to appear now."

Greed turned his face filled with pain to Snape.

Snape said, "I too don't have the answer to that question."

Quinn approached Greed, who hurriedly waved his hand, sending a projectile to whistle towards Quinn. The projectile was thwarted by Quinn with the barest of efforts.

"You deceived me," said Quinn inching towards Greed, "made me feel like a helpless prisoner with no power in my own soulscape. . . you chained me down and forced me to the ground. . . from the very start, it was you who was pulling the strings from the shadows."

The soulscape shook with Quinn's steps as if he was a giant, stomping through the space. Greed looked mortified.

". . . Then you screwed with my relationship with Daphne," Quinn fumed.

"Out of all the things you guys pulled, I loath this the most, and I hate you the most for it."

Quinn raised his hand, and Greed stumbled to the ground, falling. He looked up at Quinn with fear and unwillingness in his eyes.

"I hate that you caught me in the middle of. . ." Quinn shortly glanced at Snape, ". . . all of this— if I wasn't like that, I would've crushed like this before you had the chance to even think about getting out."

Greed's wounds started to glow in a solid yellow. It looked he could feel the changes in his body. He glared at Quinn. "I couldn't give two shits about your situation. I wanted more, and I saw the opportunity to take it for me— what's wrong with that?"

"You wanted to take what belonged to ME! That's what's wrong!"

"I. AM. YOU!"

Quinn and Greed glared at each other. Snape watched them from the side silently.

"Did you already forget Envy's words?" Greed continued with spite. "We were born from your mistake. We didn't ask to be here! But we were. So, what's wrong with turning a subpar situation into a great one while

enacting revenge against the one who caused all of it, huh?!"

Quinn's face soured at Greed's jabs.

"I didn't ask to be the manifestation of greed! But unlike Envy, I have no problem embracing who I am," Greed lashed. "You know. . . I don't hate you" — Quinn furrowed his brows — "you are just someone who was in my way, just like the others were. . . ."

Quinn felt a chill in his heart. There was apathy in Greed's eyes in which he saw himself reflected.

Was something other than greed had been amplified. . . or was this the reflection of him. Somewhere in the depth of his being was he so cold that he could disregard everything just to achieve his goals. Quinn couldn't help but wonder.

"You will never be free from me," said Greed as if cursing him. "It's too ingrained in you. . . it will remain with you. . . raise its head at just the right moment. . . and for all that's magic, I wish that even with what I did today, you fall for your greed."

Quinn frowned, confused with what Greed meant.

Greed savagely smirked as he raised his hand, and a blinding half-blade twisted over his palm. It rang like a tuning fork as he sent it singing towards Quinn's face.

Quinn stood in the blade's path unflinchingly. The murderous blade turned into sand in the wind from the tip and disappeared as if never existed.

Greed started laughing menacingly. His voice filled the soulscape.

Quinn couldn't tell if he was acting or had the eminent death had turned Greed mad. The knife in Quinn's hand shimmered; it looked as if it was sucking in the light and threw it just brighter. The small blade had turned into a full-length sword.

"Any last words?"

"Giving the villain some last word? I thought you knew better."

"I do know better. You are so pitiful that I don't mind if you try something at the last moment."

Greed threw his head back with angry laughter.

Shing!

Quinn waved his sword, and the laughter came to an abrupt end.

"You wasted your last words," said Quinn, staring at Greed as his eyes went dull and the face twisted in corrupt emotion gradually settled in peace.

The final personification of Sin, the strongest one, turned into yellow orbs of light. From away, the yellow orbs could be mistaken as golden like the untainted Soul in the middle of pristine white soulscape.

His eyes didn't move away from where Greed had sat. Killing Greed, while good for him, had left him with some questions about himself.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

The Sin Curse had been purged from his body.

He opened his eyes and felt the wind on his face and the smell of the forest behind him. The rays of light filtering through the tree's canopy were warm. The feeling of him being in his own skin never felt better.

Quinn braced himself and let out a shout from the bottom of his stomach as his magic sang. The grass grew faster, winds picked up, the rays of light bent, and the place seemed to be filled with something unseen.

He was free.

Quinn reached out into his clothes, snatched the pendant-piece from the chain, and revealed the Resurrection Stone in his palm. The mystical stone glowed in a soft black glow.

He could feel that Resurrection Stone had been fed magic.

'My magic. . .'

Several conjectures passed through his mind. The one he landed on was accidental magic working to save his— its master's— life once again, just as it had done all those years ago during the Icy Vault.

He glanced up. Snape had appeared in front of him, outside the soulscape — which was a relief— he didn't want anyone or anything in his soulscape, near his Soul, ever again. Snape looked like in the real world with the rays of sun passing through his grey translucent body.

"Thank you," said Quinn. What Snape had done wasn't big, but it had the intended, profound effect of delivering the shock, which made an opening that Quinn could exploit. He knew without it, he wouldn't have been able to injure Greed, and an uninjured Greed was capable enough to fend him off, even if he did try something.

'If I tried something.'

Quinn wasn't sure if he had worked up the intent to try to rise up against Greed. It was the abrupt appearance that had shocked him out of his wallowing misery.

"I killed you," said Quinn, his eyes full of respect for the dead man, "and you still helped me. . . . If I was on your place, I wouldn't have been able to do it. . ."

But Snape as Snape. He sneered, "I didn't do it for. If it wasn't that you were of use, I would've fought to the end if someone tried to drag me out here."

The words seemed strange to Quinn, but he moved past them. He smiled wryly. "Professor, I swear I will keep my promise." He rubbed his head. He finally had full access to his mindscape, and Greed's actions lay before him in full view. 'Aaa-urgh, that greedy bastard!' He could even feel the emotions of satisfaction oozing from the memories.

Snape nodded. He turned to the castle, his eyes flickering with emotion.

"Would you like to go visit?" asked Quinn. "The funeral is set for at sunset. You would be able to see—"

"No, it's alright. . . I don't want to," said Snape. "Even if it is not possible, I fear I will turn into an actual ghost if I go. . . . I just want you to keep your promise."

"I will."

The dead and the living both watched the magical castle of Hogwarts, which had countless memories tied to her for both of them. . . for everyone who had ever stepped enjoyed her shelter.

"Mr. West," said Snape, not looking away from the castle.

"Yes, sir?"

"You were the best student I ever had."

Quinn's eyes widened as he turned to Snape, but the man was gone to his surprise. He hurriedly looked down at the Resurrection Stone— it laid dormant in his palm.

He looked up at the castle and at the clouds dotting the sky.

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Lily Potter looked at the dark overcast clouds hiding the red hue cast of the sunset.

All lessons were suspended, all examinations were cancelled. A good handful of students were hurried away from Hogwarts by their parents— the Patil twins were gone before breakfast, and Zacharias Smith was escorted from the castle by his haughty-looking father. Seamus Finnigan, on the other hand, refused point-blank to accompany his mother home; they had a shouting match in the entrance hall that was resolved when

Dumbledore had stepped in to have a conversation with the mother.

Lily looked around the subdued Great Hall. Everybody was wearing their dress robes, and despite the teenagers filling it to their full capacity, the hall was quiet. She looked to her side, and beside Dumbledore's throne, a single, simple chair sat empty.

She looked to the Slytherin table. The entire Slytherin house looked less polished to her, lacking the usual pristine sharpness that the student exuded in unity. Crabbe and Goyle were muttering together. Hulking boys though they were, they looked oddly lonely without the tall, pale figure of Draco Malfoy between them, bossing them around. She wondered how the boy was doing right now? Narcissa Malfoy had been delivered to her son as Dumbledore had promised. She heard from her husband that Lucius Malfoy had refused to come along when they gave him a choice.

Her thoughts were interrupted when Dumbledore rose to his feet, and the little hum in the hall died away at once.

"It is nearly time," he said. "Please follow your Heads of Houses out into the grounds."

The students filed out from behind their benches in near silence. She saw Slughorn at the head of the Slytherin column, wearing long, emerald green robes embroidered with silver. She had never seen Sprout, the Herbology Professor, looking so clean; there was not a single patch on her hat, and when they reached the entrance hall, they found Madam Pince standing beside Filch, both dressed for the occasion.

The entourage arrived at the lakeside, to a place where hundreds of chairs had been set out in rows. An aisle ran down the centre of them:

There was a marble table standing at the front, all chairs facing it.

Lily roamed her eye over the crowd. There were not many people from

outside Hogwarts. The seats were mostly covered by the students. The castle ghosts were there too, barely visible in the bright sunlight, discernible only when they moved, shimmering insubstantially on the gleaming air.

She could see members of the Order of the Phoenix, but they were only a handful, with the majority missing. A delegation of Ministry officials, including the Minister of Magic herself, walked past her towards the front rows. She next recognized Rita Skeeter, who, she was infuriated to see, had a notebook clutched in her red-taloned hand, writing away with her eyes peering at the centaur Firenze, who was standing like a sentinel near the water's edge. Standing at the outsides of the chair arrangement was a guard of Aurors, which included her husband, James Potter.

There was no one present who Severus could call family, she thought.

The staff was seated at last. Lily sat on the left side of the aisle, in the second row behind the Head of Houses and the Minister. Dumbledore's chair was empty.

There was a hushed whisper from the back. When she turned, Lily saw Dumbledore was walking slowly up the aisle between the chairs, and floating beside him, wrapped in emerald velvet spangled with silver serpents, was what Lily knew to be Severus' body. A dull pain rose in her throat at this sight. Dumbledore placed the body carefully upon the table. Dumbledore then began speaking words, but she couldn't hear them. Her eyes were fixed on the emerald shroud.

Dumbledore finished his speech and took his seat in the front. Lily waited for somebody else to get to their feet; she hoped someone would get to their feet; she expected speeches from the Minister, but nobody moved. Then she felt something on her face. Lily raised her hand to her cheek, and when she saw her fingers, they were wet. She felt something on her

other hand on her lap. The back of her palm was wet. Lily looked up, and the clouds were darker than ever.

It must have not taken more than a few seconds for the cover of clouds to start pouring the heaviest shower of the season. While everyone pulled out their umbrellas or conjured them, Lily's eyes went to the table in the front in frantic worry.

But the headmaster had taken care of it. The rain seemed to bend around Severus' body with not a single drop touching his body. Lily slumped in her chair, the worry draining from her muscles. When she looked around, people had started to get up, probably returning to the castle to take shelter from the rain.

Among the standing people, a figure caught her eyes. Dressed in a suit, covered in black from head to toe. He stood on the right side of the aisle, in the front row reserved for the Prefects.

Lily recognized the Head Boy even with the rain impeding her vision. He had his hand gloved in black raised straight above. Then a bright white light bloomed in his palm. She didn't know why but her eyes moved above to the sky and there she saw it.

A red spot appeared in between the black and grey. The clouds started to move in a spiral, with the red circle growing bigger and bigger with each passing moment. Those who had gotten up to leave stopped and looked up at the swirling clouds.

Umbrellas all over were slowly put down with every pair of eyes present on the lakeside fixed to the sky just like hers.

The red hue of the sunset sky shone above Hogwarts.

The dark clouds were still present on the periphery, but it was as if something was stopping them from entering Hogwarts, protecting it.

Lily looked back down to the front row of the right side. He had resumed

his seat and sat patiently with his eyes to the front table.

She gazed at the empty spot in front of the table. The memory of the boy who had called her a witch when they had first met surfaced in her mind.

Lily got up and moved to the front.

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Severus Snape - Slytherin - The Half-Blood Prince - Potions Master -  
Master of The Dark Arts - Death Eater - Order of Phoenix - Head of House  
Slytherin.

Quinn West - MC - I won't name my child Severus.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Everybody Wants To Rule The World ~

Lorde Version.

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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.

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328. Chapter 328: The Last Visit

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 school year was cut short.

After the events transpired at Hogwarts, the school administration was bombarded with letters from concerned parents who wished to have their children back home to safety. The sheer amount of letters, along with parents who had directly descended on Hogwarts to take their children, had forced Hogwarts hand to end the school year before time.

The examinations were canceled for everyone except the fifth and seventh years. OWLs and NEWTs were postponed by one week, and it was decided that the two essential tests would be conducted within a Ministry-approved venue.

Quinn rose early on the last day at the school. He was already packed; the Hogwarts Express would leave one hour after breakfast. But before he left the school for the last time, he had to do something important. He canceled his morning workout with Eddie, and instead of going to the grounds like every morning, he headed to the sixth floor.

Quinn stared at the narrow corridor in front of him; it looked no different than any other of its types scattered around Hogwarts. He could clearly see the end of the corridor where a wall stood ending the path. He glanced behind him for a fleeting moment before taking firm steps towards the portrait hung on the dead-end wall. There wasn't a single soul anywhere near the place— just him and the portrait.

He looked up at the posh man with a goatee sitting on his ornate chair with a rod-straight posture, elegantly reading the book in hand from behind his small-lensed glasses that hung on the tip of the nose with a long bridge.

Quinn stayed silent, waiting for the portrait to look at him, which he knew wasn't going to happen from the dozens he had visited the place, but he waited. . . he wanted to. The result was as expected, the painted man continued to read his book, and Quinn watched him do it with only the sound of the occasional flip of the page sounding in the lonesome corridor.

"Headmaster Viridian," Quinn finally broke the silence.

The man didn't respond immediately; instead, he raised a finger towards Quinn and kept it raised as he continued to read the book. It was a

minute later that the portrait of Vindictus Viridian placed a thin bookmark between the pages and closed the book upon it. He lowered his finger and, for the first time, focused his eyes anywhere other than the book.

"Yes," he said simply.

Quinn blinked in surprise. That was different, he thought. He requested entry into the Room of Rewards.

"Password?" asked the portrait.

Quinn's surprise grew. That was yet again wildly different from what he was expecting. ". . . No condescending jab, or asking me to return?" he asked.

"That was only warranted when you, time after time, accosted me and disturbed me when I was preparing to slumber or was already asleep.

This is early morning— the appropriate time to gain entry in the room."

It was that simple for some basic politeness?

". . . Finalis Visita," Quinn said the password picked up from Recon.

Viridian nodded and opened his book again as the portrait swung open to allow Quinn entry and let out cold, dry air from within.

Quinn exhaled a puff and stepped inside the Room of Rewards. The room hadn't changed a single dust grain since the last time he had entered. The grid of standing double-sided bookshelves occupied the space with their black binders full of records on every Hogwarts student that ever studied in its classrooms.

He picked the middle aisle and made his way to the room center, where the Hogwarts crest decorated the floor and hid the secret beneath the floor. . . hid the demons beneath the road. Quinn kneeled before the crest, channeled his magic, and uttered the magic words. The different parts of the crest jumped in their place, with a white glow leaking from

within. The crest vanished and left behind a gaping hole.

'Why am I here? Why am I doing this?'

Such thoughts passed through his mind as he dropped him into the gaping tunnel. As he descended, his thoughts were doubting his actions, but his body was fearless— so fearless that he didn't create an elevated platform for him to stand upon and landed directly upon the bare floor of the vault. He immediately crushed the magic from the floor that tried to knock him out.

The Sin Vault wasted no time to open business. The heptagonal walls glowed up in their seven-colored glory. Quinn's furrowed brows eased a fraction when he felt the magic from the runes fill the room. It felt familiar, he could recognize it, and it wasn't the absolute unknown it was as earlier in the year. He raised his magic as the runes reached saturation. The seven-colored beams burst out of the runes, but instead of infiltrating Quinn's soulscape without any hindrance, it halted like water before a dam at the boundary of the soulscape.

Quinn had no sense of achievement as he thwarted the waves of soul-based magic. All he could wonder as he operated his magic was — 'Was Greed right? Is my greed too much for me to control?' — he had come down into the Sin Vault without even thinking about it; his first instinct had led him into the place that had derailed his life two out of two times. Was his greed for some semblance of reward so strong that he had yet again ignored a sense of safety, even after all the lessons he had experienced.

The magic from the runes ran out, and the beams dribbled out until the room was again in darkness with Quinn in the middle. His body eased up as he looked around the room. He wished he knew if there wasn't any other "offensive" surprise, but he didn't; however, something told him

that everything that could worry him was over.

There was a quake in the room, making Quinn twitch. The wall directly behind him broke into rectangular brick blocks and turned inwards until there was a path opened up to him. Quinn slowly exhaled all his previous tension to make room for a new batch that arrived with the appearance of the new door.

He took out a miniature stone tablet from his pocket, enlarged it to full-size, and leaned it against one of the walls with ample magic to ensure it would not topple over. On the stone tablet were concise instructions on finding him if someone did reach here and screwed themselves over.

He cracked his knuckles just to break the heavy silence in the antechamber. Then followed with the sound of his footsteps. His heartbeat in his chest blared in his ears as he stepped across the threshold and wisely sent his magic forward for scouting, which reported back with zilch in response. But Quinn knew better to believe that his skill with magic would be reliable in the Sin Vault. He kept his eyes forward and his ear listening with his skin tingling in attention.

After deliberate and careful walking, Quinn reached the end, where a humble room awaited him. There was nothing in the square room but a single portrait.

Quinn recognized the portrait. It was unique in Hogwarts. It was the only non-magical portrait inside Hogwarts, proudly displayed in the Entrance Hall outside the Great Hall. Yet, here it was. . . present inside the Sin Vault.

The man in the portrait, with his long white beard and long flowing hair, opened his sparkling blue eyes with specks of green. The man blinked a couple before his eyes turned to the front, focusing on Quinn.

"Oh. . . Quinn West," the man's first word delivered a punch to Quinn. "It

seems you have finally made it to my humble abode."

". . . Merlin."

The Grand Sorcerer of the King Arthur's Court, the founder of the Order of Merlin, an organization that promoted non-magical rights, and the greatest magic user in the Western world and one of the greats that the world had ever seen. The person that had permeated himself through the generations and immortalized himself in the minds of every single person who ever heard of his legend so much that he had become part of the magical vernacular.

Quinn gulped. "You were behind the Sin Vault?" he asked. Why?

"Sin Vault?" Merlin repeated. "Ah, the seven sins. . . yes-yes, I'm the creator of this magic."

Quinn asked the question that plagued his mind: "Why. . . ?" Why would the greatest of all time create something so horrifying?

"Why? Hmm, let's say. . . because of Morgana."

"Morgana. . . Morgan Le Fay?" Morgan le Fay, more commonly known as Morgana, was a medieval dark art practitioner famous for being the enemy of Merlin and the half-sister of King Arthur.

"Yes, Morgana," sighed Merlin. "In one of our tussles, she displayed a surprising skill in soul magic, which worried me because I was lacking in that area of magic, and by now, you must know how tricky soul magic can get. I couldn't risk falling behind, so I started to dabble in soul magic. Alas, I was naive in those days— Morgana was using wizards and muggle alike in her experiments to learn more about soul magic, and I, by my lonesome, couldn't keep up her progress. . . so I made this place and cast my magic in it."

"You wanted to use children?!" Quinn exploded. He and Alan had come to this very conclusion the first time Quinn had suffered from the Sin

curse. But having that theory confirmed was infuriating.

"I did," said Merlin, with a regret on his face. "Where else better but at a castle full of young children with their bubbling and growing magic?

Hogwarts was the best place I could think of to experiment to catch up with Morgana."

Quinn's magic flared out of control. It lashed on the walls of the room, but they remained unharmed even under the unrelenting angry assault.

Even Merlin's portrait remained unscathed.

"Do you have any idea what I went through?" Quinn's voice distorted like a demon. "You egotistical piece of shit! Give me one reason I shouldn't make it my life's goal to erase every trace of your legacy from the world.

I will find a way to destroy all physical traces and erase the entire planet's memory if that's what it takes."

"That's a bold claim, boy. I've become quite famous after my death," said Merlin. "As for if I know what you went through— I do— I was watching you all the time, after all."

Quinn's furious momentum pressed a break, while still angry, his magic abated.

"I have eyes all over. As long it is in this castle, I can travel to any portrait in every castle, even the deer painting in your room. Anywhere you went, I was followed, observing you. So, I know exactly what you went through, and I did construct the magic, so piecing together whatever I missed was easy enough."

He was being watched? Quinn's heart quivered.

"Also, don't worry, all of those who went through some version of the magic I cast here left relatively unscathed. . . okay, you caught me, a couple of them did suffer later, but I did compensate their families. Ah, don't worry, no one entered here after my death; you're the first one."

"That doesn't change anything, you crazy bag!"

Merlin then went on to tell the tale of the Sin Vault. How he used to visit Hogwarts once a year to teach for a week, and by then, the Sin Vault would've lured in some students. When Merlin arrived for his one week, the curse's progression would reach a level where Merlin could study the student to gain some insight and then fix the affected students before he left. It continued for two decades, with a couple of students getting caught every year. Over the years, the Sin Vault changed as Merlin learned more and more and became what it was today. He told Quinn that every person would be affected in a different way and what Quinn went through was unique to him, something Merlin was proud of because he could gain new insight from every subject.

". . . . When Morgana died, I stopped experimenting with Hogwarts students, but I didn't want what I created to extinguish, so I put a puzzle in place and put in a portrait here so that if someone stumbled in here, I could know what happened, even if it was after my death," said Merlin before asking, "Do you mind telling me how I died? Even after so much time here, I could not find how I died."

Portraits were copies of the person, but they only held memories until the person had last refreshed the portrait. So not having the remembrance of death was a trait of a magical portrait.

"According to what I have read, you fell in love with a girl, taught her all your magic, and then were done in by her," said Quinn.

Merlin's eyes seemed to shine with realization. A sad look passed his face before it went to the normal, smiling one. "So, what are you going to do now?" he asked. "I don't think you can destroy me. . . at least, not now, not for a good while."

Quinn didn't even have to think about his answer, "If I can't destroy you,

then I will take you with me and keep you isolated until I am able to do so." He fixed the portrait with a baleful glare. Merlin didn't look one bit regretful for his actions; he had played with innocent students' lives. And he had made his life miserable.

"Or, you don't do that, and maybe I will teach you a thing or two when I feel like it," said Merlin with a smile. "You will find that I can be very knowledgeable about a wide variety of magicks."

Quinn's expression turned. He stared at Merlin, unblinking. After an unknown amount of time, he walked to the portrait, removed it from the wall, and walked out of the wall with the portrait in hand.

Greed was right. Maybe he could never get rid of him.

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Quinn West - MC - Finally over.

Merlin - Portrait - Sometimes, sacrifices are needed.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Well, I did drop ONE clue about Merlin.

The reason why I chose Merlin was that I think that anyone that great must have some skeletons in his closet. Also, I don't know if I am going to show Merlin that much— he will maybe work in the background with Quinn, but do let me know. . . .

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329. Chapter 329: Ground Rules

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

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The Hogwarts Express chugged along the tracks, making its way through the lush and overreaching countryside. The school was over, and the student population was on the red train, going back to their home.

"The farewell party went straight down the gutter," Eddie grumbled, leaning on his train berth, his leg resting on the front corner of the opposite berth.

Marcus picked his head out of his pork pie and fixed Eddie with a disappointed gaze. "Don't be like that. Professor Snape died protecting the school from Death Eaters. We weren't going to have a farewell party either way."

"You think I don't know that. It just took a lot of time for me to get that big crate of firewhisky," Eddie huffed with crossed arms. "I had to divvy it all out and didn't get a party in return."

"You can come to my house," said Quinn. He was lying beside Marcus with his feet crossed and a book floating over his head. "I will get you good and drunk—grandfather would be more than delighted to start a young man like yourself on his journey alcohol. Though I doubt you'd be getting firewhisky from him."

"Why?"

"Let's just say he has. . . taste. In turn, you will be getting a lot of hand-crafted beverages along with an evening full of responsible drinking habits."

". . . Yeah, that sounds drab. But hey, I won't say no to some expensive stuff. Send me a date and time; I'll be there."

"You say that, but I guarantee that you will be copying him by the end of the day."

Quinn tried to imagine what fun it would be to see Eddie and George together and that too drinking. He could imagine it going in so many interesting ways. Moreover, he would even get a bonus interaction between Ms. Rosey and Eddie— that could very well be more entertaining than Eddie and George.

"You don't anything to with the Prefects?" Marcus asked Quinn. "I thought the bunch of you would be doing something like a posh lunch to mark the end."

Quinn waved his hand. "Nope, not one bit interested in that. Plus, no one was in the mood for it. It didn't help that quarter of the Prefects went home directly with their parents, so we just dropped the idea of doing something as a farewell."

It wasn't just them. The entire seventh-year was bummed as their last days in Hogwarts had taken such a tragic turn. The only positive that had come out of the mess was the postponed exams— though some complained about wanting to get it over with as soon as possible.

Eddie loudly slapped his thighs as he stood. "Well boys, I will see you. . . I don't know when."

"Going to see Tracey?" asked Quinn.

"Yeah."

Quinn grabbed the book and got up as well.

"You— Daphne?"

". . . Yes."

Eddie turned to Marcus and opened his mouth just to close it. He furrowed his brow before quirking one up. "You know. . . we never talked about you, have we? You never told us if you liked someone or who you liked. . . and somehow we never hound. . . asked you about." Eddie turned to Quinn, "That's surprising, innit, mate?"

Quinn stepped beside Eddie and faced Marcus. "It is surprising indeed. Seven years together, and never did you tell us what's your type, much less who you fancy. I think it is high time your best mates know about this sort of stuff."

Both sat down in front of Marcus in unison, leaning forward over their crossed arms.

"No, no, no, don't sit," said Marcus, gesturing them to stand up. "I fancied no one, there that's the answer, happy, now off yo go— you don't want to keep the ladies waiting."

"I don't buy that crap," Eddie shot down the answer. "I don't believe you never got interested. You must have a crush or two."

"Was it someone in DA?" asked Quinn. "Was it Susan Bones? She's pretty, and you two got along."

"Now that you say that, they did get along splendidly."

"Then there were all those meetings."

"He can't be blamed for taking a fancy."

"Maybe she did as well."

"You dog! The Minister's daughter, eh, mate. Now that's ballsy!"

"Never knew you to be so ambitious, Marcus. You know there's still time.

It might be late, but you can at least communicate your feelings. You might regret it later if you keep those feelings hidden."

"Go jump her bones!"

Marcus' jaw had long slackened. "No" — he shook his head — "No" — again — "No" — and then again — "none of that. . . how did. . . from where. . . you two. . . . Out!"

"Come on, who better to tell but us," said Quinn.

"Out!"

"Look at him all shy," said Eddie.

"Sod off!"

There was a knock on the door, but before they could even turn their heads, the door slid and shuddered open. Tracey Davis stood at the door with her eyes narrowed at her boyfriend. "I have been waiting for a while, and here you are, laughing it off."

Eddie stood up and all but flew to Tracey's side. He kissed her cheek and took her hand into his. "We got busy trying to make Marcus' love life successful. Turns out that he likes Susan Bones."

"You do?!" asked Tracey, surprise replacing irritation.

"No, I don't! Don't listen to them!"

"So he says," said Quinn laughing.

Tracey's eyes turned to Quinn, and her eyes narrowed yet again. She fixed him with a glare.

Eddie noticed Tracey's change. He looked between his girlfriend and best mate and asked, "What-what? Did something happen? Something happened. What happened?"

"He cheated," said Tracey, making Quinn's heart skip a beat, "me out of money in a bet using a trick."

"So it wasn't just me. He cheated in a race against me; used some bloody magic to rush off like a horse."

"Is that so," she hummed, "sounds like him."

Quinn thinned his lips bitterly. Daphne had told Tracey as she said she would. As one would expect, Tracey wasn't happy with what she had heard and had come for Quinn with her wand in hand. The incident (fortunately unseen) was Tracey bombarding Quinn with her most offense-heavy curses, with Quinn blocking them while hearing her hurling the non-magical type curses from her mouth. After she had tired herself out, Tracey switched to yelling at him for forcing Daphne into a

horrible relationship.

When he tried to give an explanation — which was difficult as Quinn didn't have a solid explanation for the situation Lust and Greed had dropped him in — and that might have shown as Tracey had huffed and sneered and walked away mid-explanation.

"It's lovely to see you as well, Tracey," said Quinn earnestly. Tracey was one of his close friends, someone he had gotten along with from the get-go, and this was the first time they had turmoil between them.

She raised her hand and threw something at him. It glinted golden as Quinn caught it out of the air.

"Let's go," she pulled Eddie along while giving Quinn one last glaring side-eye.

Quinn looked at his palm, and there sat a golden galleon.

When the door was slid close, Marcus spoke up, "Wow, she's in a bad mood. How much did you take from her. . . it must be a lot if she's still paying it now."

Quinn could only heavily sigh in response.

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Quinn rubbed the galleon with his thumb. He glanced down at the face of the coin, peering near the circumference, where a string of words swam as if on a long stripe display showing stock prices. The fake galleon was used in DA to communicate the meeting details, and every member had retained the coins with them for communication.

He had one as well, but he didn't keep it in person.

He glanced up at the compartment he was asked to visit, communicated by the coin. He furrowed his brow and stepped back from the curtained-

off glass-windowed wooden door to take in the full picture.

There was a focus-averting charm laid on the whole front of the compartment. The charm worked the same as the "Muggle-Repellant" charm, but for magicals— it wasn't a widely used spell as it would fail if someone was actively looking for the thing that the spell had been cast on.

The spellwork in front of him, as Quinn judged, was skillful with decent power behind it. He glanced around the train corridor— there was no one present but him— and had noticed how half of the compartments in the section were empty because of the lack of students that had boarded the train today. It was a suitable place to ward off a compartment with such spell, away from the frequent pair of eyes that would pass by.

He knocked on the door but didn't enter. A second later, the curtain parted a sliver, and green eyes peered from within. The door opened, and he was pulled in by a dainty hand.

Quinn found himself in the room with two girls he was well familiar with. He peered at Daphne and Ivy as they stared back at him, making him nervous. It felt like a long time, but it was just yesterday that he had entered into a relationship with both of them.

It wasn't nearly enough time for him to gather his thoughts.

"Hello," he said. Then proceeded to scream at himself for the slight off-tone. He pretended to clear his throat and said again, "Hello," this time normally.

Both greeted him back. Ivy greeted him with a smile and a wandering eye (which he thought was because of yesterday) while Daphne greeted him as if nothing had happened.

"So, how are you two doing? Any change of thoughts since yesterday," he said jokingly.

The joke didn't hit. Quinn knew it as it was coming out of his mouth.

Daphne's eyes sharpened, threatening to turn into a glare any second.

Ivy, on the other hand, looked a bit hurt. Quinn immediately realized what had gone wrong.

"Wait-wait, I can practically see your thoughts," he said hurriedly. "I am not regretting this and have no intention of going back on what was decided yesterday." He could only blame things on Greed so much, and it was time to take responsibility.

"Then don't say things that make us think like that," said Daphne, snappily, but much less than yesterday.

Ivy nodded.

"I apologize; I wasn't thinking," he said. "But I can sense that both of you have some thoughts since yesterday."

"We have," said Ivy. "I think it would be better if we have some well-defined rules between us to ensure that this," she pointed to everyone, "doesn't collapse."

"Agreed," nodded Quinn.

"We have talked between us two what we expect from you. We will tell you those. And because it goes two ways, we want to hear what you wish from us."

That was good, Quinn thought. He could definitely work with some guidelines. He hadn't even heard their expectations, but he was already feeling good about it.

"First, and maybe the most important part rule," started Daphne. She pointed at herself and Ivy, "We aren't involved with each other. We are involved with you and you alone. As it stands now, we aren't interested in pursuing anything with the other— so don't expect us to do so or ask us to do. Ivy and I will work on our relationship— but it won't go farther

than friendship— not romantically, and definitely not. . . ."

"Sexually," supplied Ivy and followed with a very blunt. "So no threesomes if you somehow had that in mind."

Daphne nodded conservatively.

"Wouldn't think of it," Quinn agreed with them without missing a beat.

"Next rule," Daphne continued. "We are fine with spending time together," she flushed a bit, "even living together when it comes to that" — Quinn held back his surprise of Daphne talking about living together; they hadn't talked about a living situation, this being the first time— "we are willing to share some trips and outings, but there must be some single dates, and during those personal one-on-one times, there must not be ANY mention of the other.

I personally want that you don't take Ivy to places that I deem special between the two of us— for example, the small handicraft muggle market that we visited before this year."

Quinn's eyes shined in recognition. It was his first time taking Daphne to the non-magical world, and instead of overwhelming her with all the glitz and glamor, he took her to a quaint street-side handicraft bazaar.

"I want the same," said Ivy; there was a competitive light in her eyes. "So, you can't take her to the Architect's Vault." Her shoulders slumped, and she mumbled, "We don't have any place else, and you're already not returning. . . ."

Quinn was quick to rescue and promised her about building places with time. He did get a look towards Daphne, but she was as serene as night.

"Now, this is the last thing we could think," continued Daphne. "It's about what and how much to share. I am open to hearing about what you did with Ivy if you're looking to share that. I might ask you about it, or you might want to share it on your own— in either case, I will leave it up to

you how much you want to share and how much Ivy would be fine with me knowing."

"I don't want to hear anything you do with Daphne," said Ivy. "As long it is not something we three did together, I only want to listen to the bare minimum. If it is not something I must know, then please don't let me know about it."

Quinn again agreed. And not it was time for him to share his side of the expectations. "I only have one," he said. "I want an appropriate amount of alone time where I don't spend time with either of you. Daphne already knows it, but I need— demand— an amount of alone time alone, which borders just at the limit of what's permissible in a normal relationship. But that's not going to work if I'm going to spend time with both of you— so while I will be cutting down on my alone time, I still want a fair share of it.

So, I request that you respect my time alone."

His ask was taken in immediately.

They then continued to talk and agreed that a calendar was needed to mark the plans from all three sides. The discussion ended with defining what was to be shared outside— all three were in unison that (with the exception of Tracey) they weren't going to make the relationship public, with Daphne and Quinn still a normal couple in the eyes of the public.

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- ( Volume 8: Year Seven) -

- HAS ENDED -

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Quinn West - MC - Let me write that down.

Daphne Greengrass - In part of a V-relationship - Wants to move in with Quinn. . . when she graduates Hogwarts.

Ivy Potter - In part of a V-relationship - Wants to catch up with Daphne in terms of her relationship with Quinn.

Tracey Davis - A ruined friendship? - Furious well-wisher.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - I forgot about Luna. Let's just say she was hanging out with Astoria.

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330. Chapter 330: Price Of Failure

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Dobby wrapped his fingers around Voldemort's girthy. . . .

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A man appeared out of nowhere on a moonlit lane. For a second, he stood still, his eyes roaming around the area; he stowed his wand beneath his cloak and strolled down the lane bordered on the left by wild, low-growing prickly shrubs, on the right by a high, neatly manicured hedge.

The man's long cloak around his ankle as he turned right into a wide driveway that led off the lane. The high hedge curved with them, running

off into the distance beyond the pair of impressive wrought-iron gates barring the man's way. His steps didn't break: in silence, he raised his hand in a kind of salute and passed straight through, as though the dark metal were smoke.

The yew hedges muffled the sound of the man's footsteps. There was a rustle somewhere to their right: he drew his wand again, pointing it towards the source, but it proved to be nothing more than a pure-white peacock, strutting majestically along the top of the hedge.

The man thrust his wand back into his cloak, breathing out a breath as he shook his head at the presence of the peacock.

A handsome manor house grew out of the darkness at the end of the straight drive, lights glinting in the diamond-paned downstairs windows. Somewhere in the dark garden beyond the hedge, a fountain was playing. Gravel crackled beneath his feet as he sped toward the front door, which swung inward at their approach, though nobody had visibly opened it.

The hallway was large, dimly lit, and sumptuously decorated, with a magnificent carpet covering most of the stone floor. The eyes of the pale-faced portraits on the walls followed the man as he strode past. He halted at a heavy wooden door leading into the next room, hesitated for the space of a heartbeat, then turned the bronze handle.

The drawing-room was full of silent people, sitting at a long and ornate table. The room's usual furniture had been pushed carelessly up against the walls. Illumination came from a roaring fire beneath a handsome marble mantelpiece surmounted by a gilded mirror. The man lingered for a moment on the threshold.

As his eyes grew accustomed to the lack of light, he was drawn upward to the strangest feature of the scene: a person sitting near the head of the table with his arm outstretched on the table with a Dark Mark eerily

glowing in a dark sludge green— the arm trembled constantly along with the rest of the person whom the arm belonged to. None of the people seated were looking at the trembling person.

"Lock," said a high, clear voice from the head of the table. "You are very nearly late."

The speaker was seated directly in front of the fireplace so that it was difficult, at first, for the new arrivals to make out more than his silhouette. As Rivers Lock drew nearer, however, the figure's face shone through the gloom, hairless, snakelike, with slits for nostrils and gleaming red eyes whose pupils were vertical. He was so pale that he seemed to emit a pearly glow.

"Beside Dolohov," said Voldemort, pointing to a place near the middle of the table's length.

Rivers took his allotted space. Most of the eyes around the table followed him, and it was the second he took the seat that Voldemort spoke.

"So?"

"My Lord, all of our captured troops are being moved to Azkaban from St Mungos tomorrow, at nightfall."

The interest around the table sharpened palpably: Some stiffened, others fidgetted, all gazing at Rivers and Voldemort.

"Tomorrow. . . nightfall," repeated Voldemort. His red eyes fastened upon River's dead-black ones with such intensity that some of the watchers looked away, apparently fearful that they themselves would be scorched by the ferocity of the gaze. Rivers, however, looked placidly back into Voldemort's face, not daring to move it away; after a moment or two, Voldemort's lipless mouth curved into something like a smile.

"Good. And this source of information comes—"

"— from my Novellus Accionite source in Rufus Scrimgeour's camp," said Rivers.

"Bartemius," called Voldemort to the pale young man with straw-colored hair and freckles, sitting closer to Voldemort in the upper half of the long table. "You will take some our own and free the unjustly captives from the Auror entourage— I expect that you won't fail me. . ." His red eyes glanced at the platinum-blond-haired man who still trembled without stopping as the Dark Mark continued to glow.

Rivers' eyes turned from Voldemort to Bartemius "Barty" Crouch Junior.

Rivers knew the man to be Voldemort's most rabid follower— his devotion only matched if not surpassed by the crazy witch Bellatrix Lestrange. Barty had been sent to Azkaban after his untimely reveal at Hogwarts and had been busted out by Voldemort at the same time as Rivers had been. Rivers could recall the moans and grunts of Barty that went for nearly a year before finally going silent as the Dementors had feasted on the new, fresh meal.

"Yes, My Lord," Barty bowed his chair. "I will shoot the Aurors from the ground, straight into their unmarked burial grounds, and bring your servants back home."

"See that you do."

As Barty smiled deeply in delight, Rivers turned back to Voldemort. "My Lord, I have heard another piece of information, something that DMLE and even the Minister's camp buried away from reaching the papers."

Rivers waited, but Voldemort did not speak, so he went on, "The papers wrote events of the night as the Dumbledore, his band of professors, and the Aurors," from Order of Phoenix, "responding quickly to the infiltration and containing our team— with only Severus Snape being the sole casualty—"

"Get to the point, Rivers," said Voldemort with a tinge of irritation in his eyes before he went back to the trembling man. River's following words made Voldemort look back at him.

"Dumbledore, the Hogwarts Professors, or the Aurors, it was none of among them that put a stopper to our plans," he paused, "it was the Invisible Vigilante."

If there weren't any pair of eyes on Rivers before, now he had warranted the attention of the entire room.

"I met another contact— from St Mungos— they told me that the team was being treated in an isolated ward with Aurors guarding it around the clock, which is not unusual, but only a small portion of the staff knows what's happening inside that ward— all the records are sealed. My contact is one of the people who attend to them. I was told that the Death Eaters in the ward had their arms disabled with the same magic that was used on the day of the Quidditch Finals. . . ."

A discussion broke out in the room. The Invisible Vigilante being the reason for their efforts to get rid of Dumbledore, didn't fare with the Death Eaters leaders present in the room.

Voldemort held up a large white hand, and the talks subsided at once, all eyes returning to him. He stayed with his eyes staring slanting down and one boney thumb tracing a circle on the table.

"Does the Invisible Vigilante have any connection with Dumbledore and his Order of Phoenix?"

"It doesn't seem so," said Rivers. "There isn't a single indication that the Invisible Vigilante is someone from the Order of Phoenix or that he's someone from outside who works with them. His scarce and unannounced appearance makes it hard for anyone to get a trace of his identity."

"Anyone else?"

"DMLE and the Ministry also don't know about his identity," said Nott Sr in contribution. "Auror Dawlish is a part of the task force created by Amelia Bones in her last days as the Head of DMLE with the aim to find the Invisible Vigilante. The efforts to find any clue, but their efforts have turned no fruit, even with the Minister assigning additional resource in hopes of finding him."

The yellow flame of the fireplace behind Voldemort turned blue, roaring up in size and fury. The Death Eaters held their breath, not willing to attract even a fleeting moment of attention to themselves.

"My Lord," all eyes turn to Peter Pettigrew, who sat well into the upper half of the table. "If it is true, then I suggest that we don't attack the Auror transport to free the failures. Their identities are ruined, and now they can't even wield magic, making them as useless as a squib, if not less."

Rivers didn't know if Peter Pettigrew had balls of steel or he was just plain stupid. When he glanced around, he knew he wasn't the only one with those thoughts; all had their heads dipped or averted. Everyone in the room knew that Voldemort had broken out those affected during the Quidditch Finals from Azkaban. Not because they were his Death Eaters, but because Voldemort wanted to find a cure or counter-curse to the Invisible Vigilante's magic. But till this date, Voldemort hadn't made any progress with half of those people dead or as good as dead because of the experimentation.

Pettigrew continued, "I'm sure Dumbledore and the Ministry are rearing to go on a tour; if we stay away and let the transfer to Azkaban as they planned, and nudge the papers in the right direction, we would be able to derail their efforts."

While Rivers had no intention to speak his thoughts, he couldn't help but agree with Pettigrew's reasoning. There was no benefit in rescuing people who had no use.

Rivers sighed internally. He could feel the glare from Barty. It wasn't his idea to pour water over his 'big' moment.

"No. . . the rescue will still happen," said Voldemort, making some in the room think that he won't abandon them if they ever got into trouble. But then Voldemort said, "I want to see how the Invisible Vigilante's curse reacted with Greyback's Lycanthropy. I don't care what happens to the others; I want Greyback in the basement the morning of the day after."

And that made River's worst dream come true. Among the things that Rivers wanted to avoid, coming across Invisible Vigilante was the last thing he wanted to happen. He would not only lose his magic and have one or two of his limbs removed but also would be hunted by the Dark Lord with the terrible fate of turning into a lab rat (it was only time when Voldemort ran out the people to kill.)

The company around the table watched Voldemort apprehensively, each of them, by their expression, having the same thought as Rivers.

Voldemort, however, seemed to be speaking more to himself than to any of them.

"I have been careless and so have been thwarted by luck and chance, those wreckers of all but the best-laid plans. But I know better now. I understand those things that I did not understand before. I must take the matters into my own hand. There have been too many mistakes where Harry Potter is concerned. Some of them have been my own. That Potter and even Dumbledore lives is due more to my errors than to his triumphs."

At these words, seemingly in response to them, a sudden wail sounded, a

terrible, drawn-out cry of misery and pain. Many of those at the table looked to Voldemort, startled, for the sound had issued from the man who had been trembling. . . the man who owned the house they sat in. "Lucius," said Voldemort, with no change in his quiet, thoughtful tone, "first, you made the egregious error in my absence, and now your family has betrayed the cause by running away with the Dumbledore's bird club. Am I right to punish you for their wrongs, Lucius?"

"Y-Yes, m-my Lord," gasped the man who would die rather than be seen in anything less than perfect in appearance, but the same man had seemingly lost all of his dignity and polish.

"Dumbledore is alive, and that complicates the matter more than before," continued Voldemort; he watched his wand twirling in his fingers. "I thought with Dumbledore gone, I would be able to get my hands on Garrick Ollivander, but that doesn't seem to happen anytime soon. . . I still don't know why my magic doesn't work against Potter— though I do think that it is because of my wand.

For that reason, I shall need to borrow a wand from one of you."

The faces around him displayed nothing but shock; he might have announced that he wanted to borrow one of their arms. Asking a wizard to hand over their wand? From all the things one could ask for, it was one of the last things one should ask for from a wizard.

"No volunteers?" said Voldemort. "Let's see. . . Lucius, I see no reason for you to have a wand anymore."

Lucius Malfoy looked up. His skin appeared yellowish and waxy in the firelight, and his eyes were sunken and shadowed. When he spoke, his voice was hoarse.

"M-M-My Lord-d?"

"Your wand, Lucius. I require your wand."

"I-I. . . ."

"It was because of your son that Yaxley, Carrows, and the others lost their arms to the Invisible Vigilante. . . so it is only natural that the father must pay for his son's sins."

Voldemort waved his wand, and like a guillotine during the french renaissance dropping on heads, a wide silver blade dropped on Lucius' marked hand, cutting clean through the bone and the Dark Mark.

Everyone in the room averted their eyes as the scream pierced through the room.

Even Pettigrew drew in a breath and felt a phantom pain prick through his silver hand.

"There," said Voldemort, "you won't be needing your wand anymore. Now give me your wand as I asked you to do."

Malfoy, who had grabbed his hand with his other hand, painfully removed it, put his hand into his robes, withdrew a wand, and passed it along to Voldemort, who held it up in front of his red eyes, examining it closely.

"What is it?"

"E-Elm!"

"And the core?"

"Dr-rag— Har. . . ring. . . ."

"Dragon Heartstring, good," said Voldemort. He drew out his own wand and compared the lengths. Finally, he waved Lucius' wand and waved it at Lucius' stump, and a fire erupted around the wound, searing the flesh and cauterizing it shut.

"There, Lucius, a thank you for lending me your wand. Are you grateful?"

"Y-Y. . . Yes, mY LoRd!" said Lucius through tears.

"As you should be, Lucius, as you should be. . . it very well could have

been green rather than silver."

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Voldemort - Dark Lord - A kind and compassionate lord.

Rivers Lock - Death Eater - Has assumed somewhat of a Spymaster position.

Peter Pettigrew - Wormtail - Didn't get a hand buddy,

Lucius Malfoy - Death Eater - And what did that get him?

FictionOnlyReader - Author - It might be late, but that was my contribution to April 1.

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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!

Внимание! Этот перевод, возможно, ещё не готов.

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