

Інформація

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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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421. Chapter 421: High Speed

Chase

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"Voldemort can die today. I can kill him today." The words couldn't have made Harry stop any quicker. Quinn straightened himself as Harry turned to look at him. This was it, the final chance to make Harry turn back to life.

"What did you say?" Harry asked, skeptical.

"You heard me; Voldemort can die today."

A glint of heat flashed behind Harry's eyes as he took firm steps toward Quinn. "I don't know what you're trying to do," he stabbed a finger into Quinn's chest, "but if this is one of your deceptions, then this is not the time and place for those things, Quinn."

"I'm not lying," Quinn swatted Harry's finger away. "We can put an end to Voldemort today. I want to get rid of him today, bury him in the ground, or better burn the disgusting thing that he calls his body into ash and let them scatter in the sky."

"Oh, is that so? Please enlighten me on how are you planning to do that, Mr. Invisible Vigilante."

'A secret is strongest when only one knows about it,' the thought flashed in Quinn's mind. The moment it was shared, he was going to create a link that could be exploited. . . But, desperate times called for desperate measures. He had to play a risky hand to win. "I know the identity of another one of Voldemort's Horcruxes. It's his snake familiar, Nagini— it's always around him, slithering. . . if we can dispose of her, we can kill Voldemort today. And I know for a fact that the snake is in Hogsmeade,"

he had read Gerald's mind, and Nagini was with Voldemort had entered Hogsmeade.

"Okay, you got one more, so what?" Harry retorted, but Quinn could sense something in his voice, it was weak, but it was there when it wasn't there before— it was a traitorous glimmer of hope. "What about the remaining two? What are you—"

There came the time to strike the hammer. "They're already taken care of," it was short, quick, and spoken with no chance of being misconstrued.

"You— !" Harry's outburst died before it could even close his mouth after that one word.

"We just need the snake," Quinn repeated to reaffirm his point. "I can get it today, and then with Dumbledore's help, we can put an end to the biggest evil that stands in the way of peace."

"When did you—"

Quinn again cut Harry off, and maybe they were astral projections in the form of their soul, Quinn's emotion leaked without him wanting to.

"When you were uselessly wallowing in your emotions, thinking someone will come and kiss everything well— I was working hard so that I could put an end to the maniac; I was sacrificing everything good in my life so that everyone else could live a better future! That's when!"

Quinn breathed deeply and combed his fingers through his hair as he cooled down. "The point is that you can be free today if you come back to life. Without you, Voldemort will douse the flames of determination in everyone's mind who fights against him for the just cause." He glared at Harry, "I'll still kill him, even if you don't come— the only difference is that you would've wasted away a chance at a life that you always wanted. . . . What is your choice, Harry Potter?"

Harry glanced at the raw-looking thing that trembled on the side of the tunnel. The ugly creature and Harry stared at each other for a silent minute.

"I don't know what my sister sees in you."

Quinn grinned at the look in Harry's eyes.

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Quinn gasped and then coughed as dirt entered his mouth. "Argh!"— every muscle of his body spasmed, and he ended up on his knees. It hurt badly, and Quinn attributed it to his out-of-body experienced. It hurt enough that he didn't want to do it ever again. The pain, however, went away as quickly as it came, only leaving a dull ache behind.

Quinn fought through the discomfort and focused on his magic. He reached out to his artificial eye, and as he expected, it was mid-fall. . . the time flowed differently in Limbo and the real world. He exerted his control back and focused on the forest clearing.

Harry still lay facedown on the ground. Quinn could sense the slight moments in his body from where he stood and hoped Voldemort didn't notice. He needed the Dark Lord to drop his guard to make his move.

'Stay still!' prayed Quinn.

"That will do," said Voldemort's voice. It seemed that Voldemort had fallen briefly unconscious for a moment just as Harry had been hit with the Killing curse— the eradication of Horcrux might be the cause, thought Quinn. Voldemort returned to his feet: Various Death Eaters were hurrying away from him, returning to the crowd lining the clearing.

Bellatrix alone remained behind, kneeling beside Voldemort.

"My Lord, let me—"

"I do not require assistance," said Voldemort coldly, and Bellatrix withdrew a helpful hand. "The boy . . . Is he dead?"

There was complete silence in the clearing. Nobody approached Harry, but Quinn could tell their concentrated gaze; it seemed to press him harder into the ground, and he was terrified a finger or an eyelid might twitch.

"You," said Voldemort, and there was a bang and a small grunt of pain.

"Examine him. Tell me whether he is dead."

Quinn's heart soared when he saw the person chosen to check. Maybe it was fate; whatever it was, he was delighted with it.

"Lucius," Quinn sent a faint whisper through his magic, "tell him that he is dead." He was glad that he returned the memories to his spy— but only after Voldemort had thoroughly 'interrogated' Lucius. Their relationship hadn't been the most pleasant since then, but Quinn could bet that Lucius hated Voldemort more than he did him.

Lucius' hand froze at the sound of Quinn's voice, but the double-spy braced himself quickly. He touched Harry's face, pulled back an eyelid, crept beneath his shirt, down to his chest, and felt his heart.

The moment was excruciating for everyone.

"He is dead!" Lucius called out to the watchers.

'Yes!'— cheered Quinn.

And now they shouted, now they yelled in triumph and stamped their feet, and through his artificial eye, Quinn saw bursts of red and silver light shoot into the air in celebration.

"You see?" screeched Voldemort over the tumult. "Harry Potter is dead by my hand, and no man can threaten me now! Watch this! Cruc—"

This was it, the moment Quinn had been waiting for. Voldemort was elated, his guard was down, he was mid-spell, there was no better

moment than this.

'Let's do this. . .'

Boom! Crack! Creak! The ground in the clearing exploded as crevices appeared on the ground, spreading out instantly. Everyone within reach stumbled without fail— even Voldemort was shot off-balance.

And that's when Quinn appeared. The ground split, and Quinn jumped out in a dust Noir gear. He had been hiding underground because that was the only place he thought Voldemort won't check, and his guess had been correct.

There were no snarky words, no time to even think. Quinn looked at Harry, and rings made from Empyrean manifested around Harry's body— they appeared around his wrists, forearm, upper arm, neck, chest, torso, head, thighs, calves, and ankles— enough that Quinn had complete control over Harry's body.

'Go time.'

Quinn pumped as much magic as he could muster and launched a storm of air out. The trees around the clearing leaned out, and someone even got uprooted a little as Quinn launched in the air with Harry in tow behind him.

Every gust of wind that Quinn could possibly control, he commanded to fly as fast as he could because he couldn't apparate inside Hogsmeade because of the ward. He took to the sky and launched himself towards Hogwarts with every ounce of his strength.

Then he yelled so that no one could possibly miss it.

"DUMBLEDORE! OPEN UP THE WARD; I HAVE POTTER WITH ME!"

And then he sprinted over the village, heading towards the castle. Of course, he never expected the short flight from the edge of Hogsmeade to Hogwarts to be easy and without interruption.

Quinn felt a scorching heat behind him. His heart jacked up, and he immediately steered to the side just in time to miss a large jet stream of horrendous Fiendfyre flames that gashed the sky itself. He didn't have to look behind to know who it was; his ears did the job for him.

"Give me that body!"

Quinn closed his left, and the artificial eye on the back of his mask opened up as the literal eye in the back of his head. He saw the furious Voldemort flying behind him— Quinn couldn't have hated Voldemort's ability to fly more than this moment. He pumped more magic into his wind magic and immediately changed his directions, threw in a few zig-zags, and ensured that he didn't even smell the scent of the Fiendfyre flames.

"HURRY UP!"

"I will have that body and your flesh!"

Quinn froze ice bolts the size of trolls and shot them towards Voldemort. There was a little surprise inside them because the moment he was out of reach, the ice exploded, turning them into giant ice grenades that rained shrapnels of death everywhere. Voldemort swept his wand and conjured a shield that turned every ice piece into a soft vapor.

'Shit!' cursed Quinn— but then he saw Voldemort appearing from the parting white mist. 'Mist!' Quinn exclaimed.

Quinn snapped his fingers, and rings upon rings of black smoke blasted and bloomed out from him as the epicenter. In a moment, the entire village of Hogsmeade was surrounded by a black thicker than squid ink. The next moment, he was by the Hogwarts ward.

"I! Am! Here!" Quinn pounded on the ward with magic. His throat dried up when his artificial eye showed him the black smoke splitting, creating a smoke-less path with him on one end and Voldemort on the other end.

"COME ON! OPEN THE FUCK UP!"

As if everything divine answered his call as Dumbledore apparated in front on the other side of the ward; he was flying on a broom because they were above ground. The old Headmaster's blue eyes flashed, and a small portion of the golden Hogwarts ward turned red.

Quinn never loved Dumbledore more than he loved him now. He immediately flew towards the red part of the ward— Ting! Ting! Ting! — Bells rang in Quinn's mind. The snakes that he had sent out to search for Nagini had found the only living Horcrux. . . So many thoughts passed through his mind that, for the first time in so long, his mind was packed with no room for any other thought.

"Shit! Shit! SHIT!" Quinn grabbed Harry and shoved him through the ward into Dumbledore's arm. "Close the ward, but don't go anywhere; I will be right back. I have a snake to kill. . . ." He stared at Dumbledore, and for his last words, Quinn whispered, "The thing that caused his scar is gone. . . ."

Dumbledore's eyes widened as expected, but Quinn had no time to appreciate it. He turned to face Voldemort as the ward closed behind him. He opened both his eyes and graced the full menacing presence of Dark Lord Voldemort.

"Give me the boy's body," Voldemort said coldly.

"That wasn't part of the deal," said Quinn.

"I am going to kill you then."

Quinn's eyes turned purple behind his mask. "I don't have a liability with me anymore, so I don't think so."

It was time for the most dangerous fight of his life.

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Quinn West - MC - Let's have a go at it. . . bitch!

Harry Potter - Liability - WHAT THE HELL!

Voldemort - Dark Lord - How dare you defy ME?!

Albus Dumbledore - Headmaster - Is also overwhelmed.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Huh. . . I just realized the story is about to end. . .

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

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422. Chapter 422: Snake, Curse,

Dagger

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Quinn's magic flowed in his veins with the beating of his heart. His interests were blaring sirens about the danger he was in. The ward felt like a wall behind his back, and even though he was off the ground with all other directions open for him to traverse, it felt like he was backed up in the corner.

"You could've left the body as it was and still be alive by the end of the day," Voldemort looked down at him as he hovered over him, "but you had to interfere foolishly. . . now you have made this the last day of your pathetic life."

"I can say the same for you," countered Quinn. "Today, because of all of this, could be your last day on the mortal plane. . . an appropriate end to

a life that ended up being bookended with failure."

Voldemort snorted derisively, "You don't have Dumbledore to occupy me this time, pest." He looked past Quinn toward Dumbledore, who had already flown back into the castle. "I will end your life as you regret ever thinking of comparing magic with me."

Voldemort raised his wand that had just 'killed' Harry Potter. Quinn sucked in a cold breath as magic rose. It wasn't the sheer quantity that jittered; it was the speed and smoothness of response that made Quinn bring his magic to the literal tip of his fingers.

There was a bare twitch from Voldemort's wand — "Avada Kedavra!" — before the killing green ripped towards Quinn. As expected of the Dark Lord, he wasn't playing around as the travel speed of the spell made literally everyone Quinn had ever faced look like they were casting in slow motion. Quinn's response wasn't any slower as a bear head made from ice appeared in front of him and gobbled up the Killing curse.

Quinn flexed his fingers, and his magic complied in the form of rings of winds around him, grinding against each other, creating a sharp edge with every rotation. The bear head couldn't even melt into water for dozens of chakra-shaped discs to fly towards him. Every single one of them could match industrial-grade saws in terms of human shredding power— but all Voldemort had to do was wave his wand like an orchestra conductor for the winds to distort and turn into orbs of battering gales that he sent back to Quinn.

The wind orbs crashed into an array of hexagonal force fields that shook back and forth as the energy dissipated through the edges in the form of thrumming waves.

"Trivial resistance," scoffed Voldemort and slashed his wand for dark energy to materialize— it looked like the blackish-silver energy had

formed a gash in the fabric of space with the way it looked like a knife slash against a taut cloth. Arrows made from the same blackish silver shot out from the gash towards Quinn.

Quinn brought his hands together, and the various individual hexagons came together to form one large hexagon that took in beating from Voldemort's arrows. Both duelists stared at each other as the hexagonal shield turned a brighter red with every hit.

When the arrows stopped, Quinn spoke, "You can have that back" — a blazing red tractor beam screeched towards Voldemort, who crossed his wand to conjure a shield of his own, but the counter made from Voldemort's own energy was strong enough to push back Voldemort a couple feet and make him furrow his hairless brows. He tweaked his wand, and the shield stopped being pushed back and took in the red force like a mountain. When the attack was over, Voldemort de-spelled his smoking shield, but when he gazed at Quinn, he was nowhere to be seen.

"Running already?" Voldemort said, magic amplifying his voice. The ink-black smoke still covered the entirety of Hogsmeade other than the line that Voldemort had cleared. "You can only delay the inevitable this way; you might as well give up now!" He turned to look at Hogwarts for a moment. "I should end this before he comes back. . ."

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Quinn had already ducked into Hogsmeade after returning Voldemort's magic to him in another form. He had to get away from Voldemort because of the ringing in his head. The various snake scouts he had sent to find Nagini had begun to converge on the giant serpent, making the ringing louder and louder.

He needed to hurry and kill Nagini before Voldemort could find him. It

was going to be tight, but he was confident he could pull it off. He flew just above the buildings so that he wouldn't collide with something because the black smoke impaired his vision all the same. He stuck to an altitude and closed in on the location where the snakes were calling him. 'This is it,' he stopped but didn't get down to the ground. He pursed his lips and thought for a moment before raising his hand and shooting a dozen wind orbs in different directions around the village. And that started the clock—Voldemort would detect the wind magic parting smoke as they were big enough magics and head towards them, so he sent a dozen decoys to buy time. The moment the wind orbs reached where he wanted, he stuck one hand down, created another wand, and snapped his finger for the thirteen wind orbs to expand and push the black smoke away.

"Now. . . where are you?" he narrowed his eyes and began looking for the exact location in the general he knew Nagini was. Spotting a giant serpent couldn't be so hard. He gently spread his magic into the air, and as it wafted over, he gained another sense that worked as a radar. He lowered his altitude and slowly moved above the streets, trying to sense Nagini, keeping his ears peeled for a slither. That's when he heard a deep hiss and turned his body to see the snake he was looking for jumping from the edge of the video with her two fangs barred, showing the red of her mouth towards him. Quinn raised his arm, and Nagini dug her massive fangs into him.

"Not so fast." A wave of magic burst forth and whipped Nagini back. Quinn frowned; his sleeve disappeared to reveal his arm, and he looked at two pin holes in his arm. He put his hand over the holes and pulled it up for dark blood to release from the bite marks. "I'm going to feel this later," he clicked his tongue.

He dipped into his pocket and pulled out a curved dagger. Nagini, who had been blasted into a wall, collected herself and began to flee in a hurry, which surprised him because he was expecting the giant snake to come at him again. He raised his hand, and an Emperyea chain with a cuff manifested out of his palm and clamped around Nagini's neck.

"Got you," he grinned. Quinn got down to the ground and pumped magic into the chain, and Emperyea expanded to pin half of Nagini's body to the ground. He touched the flat of the dagger blade with his finger, and runes glowed on the steel. The dagger was specially made just for killing Nagini; there was a hollow part in the center of the pipe filled with Basilisk venom, and the runes would pull it out towards the surface and inject it out when he stabbed the snake.

"That's another one down," he muttered as he walked towards the snake that was a few feet away from him.

Boom!

Quinn snatched his head up and saw all the black smoke disappear at once to reveal Voldemort flying towards him at full speed.

'Shit! He's early!'

He had a choice to make. He could prepare himself for the attack that was about to come and be safe no matter what it could be— or he could kill Nagini and take a chance with Voldemort's attack, taking a risk with his safety. Many scenarios passed through his mind in a split-second until he made a firm resolution and a plan to go along with it.

He pulled the dagger into his sleeve and faced his now empty palm towards Nagini.

"Found you, pest!" announced Voldemort as he arrived flying.

Then Quinn chanted — "Avada Kedavra!" — and the green struck Nagini's head, and the giant snake Horcrux passed away without even

managing to get a last hiss or twitch. Quinn looked up at Voldemort and raised his arm, "Your snake bit me— it had it coming," he scoffed, "I hope you don't mind."

Voldemort's mouth was open in a scream of fury that could be heard across the Hogsmeade. "I WILL KILL YOU!" he raged in hatred.

"No longer pest, eh," Quinn prepared his magic. The shock of seeing his Horcrux being killed gave Quinn enough time to prepare his magic. In the last second, he decided to switch from dagger to Killing curse because he didn't want Voldemort to be suspicious of why he was stabbing Nagini instead of using a spell.

Voldemort pointed his wand at Quinn and cast a dark curse with a chant full of fury. The horrendous spell burnt the air itself as it raged towards Quinn, filling the area with a foul burning smell. Quinn pulled up a shield, and it took mere two seconds for Voldemort to break it; Quinn quickly pulled two more shields— the first one was shattered again, but the third one stopped the curse, although it crumbled the very next second.

Quinn stretched his arms wide and sent two spells into the buildings on either side. The next moment, the buildings blew up into pieces, but the dismantled material didn't fly apart hazardously; the materials slowed down as they blew out— and then every piece turned a neon maroon and then rushed towards Voldemort. Every single piece had been turned into an explosive, and the moment they got near Voldemort, they exploded in full bloom.

Quinn took the chance and immediately took to the air. He made a mad fly dash toward Hogwarts, and to his luck, he saw Dumbledore flying on his broom behind the Hogwarts ward. And bless the old Headmaster, as he opened up a part of the ward so that he could enter.

Quinn headed straight towards the red spot in the golden ward.

But then there was a loud pop, and Voldemort apparated between him and Dumbledore. The Dark Lord floated with an ominous presence pouring out of him.

Everything slowed down for Quinn as he tried to change direction. For that moment, everything seemed clear as a diamond, and it was like the world was being with one of the slow-motion cameras.

Voldemort cast a dark curse, and Quinn saw a dirty mustard yellow curse flow toward him. With his flying speed and no previous thought of pushing the breaks, he moved towards the curse as it moved towards him.

Crack!

Voldemort's spell hit him. Then came the pain. His entire body burned as if someone had thrown a tub of acid over him.

The curse, however, didn't stop Quinn's flight forward. He continued to fly towards Voldemort. Quinn had experienced regular pains during the summer when he had lost his magic, so as Voldemort's magic tormented his body, his mind remained clear. The desperation for survival kicked in, and the response appeared in his mind.

The dagger that he had slipped into his sleeve appeared back in his hand, and with all his momentum, he rammed the venomous blade into Voldemort's chest.

"Aargh!" Voldemort screamed.

Both of them collided and were sent in different directions.

Quinn had his eyes on the red spot in the gold ward and Dumbledore behind it. He grunted and pushed his magic so he could fly into safety behind the ward— the pain spiked, and he faltered. But then, a rope around his waist, and he was pulled into Hogwarts.

He blacked out but then woke up immediately when he hit the ground.

The shock overrode the pain, and Quinn saw Voldemort on the ground outside the ward and yelled, "How do you like that?! You snake fuck!" He then coughed up blood.

"Quinn. . . ."

Quinn instinctively turned towards his name being called and saw Dumbledore, along with the other Hogwarts professors standing behind him. Quinn was about to reply with— "What?" — when he realized Dumbledore had called him.

"Dumbledore! How dare you?!" he yelled furiously.

Dumbledore looked unapologetic; instead, there was a look of worry on his face.

"Quinn—"

"Shut up!"

"— your mask. . . ."

Quinn froze up. His heart began to beat harder and harder. He reached up to his face, and what he felt was not the hard mask he was expecting; instead, his fingers felt the supple texture of the skin.

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Quinn West - MC - UNMASKED

Voldemort - Dark Lord - Status: Unknown— though, furious as hell.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Now that was a happening chapter.

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423. Chapter 423: Injuries

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The moment he felt the texture of his skin instead of a hard mask, Quinn's eyes wide in astonishment went to the Hogwarts professors who had come out along with Dumbledore. The entire faculty core hadn't come outside— obviously, they had left some with the students.

But that was good, thought Quinn— less number of people who needed to be subjected to Obliviation. He raised his hands towards them, but then Dumbledore stepped between him and the professors.

"Get out of the way," said Quinn, his voice hoarse.

"I can not allow you to do that, Quinn," said Dumbledore.

"I don't need your permission!"

"You are hurt, Quinn, you are not thinking correctly. . . I know you feel distressed now, but we should take care of those injuries first,"

Dumbledore raised his empty hand; at the same time, he had his wand ready in his other. "It's a dark curse; if we don't treat it immediately, it will cause long-term, or worse, permanent damage."

Quinn gritted his teeth, and his breathing flared in anger for a moment before he put his hand down. He looked down at his left shoulder and saw that the Noir suit over his shoulder and chest had disintegrated away, and the skin underneath had already turned an ugly blue; he scowled when he saw the slight wrinkling in a spot, and even though Quinn didn't know the nature of the spell, he could guess that it was eating away his body.

He spat in anger. Dumbledore was correct; he needed to treat the injury

before it became a problem he couldn't get rid of easily. But as he was about to cooperate, everyone jolted at the deep voice from outside the ward.

"Who could've imagined"— Quinn turned as his body pained and saw Voldemort getting up from the ground on his knees— "that the Invisible Vigilante would be you. . . ." Voldemort straightened his back, and if not for the scowl that marred his face and the dagger sticking out of his chest, no one could tell that he had just been stabbed. "Quinn West, grandson of George West. . . scion of high society getting his hands dirty as an outlaw. . . how unexpected," there was no mirth in Voldemort's voice, only a deadly cold.

The Dark Lord reached to his chest and yanked out the protruding dagger with a grunt. The blade on the dagger was thicker than the norm as it was intended for penetrating scales much sturdier than human skin, not to mention that it was accompanied by Basilisk venom. So it was mind-boggling seeing him not trembling on his feet, coughing up blood, or at least foaming out of his mouth.

Voldemort raised the dagger and waved his wand over it for the blade; it glowed blue. "What is this?" he had seen the Basilisk venom being pushed out of the micro pores in the metal. ". . . Is it some sort of poison? Against me?" he chuckled, but then his eyes turned serious as he raised the blade closer to his eyes. "Basilisk. . . Basilisk venom? You, how did you get—"

"From the Chamber of Secrets," Quinn spat out the blood in his mouth. "I took it off the corpse of your pet snake. How did you like the irony?"

Voldemort seemed surprised, but that only surfaced on his face; his words told another story. "If it was another person, they would have already sealed their fate, but as you said. . . my pet snake." He sneered, "This body of my mine is immune to poisons. . . and that includes Basilisk

venom."

"Lie!" yelled Quinn. "I can see it on your face; you're sweating fountains. You might be immune to poisons, but no one just becomes immune to Basilisk venom. It isn't even a traditional ven— Avada Kedavra!" Quinn, mid-sentence, raised his hand and hurled a Killing curse toward Voldemort.

A silver shield burst forth in front of Voldemort and absorbed the Killing curse. "Invisible Vigilante being impatient doesn't seem fit with your image. . . however, now that I know you're but a child, it doesn't seem as out of the picture."

Quinn was furious. Having used anger to provide him the last boost through the pain so he could stab Voldemort was now running rampant inside his body as boiling rage. The balance of emotions had been breached.

He turned to Dumbledore, "What are you doing— AaAAarghh!" A flash of pain burst forth in the area he had been hit and infected by Voldemort's dark curse. He fell to his knees, keeling over on the ground, hissing and groaning in agony.

"Quinn!" Dumbledore knelt beside him.

"The more you use magic," said Voldemort viciously, "the more the curse will eat away at you. Harry Potter is dead, Invisible Vigilante will soon be dead, now it's your time Dumbledore. The moment I break this ward, I will end you. Soon, it is time for you to go on the next great adventure."

Voldemort smiled evilly before he apparated away.

Before Dumbledore could do anything, Quinn grabbed his wrist with surprising strength. There was anger crackling in his eyes. "Kill him right now! I have all of the remaining! We can finish him today! Kill him!" No matter what Voldemort said, Quinn didn't buy his claim of being

Basilisk venom. The legendary serpent was not an ordinary snake; the venom was as special as the eyes. Voldemort was a weak point, and with Dumbledore wielding the Elder wand, it was possible that Voldemort could be killed without greater complications.

"I will get rid of the remaining ones. . . while you duel him. . . and when you finally kill him. . . he'll be dead for good," Quinn spoke between labored breaths. "Come on. . . this is. . . a great. . . chance."

First, Dumbledore's eyes widened; Quinn felt hope and satisfaction as he knew he had tempted the man enough to take action on the information he had just dropped. But then, Dumbledore shook his head.

"No!" Quinn pushed the words out of his mouth, "Please, go. . ."

"We need to treat you. It is already looking bad," said Dumbledore studied the wound, and the flesh seemed to have gotten much worse. "It's still on the outside; we can't let it reach your heart or even lungs."

"I will be fine. . . Go!"

"I can't take the risk—"

The anger made Quinn's speech clear up as he smoldered, "You were willing to sacrifice Harry. What happened to— For the Greater Good, huh?!" Another flash of piercing pain assaulted Quinn's body.

"That was because I thought I had no choice regarding Harry,"

Dumbledore said solemnly as he conjured a stretcher beside him.

"Moreover, you, Quinn, are too much to be sacrificed. A brilliant young man like yourself is not something I'm willing to exchange against Voldemort's death."

Quinn wanted to speak, but couldn't get a word out; every single one of his muscles felt like they had been pulled taut. In the moment, he even forgot what he would say or yell in response. So he lay there glaring at Dumbledore as he was put on the stretcher and carried away.

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Voldemort apparated inside the Hogsmeade town hall, Death Eater's base of operation. He staggered to the room that he had taken over as his own and slumped down on his chair. He scowled in disgust when he felt his robe stick to his skin when he sat down. He grabbed it, threw it away, and observed the stab wound in his chest— the blade had missed his heart.

He tightened his grip on his wand; it was slipping from his cold and clammy hand. He touched the wandpoint near the wound and chanted under his breath for the wound to glow in a sparkling blue color like a crack leaking light in a dark room. "Argh!" he groaned as the wound wriggled, dark blood poured out, and then discolored shreds of flesh floated out.

Even though he had claimed it, the truth was, as Quinn West had said, he wasn't immune to Basilisk venom. He had never experimented on Basilisk venom immunity— he never thought that he, a Parseltongue, the Heir of Slytherin, would ever need to be worried about being poisoned with snake venom. The only reason he wasn't on his way to death right now was that his body was a superior product of magic and rituals— he could simply make modifications to his body and get rid of the venom; similarly, he could even completely recover from dark curses.

The door flung open with a loud, anxious voice full of desperation. "My Lord!" cried Bellatrix as she rushed towards him.

"Stay away, Bellatrix," he ordered, not hiding the annoyance in his voice.

"Keep quiet and don't breath loudly." He glanced at ex-Unspeakable, who stood near the door, studying him with a critical eye. "Rookwood. . . I

need your help in healing. You can approach."

Rookwood walked near him and conjured a chair to sit on. After a few diagnostic spells, Rookwood spoke, "We should retreat for today, My Lord. Harry Potter is already dead; we can call this operation a success—"

"We are not returning!"

"Your injuries are worrying."

"It seems you didn't hear me correctly, Rookwood," he glared at Rookwood. "I didn't say that I need you to heal me; I said I need your help. I will heal myself, and you will be simple support. When I'm done, I'm going to go break the ward and kill Dumbledore! Now, I do as I say."

"Yes, My Lord," said Rookwood, bowing his head.

They were about to start when he heard rushed footsteps coming towards the room. The next second, Dolohov appeared at the door with his usual stern expression on his face, but Voldemort could see the tension in his eyes.

"What is it?" he asked.

"My Lord, one of the scouts, sent in a report," said Dolohov in his deep voice. "Aurors have somehow infiltrated our ward."

"WHAT?!" screeched Bellatrix. "How dare they?! I will cut them down!"

"Be quiet, Bellatrix," Voldemort could feel a headache coming up. Aurors infiltrating was a problem. If he was not injured, he could've handled them without a problem with Death Eaters, but he couldn't delay the healing— Basilisk venom wasn't something that even he couldn't ignore.

"How did they get in?" he asked.

"We weren't able to identify that," said Dolohov. "The scout spotted them sneaking around a corridor in the east part of the village. Near Zonkos, I believe."

The ward stood strong, and if it breached, he would know, thought

Voldemort. Which meant that they came another way. 'But where?' As Voldemort formulated alternatives, a jolt of pain broke his immersion, and he cursed the Invisible Vigilante—

"Invisible Vigilante," he uttered. How did he get in? The most logical answer appeared in his mind the next moment. "Labyrinth. . . he must've informed them of a door that he must've left," he gritted his teeth. Damn Wests! They were being a thorn in his side.

Voldemort conjured a fresh set of robes over his body, and he already could feel it getting drenched. He suppressed a groan as he got up.

"We can take care of them. You should stay put, My Lord," said Rookwood, standing up as well.

"I'm bringing down the ward," said Voldemort, and that was enough for all three Death Eaters in the room to understand what he meant. "Ready everyone; tell them to prepare themselves. Bellatrix, follow me out."

He staggered outside the town hall and stared up at the ward he had set up. He raised his wand up and, with a grunt, shot a single shot of magic up in the sky. The silver spell left behind a shimmering trail as it climbed itself towards the sky, and when it reached the ward boundary, the spell got absorbed into it, and then slowly, the ward began to shrink. The boundary over Hogsmeade turned translucent and rapidly shrunk until the ward was only covering the Hogwarts territory. Dumbledore would start emptying the damn castle out if he left Hogwarts unchecked.

"Arm," he ordered.

Bellatrix rolled up her sleeve and presented her arm marked with the Dark Mark to him. He grabbed it and pressed his wand over the tattoo. She hissed, but he kept pushing magic in. Dark clouds began to gather in the sky, with thunder crackling across the valley.

He felt the spatial fabric wrinkle and ripple until everything scrunched up

before stretched out to taut and then went back to normal.

"Let's see how the Aurors feel now," he said as he stared at the Giants looming over the buildings. He smiled through the pain when he heard the howls echo around the village and could sense the bloodsuckers duck in and out of shadows.

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Quinn West - MC - Anger running rampant.

Voldemort - Dark Lord - Venom!

FictionOnlyReader - Author - If it was someone else, they would've done as Rookwood suggested. But I feel like Voldemort would push forward; that's why I didn't make him retreat. The other scenario was Quinn provoking Voldemort by telling him that Harry was still alive so that he wouldn't leave, but I decided against it.

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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!

424. Chapter 424: Untitled

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 can't believe it!" Harry flinched when he felt the cold balm touch his chest and hissed when Poppy Pomfrey rubbed it over the bruise. "There isn't a remedy for bruises caused by Killing curses," said the Matron in an utterly done tone as her expert hands applied the balm, it still hurt

nevertheless. "Do you know why? Because people don't require bruise balms after they're hit with it. They usually end up dead and don't have to worry about it!"

The snarky tone of Poppy's voice made Harry flinch more than the bruise.

"How did He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named even get you out of the castle?"

she asked. Harry had been brought into the hospital wing just a few moments before by Dumbledore, who had told her Harry's condition before bolting out. Many professors knew he was missing from the castle, but they didn't know how he had been taken out. And he hadn't opened his mouth yet.

He turned and saw Lily and Ivy sitting beside his bedside; both of them looked tired, worried, and yet relieved. "Harry, if you're feeling anything wrong, please tell Madam Pomfrey; don't hold anything back; even the smallest of problems can worsen into terrible issues later," said Lily with a heavy worry in her voice.

"I'm fine—" he cleared his throat when his voice cracked "— I'm fine, mum. Except for the bruise, I don't feel anything wrong with me. . . Can I get a mirror," he asked.

Lily looked confused but conjured a hand mirror for him anyway. Harry pushed his fringes up and stared at the scar that had always been with him since the fateful day. "It. . . It's less red than usual," he uttered.

"It is?" said Lily.

Harry nodded. No one knew his scar better than he did. He looked at it every day in the mirror while setting his hair so that he could hide it and checked on it a couple times every day to make sure that people would have one less reason to stare at him.

"It's gone, mum, it's gone," he looked at Lily and could feel his eyes blur, "it's really gone," he said before his throat caught up again. "He hit me

with a Killing curse, and instead of me, he killed it. He killed it by his own hands." Before he knew it, he was sobbing in Lily's arms, hearing her whispering in his ears as she rocked him back and forth gently.

"How did Voldemort get you out of Hogwarts?" asked Lily.

Harry gathered his thoughts as he rubbed his eyes. Even though he had just gone through it, and every moment was burned in his mind, he needed a few moments to put everything into words. But before Harry could even start, Ivy said, "He took you out, didn't he? He came in, took you out, and gave you to him," Harry could sense a wave of anger simmering just under the surface, and he knew nothing was going to stop it except a barefaced lie. Which wasn't going to stand when Dumbledore returned.

He could only nod.

"Bastard!" she yelled, and everything around them rattled. Madam Pomfrey's healer bag even floated for a moment before falling back on the bed, tipping over for the vials to drop on the floor.

"Ivy!" Lily was shocked at the sudden outburst of accidental magic.

"I knew it, I knew it, I shouldn't have trusted him," she said furiously, but there were already tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Ivy, it's okay," Harry couldn't believe he was speaking for him. "It was the only way Voldemort could be made vulnerable. He has the rest of the Horcruxes; we just need to destroy them, and then Dumbledore can kill Voldemort."

"Ivy, Harry, what are you talking about?" asked Lily, frowning.

Harry stared at Ivy, trying to see if she would tell her. But she didn't even look up at him, staring down at her feet with her hair acting as a veil.

"Invisible Vigilante was the one who brought me back to the castle," that much was evident from the way he asked for Dumbledore— just like

Voldemort had transmitted his voice, "but he was also the one who took me out to Voldemort."

Harry couldn't feel what Lily was feeling just by looking at the expression on her face.

"And?" she looked towards Ivy. What he said didn't warrant Ivy's reaction.

". . . Invisible Vigilante's real identity—"

"Poppy!"

Dumbledore's voice filed the hospital wing. Harry and others couldn't see Dumbledore because of the curtains, but they heard the flurry of footsteps until he appeared in their view. Everything was chaos. Harry saw Dumbledore wave his hand, and the curtains beside their bed were pulled aside, and a stretcher floated behind— he saw a flash of black before Poppy and Dumbledore had unloaded the stretcher on the bed. It was then that he was able to get a good look. Poppy and Dumbledore stood in his sight, but he could see between them a body dressed in black.

"Harry!" called Lily when Harry got up from his bed.

He walked to the bed beside him, stood in front of him, and stared with wide eyes at Quinn lying on his bed, his eyes closed, with a hole in his clothes over his shoulder and chest where the skin looked like it was about to fall off. Quinn's chest heaved erratically, his face was twisted in agony, he was kicking his feet, and his fists were clutching the sheets.

"Dumbledore, what is this?" asked Poppy as she waved her wand over the wound. "Why is Quinn like this?! What happened to him?!" Her movements while professional; her expressions were terribly painted in worry as she looked over Quinn.

"Voldemort hit him with a dark curse. I need you to keep him stable

while I brew him an alchemic potion. This is serious, Poppy, you can't let his condition worsen, or we might lose him."

"Why is dressed like—"

"Not now," said Dumbledore in a firm voice, "keep him stable." He walked away and gave Harry a brief look as he passed him by; Dumbledore's eyes trailed towards his scar all the while he was looking at him.

Harry followed Dumbledore with his but froze when he saw Ivy standing right beside him. She was staring at Quinn with unblinking, wide eyes.

"Ivy," he reached out to her shoulder and was jolted when he felt her shaking. He called her again, but she didn't respond and continued to tremble. Then she suddenly pushed his hand aside and abruptly walked deep into the hospital wing. Harry continued to call out to her and followed her, but she didn't even turn. "Ivy, what—!" He entered Madam Pomfrey's office, where Ivy had walked, and found her sitting alone, shrinking into herself.

"It's too much," she barely whispered with her head in her palms. "Why. . . Why is this happening? I thought I lost you. . . now I'm about to lose him."

"You're not going to lose him. Dumbledore said he's brewing a potion. Quinn's going to be fine."

A loud scream filled with pain sounded out outside. It was Quinn. Harry cursed the timing; it was the worst possible moment for him to scream.

Ivy began to mutter 'No's repeatedly. "I-I haven't s-seen him like this ever."

Harry felt his stomach drop. She was spiraling, and he didn't know what to do. But he had to do something; he had to say something. "Ivy—"

"Quinn, what are you doing?!" Poppy's voice rang outside.

Ivy immediately got up and rushed outside, with Harry following after.

Outside they saw Quinn on his feet; he had walked to the middle of the room. Lily and Poppy stood in front of him, trying to stop him, but he continued to take slow steps forward, and maybe because he was injured, neither Poppy nor Lily were physically moving him back to bed.

"L-Let. . . me. . . go," said Quinn, his words barely making it out of his mouth.

"Are you mad?!" yelled Poppy. "Get back on that bed! You're in condition to be standing!"

"m. . . fine."

"No, you're not!"

Quinn took another step forward, but it looked like his legs gave out because he was suddenly leaning to the side. Harry saw a rush of red flash past, and the next second, Ivy was standing beside Quinn, supporting him before he could fall. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

"Ivy," said Quinn, his voice now cracking.

". . . What are you doing," said Ivy; she wasn't looking at him. "You're causing everyone trouble."

"Sorry," he uttered, "I need. . . your 'elp."

". . . What do you need?"

"Ivy!" exclaimed Poppy in deep disapproval, but she was ignored.

"I. . . need you. . . to put. . . me in. . . Great Lake," said Quinn.

There was silence in the hospital wing. All the commotion which was creating the noise suddenly died with Quinn's words. Ivy, who had looked resolute about helping Quinn, looked confused and doubtful. "Put you in the Great Lake?" she repeated to confirm.

Quinn nodded.

"Why?"

"I need. . . water. Put. . . me. . . in water."

"Why?"

Quinn frowned and stared at Ivy, but she remained unperturbed. "Water will. . . heal me," he said.

"I can heal you," Poppy interjected; the Matron looked angrier whenever anyone spoke. "I think the curse is affecting his thinking; let's get him back to the bed."

". . . Ivy, please," said Quinn.

Ivy studied Quinn for a moment, ignoring Lily and Poppy, who were trying to persuade her to lead Quinn to the bed. "I'll do it," she said firmly. "How do you want me to take you?"

"Stretcher." Ivy conjured a stretcher beside Quinn and gently laid him down on the stretcher.

"I can't let you pass," said Poppy, pointing her wand; even Lily brandished her wand, her eyes studied both Ivy and Quinn.

"Madam. . . Pomfrey," said Quinn, his body twitched and ticked as he spoke. "I. . . won'. . . die. I. . . promise. Tea time. . . next week?"

Poppy looked conflicted. She didn't lower her wand and frowned as a storm of emotions passed through her face. Quinn continued to look at her, and it was clear he was struggling to keep his face free from pain. She lowered her wand and just looked away. Quinn turned his gaze to Lily but then lowered it, looking away.

"Mum," said Ivy, "if we don't hurt, his condition will continue to worsen."

"I can't—"

Harry cut Lily off by saying, "Let them go, mum. He knows what he is doing. He'll be fine."

Ivy levitated the stretcher and passed Lily by as the mother watched with conflicting emotions on her face. She turned to Harry and demanded, "You need to explain. . . everything. . . now."

Harry sighed. All he wanted to do now was to go sleep, but he knew that wasn't going to happen.

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Ivy and Quinn arrived on the bank of the Great Lake. Even with everything going on, the Lake and the water in it were serene, painting the sky on its surface.

"What now? Do you want me to put it in the water?" asked Ivy.

Quinn weakly raised his hand and patted his chest. The fabric on the Noir suit shrunk, and in a couple seconds, the black suit had turned into a triangular patch on Quinn's chest, leaving him in his underwear.

"Just. . . in case. . . give. . . it to. . . Dumbledore," he said. "Horcrux. . . inside."

"What-What do you mean just in case?!" Ivy, who had knelt down, stood up and eyed the Lake critically.

The stretcher suddenly moved on its own without Ivy's prompting and descended into the water.

"I'll be. . . back," said Quinn with half-lidded eyes. "'m. . . sorry, for. . . Harry." He went into the water right after the sentence ended.

Ivy continued to watch the water and when it calmed down, she muttered,

"Coward."

If Quinn could listen, he would've wholeheartedly agreed.

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Quinn West - MC - In the worst condition of his life.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Soon, it all ends.

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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!

425. Chapter 425: Vault Healing

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 sunk into the waters of the Great Lake, and what would always be a peaceful experience of comfort and familiarity was today one of discomfort and pain.

A raging frown marred his face as he worked his magic to create an air pocket around him to keep water out. He grunted bubbles as a throbbing pain clutched his body as Voldemort's dark curse reacted to his body and plunged every nerve in him into excruciating agony. For someone like Quinn, the curse was a nightmare— pain every time he used magic brought back some nasty memories from the post-Sin curse aftermath.

The water parted around him until the area below his chin and above his waist was void of contact with water. He couldn't let water touch the injury was worsening every minute, and because of the condition of his body, he couldn't transfigure due to the complications that would come with it. He made his way down towards the lakebed with pain spiking all over his body with his wound burning hot.

As he sank downwards, Quinn heard a sound that he heard a dulled sound move towards him. He opened his eyes to see a giant tentacle pass over him that blocked all light from reaching him. His long-time friend

had come to greet him.

'If only you were a land-based animal,' he thought— he would have. . .

Released the Kraken.

The Kraken tentacle moved, and the thick tip that had smashed into him countless times. 'Shit!' Immediately, he pushed his magic out into the water, and it took a lot of it— thus a lot of pain— to send a message through the water. In the years he had fought against the Kraken, he had found a way to communicate with the Kraken by using bursts of water waves to convey simple messages. It had taken trial and error along with repetition, but he was able to teach the Kraken.

It was as he suspected, a split second before he sent the message, the tentacle came rushing down at him, full attack mode, and only stopped a few feet away from him when the Kraken registered his message.

He sent more messages out to the Kraken with greater difficulty due to the limited vocabulary and the constant searing pain. The tentacle floated above him, and Quinn felt the Kraken's entire move in the water, presumably near him— it was observing him; after a moment, the tentacle moved away from his sight. Then continued the slow dive to the lakebed, and soon he was near the entrance to the Aquatic Vault with the Kraken now way near the tunnel as it usually was.

He let himself fall through the tunnel and pulled himself up from the other side with great difficulty. The Aquatic Vault was the same as it was the last time he had been here, but right now, he had no time to indulge in nostalgia and headed towards the entry to the first room, Poseidon's Wrath. The safety teleportation water bubble came out of the entrance and sponged into his arm, leaving behind a tattoo that would teleport him back to outside the trail rooms.

And then began the most difficult part of the day. He had to go through

terrible trials and knew that every single one of them was going to hurt.

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Ivy stared at the lake's still surface as she had been doing for the past who knows how much time. Every time there was a ripple, she jumped to her feet, thinking it was Quinn. It had happened so many times that she would not jump anymore, but the anxiety never vanished, and even now, she felt herself at the edge. She didn't know how much time had passed, but with each passing moment, her anxiety grew.

'I should have never let him go into the lake,' she thought with regret.

Poppy was a medi-healer and would, of course, know better— she should've listened to her.

Ivy closed her eyes and rested her head on her bent knees. She was alone at a time when she would rather not be without company because the silence and nothing to distract herself gave her mind time to think about how the day had been. Ever since she had been woken up early in the morning to be told that Voldemort was planning a siege on Hogwarts to the horrifying realization that her brother wasn't in the castle to see her boyfriend being tormented by a dark curse— reflecting back on such a day was the last thing she wanted to do now.

She had to experience people who she had known since she was eleven gather in the Great Hall and demand that she and her family be sent to their doom; even though most of them weren't her friends, it still hurt how you could spend seven amicable years attending the same classes, eating on the same tables, and spending their days in the same building meant nothing when life took a difficult turn. It hurt seeing her twin, the one person who had been with her and understood her the most, being at

the lowest she had seen him; seeing Harry resigned to whatever decision others made broke her heart— and it hurt worse when she who could get across him no matter what couldn't make him feel better.

She felt dirty when she had to ask Quinn the Horcrux's location. Yes, it was a logical course of action; the situation was dangerous, and if Quinn died, the Horcrux would be lost until it could be found again; a weakness of Voldemort wasn't something they could bear to lose. She was in the right to ask for it. . . but that didn't make it any easier— it was accepting the possibility that he could die, something that churned her stomach every time she thought off. . . . And now she had it, thought Ivy, as she clutched the triangular white patch in her hand.

Then there was the anger and helplessness that made her entire restless. She felt helpless and useless that there was nothing she could do to help or even alleviate the situation even a little. She felt angry that Quinn was the one who had taken Harry to Voldemort. She felt betrayed. She didn't want to forgive him, not this time— but at the same time, a part of herself felt that she should forgive him because now Harry was free from Voldemort's Horcrux— it was like two sides were fighting in her mind, she didn't want to feel this way, it felt terrible.

Ivy was brought out of her thoughts by the sound of rushed footsteps.

She raised her head and turned back to see Daphne half-running towards her with a panicked expression on her face.

"Where is he?" asked Daphne before she even stopped.

Ivy let Daphne catch her breath before answering, "Inside the lake."

"What is he doing in there? I heard that he was hit by a dark curse,"

Daphne stepped closer to the edge of the lake.

"He said that he can heal inside water. . . I think he went into the vault."

"The one guarded by the giant squid?"

"The Kraken. . . but yes, that one."

Quinn had told them about the Cursed Vaults he had explored when he was in Hogwarts. Ivy herself had seen the Architect's Vault. The reason she had agreed to take him to the Great Lake was that she knew there was another Vault underwater and thought there was something in there that would help heal him.

"How was he?" asked Daphne.

Seeing Daphne so tense and uneasy made Ivy feel good. There was someone besides herself who was feeling as bad himself and that she knew what Daphne desperately sought. A terrible thought, but it didn't feel like it.

"He wasn't in good shape," she said. "The curse was eating him from the inside and out. It worsens when he uses his magic. He could barely speak when Dumbledore brought him to the hospital wing. Dumbledore is brewing a potion for him."

"Will that cure the dark curse?" asked Daphne with hope.

Ivy shook her head, "I don't know. . . he didn't say if it would cure him or simply help a little. He asked me to bring him here, so I did," she clenched and uprooted a fistful forcefully just to relieve some tension.

"How did you know where to find us?"

"A house-elf told Luna. He knew both Quinn and Luna, so when he saw the injured Quinn, he came to tell Luna. . . I asked about Quinn, and the house-elf told him that you had brought him here," said Daphne sighing.

Ivy hummed. Except for Quinn's magic-fueled call for Dumbledore, things had been kept under tight wrap by Dumbledore. So the explanation made sense. She was about to ask Daphne if she had talked to Quinn after they had told him about the situation so that she could take Daphne's mind off of things, but then a thought passed her mind that scrapped the plans to

comfort Daphne.

She looked up at her blonde rival and asked in a quiet voice, "Did. . . did you help Quinn get into Hogwarts?" Ivy kept her voice as usual as she could.

"Yes," said Daphne distractedly, her eyes focused on the lake.

"How?"

Daphne told her about the route between the Room of Requirements and Hog's Head Inn in Hogsmeade. Then Ivy asked the question that she actually wanted to ask. "Did he tell you why he wanted to get into Hogwarts?"

"No, he didn't. I presume he met with Dumbledore."

Ivy narrowed her eyes. She said, "He gave Harry to Voldemort."

Daphne finally looked away from the lake and fixed her eyes on Ivy, giving her full attention. She didn't say anything, and Ivy frowned at the stone-faced expression that had appeared on Daphne's face after she had been distracted from her worries— why did her resting face have to be so hard to read, thought Ivy.

"If you're implying I allowed Quinn entry into the castle knowing that he was going after your brother, then you'd be wrong. As I said, I had no inkling of what he was planning; I merely assumed that he wanted to meet with Dumbledore," said Daphne.

"You didn't seem surprised when I told you he took Harry."

"I had made my assumptions when I heard the commotion outside. . . .

How is Harry?" she asked in the end.

"He's fine," said Ivy. It was awkward that she couldn't explain the complete situation because Daphne wasn't privy to the knowledge of the prophecy and Horcruxes. "He had a reason behind taking Harry out."

"I know," said Daphne, her gaze back to the lake.

Ivy wanted to ask how did she know, but one look at Daphne, and it told Ivy that Daphne simply trusted Quinn enough to see that he must have a reason. Ivy felt an envy bubble up inside her.

There was a pop, akin to apparition, that startled both girls. Their hands immediately went to their wands that they whipped towards the source.

Had Voldemort breached Hogwarts ward, and the Death Eaters were able to apparate inside Hogwarts.

"At ease, you two," said Dumbledore.

It wasn't the case.

"Where is Quinn? I heard from Poppy that he demanded to be brought here," he asked.

"Inside the lake," said Ivy. "It has been a while."

"I see," Dumbledore took out a couple of vials with vibrant potions inside.

"I have brewed some potions that will help him."

"Thank you," said Daphne.

"Did he say when he might be returning?" asked Dumbledore.

Ivy shook her head. But then she remembered. "Here, Quinn gave this to me. . . it has the Horcrux," she handed the white patch to Dumbledore.

She didn't care if Daphne found out.

But before she could pass it to him, the Great Lake exploded.

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Quinn West - MC - Get's get fixed.

Ivy Potter - Conflicted - Helpless

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Initially, I was going to make Quinn use

Blood magic to suck some blood out of Daphne to heal himself— getting

inspired by the vampire. But the story flow restricted from me to use

that. . . sadge.

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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!

426. Chapter 426: Plan of Action

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Link in the Bio/Profile

The lake exploded, and the water burst upwards like a thermal geyser, spraying water everywhere. Dumbledore swept his hand to create a barrier that stopped the errant water from soaking him, Daphne, and Ivy. The spraying mist settled, and a white mist lingered over the lake that quickly thinned and showed the figure of Quinn walking on water's surface. He wore no clothes other than his underwear as he stepped onto land and raised his hands towards Ivy.

"Clothes, please," he said.

Ivy, who was about to hand the Noir patch to Dumbledore, silently handed the white triangle back to Quinn.

"Your wound," said Dumbledore, eyeing the exposed red gash that looked like the shallow crater blown away from an explosion and the grey and purple skin surrounding it that extended all over his left chest and front shoulder. "It looks better than before," he glanced at the Great Lake.

"It only looks better," Quinn had a very faint furrow between his brows. "I can still feel the magic corrupting and corroding my body." Even after spending three-quarters of an hour inside the Aquatic Vault's last room hadn't gotten rid of the effects of the dark curse. "I have only revered the

damage a bit, but the curse is still firmly there. My body will continue to suffer the more I use magic," he spat.

"I believe I can help with that," Dumbledore raised the vials. "Drink these two. . . and apply this one on the wound, cover it up."

Quinn didn't even ask what the potions were or what was in them; he consumed and applied them as Dumbledore instructed. It wasn't the time to discuss(or argue) medicine with Dumbledore. As he was healing, so was Voldemort; the more they waited, the more time they were giving for him to recover.

"I can feel it working," noted Quinn as he felt a warmth spread through his body while the searing hot wound cooled down.

"The faster a dark curse ailment is treated, the better chance it will recover without complications. Whatever you did in the lake seems to have pushed the curse's effects back— it has made it like you were treated the very moment you got hit by the curse," said Dumbledore.

"What I gave you won't cure you completely; that will take a long course of treatment to get rid of the dark magic seated in your body. . . but it will do for now."

"We will worry about that later," Quinn fused the end of the bandage he put on himself into the rest of it. He gently placed the Noir patch in the middle of his chest, and it sprung into the combative gear mode. The hole where he had been hit was still there, but Quinn tapped the triangle again for the corrupted and damaged to fall off before Noir used extra fabric charmed into it to fix itself. "Right now, we need to strike Voldemort while he still has the Basilisk venom in his body. I don't know the exact physiology of his body, but seeing how much he loves snakes, I'm sure he will eventually recover from the venom. Now is the time; we should kill him while he is at his weakest."

Quinn glared at Dumbledore, daring him to say otherwise.

". . . You seem angry," said Dumbledore.

"I am," said Quinn directly. "I almost died. I am absolutely livid."

Moreover, because he drew power from anger, the emotion was still bubbling inside him even after he had taken the time to cook himself.

Because of it, he could feel and hear a heavy heartbeat thumping in his chest. He needed the power he was feeling right now. "I have a plan. I want you to occupy Voldemort while I weak—"

"Unfortunately, we have another problem at hand," said Dumbledore.

Quinn scowled, "What possibly could be more problematic than Voldemort?"

"The Death Eaters," said Dumbledore, confusing Quinn. "Aurors have infiltrated Hogsmeade," Quinn knew that because he was the one to give them passage, "Voldemort must have found out because he withdrew the ward over the village and then summoned his allies."

"Allies, who?"

"I could clearly see Giants and Trolls. Other than that, I believe he has summoned Vampires and Werewolves."

Quinn's frown deepened. He had overlooked the possibility of other species being part of the equation after he had only seen human Death Eaters in the village. 'Death Eaters couldn't win against the combined forces of Aurors and Hit Wizard, but I thought he was confident in tipping the advantage in his favor all by himself,' he thought, knowing Voldemort's personal battle power, but it seems Quinn hadn't thought things through. "Are you sure they can't handle it by themselves?" he asked — he wanted to end Voldemort as soon as possible.

"I don't believe they can. . . at least they can't without substantial casualties."

Quinn's mouth turned into a white line. He looked at Dumbledore and asked, "What do you suggest?" Dumbledore had experience with wars and had life experience much richer than Quinn; he was better equipped to handle the current situation than him.

"I will head out and aid the Aurors. . ."

"What about Voldemort? He won't sit back and let you take care of his forces."

"I will deal with him as well. Right now, you need to let the potions work and rest—"

"Not happening. I can't rest now; it's not the time," Quinn shut Dumbledore down. He thought for a moment before continuing, "This is what we do. You help the Aurors while I hold back Dumbledore. When you're done with the clean-up, come join me."

"No, I can't support that. I can't let you face him by yourself,"

Dumbledore looked where Quinn had been hit. "Seeing that you refuse to rest and stay out. . . I will hold him back, and you can help the Aurors."

Quinn clenched his fist. He wanted to face Voldemort so that he could vent some anger and take revenge for the mortal injury he had given him. But Dumbledore holding Voldemort while he helped the Aurors made more sense. "So be it," he said, "but don't blame me for not holding back against the Death Eaters." He had to vent somewhere; they were just in the wrong place.

Dumbledore made no comment.

". . . Go ahead, and I'll be there in a minute," said Quinn, glancing towards Daphne and Ivy.

"Take your time; I will be instructing the professors," said Dumbledore, and Quinn nodded.

When Dumbledore was out of earshot, Quinn spoke to his two girlfriends.

"How are both of you doing?" he asked, looking at his hands as he pulled up his gloves. "This will end soon, so sit tight and don't take on stress; it's not good for you—"

"What is this?" interrupted Ivy. "What are you trying to do right now?"

"Nothing, just stay—"

"Look at me!"

He stopped fiddling with his gear and looked up at furious Ivy. Her eyes were wide, her shoulder rose up and down, and she had her hands clenched into fists. He didn't want to face this confrontation right now, but it didn't look like he could escape it.

"What do you want me to say?" he asked. "All of this. . . all of the things I did had to be done for things to move forward so that this misery could end. A future that's bright instead of bleak. . ."

"By lying to us?" said Daphne. "You used me to get into Hogwarts."

"I—"

"Yes, I know, you had to. But is this how it is going to be always? You, lying to us, keep us in the dark every time things get tough? Do you not trust us at all?"

"I was trying to keep you safe."

"At the expense of losing our trust?"

Quinn couldn't say anything in rebuttal. He wanted to say it won't be like this after Voldemort was dead, but there was nothing he could say to back up his claim. But there was one thing he could do. "I. . . I promise to explain everything when this is over," he said. "I will come clear with everything; please believe me one last time," he pleaded.

Ivy and Daphne exchanged looks, and neither looked pleased; he had given them nothing to be pleased about.

"Alright," said Daphne, and Ivy nodded.

Quinn bowed his head in gratitude.

After they left, Quinn headed to the Entrance Hall, where Dumbledore was instructing the professors (sans Lily Potter). Before he entered the hall, Quinn conjured a mask over his face when he noticed the crowd of Hogwarts students standing at a distance, looking at the professors. The moment he stepped into the sight, the entire student body gasped and began to chatter and gossip so loudly that it drowned all other noise.

"Ah—" Dumbledore turned towards Quinn and was about to say something but paused, "— Mr. Vigilante, I see that you're doing well."

Quinn nodded and snapped his fingers to form a silencing ward around them. "Professors," his voice was still distorted, "I hope you have kept my identity a secret from everyone else," he glanced at the students, "I would hate to force the memory charm on them."

"No one has said anything to anyone, Mr. West," frowned McGonagall.

Quinn turned to Dumbledore, "Are they coming out?"

"No, the faculty will stay in the castle with the students in case Voldemort tries to break the ward and target the students," Dumbledore shook his head.

"Smart decision," said Quinn— no children would die today.

"Are you ready for this?" asked Dumbledore, looking at Quinn's chest.

"Your potions are working."

Poppy scoffed, "You shouldn't be going out there. Facing the Dark Lord while having a dark curse in your body is plain stupidity. I am the Hogwarts medi-healer, and no student of mine can leave my care without my permission."

"I'm not a student anymore. I will be fine out there, Madam Pomfrey," said Quinn.

"I will be looking out for him out there, Poppy," said Dumbledore.

Poppy didn't look any better. She hmped and turned her head away.

"I volunteer to assist you, Headmaster," said Flitwick. "I might be out of practice, but I can at least handle a few Death Eaters by myself."

"I need you here with the students, Filius. I feel relieved to go out and face Voldemort, knowing the children are safe with you," said Dumbledore.

"Come on, let's get moving," Quinn ended the conversation and made Dumbledore follow him out of the castle. As they were walking out, Quinn made them stop in the middle of the path.

"What is it? Are you feeling something in your body?" asked Dumbledore.

"No, stop asking me about that," Quinn took out a transparent glass box and showed the gilded gold cup with studded jewels inside.

"Is that. . ."

"Hufflepuff's Cup. Now, I've been preparing for this for a long time. We are going to use his own Horcrux to bring him down."

"What do you mean?" Dumbledore eyed the Horcrux.

Quinn opened his other palm and revealed an obsidian stone. "This is the Resurrection Stone," he said.

"Resurrection. . . you mean— ?! Deathly Hallow's Resurrection Stone!"

"Yes, the same. Just like your Elder Wand."

"You know about that. . . how?"

"Just like I know how Potters have the Cloak of Invisibility. But that's not the point right now. I have researched the topic intensively and found a way to weaken him through the use of Horcrux. Not only do I think so, but I also found proof that it would work. When Voldemort hit Harry with the Killing curse, he was knocked out for a moment. He was definitely affected in some way. I have found a way to severely harm

using soul magic—"

"Soul magic, that is dangerous magic, Quinn. It's very dark magic."

"Now is not the time for that discussion. There was a connection between Harry and Voldemort, and when he cursed Harry, he felt some backlash. Horcrux is essentially a piece of soul. . . the Resurrection Stone is a soul artifact. . . I can use soul magic. . . Voldemort and Horcrux clearly have a connection; I can turn them into a connection similar to his and Harry's, but one that would harm him much-much more when the Horcrux is destroyed," Dumbledore listened closely as Quinn proceeded to tell him some intricate details of the magic and how things would progress. "He's already weaker because of the Basilisk venom; we can use Horcrux to pull him down even more— and when that happens, we can kill him for good."

". . . How. . . How long have you been planning this?"

'My entire life,' thought Quinn. He put the Horcrux back and said, "Hold Voldemort back until I'm done with the Death Eaters. Don't get injured because this plan's success hinges on you."

He paused before staring intently at Dumbledore,

"And one more thing. . ."

As Quinn continued, he saw Dumbledore's eyes blow up much wider than he had ever seen.

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Quinn West - MC - Let's kill.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Things are going to move very fast now.

Very fast.

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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!

427. Chapter 427: Second Match-

Up

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

"Take cover!" yelled Sirius as he ducked behind a building. He shrunk his shoulders when the bricks exploded, chewing out the wall, leaving only a few inches of the wall beside his body. "This wasn't in the information I was given!"

Kingsley whipped his wand, and the ground rumbled and rose up to form a stampede of horses running towards the Death Eaters around the corner. He waited a second before stepping out of his cover and shooting two Death Eaters in the face and chest. "Deal with it, and start clearing." "But, how?!" said Sirius over the explosions. "The spells are bouncing off Giants!" He could see the hulking red monstrosity that towered over the buildings; they dug their beefy hands into the buildings and rained the rubble all around. If it was just the Giant and a couple of the guys from his team, they could've taken the Giant out, but it wasn't that scenario—while they targetted the Giant, there were other Death Eaters dumping magic over them.

"Deal with it, he says," Sirius spat as he stepped out and pointed his wand over the building at the Giant that waved its tree trunk size club over the buildings and streets. "Avada Kedavra!"— he cursed, but as the killing green flew towards the Giant, it passed through a ward that rippled and

the next moment, a silver shield conjured in the air that blocked the instant kill magic. "Shit!" Another problem — every Giant seemed to have a ward around them that appeared to detect the Killing curse and conjured silver shields to protect them.

The Giant, who had just been shot at, turned to look towards Sirius and, with a roar, began to stomp his way toward him; every step brought about an earthquake that shook the village.

"Shit!" Sirius cursed again; he could feel the tremors in his hear

"Move out!" he heard Kingsley shout.

Sirius didn't need to be told twice. He immediately apparated out, and the image in his mind was the place that he used to visit many a time during his time at Hogwarts. The broken house, Shrieking Shack, was still as horrific as it had been all those years ago— still one of the most frightful-looking things he had seen. Unlike the rest of the village, Shrieking Shack was calm and without conflict— it felt nice, but he knew he couldn't stay here. He needed to back to support his fellow Aurors against the Death Eaters.

He cracked his back and apparated back into the village right outside Three Broomstick, and immediately he was in the middle of the battlefield. He saw a lanky man not in Death Eater robes turn towards him. Both of them immediately upped their wands, and magic craked the air. Sirius stepped forth, and his magic grew a level to overpower his opponents, pushing him back without restriction.

But then he sensed something to his right. He pushed his magic forward to push back his opponent before conjuring a wooden shield to his right, a correct decision as it stopped a green glow.

"Two against one, eh," he flicked his wrist, and the dust around the street settled, and his two assailants moved closer to each other. "Don't do that,"

he grinned and ripped an area-wide fire spell that threatened to engulf them. Screams scratched the street as Sirius waited a couple of seconds before canceling the cursed fire from over his opponents.

"That's two down," he grinned, but then it jammed on his face.

Creak

He heard the sound of wood being strained. Sirius turned back and saw a figure squatting over the Three Broomstick, looking down at him. The next moment, the figure jumped, and at that moment, he saw the fangs and sharp nail claws barred toward him.

It was a Vampire.

Boom

A spell struck the jumping vampire and sent him flying to the ground.

The Vampire yelped and screamed as a yellow spell dragged him through the dirt until half of his body was inside the ground.

Sirius turned, and his nerves turned taut at the sight of Invisible Vigilante standing a few paces away from him. He immediately pointed his wand towards him.

"You— !" he hissed.

"Hmm. . . what? Why are you wasting your time pointing your wand at me? Point it at Death Eaters. Take care of that Vampire before you leave," came from the masked vigilante before he turned away.

"Wait!"

The masked man turned and asked, "What?"

"Were you at the resort today?"

". . . As I told your superiors, I do not have time to play with Death Eater's children. To make myself clear, I was not there. Now do your job," saying that he flew away.

Sirius watched as the Invisible Vigilante flew towards the Giant, and

multiple glowing red chains appeared from his body and stabbed into the Giant's body, making it shriek in pain. It tried to smash him with its club, but an explosion knocked back its arm before ice grew over the Giant's body in various spots. Within a minute, the Invisible Vigilante had taken down a Giant.

"Damn it!" Sirius felt he need to contribute too. He stepped towards the Vampire only to be thrown to the side by a shockwave caused by a massive explosion. He groaned in pain but got to his feet, focused his blurry eyes towards the north of the village, and saw lights flashing somewhere, bright enough to be visible above the houses.

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Quinn had just knocked out the Giant and the Death Eaters supporting it when he felt the whiplash of some powerful magic approaching him. He exerted his own magic and canceled out the incoming force.

'They already started fighting,' he thought, peering at the exchange of magic happening in the distance. "You're fighting too close to the village," he muttered, "move away. . ." He knew what kind of damage could happen if those two fought. There were people nearby who would be caught up in their fight as collateral damage, which would defeat the process of him helping the Aurors.

Quinn removed his eyes from the fight between Dumbledore and Voldemort; he lowered himself to the ground and made sure to put enough magic into the Giant to ensure he wasn't waking up for at least a day or two. As for the other Death Eaters, he had struck them hard enough that they were in no condition to be doing anything. He would've used Tetani Nervum, but the spell took time to complete its effect, and he

didn't have that kind of time— he was going to knock them out and let Aurors do the clean-up.

'Business as usual—'

His thoughts were interrupted when he felt magic behind him and conjured a physical shield to have the best chance of blocking whatever it was. The metallic shield was struck with a spell, got dented, but retained its integrity.

"Found you~, " said a gruff voice in a sing-song voice.

Quinn turned, and for a moment, he thought someone had cast an illusion spell on him, but that thought was ridiculous and only lasted half a second before he realized he was staring at reality. The reality of Fenrir Greyback standing in front of him, standing on his two feet and holding a wand in his hand.

"How?" he asked. He usually only took arms, but in the case of Fenrir Greyback, he had taken the Werewolf's arms and legs when he had infiltrated Hogwarts. . . it was a decision to make sure the Werewolf had no mobility.

"Dark Lord's favor," said Fenrir, spreading his arms wide, flexing his fingers. "I have been waiting for this for so long. . . I can taste my desire to rip your arms off your body, pull off your legs, wring out your guts, and feed them to the young ones. . . a treat!"

"If I knew you would be spouting this bullshit, I would have killed that night," said Quinn. Dark Lord was able to reverse Tetani Nervum; that wasn't a good sign, not a good sign at all.

"Too late for that now."

"Any other dear victims I need to be aware of?"

Fenrir hmphed. "As if anyone else could be as miraculous as me. I'm the great Fenrir Greyback, a Werewolf, superior to your kind. Magic wanted

me to wield and thus allowed the Dark Lord to heal me. No one else was worthy of this honor."

"You speak too much," said Quinn. No one else was cured? That was excellent. 'There must be something in the Lycanthrope physiology that was able to shake off my curse,' he thought. It made him curious and made him want to keep Fenrir alive for experimentation, but— "You will be dying today," he preferred for this insanity to be dead.

"We will see about that!" Fenrir raised his wand and shot a Killing curse at Quinn, who didn't even move and conjured a wooden square to block it.

"I defeated you that day; what makes you think today will be any different," said Quinn as he kept on dodging, deflecting, countering Fenrir's magic effortlessly.

Fenrir grunted in frustration. He stuffed his wand into his pocket and retrieved a potion vial.

"What is that?" asked Quinn, cautious.

"Another favor," said Fenrir, grinning. He popped the cork and downed the liquid in one gulp. He threw the vial, breaking it on the ground, and started laughing maniacally. "He was right; I can feel it! I CAN FEEL IT!" There was a terrible snarling noise. Fenrir's head lengthened. So did his body. His shoulders hunched down. Hair spouted visibly on his face and hands, which then curled into clawed paws. The Werewolf reared, snapping its long jaws.

Quinn straightened his back. He glanced up at the sky; the moon in the evening sky wasn't a full moon. Fenrir shouldn't be able to transform. He then glanced at the broken vial on the ground.

"The Dark Lord is becoming an annoyingly growing problem," said Quinn. Voldemort had created a potion that could trigger the Werewolf

transformation without the presence of the full moon. "He is going to be killed today."

"Fool! The Dark Lord can't die," growled Fenrir. It was impressive that he could speak while in his current form. "And you need to worry about yourself because I'm going to kill you right now!" Saying that he charged toward Quinn, who calmly raised his hand and shot a dark curse. Fenrir crossed his arms and received it. "It's no use! I'm invincible—" but before he could complete the sentence, Fenrir collapsed to the ground.

Quinn looked down at his feet, at the convulsing Fenrir, who shook violently.

"W-What did-d you do-o-o?"

Quinn shrugged. He said, "You were never a threat. I just had to get some information out of you," he tapped his temple. "It is pitiful that you did not notice. If not, do you think I would have not struck you down the moment you opened that maw of yours?"

Even though he couldn't find how Voldemort had fixed Fenrir, he could see flashes of Voldemort brewing the potion that Fenrir had used to transform, and only him. Which was good because it meant that Voldemort was the only one capable of brewing it. He also had the location of the base.

'I will go and eradicate that house afterward,' he thought.

"Time to rest, Greyback," said Quinn as he faced his palm towards the Werewolf.

"NOoooOOoooO—" . . . with the last yelp, the might Werewolf drew his last breath.

Quinn looked down at the dead Fenrir for a moment, and a plan formed in his mind.

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Quinn West - MC - Damn magical geniuses, always causing trouble.

Fenrir Greyback - Werewolf - Second chance; never stood a chance.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Oh boy, that was a long foreshadowing.

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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!

428. Chapter 428: Reunion, Blood

v Blood

Hogsmeade had been turned into a battlefield for the Death Eaters and Aurors. Paved roads had been long uprooted to be used as weapons, long-standing buildings and structures had been damaged or used as material for transfiguration. . . nothing was spared as the magic-wielding combatants wreaked havoc trying to eliminate the other side.

Quinn flew over said battlefield, shooting spells, curses, and conjured ice weapons to weaken the enemy side. He observed the battlefield, seeking a skirmish that met a certain requirement. He flew fast and wide around the village until he found a battle that met his exact requirement.

He floated above the street where Aurors occupied one side while Werewolves occupied the other side. He gathered his magic in his throat and breathed out a blaze of fire that spread out like a spark thrown in spilled kerosene. The fire spread from the middle of the street, spreading towards either end, pushing both sides back. When he had enough space and felt that neither would instantly start shooting, he descended down that was smoldering in fire at places.

"Werewolves," he amplified his voice, "give up this foolish act, and I shall let all of you live. . . if not, I will have your lives forfeited."

He raised his to one of the buildings and formed a claw for a yelp and yell to sound as a Werewolf in Lycanthrope form flew out from the roof. He had noticed the sneaky one trying to sneak over to the Aurors side to ambush them. It was impressive, he thought. Most Werewolves weren't able to have control of their mental faculties while transformed and mostly worked on instinct and desire.

"Kuak!"

But impressive from the enemy side wasn't good for him, thought Quinn as he gripped the Werewolf's neck harder while making sure its claw-bearing limbs couldn't reach him. "Surrender— for only a terrible future lies ahead of you," he said, at the same time, freezing the Werewolf in a slab of ice, leaving only his head and neck out.

He was met with an outcry of boos and threats along with a barrage of spells and curses that he blocked effortlessly.

"Last warning, or else your fate will be like this," Quinn clapped his hand, and the body of Fenrir Greyback nailed to a wooden cross became visible behind. He let the Werewolves take in the sight before speaking, "Your leader is dead. Without the might of Fenrir Greyback, you are not allies to Death Eaters. . . you are slaves that they will use and discard when you turn useless. Drop your wands, empty your pockets. . . don't forget to get rid of the potions."

He stepped behind the cross and spoke only to the Auror side. "Try to parade Greyback throughout the village; it might get the Werewolves to surrender. Don't let your guard down even if they drop their wands; they have a potion that can help them transform," he warned them before taking to the sky once again.

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James Potter apparated into Hogsmeade and immediately took off running into the village. He had gotten the news about the Giants, Werewolves, and Vampires joining the fray and had immediately passed off his duties to a trusted one before coming here.

'Damn the orders,' he spat as he skidded to a stop when he saw Death Eaters fighting other Aurors. They had their back to him, and James didn't let the opportunity go as he shot stunners into their backs— he didn't even have to take everyone down as the other Aurors overwhelmed them the moment the deadlock broke.

He didn't care if he was asked to stay in the headquarters and act as communication when he— a Senior Auror— could be on the field, adding substantial firepower to their side. He tore through the streets, shooting anything he could put his eyes on. But his main aim was to find Sirius; as long as he did that, they could fight together and start sweeping the Death Eaters.

He was about to turn a corner when a spell zipped past him and would've hit him if he didn't pull back his torso. He stepped back behind the corner and got ready to face fire.

"Don't hide now; come out and play, Prongs!"

James scowled when he heard the words. It wasn't Sirius' voice, neither could it be Remus. . . and that only left one person who called him by that name. He peeked out the corner and immediately stepped back when a spell zapped by him. But in that brief moment, he had confirmed his suspicion.

"Peter," he shouted and at once moved away from his spot.

"That's Wormtail to you, Prongs. No need to sound so distant; we are best mates, aren't we!" called Pettigrew as he motioned the Death Eaters

behind him to spread out. "We haven't met in such a long time; I know Padfoot is here; let's call Mooney here and have a complete reunion."

James cast a bubble charm around him and carefully floated up to the top of the roof of a building. With a higher vantage point, he could see how the Death Eaters moved on the ground.

"Oh my, how rude of me," Pettigrew said again as he stealthily moved around, "I didn't offer my condolences for Harry's death. Poor boy, he was unlucky to live so long. If he had only died when he was a babe, he wouldn't have gone through such a stressful life. I mean, ignorance is bliss, isn't it," he stopped and strained his ears for any sound.

James clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. He knew Harry was alive, Lily had told him, but he hadn't seen the face of his son, so there was a scare in his mind that maybe. . . that maybe. . . 'No, I can't think like that,' he thought. 'Harry's alive; he's alive.'

"Poor-poor boy. It's a pity that I couldn't kill him myself. I still regret the day I let him get him away at the graveyard. Though I did get the pleasure of seeing the light drain out of his eyes as he was struck by my Lord's Killing curse. It eased some of the pain I felt in Azkaban."

Pettigrew paused before saying, "No reaction? You have changed, James; I didn't remember you being so cold-hearted. . . but maybe I remember incorrectly— you did almost kill Severus."

"I have not changed." Peter looked up and saw James jump down from the roof. He stepped back to avoid him, but James landed on the ground and kicked him in the stomach. He looked down at the Pettigrew, "You, on the other hand, have changed a lot. I think I like the outside, but from what I'm seeing, the inside must've rotten to the core."

"Always looking down on people, aren't you, Potter."

James pointed his wand at Pettigrew, "Isn't it just you thinking that

people are looking down on you? You won't be escaping this time, so do think about it."

"Not killing me? You're going to regret it."

"No, I won't."

"If you look above, you will."

James looked up and saw a Vampire jumping over him. James' magic traveled through his wand, and without chant or wand movement, he cast magic with his advanced granted casting. A force field thrummed out of him, blasting the Vampire back.

He looked at James, "Shouldn't have told me that."

"True, but that was just one."

James looked up. He saw that he was surrounded by Death Eaters, Vampires, and Werewolves.

"Even if you're a Senior Auror, you're still only one guy," Pettigrew shrugged and smiled. "Happy death."

James gritted his teeth and raised his wand to defend himself.

Boom *Thud* *Thud* *Thud* *Boom*

In a second, the people surrounding James all dropped down or were struck by explosives and had pieces blasted off them.

"He's not alone."

James and Pettigrew looked towards the voice, and there stood Sirius along with a team of Aurors.

James looked at Pettigrew and grinned, "Mooney isn't here, but I think this counts as the reunion you wanted."

"I—"

"Don't care, fuck off," and with that, James shot a stunner into Pettigrew's face. He sighed, "Don't start—"

"Saved your arse," said Sirius, grinning. "Come on, people, bag 'em up,

and let's move along. After this, we are going to be treated by Senior Auror James in the celebration of saving his arse. Drinking and dining all night long!"

The cheers from the squad told James that he was going to spend as much on food as he did on his wedding.

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"What do we have here."

Quinn tilted his head at the trio standing in front of him. It was a strange combination of people— a young woman, an early-teen boy, and a middle-aged woman. It would've been normal if the three shared some facial features, and he could've termed them as mother and children, but they looked nothing alike.

The one who had spoken right now was the boy and continued on, "Your blood. . . it's peculiar. . . I can sense it. Can you two tell?"

"It's unusually vigorous, his blood. I can feel the power in it tingling my skin," said the young woman erotically as she rubbed her arm as if settling down goosebumps.

"I can only imagine what it would taste like," said the old woman.

"A true treat," said the young boy.

"We should be careful with him; we can't spill even a single drop," said the younger woman.

"I have a better idea," offered the older woman, "what if we breed him?"

An alive body will be able to produce all the blood we desire."

"Excellent idea!"

"Fantastic, madam!"

There was one feature that the three strange people had in common.

They all shared blood-red eyes.

"Vampires," said Quinn. He frowned; there was something else, "Vampire, Vampire. . . wait. . . Elder Vampires," he exclaimed, "you three are Elder Vampires." That's why the three of them could sense that his blood was unusual. His blood was bound to be unusual after his usage and research with Blood magic.

"He can tell us apart."

"Wait. . . that attire of his. Could it be he's the one they call the Invisible Vigilante?"

"I think you're correct."

"Ah, that's not good. . . The Dark Lord would want him dead."

"Can we hide him?"

"I believe not. It'd be a great risk, one that might cost the ultimate price. I say that we simply drain as much blood as we can from him and treasure it— consume it over the next millennium."

"Enough chatting," said the boy, "let's hunt."

The two Vampire ladies opened their mouths, and Quinn could see the fangs in their mouths. But what followed was what set them apart from normal Vampires. All three took out a container each, of different shapes and forms, and opened them for blood to flow out and float around them.

"Elder Vampires— the Vampires who have lived long enough and have studied the mysteries of blood to ascend to a higher evolution of their species," Quinn said with utter fascination in his voice. "I have read about you and the hemomancy you possess— I never thought I would be meeting Elder Vampires so soon; I mean, your kind is a rarity; seeing three together is a miracle. . . ."

"Are you sure we can't keep him?" asked the young woman with her pinky on the edge of her red lips. "The Dark Lord doesn't have to know."

"I'm sorry, but I don't think you'll be getting me or my blood today," said Quinn. He straightened his arms, and liquid silver flowed in his hands until he was holding two long stake daggers.

"Conjured silver," the older woman scoffed, "that's not going to work, child."

"I know, unfortunate that I don't have real silver with me at the moment," Quinn's gloves disappeared, and his sleeves unraveled until he was sleeveless. It started at his fingertips, but gleaming red veins appeared beneath his skin as if his blood was glowing within. "That's why I'm going to supplement it with something special." Tiny nicks appeared on his fingertips from which glowing blood flowed out. It covered the daggers until it was absorbed into them, forming glowing red veins over the silver surface.

Quinn grinned, "I always wanted to know. So, let's find out today. Whose Blood magic will be stronger— yours or mine."

He gripped the daggers, bathed his body in body magic, and charged toward the three Elder Vampires.

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Quinn West - MC - Momentarily change in focus.

Peter Pettigrew - Death Eater - Underwhelming end.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - I have so many regrets with Pettigrew (I have so many regrets in general with this story). There was supposed to be a great thing with him in the end, but I'm long past able to do it.

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429. Chapter 429: Beheadings

Quinn shot toward the three Elder Vampires with magic enhancing his

speed and senses. The Vampires, seemingly stunned by the velocity coming from a human, controlled the blood with hemomancy— red liquid flowed out of their containers, and the moment of his sprint towards them, the blood spread into tarps that, even though they appeared flimsy, were nothing but.

Quinn raised his arms, and the daggers glowed in blood red. He was going to rip through the covers of blood and cut down the three Vampires along with it. However, the blood tarp suddenly rippled, and the long spikes of blood emerged from the surface— his momentum carried him forwards as the spikes grew towards him— they were in front of him before he could even blink.

He cursed, casting magic for a blue glow to envelop him, cutting his momentum and speed, rendering him stationary, But the spikes still grew towards him. Quinn breathed out, letting the tug in his navel whisk him away— the next moment, his feet hit the ground where he had started, paces away from the Vampires. Quinn clicked his tongue. . . apparition during fights was never reliable, with a tremendous risk of splinching. "That didn't do it," he heard the boy Vampire— who was undoubtedly multiple tens of times his age.

Quinn slackened his grip on his daggers, and with wind magic propelling the blades, he thrust them forward towards the blood tarps. As if shot by a crossbow, the daggers pierced through the blood tarps, and he heard two distinct screams. Grinning, he called the daggers back, and they flew from behind the crumbling blood tarp, but not without an initial jerk— which told him they were adequately embedded before he pulled them out.

The two daggers stopped in mid-air. Quinn pulled on them but felt an opposing force resisting him. He glanced behind the blood that was now

floating in clumps. The boy and the older woman had been hit— the boy was holding his side while the older woman had her gloved hand on her shoulder. The younger woman, untouched, however, was looking at him; she thinned her eyes, and the deadlock between the two pulls began to tilt with the daggers moving away from Quinn.

'As expected of an Elder Vampire, she can exert more control over my blood than me.' Quinn thought as he tried to pull back the daggers, but it was akin to fighting a losing battle as his pull was substantially weaker. He switched gears immediately. He stopped pulling and let the daggers fly towards his opponent— instead, he sent small bullets after the daggers that exploded on contact and abruptly increased the speed of the daggers.

'Greater control doesn't mean total control,' Quinn reached out to his blood infused in the conjured dagger, and the red veins flashed brightly and dangerously. Then. . . Boom! The daggers glowed a deep yellowish-red before the silver and blood exploded around the Elder Vampires. He grinned and conjured silver flowed before his palms, forming a new set of daggers. But as he was about to infuse blood, he noticed that as the dust settled— no blood was floating in the air or splashed across the ground.

When the dust settled, three dark red cocoons stood in place of where the Vampires were. The intense irony stench of blood lingered in the air as the blood swirled menacingly on the surface, forming currents and waves that looked like an ocean and its movements when seen as a whole.

'This doesn't look good.' Quinn readied his blood-infused dagger, putting in a little more blood this time to have a firmer control over them. He eyed the cocoons— should he attack now or wait and watch to see what happens?

'Attack. . .' Quinn stepped forth and had only taken a step when the blood cocoons split open to reveal three Elder Vampires with red veins coursing and beating all over their faces— veins extended throughout their bodies covered by their clothes.

The cocoon blood changed forms and assembled themselves into shapes that worried Quinn. The blood around the body formed into a large bloody figure of a knight standing beside him wearing full body armor, a heater shield, and a long sword— the young woman had a dozen dane-axes floating near her back— the older woman had a cloud of needles so large that it formed an almost solid block over her head.

'Blood constructs.' Quinn took a step back and observed the three Elder Vampires and their constructs with a cautious eye. The observation didn't last long as the knight blood construct drew his sword and charged forward, brandishing it over the heater shield.

Quinn glanced at the daggers in his hands and then at the heater shield and longsword. He couldn't see it working. He clicked his tongue and charged toward the knight. The blood construct and Quinn came into striking distance with each other— the longsword allowed the knight to act first, and he took the initiative to swing the blood blade. Quinn conjured a shield to block the sword— but upon contact, the sword turned liquid, and the blood rushed across the surface towards the edges of the shield. Quinn realized what was happening— the blood would flow behind the shield before reforming into the blade to cut him down.

Quinn's arms glowed with blood magic as he pushed against the knight— and unlike the pull against the Elder Vampire, Quinn backed the push with his enormous reserves, ignoring the burning sensation in his arms. His reserves were big enough that he could easily overpower his blood magic, but not without consequences— the blood inside would react

abnormally if he went over a limit, and he could only put so much blood outside his body without it adversely affecting him. He used the blood inside him as a catalyst and disturbed the connection between the knight and the Elder Vampire.

The knight's large rippled as the well-defined armor turned into a jelly mush. Quinn disabled his shield, let one of his daggers fall for a second, and thrusts a corrosive explosive into the knight's body with his empty palm. He summoned the falling dagger and continued toward the Elder Vampires without stopping for a second

Gurgle— Splash! The explosive spell detonated, and the knight went splash. Even without looking back, Quinn knew it would take a moment or two before the knight reformed itself and returned to attempt his slaughter.

'Need to finish this quick.' Quinn changed the grips on his daggers before throwing them, one at the boy and the other at the younger woman. That was it: he could only spare a little more without it weakening him, and he needed that for later.

Two of the axes jolted into action and shot towards the daggers. Quinn exploded the daggers, disrupted the two axes, and made a large dust cloud.

The older woman flicked her wrist and sent a hundred long needles toward Quinn. "Please die quickly," she said, narrowing her eyes to look beyond the dust. "I don't want to damage your body—" She looked down and saw a glowing red sword sticking into her chest with a chain attached to the end of its hilt. She looked to the side and saw swords sticking out of the other two Elder Vampires as well.

"What is this?" She yelped when the chain became taut and yanked her forward. She put her hand on the sword to pull it out, a frown surfaced

between her brows, but then she froze. "Bloo—"

She couldn't complete the sentence as her head was decapitated, clean off her body, by a wind blade. It rolled on the floor along with the two other heads.

The dust settled, and Quinn stepped forward with a transparent shield with needles sticking out of it like acupuncture in front of one hand and three Emyrean chains clenched in the other with blood magic veins traveling up his arm. Emyrean could take on any property— magical or physical— blood magic was no exception.

The needles on the shield turned liquid, and Quinn dropped the shield.

"As expected, I am no match for Elder Vampires when it comes to blood magic," Quinn commented when he saw the three Vampires' eyes on the decapitated heads move to look at him. They were still alive where a normal Vampire would have already been dead — such was the power of Elder Vampires and their control on blood magic that could keep them alive even after being decapitated.

He could only stun them for a moment by using blood magic in the Emyrean chains and use that moment to decapitate them using blades spelled using blood magic.

"H-How?" asked the older woman.

Quinn shrugged. "Vampires are recorded to be one of the most ferocious species out there, and Elder Vampire are said to be capable of ripping through people faster than meat shredders. I have a theory behind it. . .

Vampires have a dulled sense of pain, and that's why I think they don't care for defense much, focusing much on offense— I mean look at you three— except the bulky armor knight, none of you went for blood constructs that could be used for defense."

Elder Vampires could form blood into any way they preferred, but

usually tend to stick to a default form they were comfortable with. He looked to the boy, "Even you, I think only prefer the knight construct because of something in your past. . . maybe because you were turned so young. . . it must've been tough to be plunged into a strange world so young." The boy growled making Quinn grin behind his mask. "It seems I was right," he said. "That internal trauma must've been stuck with you even when you were a mighty Elder Vampire. . . inner demons can be tough.

"I just had to make sure to end it quickly and get in a good solid strike to defeat you," Quinn shook his head. The knight had taken an uncomfortable magic, the axes had taken him his blood, while the shield that blocked the needles had drank his magic like nothing.

"You were tough opponents, my body is hot right now— it feels like a bad fever." He was working on calming that heat down.

"The Dark Lord is going to avenge us," said the younger woman.

"Not if I kill him first," Quinn said. "Though, you won't be there to see it." A violet fire erupted from his hand, traveled down the chains, and began turning the Vampire bodies into piles of ash as he did the same to the heads before they could utter a word of negotiation or begging.

"What a waste," Quinn sighed. Three Elder Vampires would've been a great source of knowledge on blood magic.

He waited for everything to turn into ash before stopping the fire and kicking the ash away into the winds for good measure.

Wind magic fluttered his robes as he took to the air and looked around the village. He had pulled three Giants to the ground. . . Fenrir Greyback's death had put the Werewolves on either surrender or on backfoot. . . he had just purged three Elder Vampires and few normal ones here and there. . . and shot half a dozen Death Eaters half to death.

It was enough. If the Aurors couldn't handle the rest, they shouldn't be Aurors. He had done his part promised to Dumbledore. He looked to the part of the town in total destruction, ablaze in the brightest and hottest of flames.

That was his next destination. The final act of the big show. And he was going to be the performing acting on that stage.

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The air, the ground, the water, and every broken piece of stone, wood and metal shook and trembled because of the sheer amount of power that emanated from the two men facing each other in the battle of magical dominance.

"Why struggle so much, Dumbledore?" Voldemort said with his hands behind his back. "You know your time has come, so why delay the inevitable end" he flicked his wand behind his back, and the flames all around him rose above his head, converging into a massive ball of fire.

"Just surrender. . . and die."

The ball of flames turned into a snake and slithered its way towards Dumbledore, who stood just as calmly as his opponent. Dumbledore waved his wand, and a giant spiraling vacuum appeared in the middle of the snake, sucking all the flames into one point. The spiral faced Voldemort and spewed the fire in one dense jet stream, forming a tornado ring of flames around the Dark Lord.

"I have been told I'm still very young," Dumbledore said, watching Voldemort enveloped in flames. "Now is not the time for me to pass onto the next great adventure."

The fire enveloping Voldemort rose up in the, still holding the tornado

ring shape. The flames then converged into the flames that then shot up into the air like fireworks.

"The only reason you're able to stand in front of me is because of that wand of yours," Voldemort looked unharmed, not even a single scar on his black robes. "Without the fabled Elder Wand, you are no match for me."

"Without the dark rituals you used on your body, you wouldn't be brave enough to stand before me," Dumbledore said unfearingly. "I have already defeated one Dark Lord; you are no different, Tom."

Voldemort scowled. "We will see about that."

"We might be a match for each other, Tom. But I have some outstanding help with me," Dumbledore smiled and turned to look at the sky.

Voldemort followed Dumbledore's gaze and saw a figure in the sky flying toward them.

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Quinn West - MC - I still have a lot to learn.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Let's end the journey.

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430. Chapter 430: Endgame Starts

The eastern part of Hogsmeade had been decimated beyond any chances of repair to its previous state. The buildings, roads, and the residents' belongings had been turned into dust and rubble— the village that had been divided into rows of buildings and streets was now flat ground burnt, stained with black soot. The buildings were now mounds of ruin and debris, and those which miraculously standing looked like a kick from a child could send them tumbling.

Even air bombing the area with powerful explosives wouldn't have

caused this much destruction. Even with magic's destructive might the surroundings wouldn't have devolved to this level with two combatants fighting each other— but Dumbledore and Voldemort were outliers, two people with enough skill and power to burn small cities into the ground on a whim. When people like the two met, whether they were working together or against each other, they could turn the place around them into living hells.

Even stepping anywhere near where they were fighting would be foolish, much less joining the fight. And there was a fool who was doing exactly doing that. Quinn cut off the wind magic, plunged toward the ground, and used Arresto Momentum to cut all momentum to land smoothly beside Dumbledore.

Dumbledore glanced at Quinn. "How are things on the other side? Is it taken care of?"

"I helped enough; they will take care of the rest on their own."

Voldemort gazed at Dumbledore and Quinn standing side by side and thinned his eyes. "This is your help, Dumbledore," he sneered. "If so, then it won't help much. The boy will die before he knows what happened."

"I will die before I know?" Quinn said, scoffing. "What I do know is that when I faced you, I stabbed you in the chest, and look at me," he spread his arms, "I'm still very much alive."

"And despite miraculously making it out alive to tell the tale, you are here again, marching yourself to death," Voldemort said mockingly.

"Maybe I won't even have to kill you by my wand— my curse will take your life before that. I refuse to believe that it has already been cured; it's there, isn't it," he smiled cruelly.

Quinn felt a throb of pain in his shoulder and chest. But he laughed,

"Your life had already when a one-year-old obliterated you all those years

ago. Right now, you're just a dead man walking— time for you to move on to where you belong."

"And where that might be?"

"To your death," Quinn raised his hands, and a jet of purplish-black flames roared out of his palms towards Voldemort. Faster than a flash, the fire burned to intense proportion and engulfed Voldemort.

Dumbledore gasped with wide eyes as the purplish-black flames covered his vision. "What are you doing?" he said to Quinn, shocked. "Fiendfyre is a dangerous magic; it could get out of control and hurt someone!"

"There's no one on this side of the village, no one's getting injured."

Quinn continued to pump his magic into the cursed flames that ate it up like a hungry beast. The purple flames grew larger, brighter, hotter. . . angrier— something reflected in Quinn's purple eyes peeking through the black mask.

'More!'

There was a disturbance in the air; the atmosphere weighed down before for a moment before the flames were bisected. A silver slash of magic tore through the fire and charged toward Quinn, who frowned and pushed him more magic, causing the fire to burst up, enveloping the silver slash. For a moment, it seemed that the silver slash won't come out, but it appeared and fought through the cloud of fire and forced it forward until it reached.

'Shit!' Quinn couldn't move or change his magic, for if he let Fiendfyre go free, it would rampage with real chances of blowing up in his face.

He jerked his head back when the silver slash reached him. Crack! The silver slash met his mask and split it down the middle. The mask pieces fell down the sides revealing Quinn's face, and with that, the silver slash disappeared, running out of magic.

The Fiendfyre that had been split into two began to shake violently— the massive flame acted like a kindling against a strong wind until it was just that— the flames went out like they weren't there at all, only leaving behind a massive plume of smoke rising up to the almost night sky.

Quinn touched his face and his nose and looked at his gloves. There was no blood. Whatever magic it was had only cut his mask. He frowned at the absence of Fiendfyre. "I thought Fiendfyre was supposed to be difficult to control," Quinn asked Dumbledore.

Dumbledore shrugged. "It still is. It seems he is just a master at it."

The smoke cleared, and Voldemort stood where he had been standing before. He looked unharmed. Fiendfyre had burnt everything around more than it already was, but the ground around Voldemort remained untouched as the cursed fire had not even had the chance to approach the air around the Dark Lord.

"A pity that that didn't kill you. At least I got rid of that," Voldemort said calmly, pointing to his face. "Facing me while hiding your face was rude, even after I had already seen your face, Quinn West. I will make your death as painful for this slight against me."

"Your Death Eaters fight with their faces all the time," Quinn said.

"My Death Eaters can be rude; you can not."

Quinn breathed out. If it was before, he would've erupted at the taunt.

Getting his mask split by Voldemort even with Fiendfyre between them cooled all of his anger to the winter. His mind felt clearer since before he had been cursed by Voldemort. He took deep breaths and gently operated his Occlumency to get into a correct state of mind for the situation.

"What is the plan?" Quinn asked Dumbledore, pulling down the neck of his muscle shirt part of the Noir gear.

"Have you calmed down finally?" Dumbledore asked

Quinn nodded.

Dumbledore's voice sounded in his ear. Quinn glanced at Dumbledore; the voice had a slight echo to it— it was transmitted into his ear through the use of magic. "Good. Let us begin then. What do you need to weaken him?" Dumbledore asked.

"Time," Quinn said, also transmitting and fabricating his voice via magic, making no lip movements. "I need some time to start the process. And I need you to keep him away from me while I do my job."

"How much time?"

"I don't know. I haven't done this before. You will have to keep away from me as long as it takes for the magic to work." People didn't deal with Horcrux on a daily basis. What Quinn was trying to do was to do was uncharted territory with no previous precedent to rely on or work upon.

"I will see to it that he doesn't get to you."

Quinn glanced at Dumbledore. It wasn't going to be easy to keep Voldemort away. Not only was the Dark Lord a dangerous opponent— fighting someone of equal caliber while protecting someone put the protector at risk. Not only did Quinn not going to provide help while he was casting his magic, but he was also going to be a major liability.

"He will feel it," Quinn said. "When the magic starts to work, he will feel the effect very clearly. I don't know if he will figure out how I'm doing it, but he will target me with animal-like ferocity. He will want whatever I'm doing to him to stop because it will feel extremely wrong." He remembered what it felt like when Alan had come close to Quinn— every fiber of his being felt threatened. When he had used the Resurrection Stone on his own soul to communicate with Harry, the pain and panic that he had felt in the initial moment had been almost unbearable— no

way Voldemort was going to ignore something like that.

"But when the magic is a success, it will cause his unspeakable harm and unbearable pain," Quinn said, his eyes burning dangerously. "He will be vulnerable then; deal as much damage as you can then."

Dumbledore nodded.

Quinn cracked his neck and jumped into the air with a burst of wind magic, all the while circulating body magic through his muscles. The flood gates inside his body opened up, and a tremendous amount of magic poured out as couple hundred ice spikes formed behind him.

Quinn threw his hands forward, and the ice spikes rushed past him, converging toward Voldemort.

"Is this all you know how to do?" Voldemort swiped his wand, and the ice burst into thousands and thousands of water droplets that remained suspended in the air.

Even though Quinn had his eyes trained on Voldemort, he could feel the water droplets around him. They were no longer in his control.

Voldemort swiped his wand, and the water droplets all at once vibrated at an alarming pace before rushing towards him at a frightening speed.

Water under high pressure could tear through a human body like a chainsaw through a sheet of paper.

'Fortunately, they're conjured,' Quinn thought as he sent out a pulse of magic, and all the droplets ceased to exist. There were two ways to create ice: Freeze the water from a source around him, which could be a water body or the moisture in the air, or the second method required conjuring water and then freezing it. Quinn utilized the second method heavily when he needed to make a lot of ice— which was the case here— and if he conjured the water, he could make it not exist as well.

Dumbledore, on the ground, moved and sent giant balls of fire toward

Voldemort. The fireballs scorched the earth as they burned everything on their way to Voldemort.

"Another worthless trick," Voldemort sucked in the air before breathing out in the direction of the fireballs. And as if blowing a candle, the fireballs disappeared— leaving behind the gashes they left in the ground.

"I can make Fiendfyre disappear; did you think these flames would work against me, Dumbledore!"

Quinn pushed forward with wind magic and turned into a bullet. He covered himself in a spherical force field and threw himself in Voldemort's direction. The Dark Lord looked like he was no problem facing two opponents as he raised a hand towards Quinn and slowed him down to stop. He pulled his hand back, and Quinn, still inside his force field, was sucked towards Voldemort.

"I got you now," Voldemort said as he touched the force field with his palm. "You have been a pest for so long. I don't care about your grandfather anymore; time to die—"

Voldemort let go of Quinn for a moment and turned his gaze to Dumbledore. Quinn took advantage of the distraction and narrowed his eyes to launch an intense Legilimency attack on Voldemort.

"Aargh," Voldemort gripped his head with one hand and raised his other (with wand) toward Dumbledore— but he was too late as a spell hit him in the shoulder.

Voldemort groaned painfully, but this time there was anger in his grunts. He pointed his wand towards Quinn and swung it for Quinn to go flying into the ruins of a building that immediately collapsed on him.

Voldemort quickly followed by shooting multiple explosions into the ruin, creating a small mushroom cloud.

"An anti-apparition jinx, Dumbledore?" Voldemort said, removing his

hand from his head, but his expression still showed pain.

"I want to put an end to you today, Tom," Dumbledore said, "and because of that, I can not have you escaping from here."

Voldemort laughed angrily. "I am immortal, Dumbledorere. You keeping me here won't change anything. As a matter of fact, you will not be leaving here today."

Dumbledore raised his wand, and the rubble around rose into the air, converging into five points to form troll-sized golems. "Not if I have something to say about it."

Voldemort glanced at the smoking rubble where he had thrown Quinn.

"Not checking up on your companion? How cold-hearted of you,"

Voldemort laughed mockingly. "What would others say if they Kind Headmaster Dumbledore act this way. . . ignoring his injured student."

Dumbledore shrugged. "He knew what he was getting into when he joined our battle." He pointed his wand at Voldemort, and the golems moved forward, stomping ahead, making artificial mini earthquakes with each step.

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Inside the rubble, Quinn sat beneath a force field, holding up the wreckage. He had the Ressurrection Stone in one hand and Hufflepuff's Cup in the other.

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Quinn West - MC - It's Endgame now.

Voldemort - Dark Lord - Shit, migraine! Give me an aspirin, quick!

Albus Dumbledore - Elder Wand User - No one is going home today!

FictionOnlyReader - Author - I will be retiring the end-credit section(this thing) with AMJ. Let's see if I can come up with something else.

431. Chapter 431: Risk &

Provocations

Looking at the Resurrection Stone in one hand and the Hufflepuff's Cup in the other, Quinn wondered if this would work. It had never been done before. Yes, he had his research, and the little testing he had done had given him positive outlooks— but that wasn't how magic was supposed to be found and developed.

'This is more like how people die,' Quinn thought. He recalled the case near him: Pandora Lovegood, Luna's mother— the woman had died in an accident while experimenting with magic when Luna was just nine-years-old. The risk was very real, and the possibility of the magic backfiring on Quinn loomed quite near.

'There is another risk— much less risky— that you could take,' said a voice in Quinn's mind. Instead of trying to weaken Voldemort through the Horcrux and soul magic, Quinn could simply destroy them, making Voldemort mortal, and then try killing him as he was, hoping that the combined might of Quinn and Dumbledore would be enough to kill Voldemort.

It was a matter of which risk to take.

Quinn closed his eyes for a moment before opening them with a determined light flashing in the stone greys. He felt the pain in his shoulder from Voldemort's curse as he recalled everything he had risked and sacrificed for the past half-year.

'I have to break myself away from these chains— for myself and no one else,' Quinn thought as he injected his magic into the items in his hands. The Horcrux trembled in Quinn's hand and let out a low shriek that he

immediately forced down— it was too early for Voldemort to find out what he was doing. He buckled down and let the Resurrection Stone use his soul and magic to draw power to do his bidding against the piece of foul soul protected inside the Hufflepuff's Cup.

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- (Scene Break) -
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Dumbledore and Voldemort exchanged spells doing more and more damage to their surroundings but failed to do any real harm to their opponents. Their duel was supernatural enough that even those who had lived their entire lives with magic would be startled to see what magic could accomplish— being forced to wonder if the magic in their possession was the same as that wielded by the likes of Dumbledore and Voldemort.

Voldemort shot a hazy spell towards Dumbledore, who deflected it to the sky. The spell climbed up to the sky, leaving a smoke trail in its wake.

Voldemort didn't seem dissatisfied as he grinned and shot another spell, but this time not toward Dumbledore but at the spell that had been deflected. A stark white zap of magic hit the head of the smoke trail, and a loud explosion was heard as dark clouds burst out from the intersection of the spells, slowly puffing out to cover the sky above.

Voldemort waved his wand and muttered a spell under his breath. "I find my view of you change quite significantly today, Dumbledore," he said as heavy gusts began to blow. "I always thought of you to be a sentimental sort— but here I see you without a lick of grief or anger on your face. Do you feel nothing about the boy's death? I heard you two shared a relationship akin to a grandfather-grandson's. But here you are, facing his murderer, and not a single word of resentment has been said to me." He

laughed loudly, "You even teamed up with the man who delivered the boy to me! How unfeeling of you, Dumbledore!"

The sky above rumbled as a white glow illuminated across behind the dark clouds, flashing them momentarily in a dim white.

Dumbledore waved his wand above his head in a circle as if building momentum to throw a looped rope. The dust and dirt around him rose in circles as a wide tornado built around him until the spiraling dust broke forward and formed a horse-like apparition of dust that charged toward Voldemort, leaving behind a dusty trail that obstructed vision all around. Not waiting even for a second to observe his spell was worked against Voldemort, Dumbledore turned to the ruins of the building under which Quinn hid and shot a chain of spells all over the wreckage. Neither did it explode, nor did the building seem to move back in time and fix itself—the spell's purpose was simple: strengthen the broken wreckage through transfiguration and make them stick together so they could withstand pressure from outside better.

Dumbledore couldn't have Quinn worrying about the roof falling over his head when he was concentrating on something much more important. 'I will protect you, so please. . . don't fail,' Dumbledore thought as he returned to face Voldemort.

The three-story high horse was immediately ripped apart, and the dust was pushed away to the sides, making everything visible again.

Voldemort looked unharmed. "Is that the best you could do as the Master of the Elder Wand? If so, I'm disappointed I did not face you for as long as I did."

"I pity what you become, Tom." Dumbledore decided to engage Voldemort in conversation— he needed to preserve his magic for later. "And, I blame myself for not helping you when you came to me. I failed

you, my student. I fear that I'm the reason for everything that has happened to you and, in turn, this country. I fear. . . I'm who made you this way."

Then Dumbledore waited. He didn't need to wait long. It took Voldemort only a few seconds to blow up like a kettle on a high flame.

"YOU ARE NOT WHO MADE ME!" Voldemort screamed, and the earth shook with him. "You are not the reason for who I am! You have nothing to do with me! I am the master of my own destiny! I am the immortal Dark Lord! You didn't make me; I made myself!"

'It worked,' Dumbledore thought pleasantly. Dumbledore knew that even the mere mention that he had a hand in Voldemort being what he was today would infuriate the man so much that it would shatter all sense of control Voldemort thought he had in the situation. Dumbledore could tell that all previous thoughts had left Voldemort, replaced by what he had just said.

Dumbledore decided to poke a little more. "I do not think so. What if you were allowed to stay at Hogwarts as you had asked for during summer breaks? If you were not forced to go back to the horrible orphanage— maybe you would've been kinder, more compassionate. . . a better person. I take the blame for pushing you down the dark path. . . . Forgive me," there was a feeling of sorrow in his voice.

The battlefield went silent. The sound of thunderclouds in the sky echoed loudly. The sound of explosions from the other part of the villages traveled wide— but only for so long as an earthshattering quake broke out beneath Dumbledore's feet. Terrible cracks and crevices broke out on the ground, marring the surface with ugly scars.

"Mind your words, Dumbledore," Voldemort said in a deep voice, a grave warning flashing in his tone. "You are treading a dangerous line here."

"Dangerous line? I'm already in danger, Tom. You said so yourself that you plan to kill me today, just like I plan to do so to you. What difference does it make if I say anything that displeases you? I am simply speaking the truth, and you can't stop me from doing so."

". . . I have decided to make the last moments of your life as painful as possible," Voldemort said, snarling.

"Don't you think my words anger you so much because you see the truth in them?" Dumbledore asked, continuing to throw words he knew would get a response from Voldemort.

In his effort to defeat Voldemort, Dumbledore studied every point of Voldemort's life. He knew whatever there was to know about Voldemort's life except for the ten years gap of absence in which Voldemort had left the country to travel the world. He knew enough to make every word hit where he wanted to.

Voldemort raised his wand to the sky, and the rumbles of thunder became louder and brighter as the clouds turned darker and more menacing than a deep rainforest.

'I think this is enough,' Dumbledore looked up at the sky. He glanced at the wreckage that he had reinforced. 'I hope this is enough,' he couldn't provoke more— if he did more, Voldemort's magic would begin to wreak havoc everywhere instead of just focusing upon him. Emotion was closely tied to magic. The former powered latter. But it also could affect it at a really deep level. Dumbledore had purposefully provoked Voldemort because he wanted to disrupt his internals in hopes that it would, by chance, work in favor of Quinn, who was trying to work with soul magic which yet again deeply connected with emotions.

"Die, Dumbledore," Voldemort lowered his wand until he pointed it at Dumbledore.

Dumbledore didn't look anywhere other than Voldemort, but his instincts told him what was about to happen. He immediately funneled magic through the Elder Wand, and a dome appeared overhead just in time for a white flash of thunder to strike him from the clouds. Even if it was for a split second, the air heated up until it burned.

'That was close,' thought Dumbledore— if he had waited to react to the magic, he wouldn't have been able to block a literal thunderbolt coming down on him.

"I thought you wanted to kill me painfully. That would've killed me instantly," Dumbledore chuckled.

Voldemort raised both of his hands towards Dumbledore. The cloud rumbled, and a flash of thunder descended again, but this time over Voldemort, but instead of electrocuting him, the lightning pooled around him— something impossible without magic. He jutted his arm forward, and the lightning pooled behind him brightened, and two small lightning streams bolted toward Dumbledore, slammed into his dome, and acted like drills trying to pierce through.

Dumbledore stabbed his wand into the dome, and the lightning at the impact point broke down into small electric spark streams. Dumbledore stood back and simply let his magic consistently dissipate the harmful magic into harmful sparks.

Voldemort grunted as he finally stopped the seemingly endless supply of lightning. He spat. "I am the only one responsible for what I am today. The blood of Slytherin runs through my veins— I was destined for greatness. Your only contribution to my greatness shall be by dying by my hand and making the people realize that—" Voldemort froze in his spot and began to shake as his already pale skin turned paler than a white Vampire's. His hand went to his heart as he looked around with a

panicky look.

"W-What i-is th-i-is?" he stuttered and fisted his robes.

Suddenly, a golden beam shot out of his chest that ended up at the wreckage where Quinn had been thrown into.

Voldemort's eyes shrunk. He errantly waved his hand, and the wreckage rose up in the air and floated there in a strange sense of static. It revealed Quinn kneeling on the ground with the Hufflepuff's Cup in his hand, which was the other end of the golden beam that connected it to Voldemort.

Quinn opened his eyes which were now glowing a deep purple with a shimmer of golden glowing in them like a burning flame. He looked directly at Voldemort. "Peace does not dwell in outward things but within the soul. . . and when you destroy the soul," he grinned, "chaos ensues. . ."

Dumbledore looked between Voldemort and Quinn and stood up straight. He readied his magic. . . the real battle was about to start now.

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Quinn West - MC - Linko Starto!

Voldemort - Dark Lord - About to realize what is happening

Albus Dumbledore - Defender - You shall not pass!

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432. Chapter 432: First Cut

The golden line that connected Quinn and Voldemort blazed bright enough to be substituted as a flashlight in the dark, illuminating its surrounding with a sharp golden glow. The line was taut without a hint of slack, even as Quinn got up and jumped out of the wreckage.

Voldemort stared at the golden line from his chest, where his heart was.

"What is this?" he asked, his hands hovering around the line but not touching it. "WHAT IS THIS!"

Quinn cracked his neck and tugged— not physically— at the line, and Voldemort's pale, grey face went to almost white. He placed himself relatively closer to Dumbledore and spoke to him using magic, "This is it, big guy. He's going to swing hard now. If I die or even lose control of this magic, I don't think Voldemort is going to let me succeed again so easily. If we want to move ahead, you must keep the very pissed Dark Lord away from me."

Even with the talk of killing each other, neither Dumbledore nor Voldemort were actually trying to kill each other— at least not seriously — they were just testing each other out. Seeing what they could use to really hurt the other when they actually got serious. And there was no way Voldemort was going to stay non-serious when there was an unknown magic sticking out from his chest with the other end in the hand of an enemy who had vehemently threatened to kill him.

'It would be a problem if he doesn't rage,' thought Quinn— it would mean that Voldemort could get out any time he wanted. 'He doesn't look he's feeling good, so that's good,' he confirmed that by tugging on the golden line, making Voldemort shake.

"S-Soul magic," Voldemort said, stuttering. He muttered something under his breath before glaring at Quinn. "What magic is this?! How are you doing this!"

Quinn didn't say anything and took a few steps back until he was behind Dumbledore. He wasn't going to wave the Horcrux in Voldemort's face as long as he could keep it hidden. He kept Voldemort's gaze and began to proceed with the magic. Establishing the connection between the

Horcrux and Voldemort's soul was merely the first step— the most challenging step, but the first step nevertheless.

"If you refuse to tell me, then I'll just have to kill you," Voldemort said, growling.

Quinn shrugged. "You will, unfortunately, find that if you kill me, you die as well." He was bluffing. Quinn was the only one to die if he was going to die.

"I doubt that," Voldemort said, sneering. He raised his voice, and the ground shook. It shook so hard that a crevice opened under Quinn's feet, a crevice so opened that it could swallow two of him. But Quinn kept his altitude by keeping himself in the air.

Dumbledore waved his wand. The shaking stopped with the cracked ground closed its gap and became whole again. Quinn had to give a small piece of his mind a moment to admire the mass transfiguration so large that it fixed the ground, leaving behind not a single split— it looked like a flat ground fit for rollerblading.

"You're not going to get to him," Dumbledore declared. "You're going to die today, and I will do everything to make that happen."

Voldemort swung his wand, and the air took on the stench of burning sulfur. "Saying it again and again that I'm going to do again is going to make it come true suddenly, Dumbledore— but maybe that's what you want since you can't do it alone and apparently need a child's help to do it."

"This child can dismantle your Death Eaters with less effort than shattering glass by dropping a hammer onto it. And that same child has got you rattled, Tom. I can feel it," Dumbledore smiled. "The slight trembled in your magic every time you cast— it's getting to you, and no amount of denying is going to change that."

Voldemort clenched his jaw. The putrid smell of burning sulfur went beyond that of rotten eggs. Quinn, who was silently working on the magic, looked to his sleeve and saw the fabric melting against his skin. "Dumbledore," Quinn called, "I thought you said you would protect me!" He could fly while performing the soul link, but he couldn't fend off the Dark Lord's very dangerous dark curse. It was what he had said to Dumbledore— he was a complete liability.

Dumbledore stabbed his wand into the air, and a gentle pulse of magic cleared away the sulfur smell. The melting of clothes immediately stopped, though already corroding fabric didn't return to normal.

A black mist pooled around Voldemort's feet and rose to cover his lower body. Voldemort took to air just a couple feet off the ground. He shot toward Quinn, leaving behind rising dust in his wake. Dumbledore stepped directly in front of Quinn and thrust his wand forward, sending out a spiral of power that collided with Voldemort, sending him back like a cannonball. Dumbledore didn't wait and apparated in Voldemort's direction.

Explosions ensued as the two juggernauts collided in a battle of magic. However, Quinn stayed away from that and maintained his position in the middle of the street, focusing on the golden line hopping as if attached to a ball bounced in the pinball machine.

He concentrated on the golden line and felt the soothing feeling exuding out in loads. However, on both ends of that gentle presence were two menacing presences that seemed to suck in all into the void of darkness.

The two dark presences were Horcrux and Voldemort's broken soul.

'Let's form some hard,' Quinn thought seriously, though the part of his mind chuckled at the irony of the situation.

The gold line connecting the two of Voldemort's souls was actually

Emperyeen wielding properties that Quinn had bestowed upon it using his soul magic. He had been surprised that Emperyeen, which had always been red no matter what he did with it, but the second it touched soul magic, the red Emperyeen changed to gold as King Midas had touched it. The gold soul-based Emperyeen had two characteristics. The tethering property that connected the two souls came from the Resurrection Stone — without it, Quinn had no way to connect the two pieces of souls; it was way beyond-beyond his skill level. That was why Resurrection Stone was crucial, for, without it, the current plan wouldn't even be born. But it was the second property that made Quinn chuckle inside— even though he was the one who had made the property. Horcrux was a piece of soul split from the main soul and stored into an object to tether the main soul to the mortal plane.

'Which means there's a connection between Horcrux and the main soul,' thought Quinn. Even though Voldemort couldn't tell when his Horcrux was destroyed, the fact that there was a faint connection meant that Quinn could exploit it. And so he did. Using the Resurrection Stone, he exploited the connection and strengthened it.

The next step was using that connection to take the two pieces of souls. . . and attach them together. It made him laugh because the attaching process was strikingly similar to healing two souls. Even the thought of healing Voldemort's corrupted soul was so absurd that it made him laugh till he was wheezing.

Quinn opened his eyes and stared at an explosion of fire heading toward him. He didn't move and faced the fire with all his concentration on the golden line. He closed his eyes again and felt the heat on his face, but suddenly the heat went away. When he opened his eyes, he saw a vacuum sucking away the flames. They tried to creep out of the sucking

force, but the vacuum became stronger and gobbled up the flames.

He grinned. Nothing felt more dependable than having Dumbledore protect him. 'The thing that hurts a lot is when you injure something being healed,' Quinn thought.

He pumped magic into the Resurrection Stone and felt a surge of power in return that he channeled into the golden line. And then pulled— pulled on Voldemort's main soul.

There was a scream— Voldemort's scream.

'It worked,' Quinn smiled, so he pulled more until the pull reached its limit. He took out a second Basilisk venom dagger, activated the runes, and with a swing, he cut the golden line.

The scream this time made Banshee's screams pale in comparison.

Quinn never felt prouder to inflict pain on someone.

"Dumbledore! Don't let him get away. We are going to end this today," he yelled as he dropped the Hufflepuff's Cup, pointed his palm at the falling Horcrux— "Avada Kedava"— and magicked it to death. What died this time was the soul fragment in the Horcrux and some of the soul he had pulled from Voldemort's main soul.

He knew he was successful because Voldemort's magic was rampaging, and he was still screaming.

The next second, Dumbledore apparated right next to him. "That worked," Dumbledore said.

"I think so too."

"He's mad."

"I can see that as well."

"I don't like that," Dumbledore pointed the Elder Wand at the rampaging magic that was sending wreckage and large pieces of the ground spiraling in the air.

"He's weaker than before; it will be easier than before."

"I don't think so," Dumbledore had a grave-grave expression. "Until now, he was fighting to kill us. But now, he's fighting to protect himself from dying. Even if he doesn't know that we have got his Horcruxes, losing his current body is not an experience he will want to go through— the last time that happened, it took him longer than a decade to get another one — that sort of experience stays with you. He can't escape, not in his current condition, so he will fight to the death to get even a small chance of not losing this body."

Quinn swallowed the saliva building in his mouth. "I damaged his main soul right now," that was how he was planning to weaken Voldemort. "I don't think he will be a fan of losing his body— which will weaken his soul more— and roam around as a specter. The recovery might be worse than the last time." That was an assumption. It could be the same as the last time, Voldemort had unknowingly lost a part of his soul that turned Harry Potter into a Horcrux. And even though he didn't make a Horcrux this time, he did lose an extra part of his soul.

"I will make sure he doesn't escape," Dumbledore said. He looked at Quinn. "Are you fine? You seem pale. . ."

Quinn spat another build of saliva and breathed out heavily. "It's a difficult magic—"

"It's soul magic."

"I know. . . soul magic is difficult magic. It takes its toll. It's fine; I'm fine. I can do this," Quinn stood up straighter and glared at Dumbledore in case the old Headmaster had some other thoughts. "We proceed as planned."

Dumbledore stared for a while before nodding.

Quinn reached into his pocket and took out a glass case. He could feel

Dumbledore's eyes stuck on it— or on the thing inside the glass case. Sitting inside the glass was an ornate diadem studded with beautiful diamonds.

It could have been any well-made random diadem. But Quinn and Dumbledore knew precisely what it was.

It was Rowena Ravenclaw's Diadem. . . another one of Voldemort's Horcruxes.

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Quinn West - MC - Connect, Pull, Cut, Kill.

Albus Dumbledore - Bodyguard - Not usually on bodyguard duty.

Voldemort - Dark Lord - In agonizing pain.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - I have been posting slowly. I have a reason/theory for it. I will tell you guys about it when the story ends.

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433. Chapter 433: Last Cut

Dumbledore stared at the Ravenclaw's Diadem in Quinn's hand. The platinum frame of the headpiece was adorned with a large blue gem whose glow tainted the clear diamonds studded all around the frame in a cerulean light that looked like moonlight reflecting off a lake's surface.

"Where did you find the Lady Ravenclaw's Diadem?"

Quinn glanced at Dumbledore before opening the seal on the glass case that trapped the Horcrux and prevented it from spreading its influence to ensnare anyone except Voldemort to put it on their head to cast a dark curse so that it could protect itself from any potential danger.

"It was inside Hogwarts," Quinn said.

". . . What?"

"Voldemort had hidden it inside Hogwarts on the day you refused him the professor position. He decided to hide it inside the supposed safest place in the country, in a place he thought only he knew. Unfortunately for him, I found it." The glass case opened, and Quinn directly took out the diadem. He could hold it close without falling under the influence because he was capable of doing so— of course, the Horcrux could still make him fall in moment's weakness; as such, he still had to be careful, for the Horcrux was a silent beast looking for a chance to strike.

"It will be easier this time to establish the connection," Quinn said. "But if Voldemort's going to be more vicious, the reduced time won't make things any easier."

"I will keep him off of you."

"I almost got turned into a charred piece of steak. You're fortunate I don't scare easy, or else Voldemort won't be injured right now." The fire that almost engulfed him would have melted his skin and muscle off his bones, taking care of nature's work of decomposition when he was buried — that is, if there was anything left to bury.

"He won't reach you," Dumbledore said assuringly.

The whipping winds around Voldemort began to die down, and the spiraling debris fell to the ground, shaking it a little and covering the entire in a dust cloud.

"After this, I'm going to spend my time in a place with absolutely no dust," Quinn said, clearing the dust inside his clothes.

When the dust cleared, Voldemort stood in the middle of the floating debris. The Dark Lord's blood-red eyes glowed a sharp red, making him look like Terminator programmed with the sole mission to kill him.

Voldemort raised his wand, and suddenly Quinn's entire vision was flooded with sharp light making him shut his eye due to the pain.

Instincts kicked in. Quinn modified his eyes and opened them with a clear vision just to see Voldemort standing a couple of inches from him, looking down at him with his menacing look. Quinn's throat closed up a moment before all the magic he could muster rushed out— but the next moment, he felt a hand on his shoulder, and Voldemort disappeared into the mist.

Quinn looked to his shoulder and saw Dumbledore's hand on his shoulder. "I can only do much against mind magic," Dumbledore said. Quinn cracked his neck and growled, "Keep him busy." He grabbed the diadem in one and the Resurrection Stone in the other and began channeling magic.

Dumbledore stepped forward and warded off a plume of dark poisonous gas heading towards Quinn. He

"GET OUT OF MY WAY, DUMBLEDORE!" Voldemort's voice sounded demonic— befitting a Dark Lord. His magic so destructive that every time he waved his wand, Earth would gain a new scar on her face. Against a furious Voldemort, Dumbledore seemed like a busy assembly line worker trying to keep up with the constant stream of work coming his way.

"I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, WEST! AND, IT'S NOT GOING TO BE PAINLESS!" Voldemort screamed. "I'm going to cut your arms and legs off and keep your body alive until I know what I need to know! GET READY TO LIVE A NEW LIFE UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD!"

Quinn didn't look toward the person shouting death threats and continued his focus on establishing a connection with Voldemort's soul. He thought it would be much more difficult to get a hold of Voldemort's soul, but the man had no defense on his soul.

'It was my fault,' Quinn thought. 'I can't compare everyone to Alan.'

Voldemort might have split his soul into Horcruxes, a form of soul magic;

he couldn't expect everyone to hide and protect their souls. 'He is arrogant enough to think he's invincible; it makes sense.'

Unlike Alan's soul, which was blurry and harder to pinpoint when using soul sense, Voldemort's soul was clearly visible— thus, a very easy target to get a hold of. It was the next part, establishing the connection, which was difficult.

'But now, I know how to do it, so. . .' Quinn pumped magic into the Resurrection Stone and felt his body fill up with power and his soul sing with exhilaration— for a moment, he felt that his soul could exert an effect on the material world. For a moment, he wondered if this is how using a wand felt— sans the dreadful feeling.

Quinn conjured a strand of Emyrean in his hand. The red thread shined in his palm. Next, he inserted the soul power into it, and it bloomed into a beautiful golden. Quinn spotted Voldemort through his soul sense, and the golden Emyrean didn't need to be physically shot towards Voldemort, just a thought and— "Got. . . him!"— Voldemort had a golden line sticking out of his chest with the other end connected to the diadem. Immediately, Voldemort's magic became erratic, and a large screech tore through the air. Quinn looked up and saw a mass of black smoke shaped like a vulture hovering in the sky with burning red lights as eyes. It flapped its wings, and all the wreckage was thrown into the air because of the sheer air pressure. Quinn had to form a sturdy earthen wall behind him and just lay flat against it to not let himself be blown away.

A yellow spell shot up from Dumbledore's wand up into the sky. It entered the vulture, and the black smoke turned yellow before getting sucked into a large yellow ball that exploded into an expanding ring.

Knowing Voldemort won't listen to him, Quinn laughed, "Taking my arms and legs? That's just stealing my style. You can take it, though. I'm into

cutting souls right now!" He raised the Basilisk venom dagger, slashed at the golden soul line, and relished the scream that followed.

He also knew that Dumbledore switched from protecting him to attacking Voldemort without killing him. If killed while there was a Horcrux still intact, Voldemort's soul would turn into a specter, unable to pass onto the afterlife. But they didn't know what would happen if they destroyed the last Horcrux while Voldemort's soul was in specter form. The rationale would say that with no anchor, the soul would pass through the natural progression— but there was no proof, so they couldn't be sure.

And in a situation like this, they couldn't go without evidence. It would mean letting Voldemort go, and that wasn't an option in any scenario.

Quinn took out the glass case, put the diadem back, and dropped the entire thing down on the ground. He took out a small purple pill, almost black— dropped it into the glass container before closing it shut. The pill dissolved into smoke that filled the box— there was a shrill shriek followed by a distinctly colored black smoke.

Quinn heaved as he looked at the now destroyed Horcrux. While casting the Killing Curse would've been faster, the magic took a heavy magical toll on the caster— Quinn could've easily shrugged it if he was at full reserves, but for the first time in his life, he didn't have a full tank outside of controlled environment— usually, he was only in this state at night after exhausting his reserve slowly throughout the day. This was different. The soul magic exacted a high cost.

'This would take multiple people to pull off,' Quinn thought, clearing his dry throat. He slowly took out one more glass case— this one had a heavy locket studded with green gems in the shape of serpentine 'S' on the top— the last Horcrux, Slytherin's Locket.

Dark Lord Voldemort made seven Horcruxes. Quinn destroyed Tom

Riddle's Diary to kill the ghost of Tom Riddle. He destroyed Marvolo Gaunt's Ring because he wanted the Resurrection Stone. Harry Potter was sent and back to Limbo for the Prophecy. Nagini was killed because she didn't fit the equation and to keep Voldemort from retreating. That left behind three Horcruxes he had never destroyed, just collected them into his safety.

They were going to come to use someday.

That someday was today.

"Last one to go," Quinn took out the locket by its chain and stared at the rotating locket. Everything was about to be over, and then he'd be free of everything— "Ready for a new start. . . Come on, now. . . only one to go."

He closed his eyes and felt the power of Resurrection Stone fill him. It made him feel rejuvenated. Body, mind, and soul— the Trifecta— were connected, and when one was slumped on the floor, the others were affected, and similarly, when one was cycling through the clouds, the others were feeling the cloudy fluff as well.

"I have to end this quick." He wriggled his arms and legs. "Before I get addicted to this." He pushed the magic into the locket. It heated up before an invisible line shot from it towards the crater formed by Voldemort and Dumbledore's fighting in which they fought right now. He just needed to make the invisible line into a golden, sparkling one.

Quinn closed his eyes again and began to concentrate. Boom! He snapped his eyes open and saw a Giant-sized stone golem roaring like an ancient monstrosity.

The said monstrosity turned towards Quinn and stomped towards him with a giant stone hammer-ax. Even the steps were enough to knock Quinn off balance for days— only his magic kept him steady. Quinn gazed at the golem come closer to him step by step. He knew

Dumbledore would protect him, but seeing something so large caused an instinctual fear to beat inside him.

Step— Boom! Step— Boom! Step— Boom!

There were only so many steps the giant could take with its size to cover ground. It raised its foot, and the area around Quinn descended into the darkness with no moonlight.

'Come on!'

Zap— Boom! A spell streaked through the air and exploded the foot.

Quinn conjured a very weak shield— the only thing he could with his focus on the soul magic— but it was barely capable of protecting from the rock shower.

The streaking spells continued, and within seconds, the golem was reduced to a hail of boulders that would've entombed Quinn if not for his shield. Quinn groaned as he felt every rock and boulder that fell down on him through his magic.

He quickly reaffirmed his focus and began working on the connection.

The invisible line began to turn solid in his eyes, looking more and more like a ghostly golden.

The seconds began to slip by as the magic crept closer, and with it, Quinn's heartbeat. Sweat beaded down his forehead, traveling down his face— dripping down from his nose and chin as he stared hard at the locket.

"Almost there," Quinn gulped, and his throat hurt. The golden line became thicker and thicker— one moment, and it would become real.

"Here. . . we g—"

The imaginary (almost real) line shattered into pieces as Quinn felt a jolt in his back. Foreign magic coursed through his body. He recognized the magic. It was a stunner. It wasn't powerful enough to knock him out.

Proven by the fact that even in Quinn's current state, he stood without even a hint of distortion in his senses.

But it was enough to shatter the delicate soul magic he was casting.

Quinn slowly turned back to face his attacker, anger rising inside of him.

Things were so close to completion that he could almost smell it in the air, only for his sense of smell to be taken away before he could even enjoy the scent.

He saw the man with his wand raised. Quinn could tell the man's mediocre skill from the distance between them. It was in the average range distance a stunner could travel before it lost its integrity and fizzled away.

Such a mediocre man had disrupted his magic.

"I know you," Quinn growled, his blood boiling as if he was using blood magic. "I know you. . . Rivers Lock."

Rivers Lock, the founder of Novellus Accionites, now a member of the Dark Lord's Death Eaters, stood facing Quinn with his wand trained ahead.

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Quinn West - MC - I am not feeling very good right now.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - I think the fight ends next chapter.

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434. Chapter 434: Final Cut

If there was a ceiling for how much anger one could feel, it was a glass one because Quinn had shattered it the moment the link between the Horcrux and Voldemort's soul was broken. And when he found that Rivers Lock was the reason behind it, his fury was no longer quantifiable.

Quinn raised his hand towards the offending Death Eater and clenched it into a fist. Rivers rose up from the ground, his limbs stretched straight, forcing him into a starfish posture as he floated towards Quinn at a blazing speed that pushed his cheeks back, revealing the gums and teeth. Quinn opened his fist and hit the brakes on Rivers' body. If not for Quinn restricting Rivers' body— it would've folded in on itself by the force of the sudden stop.

"Do you know what you did just now?" Quinn said, glowering. "You inconsequential bug, how dare you interfere with ME?!" He pulled on Rivers' limb, extending the joints to the point the joints could almost pop off but didn't.

Rivers screamed, but his body couldn't even wriggle in struggle.

"I am more furious than I was when Voldemort cursed me," Quinn's nostrils flared as he pursed his lips to forcibly seal his mouth.

Rivers opened his mouth, "I— argh!" He screamed again, and a light waft of white smoke escaped his mouth. Rivers stuck out his tongue, and the pinkish muscle had been charred into a burnt mess.

"Did I say you could speak," Quinn said, a cruel light burning in his eyes.

". . . I will deal with you later when I have time." He waved his hand, and Rivers was sent flying. The Death Eater's body hit the ground and dragged on the ground for dozen feet before coming to a stop.

Quinn turned back to Voldemort and Dumbledore's fight. The battlefield was an orchestra of chaos played through magic, flashing lights, dust, and two men hellbent on killing each other. If not for the soul sense picking up on the souls of Dumbledore and Voldemort, Quinn wouldn't have been able to spot anything beyond the obstructive could of raging magic.

'One more time,' Quinn raised his arms towards the duel.

Slytherin's Locket and the Resurrection Stone felt heavy in his hands. His shoulders begged him to put his arms down and rest for a moment; his mind screamed the same. A part of him wanted to listen and put his efforts down and watch, but the dominant part wouldn't let him rest— it wasn't time to do so, not until the end.

He locked onto Voldemort's soul, and an invisible line appeared connecting it to the Horcrux, a line only visible to Quinn's golden eyes.

'One more time.'

His soul nudged the Resurrection Stone awake, and the soul artifact welcomed the rich magic provided to it and, in return, filled Quinn's soul with its power. Quinn perked up as the fatigue retreated; his being felt rejuvenated once more. Arduously, carefully, he channeled the power into the invisible line connecting the two souls— immediately, the invisible line thickened and gained a faint color.

It was easier than the previous three times but still something that made Quinn subconsciously stick out his tongue in concentration. The process was as infuriatingly slow as watching sand trickle down an hourglass in hopes that it would go faster. Why did magic of such greater importance have to be so slow? Nothing healthy ever tasted delicious. Medicine had to be bitter. Did everything good always have to have something negative attached to it? Was this nature's way of maintaining balance?

Eventually, the soul power saturated the invisible line, and Quinn returned to where he was before Rivers interrupted him. Just like before, anticipation bubbled inside him like boiling water. With one last push, the soul power poured into the line, and Quinn followed by casting *Empyrean*, providing the line with a 'physical' form.

A gleaming golden line greeted the world. Voldemort's angry proclamations announcing its arrival.

Quinn didn't grin or beam. Instead, his brows merged together as he prepared himself to pull as much of Voldemort's main soul so that he could cut a piece off, causing pain and harm.

'I'm stronger,' Quinn thought as he pulled. 'My soul is stronger. My soul is whole. My soul is better.' His soul had always been more robust because of his status as an outsider, as a transmigrator. He pulled and pulled on, and the other side pulled back, ensuing a tug-of-war.

Even with Quinn's belief that his soul was stronger, Voldemort was no slouch. It was magically exhausting to go against Voldemort. To compete, he had to unplug the sink in his magical reserve and let it drain into the Resurrection Stone so that it could fill his soul with its power and use it to pit against Voldemort.

In the pulling contest, Quinn was at an inherent disadvantage because he was trying to pull Voldemort's soul using Voldemort's Horcrux. To overcome that drawback, he had to compensate with brute forcing as he didn't have the skill to overcome the gap. It worked; Voldemort's soul began to move along the golden line towards Quinn.

'A little more,' Quinn breathed heavily as he felt the soul move towards him. He took out the dagger and raised it above his shoulder as the runes came to life. 'Just a bit more.' This was going to be the last attack; Quinn wanted to do as much damage as possible.

"Now!" Quinn swung the dagger down, but before he could slice the line, his arm froze mid-swing. It was not only his arm; his entire body felt like it had been encased in metal, robbing him of any movement.

"Not so fast now." The moon shone from behind, casting a shadow to the front. Quinn looked down and saw his shadow move and turn from something resembling him to something entirely else. The shadow lengthened, the torso leaned, limbs leaned, and the head turned round,

void of hair. When red slits appeared as eyes on the head of the shadow, Quinn realized who the new shadow was.

"You think you can kill me, child?" Voldemort's voice sounded more sinister than usual. It seemed to be coming from just behind Quinn, but he couldn't turn to look. However, he knew the voice was projected by magic. "I will have you tell me how you are doing this—"

Quinn roared as more magic burst out from his core.

"What!" Voldemort exclaimed, and the shadow wavered.

Quinn forced his arm down against whatever magic Voldemort had cast.

Every muscle fiber used to make the swinging motion trembled as the arm crept. "Enough you. . . sick fuck!" Quinn screamed as the dagger's tip slowly touched the golden line— and that was enough to sever the line.

Quinn waited for the hold on him to break, but it didn't. He gazed down at his shadow— it was trembling in and out of shape. Quinn was in disbelief. How could Voldemort maintain a spell after suffering a soul injury?!

"I will. . . make you. . . pay!" Voldemort's voice snarled.

Quinn felt a sense of danger pass over him.

It was swift and sudden. A magic passed over Quinn, and the right side of his body burst open. His right arm and leg were gone, and so were parts of his stomach, pancreas, intestine, and entire spleen. Quinn collapsed to the ground immediately, and blood began to pour out as he went into shock.

But a moment before the internal shock hit, Quinn lit his mind up with magic and used the remaining power in his soul. He knew the shock would come when he felt the first sign of injury— and the moment it hit, mind and soul snapped him out of it.

'Injury status: fatal,' said a voice inside Quinn's head. 'Preservation

needed.' Magic inside his body reacted, and various forms of spells covered his body. Body magic clenched the muscles around his wounds, while blood magic kept blood from pouring out of his body, and various healing spells pooled around to keep him alive. An injury like this would've killed a non-magical in an instant. It was no different for Quinn; if not treated, he would die— all he could do was hug his life until someone helped him.

Like a machine, Quinn looked to his side with no emotion in his eyes.

The Slytherin's Locket lay a couple feet away from him. The Horcrux was still intact and needed to be destroyed, or else Voldemort would still live.

'I need to destroy it,' Quinn raised his left, still good hand and tapped the patch on his chest. In the process, he coughed up blood, and more sputtered out of his wound despite his magic. A small vial of Basilisk venom appeared on his chest. The cork popped out, and the vial floated shakily to the Horcrux. It tipped to the side, and the drops of venom spilled down on the locket, melting a hole to the center of the locket. A hiss and black smoke later, the Horcrux was destroyed.

'It is done,' Quinn thought as his conscious grew weaker. 'Can I rest now?' he asked himself, but he knew that resting now meant not waking up ever again.

He stared at the sky; he couldn't see any stars; there were clouds and dust that blocked their light from reaching him. Quinn found his emotions returning as the need to be razor-sharp had faded.

Quinn heard the sound of footsteps. He felt his hopes go up for a second, but then he realized they were coming from the wrong side. He barely moved his head to the side and saw Rivers Lock dragging his feet to him.

"Look at you," Rivers said, a mocking smile on his bruised face, "not so mighty now, are you?"

Quinn stared at him; that was all he could do. He had sacrificed that leeway trying to destroy the Horcrux. Any action right now meant death. If he physically moved, his magic wouldn't be able to keep him alive. If he used magic, it would break the delicate balance the spells operating on him were in, which would yet again mean death.

"You ruined my life," Rivers said. "Since the day I met you, my life has gone all wrong. You were the reason why I went to Azkaban. You're the reason I ended up as a Death Eater. When I thought I had made myself safe in that cesspool, you foiled my plan. I had just gotten out of Pettigrew's supervision, and the Dark Lord had begun trusting me. But there you were again, the Invisible Vigilante, Death Eaters' nemesis. Do you know how much pleasure that man takes in torturing others? He put me through all worlds of pain until he was bored and then ordered me to fight here at Hogwarts like nothing ever happened. DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?!"

Quinn simply stared at Rivers. He had no idea what Rivers was talking about. He was in no capacity to even think about it, not that there was anything he could do about the situation anyway.

'I don't want to die like this,' thought Quinn. His magic trembled as the thought passed. He had destroyed Voldemort's Horcrux, injured him, and served him on the silver platter to Dumbledore. He had been successful in his mission. He could finally return home now. It was time to get back to his life.

"Pathetic. Absolutely pathetic," Rivers spat. "Even if I kill you know, I won't feel any contentment. . . . I guess I can only kill you today and then go after your family for revenge. It will only be a pity that—"

A cut appeared on Rivers' throat, and blood sputtered out. He grabbed his throat as shock and panic pierced his eyes. He looked at Quinn as blood

leaked from between his fingers and hand. Rivers opened his mouth, but nothing came out except some gurgling noises.

Quinn watched Rivers collapse on the ground with emotionless eyes. If he was going to die today, he was at least going to make sure that there was one less threat against his family.

'I would have liked to say my goodbye.' The faces of his family and friends passed through his mind as he felt his body go cold. He wanted to say his sorries, right the wrongs, and go out without those regrets.

Tears dripped down the side of Quinn's face as his eye grew heavy.

Finally, he felt his magic grow weaker.

Then. . . he closed his eyes.

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FictionOnlyReader - Author - To the well-organized mind, death is but the next great adventure.

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435. Chapter 435: Waking Up In a
White Room

Quinn opened his eyes. They fluttered and tightened, stopping his dilated pupils from letting excess light in and hurting his eyes. The ceiling above was stark white, with the edges lined with an array of white MLE bathing the room with clean white light.

Quinn's first thought as he stared above: 'Am I in the Limbo?' But everything was crisp and sharp, unlike when he had been to Limbo to pull Harry back, where everything seemed to be made from solidified mists and looked more like a dream-like illusion than a real place. The next thought: 'Is this afterlife?' Limbo was supposed to be the place

between life and death— he had died and passed from the mortal realm to the afterlife— and maybe the afterlife looked like Limbo without all the swirling mists.

He had died. Died from exchanging a stabilizing control over his injury for the chance to slice Rivers' throat. Died at the age of eighteen from fighting a war to get rid of the world from a Dark Lord. He
Was it worth it?

'No, it was not,' Quinn said to himself, squeezing his eyes shut. He was four years old when he arrived in this world, and it had been fourteen years since then. Fourteen years of life, he had lived it to the fullest, doing what he loved, devoting every other minute of his life to magic, grateful that he had a background, the privilege that allowed him to pursue his heart's desire. But there was always the foreknowledge gained from his previous life that dictated his life in certain ways. AID was created so he could have a handle on things inside Hogwarts. How he acted in front of many was through a lens of his previous knowledge. Invisible Vigilante, which was supposed to be only a one-time escapade, turned into something that drove his life to dangerous places. The older he got, the closer he got to the end of his limit of knowledge. . . the worse it got— he donned the mask more and more until he abandoned the unmasked part of his life, left his family, and lived a life entirely dictated by the foreknowledge.

Knowledge had always been a boon to him. But this time, it was a curse that chained him to play a part. He could've not bothered and walked away, but such was the curse of it all— he couldn't turn away when he knew what the future presented.

Despite all he did. . . it wasn't worth it.

Quinn groaned and closed his eyes when he felt them water up. He

wanted to raise his hands to cover his eyes before they overflowed and tears trickled down his face, but no arm came over his face.

He opened his eyes and let the tears flow down the sides of his face. The tear-jerking feelings went away for a moment, and a frown marred his face as Quinn raised his neck to look at his right arm. It wasn't there. His arm was missing from its place on his shoulder, and his body was wrapped in heavy gauze that had runes painted across the entire length. He turned his eyes to the other side and found that while he still had his left arm, it was also covered in gauze and had a dozen long needles sticking out from it. He had no idea what they were supposed to do, but he couldn't move his arm or feel it.

Then his eyes went lower. His left leg hung over his body, the ankle resting on a U-shaped cushion that levitated without any support. As for his right leg, he couldn't feel it like his left arm and leg, but he instinctually knew that it wasn't there like his right arm.

If it was any other person, they would suffer a panic attack seeing two of their four limbs missing— even a magical person would feel a full bout of anxiety even though they knew that magic could regrow limbs as easy as growing a mushroom in a damp and dark place. For Quinn, however, the first thought was: 'I am alive.'

He was alive. He was sure of it. Soul moved on to the afterlife upon death. His cause of death had been a physical injury— his soul hadn't been touched. If this was the afterlife, he was to appear with his entire body and not the mess of the condition he had died in.

"I am alive," Quinn said to himself, savoring the sound of the words. The more he said, the better he felt, and the more his mood seemed to come out of a heavy swamp and into the free, fresh overground.

His eyes darted across the room. It was a large room, utterly white and

empty except for the cupboards and storage lined across the walls. He narrowed his and observed to find where he was, and the design of the furniture matched with a memory in his mind— it struck eight points of similarity to the furniture to when he had visited Gilderoy Lockhart in . . . St. Mungo's.

He was in St. Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries.

'Of course,' Quinn thought— he was mortally injured and would obviously be brought to the hospital to be mended.

He put his head back onto the pillow and swallowed down the feelings that thrashed up his throat. He breathed hard for a while and whimpered a little before he got himself back into control.

"Anyone!" Quinn shouted as loudly as he could, his voice cracking. He continued to call out until the door swung open, and a young man dressed in white entered the room, rushing towards Quinn.

"You are awake!" exclaimed the young man.

Quinn eyed the newcomer and presumed him to be a St. Mungo's employee from the St. Mungo's insignia patch on his chest. Quinn asked, "Where am I?"

"You're in a private ward inside St. Mungo's." The young healer took out his wand and waved it over. "I'm going to ask you some questions; please answer them to your best ability. What is your name?"

"Quinn West."

"How old are you?" "Eighteen this year."

"What is the last thing you remember." ". . . Closing my eyes in Hogsmeade."

"How many fingers am I holding up?" "Three— one— five."

"How are you feeling right now?" "I feel no pain or discomfort despite missing an arm and leg."

The young healer summoned a clipboard to him and tapped his wand over it to record information. "You seem stable," he smiled. "I'll be right back. Do you need anything while I'm out?"

"Some water and the primary healer in charge of me," Quinn asked. He could tell the young man in front of him wasn't in charge.

"That would be the Head Healer."

Quinn hummed— The Head Healer of St. Mungos being his primary healer meant that his family had been informed. While it seemed obvious, there was a chance that his family wouldn't be informed because of his identity. 'Not like that it would matter. . . grandfather would've come to know anyway.'

When the door opened, a team of half a dozen people entered his room, with an elderly woman leading the group. "Good evening, Quinn. I'm Saffron Stoneheart, Head Healer of St. Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries. I'm the primary healer in charge of getting you back to health."

Quinn looked at the rest of the people and asked: "And they?"

"They're my colleagues. One of the best minds and skilled healers St. Mungo's has to offer. They will be observing your case and recovery."

"I want everyone except you to be out," Quinn said bluntly.

Stoneheart frowned, "Quinn, they're here to—"

"I know they're here to observe. That's how healers learn and improve their craft. They can observe all they want, but not now. I want to talk to you alone. I will answer all the questions they have about the changes in health later— I have excellent Occlumency, I will be an excellent patient — but that is not right now."

Stoneheart sighed and nodded to the other healers, and they walked out of the room, leaving the two alone.

Quinn started immediately. "Is the Dark Lord dead?" He wanted to know if all his effort bore fruit and that it was not all waste.

Stoneheart smiled brightly and nodded. "He is dead."

Quinn wasn't satisfied. "Who announced it? Did the news come from Dumbledore?"

"Not Dumbledore. Minister announced that the Dark Lord has died."

Quinn clicked his tongue. As much as he trusted Amelia Bones' integrity, he wanted to hear it from Dumbledore's mouth.

"Is Dumbledore here?" Quinn asked. He didn't believe Dumbledore got out of the fight scratch-free.

"He is. Doing much better than you are. I think we are ready to release him in a day or two."

"I want you to send someone and say that I ask: Is he dead?" Quinn said in a no-nonsense tone. "Please don't say anything; just go ask him.

Mention my name. I want the answer as soon as possible— it will do wonders for my recovery"— or make it worse.

Stoneheart sighed and walked out of the room to return half a minute later. "You will hear from him soon," she said.

Quinn smiled. "Thank you. How long have I been in the hospital?"

"Seven days."

"Seven days?!" Quinn blurted with bulging eyes.

"We were surprised as well. You suffered from physical and magical fatigue, but there was no reason for you to be out for an entire week. We are running tests; we will find out soon."

'Must be because I overdrew from my soul,' Quinn thought. "If it has been seven days, why am I still missing my limbs? Seven days mean substantial progress." He knew that his missing arm and leg were not cursed injuries— he had checked their status before he had 'died.'

"Your limbs are the least of your problems, dear Quinn," Stoneheart sighed. "You have multiple grave internal organ injuries that need to be fixed before we move on to your arm and leg. But the biggest problem is —"

"The dark curse," Quinn groaned his answer out.

"Yes, the dark curse. While it is no longer life-threatening by itself, it is keeping us from making quick progress on your injuries. It will take us another week or two before we can start actively healing your organs and then your limbs."

Quinn closed his eyes and stayed silent for a while. He didn't like the fact that he was going to be stuck in the hospital for several weeks. "What about the needles? I don't know St. Mungo's uses acupuncture as a method of treatment."

"It is not acupuncture. Till yesterday, your body spasms out of control because of the dark curse. While the spasms by themselves are harmless side-effects— but combine them with your injuries, we can't have you violently moving for obvious reasons. The needles keep the spasms at bay. You haven't had a spasm today; you're improving, that's good."

"Great," Quinn sighed. "Now, the most important question," he stared at her with an unblinking gaze. "Why is my magic moving without my command?" He felt his magic flowing inside his body without command, and he could tell it wasn't his magic working on its own to sustain his body.

"Ah, about that," Stoneheart smiled proudly. "On your second day here, your condition had worsened critically. We were always on the cusp of losing you because of the dark curse worsening your injuries. During that moment, I noticed the sheer amount of magic inside your body. So I decided to use your own magic to aid your healing. Unorthodox, yes—

but it worked wonderfully. You are on a regular cycle of potions that make your magic flow as we want to heal your body—" she pointed at him "— the runes on your gauze also use your own magic to stabilize your injuries and keep them from worsening."

Quinn was impressed. Healing was almost exclusively external. Yes, recovery depended on the body's own immune system, but magical healing was using external power to mend the disease. Using a patient's own magic was highly uncommon because people there was danger of what would happen if their magic ran out. But Quinn's magic reserves were large enough that there was no danger of them running out.

The door opened, and the young healer that had first come into the room entered. He looked at Stoneheart and said, "Professor Dumbledore says. . . He is dead for good."

The moment Quinn heard that a few chuckles escaped him before tears streamed uncontrollably out of his eyes. He cried freely, gasped for air, the whole package. It was as he had said, hearing that Voldemort was dead from Dumbledore had lifted a dumbbell from his chest and immediately felt his magic flow smooth and better.

It took him a while to calm down, and when he did, he asked: "My family. . . are they here?"

"Someone is here every day during the visiting hours. Because of your condition, we don't allow prolonged contact with you, so they're only allowed to visit for a certain period." Stoneheart looked at the back of her wrist at her watch, "I think someone should be coming soon—"

Like many perfect timings that happened in Quinn's life, the door swung open, and the young woman with long jet black hair rushed into the room with wide, expect stone-grey eyes.

Quinn took in a deep breath, braced himself, and tried to look as healthy

as he could in his condition.

"Lia," he smiled, but his voice cracked from seeing her after such a long time.

By the end of the day, Quinn had inflamed his tear ducts from excessive crying.

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Quinn West - MC - I lost one of my balls as well if anyone was curious.

Saffon Stoneheart - Head Healer - Has been promised massive donations.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - A few conversation chapters incoming to end AMJ.

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436. Chapter 436: Freedom At

Last

"You know. . . I don't like to be stared at right now," Quinn said to Lia, who hadn't removed her eyes off of him ever since she had seen him awake. His right ear was missing, the hair on his right had been ripped off, and a lot of the skin too had suffered significant damage— and while everything was covered with gauze Quinn didn't feel like being looked at. He couldn't even cast an illusion to look his normal self if he wanted to— the potions and runes still directed his magic towards his recovery; he didn't wish to deviate from that and extend his stay at the hospital.

Lia sat in her padded chair, leaning against the back with her legs crossed, hands resting on her elbow as she gazed at Quinn. The emotional reunion had passed, Lia had cried, and Quinn had too, but now after both had settled down, there was a tension in the room, weighing down like a heavy blanket— at least for Quinn.

"Too bad I don't care about that right now. You have no say in what I do or not," Lia said quite bluntly.

Quinn smiled bitterly. Lia was the one he hadn't seen the longest of everyone in his family. She wasn't there when he left home, and the last time he had met her then was two months— now, it had been close to a year since he had last seen her.

"I am sorry," Quinn said.

"For what?"

"For. . ." Quinn pursed his lips. "For a lot of things." There were many things he had to apologize for. For leaving without saying anything, for not making any contact in the last year— making everyone worried, worsening their fears with every Invisible Vigilante story in the paper, and now ending up here in the hospital after almost losing his life against Voldemort; it didn't help that he still had a dark curse inhabiting his body.

"Do you know what it feels like when you actually get news about your bother, and the not the Invisible Vigilante, they actually call and say the proper name. It was a moment of elation and relief; an instant of hope that you will be finally returning. . . but that was shattered when they tell that you're in the hospital in a critical condition," Lia said. "WHAT THE FUCK, QUINN!"

Quinn flinched. He had no appropriate response for Lia. She didn't care that he had contributed to Voldemort's death; for her, it wasn't his job to do so; he had arrived in his current state because he had put his hand into a jar it didn't belong in.

"It is all over now," Quinn closed his eyes. "Voldemort's dead, and with it, so is Invisible Vigilante. I don't have any more special, absurd agenda driving me. I can now only be Quinn West; I only want to be Quinn

West." He opened his eyes and gazed at his sister. "Please forgive me. All's well that ends well. I am home now."

"You think everything's well? Look at yourself!" Lia narrowed her eyes.

"I'm no longer in danger. I will walk out of here as good as new without any permanent, chronic complications."

"What about the law? You're a wanted criminal."

"Please," Quinn resisted the urge to roll his eyes. "I bought helped the Ministry get rid of the Dark Lord; they won't try me as the Invisible Vigilante; it will be a bad look if they do so. If the thought does arise, Dumbledore, the two-time defeater of Dark Lord, will use his new and improved influence in my favor." Dumbledore had the chance to go after Voldemort when he had the Basilisk venom inside him but had chosen to help Quinn, knowing that Voldemort would remedy his health.

"Grandfather himself wouldn't let me come into the limelight." DMLE could've gone after Quinn in his Death Eater and Snatcher hunting days, but now that he had helped in killing Voldemort, they had no real incentive to prosecute him. With George behind him, Quinn had no worries about the Ministry and the law. "Even if they for some reason did, I will leave the country and live in anonymity. I think that lifestyle suits me well. You can do my share of public work," Quinn smiled.

"Do you not recognize me fuming right now?" Lia narrowed her eyes.

Quinn chuckled. "It has been such a long time since I see you that I find it difficult to be anything than happy. I have missed you so much, Lia. So very very much," he said with a smile and eyes that could burst into tears any second.

Lia turned her face away and raised her hand to her eyes, placing her thumb and index finger on the lower eyelid as if anticipating tears. She faced Quinn again and said: "This is the last time you behave like this. I'm

serious, Quinn; do something like this again, and you will live to regret it for the rest of your life."

"I won't, I promise— cross my heart," Quinn said and wanted to raise his good arm to his chest, but he still had no feeling in it.

Lia uncrossed her legs, got up from her chair, and leaned down to kiss Quinn's forehead ever so gently. It was barely a peck. She softly smiled and quietly said, "Welcome back."

"Yeah. . . I'm back."

When Lia sat back, Quinn asked, "So, how have you been? Still with. . . whatshisname?"

"Oh please," Lia rolled her eyes. "Those words would suit anyone other than you. Don't try to be sly; you remember his name— if not because he's my boyfriend, then because he's your tenant."

"You can't expect me to remember everything; I'm a busy man. That building has hundreds of plots; how am I expected to remember every single tenant?" Quinn laughed. "How's Abraham doing? I hope everything's been well."

"Quite," Lia smiled. "How about you?"

Quinn's face darkened. "I will let you know later." He had promised he would explain everything later and that 'later' was running towards him now that the war was over.

"That's not a good look. Come on now, don't be shy, tell big sis. I'm always ready to help my brother's love life," Lia winked.

"I will let you know later," Quinn repeated— there was nothing she or anyone else could do; he didn't want anyone else to interfere. Looking at Lia, Quinn could see that she was interested, so he changed the topic.

"How have the others been?" The question was less of a topic-changer and much more that Quinn wanted to know before he met everyone.

"What do you expect? They have been worried sick about you; no one is happy that you made the choices you did, so expect to see anger and frustration of some kind from everyone."

Quinn pressed his lips into a thin line. When he had heard from Dumbledore that Voldemort was dead for good, he had thought all the hardship was over. But, the causal effect web he had spun had caught up to him, and the real misery was about to start. At least he had willingly taken up the hardship that came with being the Invisible Vigilante, but with the hardship to come, he wished they were never needed.

The door to the private room opened, and a young healer poked her head inside. "Excuse me, your family has arrived. Should I send them in?"

Quinn looked to Lia. "I'm not ready for this," he said, genuinely feeling the dread.

"You bought this upon yourself." Lia turned to the young healer and nodded, "Please send them in."

Quinn groaned. He closed his eyes and wished that a sudden bout of sleep would take him away from the current situation, but he was wide awake with a body that wouldn't move below the neck.

The door opened and the young healer entered with George, Elliot, and Mr. Rosey following her. For a moment, all the worries disappeared, and he simply stared at them as they stared back at him. But then Quinn saw tears in Ms. Rosey's eyes for the first time in his fourteen years here and the least energetic look on Elliot's face— and the consequences of his actions dawned on him.

"Are you done?" George asked.

Quinn took in a deep breath. He slowly nodded.

"Good," George walked to Quinn and gently brushed his hair.

"Yeah. . ." Quinn thought that George's fingers were particularly warm.

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"I apologize for my current looks," Quinn said as he carefully adjusted his seating position on his chair, shifting in it and using his good arm to get comfortable, making sure to be careful with his growing right arm and leg. He had been sitting on his bed for far too long and was allowed to sit in a chair for a couple of hours a day.

It had been two weeks since he had woken up in St. Mungos, and a week ago, as Quinn had expected, the healers had judged the state of remission of the dark curse and signed off on regrowing his limbs and organs. They were surprised at the speed of recovery, but Quinn knew when his own magic was involved in healing, the progress would gain wings— not only because of the sheer quantity but also because his natural focus was exponentially better than an average person due to the lack of a wand in his history— his magic was vastly more reactive and agile and so had worked marvelously with the potions and the runes.

Quinn sat in front of Ivy and Daphne. Stoneheart had cleared Quinn of his restrictive visiting status where only his family could visit and allowed more visitors when his health improved and removed the immobilizing needles when the spasms had stopped with the curses' remission.

Both girls looked well; Hogwarts had been dismissed for the time being, to be resumed for a few weeks in the summer break before the seventh-year students gave their NEWTs.

They gazed at Quinn's empty sleeves under which the growing limbs sat; the sleeves were charmed not to touch the limbs and seemed full to an extent. Growing limbs from scratch wasn't a pretty sight and were better

hidden away from eyes.

"I asked the healer outside, but how are you feeling?" Daphne asked, her eyes roaming at the injured side of his, the gauze that peeked out from the top of the hospital gown and the empty sleeves.

Quinn smiled reassuringly. "The healer says I'm progressing well and will be free to leave in two weeks. I think I will be out of here before that. As for how I'm feeling, except for getting fatigued by the end of the day due to the treatment, I don't feel anything else— the potions I am on take away any and all pain and discomfort. Powerful stuff. I have to be careful, though, can't move hastily because there's no pain to warn me something's wrong." He tried to look as comfortable as possible as if his injuries had never been serious. "How's Astoria doing? I hope the curse is still repressed firmly."

"She hasn't even caught a cold in the past year."

Quinn smiled, "That's good to hear." In the years he had been treating Astoria, his skill with Blood magic had improved at repressing the curse; their treatment sessions had gone from once a month to once a quarter, edging towards thrice a year.

He looked at Ivy. "I hope Harry hasn't been suffering from some strange aftereffects."

"He's suffering from insomnia," Ivy said.

Quinn hummed. "Is it because of the Horcrux or the Killing cursed?"

"Healers say there's no harmful residual in his body. The scar has also begun to heal and close up."

'Then it must be a mental problem,' Quinn thought— taking a Killing curse to the chest by your worst enemy wasn't a walk in the park, and Quinn could understand if Harry suffered some trauma due to the experience. "I recommend you take him to a mind healer if his condition

doesn't improve."

Ivy nodded, and the conversation stopped moving altogether. An awkwardness lingered between the three as they looked at each other to kickstart the conversation again— but mostly it was Ivy and Daphne looking at Quinn.

He knew what they wanted to hear. Quinn sighed and leaned into his chair as he gazed at them for a moment in silence. "What I am about to say, you may not believe. It might sound like a bad attempt at a dubious excuse. But believe me when I say what I'm about to tell you is the truth. There are no two ways about it." Quinn licked his lips then uttered the words he thought he would never voice, "I have memories of a different time— of a world much like this, but different from ours— of people who we know, but strangers at the same time—" Quinn could tell confused expression on their faces— he was beating around the bush.

'Screw it,' Quinn thought— it hurt his heart, for he was about to lie again to say a truth to those he loved and those who deserved the truth.

"I was four years old when I fell from the window of my room. . ." and thus began a long tale— of his life, of the explanation for his actions, of the backdrop of who he was today. He told them how the story of a boy called Harry Potter shaped the life of a boy called Quinn West. He told them. He told them about his magical journey.

It took a while. For hours, Quinn spoke. Neither Daphne nor Ivy stopped him once; they didn't raise questions or interrupt because of how absurd his words sounded— they simply listened. Quinn studied their expressions, which showed what they didn't say. He lay bare his every secret, even the dirty ones he didn't wish to ever speak, and pushed aside the curtain to reveal who Quinn West actually was.

". . . and here I am today, sitting in front of you. Voldemort is dead,

Harry Potter is alive, the Ministry stands tall, Hogwarts students didn't need to fight in a war, lives were saved, Dumbledore- a pillar of this country- is still alive, and this world stands better than the other one," Quinn said, finishing. There was a sense of tired satisfaction in his voice. Quinn then opened the floor for questioning that he knew had been kept down for the entire time he had spoken.

Ivy got up from her chair, walked to the side table beside Quinn's bed, and poured a glass of water from the glass jug charmed to keep water at a cool temperature. She walked back and handed the glass to Quinn before sitting back down in her seat.

Quinn looked at his glass and then at Ivy. "Thank you, I didn't notice how parched I was," Quinn smiled.

"If," Ivy started, "if I were to believe your words— I want to, you even know about the Dursleys— but at the same time, you could've found that easily."

Quinn shrugged. It was true; Dursley's could be found with some effort.

"I-I just feel all of it to be so farfetched," Ivy said, a slight furrow between her brow.

"Is it?" Daphne said. "Seers exist, and they hold the ability to peer into the future. Apparently, Professor Trelawney is a seer herself. Quinn's memories could be his visions as a seer."

"But at this clarity?" Ivy argued. "He seems to know so much about so much. Trelawney speaks prophecies, and I have looked into seers, and when it comes to clarity, they only see short snippets as the clearest of visions. He has this other Harry's entire life at Hogwarts memorized as if he was actually there."

"I agree with Ivy here," Quinn said. "I don't think I'm a seer, or at least not in the traditional sense. On that day when I was four, I had gained

these memories altogether, as if they were simply a part of me. However, ever since that day, I hadn't any other signs of being a seer."

The lie. He had told them the truth but had changed one thing. The 'memories' weren't his previous life experience but simply memories that appeared in his mind on that one day. That was the one lie that he was going to keep.

'I am Quinn West,' and nothing was ever going to change that— he wasn't going to let anything change that— and if he told them the whole truth, his existence would be in danger.

"Whatever may be the reason, I hold these memories," Quinn said. "But now, I wish to leave this part of me behind and continue ahead. Be free."

"Free?" Daphne asked.

Quinn nodded. "Yes, free. I have had these memories in my head ever since I could remember. They have dictated how I have lived my life in many ways— I'm sure if I look at my life through a lens, I will find that the influence of these memories is much greater than even what I think. . . . But now- now the scope of the memories have passed, I don't know any version of future, there's nothing that can influence me, and for that I am free."

He was born into the Wests, a family that had provided him the privileges to pursue anything he wanted. Even putting aside the West name, his family had been immensely supportive, providing him the freedom to do whatever he wished to do so. But in the deepest of his hearts, he had never been free— the memories chained him, directed him like an invisible hand nudging him along— he couldn't ignore them if he ever wanted to. It was as Ivy had said: they were too clear and too much.

But now with no future to see, he was—

"I am—"

Free.

"Free"

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Quinn West - MC - At the end of the road.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - Even after so much, he still lies and will continue to do so.

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437. Chapter 437: One More Left

Quinn sighed as he stepped into the black-stoned corridor from the fireplace behind him. For all the times he had visited Ministry, and there were numerous, Quinn hadn't entered Whitehall from the VIP entrance. Given his status, one would think he would have used the special entrance at least once.

"Do I have to be here?" Quinn asked as he rotated his right shoulder and shifted his weight between his legs. "You all can take care of it for me." George brushed some Floo dust off his shoulder. He looked at Quinn and frowned disapprovingly. "We are here because of you. Do you truly think you're not required here?"

Quinn shrugged. "I'm a Vigilante, and they're the DMLE. I don't think law enforcement like me very much right now or ever. Seeing my face, as charming as it is, wouldn't make them happy."

Quinn had been discharged from the hospital when his internal organs had been healed, and his body consisted of four whole limbs. He was still on medication for the dark curse, but that was something that Quinn would have to continue for months before all the effects and danger left his body, never to return ever again. And the first thing home after he

was discharged from St. Mungos was to be told that he was to meet the Minister and DMLE higherups regarding his status as Invisible Vigilante. The truth was that it had been a month since Voldemort had died, and Quinn wanted everything to be over. Alas, the world wasn't idealistic. He knew it would take some effort before he could leave the past few years of his life behind— but that didn't mean he had to like it.

"As your legal counsel, I would say that you being here is much less 'offending' in any situation than you being entirely absent from a dialogue discussing your future in this country," said the third man beside George and Quinn.

Quinn glanced at the top-bald man with a portly belly dressed in luxurious clothing. Orrin Bach, from Bach & Purrt, was the law firm retained by the Wests for all their legal matter in the British Isles. Quinn had only interacted with the lawyer a few times in private dinners, but from what he knew, the services Orrin provided were worth the price he charged.

"You're the lawyer," Quinn shrugged. "I will leave it to you and follow the lead. I will only speak when you tell me to; for the rest, you and grandfather can do the talking."

"That'd be very helpful," Orrin smiled, charming and disengaging. "Now, let's look for our guide, shall we?" He checked his wristwatch. "I believe we are early, but someone should still be here to receive us. . . ah, there they are."

Across the high dome-shaped hall, a young man rushed towards the West party with hurried steps; he didn't run; instead power walked on the cusp of breaking into a jog.

Quinn instantly recognized the man: Percy Weasley, the third son of the Weasley family. The former-Headboy, a stickler for rules and the person

with 'most likely to succeed' as the graduation connotation, but when you flipped it, the same would read: 'teacher's pet'— and that's what Percy Weasley was, a person subservient to the higher authority with dreams to become said higher authority. It was no surprise that even in this timeline, Percy Weasley had become a Ministry employee, and from the fact that he was sent to receive George West, he was making his way up the chain.

Quinn whispered Percy's identity to George and possible designation.

Percy arrived, took a stealthy breath, and then spoke, "Welcome, Mr.

West. My name is Percy Weasley. I hope you're doing well—"

"Let's get moving," George said and then, without waiting for a reply, started to walk.

Percy looked startled for a second. His eyes moved to Quinn, seemingly asking what to do. Quinn shrugged and then followed after George.

"Lead the way, Mr. Weasley," Orrin said to Percy, smiling.

"Eh? Ah, yes," Percy shook his head and hurriedly caught up to George.

Percy then tried to make some small talk but was met with a stoic silence from George and could only walk beside him in an awkward silence filled with the sound of footsteps against the marble floor.

Orrin stepped in and engaged Percy in a conversation while.

'Pity?' Quinn guessed, but then he listened to the conversation and found that Orrin was getting coaxing information out of Percy. 'As expected of a lawyer.'

They walked through a few corridors, and after a two-minute walk, they arrived at a double-paned white wood door with an intricate carving of a lady dressed in a toga tending to a sapling. Percy pushed the doors open and invited them into a long conference room with bookshelves covering half the room's length and the other half having paintings over the

wainscotted walls. A long heavy table sat in the middle of the room with a top gleaming as if it had been just waxed a second ago. Around the table were chairs, with green cushions built into the frame, like regimented soldiers— perfect distance and line between each chair and from the table.

Quinn entered the room to the sight of Amelia Bones, Rufus Scrimgeour, Gawain Robards, and two Ministry bigwigs sitting on one side of the table. And sitting alone on the other side, facing the aforementioned, was Dumbledore in his whimsically colored robe, looking back to his usual self than when Quinn had seen him in the hospital— Voldemort had warranted some serious work to be done on Dumbledore; it was only because of Fawkes that Dumbledore had made such a swift and complication-free recovery.

As everyone present in the room stood up to greet George, Quinn walked to one of the chairs and sat down without greeting anyone while all of them were standing. Quinn felt all eyes on him as he got comfortable in his chair. "Ah, my apologies. I recently grew one of my legs back from the base, so it's very weak right now. The walk here from the Floo was enough to fatigue it out. I can't stand right now."

He could use body magic, but why try to tough something out when it wasn't necessary.

"It's alright, Quinn, you can take it easy," Dumbledore smiled as he sat down as well. After what Quinn said, given the context, no one was going to get offended that he sat down before everyone.

Everyone took their seats, and the two sides faced each other. Orrin made some small talk with the Ministry group as the water was served by Percy, who then tried to sit down on the far end of the conference table but was sent out by Amelia.

'Poor guy,' Quinn thought as he looked at the crestfallen Percy closing the door behind him.

"Let's get straight to the point," Rufus Scrimgeour opened the conversation the moment the door closed.

"Fine with us," Orrin smiled, opening his thick black leather folder.

"You are the Invisible Vigilante," Rufus looked at Quinn as he said that.

Quinn didn't say anything as planned and simply stared back at Rufus.

"We agree to that in this room," Orrin replied.

After Quinn had half of his body ripped out of him, there was no way

Dumbledore or anyone could have kept Quinn's identity hidden. He had

to be rushed to the hospital to have any chance to preserve his life.

Sighting of Dumbledore at St. Mungos couldn't be hidden when he

himself was battered and beaten, and needed medical attention—

Ministry bigwigs like Amelia had arrived to check upon Dumbledore and,

in turn, had found Quinn— it wasn't difficult to piece things together

after that. Fortunately, that reveal was kept isolated to a few higher-ups

and hadn't made its way to DMLE bullpens much less the front pages of

newspapers on every table in homes across the country.

Scrimgeour thinned his eyes at Orrin. "There's no this room in this

matter. Quinn West is the Invisible Vigilante, and we have ample

evidence to prove that."

Orrin smiled.

"Usually, this would mean that he's going to be tried for his crimes,"

Scrimgeour thumped his palm against a stack of files so thick that it

would give the chunkiest of encyclopedia competition. "You have so

many allegations and records against you that if proven to be true, you

wouldn't be leaving Azkaban anytime soon. You will forget what outside

looks like before you get released."

Quinn continued to gaze at Scrimgeour without an expression on his face or movement in his body.

"As true as that maybe but as you said— that is what usually happens," Orrin spoke, "but this isn't usually any way you see it. My client's actions were aimed at protecting this country from the Dark Lord, and he did exactly that. Quinn is the reason we are sitting here without worry about a murderous Dark Lord threatening the future of this country."

Quinn held his eyebrows from rising. Orrin was laying it a bit too thick. Yes, his contribution could be said to be the highest— but Orrin was saying this in front of the Head of DMLE and Head Auror, and Dumbledore was sitting on the seat next to the lawyer.

"And the fact that we are even having this meeting means that DMLE has no desire to pursue the charges against the Invisible Vigilante," Orrin said, finishing his passionate talk. "We want DMLE to erase all of its files on the Invisible Vigilante and Quinn West— and that the Minister issues a formal pardon; of course, none of it needs to be advertised."

"Full pardon?!" Scrimgeour scoffed hard. "Can you not see the sheer number of charges against him? This would grant him a lifelong spot on DMLE's most wanted. And you 'demand' a full pardon?"

George, who had been quietly listening, spoke before Orrin could reply.

"No, we don't want a full pardon. We want a full pardon and all files to be incinerated. I want DMLE to pretend that the Invisible Vigilante ever existed and act that none of you ever knew that my grandson was the masked outlaw."

"If that's what you thought you would get coming here, then you were wrong, Mr. West," Scrimgeour said, leaning away. "Your grandson has broken more laws than I count on my fingers and has broken them multiple times over. That just can't go away."

"I am not asking for it to go away like that. I already provided the Ministry ample reason to do me this service when I filled the DMLE's war chest. . . no when I made the Ministry's war chest," George said.

"That was donations."

"You can see it any way you like it, but it won't change the fact that I was the reason that right now you have the resources to round up the Death Eaters and associates and dump them into Azkaban. My family is why you could work without getting muddled in politics. Now is the time to pay up— so pay up."

"You—"

"Enough, Rufus," Amelia interrupted the rising tensions between the two sides. "We talked about this before; why are you needlessly trying to make something out of it? No, this is enough," she said when Rufus tried to argue. She turned to George. "I will give your grandson a formal pardon, but I'm not going to destroy DMLE files. The files will be pushed to the highest level of confidentiality instead. It won't matter if we DMLE destroyed the Invisible Vigilante files anyway— the Department of Mysteries have files of their own, and they will stay there; there's nothing I can do about it. So if you want to erase all official traces of this, it won't be possible."

Quinn turned to look at George, and he could see that he was thinking of approaching the Department of Mysteries to strike a deal with them. He touched George's arm and shook his head when George looked at him.

Quinn then turned to Orrin and nodded his head.

"My client has decided to accept your proposition," Orrin said.

"But I will give him a formal pardon on one condition," suddenly Amelia raised the tension in the room.

Quinn, who had picked up his glass of water, put it down and gazed at

Amelia.

"I don't want to see Invisible Vigilante ever return," Amelia said. "You aren't going to ever go out again to—"

"The Invisible Vigilante is dead," Quinn spoke for the first time in the discussions. He looked at the Ministry group and said, "The Invisible Vigilante died when he closed his eyes at Hogsmeade. You don't have to worry about it, Minister Bones. . . he won't ever make an appearance ever again anywhere."

Quinn wasn't ever going to take up the mantle ever again. It wasn't worth it.

After a few minutes of discussion, Quinn's formal full pardon was finalized. By the end of the week, Quinn was supposed to be a free man with a clean criminal record.

"You sure you don't want to discuss something about yourself with the Minister," Quinn said to Dumbledore when they exited the conference room. "Orrin Bach is really good; you can hire him to clear things up with the Minister. You know, just saying."

"Mr. Bach is too expensive for me," Dumbledore said with a laugh.

"Ridiculous. You're an alchemist, professor; you can easily afford him if you wanted," Quinn scoffed. Dumbledore could've been rolling in gold if he made alchemy his primary career instead of being the Headmaster of Hogwarts.

Dumbledore laughed again. "Nevertheless, there's nothing to be smoothed out. That day, I was in contact with the DMLE, and everything that was done was in collaboration with them. Though I feel remorseful for destroying a big part of the village, I should have led Voldemort away. So many possessions destroyed, memories and precious lost, never to be recovered. I feel responsible."

"There's no use thinking of that now," Quinn shrugged. "You can contribute to the village's reconstruction. I will be giving my share through Scriveshaft; you can do it through Hogwarts."

"Yes, I might have to do that," Dumbledore sighed. "Now that you're pardoned, what do you plan to do?"

Quinn took in a deep breath. "I told you, didn't I? I'm going to do my apprenticeship under Alan D. Baddeley. Leaving here to stay at his place in New Zealand for a couple of years."

"After that?"

"Travel. . . learn magic, discover new things, apply myself, and take whatever this world has to offer me."

"Is teaching in your plans by any chance?"

Quinn laughed. "I'm not going to be a professor at Hogwarts."

"You never know," said Dumbledore with a twinkle in his eyes.

Quinn snorted.

"If you ever change your mind, you know where to find me," Dumbledore said.

Quinn shook his head; he couldn't see him teaching. He had taught Luna and had guided his friends and peers at Hogwarts, but taking teaching as a profession wasn't something in his cards right now. He had yet to learn so much himself.

Quinn smiled to himself.

Things were finally moving up.

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Quinn West - MC - I'm closing a chapter of my life, and in that chapter,

Invisible Vigilante died.

FictionOnlyReader - Author - The next chapter will be the last one...

438. Chapter 438: A Magical

Journey

Early in the morning, when the clear dew still dripped off the tender green leaves, Quinn struck at two grey globes floating in the sky; they fluttered in front of him randomly, pulling away and pushing toward him at various speeds and angles, and would blow up and shrink in size at random. Quinn utilized all eight points of contact on his body to strike the globes, which would distort each hit. He continued until he could hear the busy chirping of birds as they flew around to start their day.

Quinn pushed all the air out of his lungs and drew in a fresh breath as he vanished all the sweat over his body with magic. He rotated his shoulder and twitched his leg— not only did they not hurt anymore, but they were also back to their full strength. Magic was marvelous in its capabilities that lay in the supernatural; even if humans were able to regrow limbs, it would've taken several months to regain their original strength— but here was back to full strength only after a month on recovery potions and regular physical therapy and exercise.

Quinn sighed. Including the month he was in the hospital, stuck on the bed, it had been two months since Voldemort's death. Since then, DMLE had launched a spree of raids against all Death Eaters and accomplices they could get their hands on. Trials were expedited, and the followers of the Death Eaters were made to face the court of law.

Justice. Quinn shook his head. In theory, prosecution and defense in the court were supposed to be a simple process with two sides presenting facts, statements, and evidence to decide guilt or lack of it— but the world was never so ideal. The followers of Dark Lord Voldemort were

many, and his influence reached far and wide; there were many levels in the organization, with so many key players that one could find involved in every corner of the country.

Among those people, many were smart, and more were influential. When there were as many bad people as good— as many people hiding and distorting facts as those digging and revealing them— the procedure of law and justice got convoluted and complicated. On the day Voldemort attacked Hogsmeade, his Death Eaters accompanied him and fought against the Aurors and Hit Wizard. Many were defeated, caught, and arrested— but many escaped, using the non-human allies fighting alongside them.

To ensure they place their net in the best position possible and catch as many Death Eater fishes, the DMLE sat down with the people they were hunting for and discussed deals of lighter sentences and even immunities. People on the lower rung of the ladder sold out those above them for leniency, and those on the very top began selling out those around them in hopes of saving their skin.

Lucius Malfoy was one such example. Quinn's secret spy had offered to strike a deal with the DMLE, who had agreed to negotiate with Lucius after Quinn had told them about Lucius' role and 'contribution.' Quinn didn't know the exact terms of the deal, but Lucius had apparently been able to negotiate his sentence to only a couple odd years in Azkaban along with a heavy financial fine. What DMLE got in return was a top-ranking Death Eaters, the once leader of the inner circle, willing to open his mouth to all the secrets and shine a Lumos to all the DMLE needed to trap all the big fish they were hungry for. For what horrendous acts Lucius had done as a Death Eater, a couple years in the new Azkaban without the threat of Dementors was almost as good as no punishment.

While Quinn thought Lucius had been lucky, he pitied Draco and Narcissa. The one horrible thing they couldn't escape was the destruction of everything the Malfoy name stood for. They could live in the country in seclusion, but if they ever wished for a social life fitting their station (or any social life) the British Isles was the last place they would get it. They would need to leave for a place far away from where Voldemort had ever reached and even then adorn a different identity to have a chance at a normal life. The same went for the prominent Death Eater families. Only a fool wouldn't leave after all that happened. Alas, Quinn knew there were many in the country.

'Leave,' Quinn sighed. The Death Eaters weren't the only ones who had to leave the country in their future.

The West mansion stood behind him, as grand as ever in its peaceful presence. The residence hadn't changed much since he arrived in this world, all thanks to the magic in the walls and foundation, keeping the structure resilient and unaging. He gazed at his home for a silent moment and decided that it was time.

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The mornings at the West household were calm. The breakfast table was always busy with residents flipping through newspapers, reports, books—much to Ms. Rosey's dismay. Today was no different; the people around the table consumed their breakfast with their eyes stuck to their reading material.

George, sitting at the head of the table, was reading a newspaper, Elliot was reading one of his many from his to-read pile, and Lia, who was home, was flipping through reports with one hand holding a spoon full of

lentils and beans. Only Ms. Rosey ate her breakfast in silence without any distractions, sitting at the table just for breakfast.

Quinn sat at the other head of the table. He set his knife and fork down on his empty plate in a cross pattern and cleaned his hand with magic. He gazed at his family for a few moments before gaining their attention by flicking his goblet with his finger, creating a ringing sound that reverberated throughout the mostly silent room.

Quinn cleared his throat. "I would like to tell you all something important."

"That you're dating two girls at once?" Lia spoke before Quinn could continue.

Quinn, who had taken a breath, coughed it right out. He stared at his sister with bewilderedness painted on his naked face; he didn't have any time to respond any other way.

"It was suspicious how much both of them visited you while you were in the hospital."

"That—"

Lia thinned her eyes at Quinn, "It took me a lengthy conversation with them with him standing behind me for them to spill your peculiar situation," she pointed to George.

Quinn didn't know what expression he was making when he looked at George, who simply stared at Quinn and made it clear that this wasn't new information. Quinn looked at Elliot, who shrugged. Ms. Rosey fixed him one of her classic disapproving stares.

"Why didn't you say anything?" asked Quinn— they had known for so long and hadn't spoken a word of it.

"We were waiting for you to tell us," George sent a frown toward Lia.

"None of us can understand your relationship."

"It is not normal," Ms. Rosey added sharply.

"— Not for us," George continued. "If you could explain to us, maybe then we would understand."

'Maybe,' Quinn noticed the wording. It was something he expected to face, despite that it was disheartening to actually face it. "I will tell you that when I'm comfortable doing so," he wasn't willing to open up about his love life to them right now.

"Do the girls' families know," George asked.

"No," Quinn said. Though recently, Ivy had told him that her parents had sat her down and tried to grill her about her relationship with him— she had refused to speak up about it because, just like him, she wasn't ready to open up about their relationship yet, "and do not talk about this with their families."

It wasn't a good time to do so. Daphne's parents were conservative folks, and they didn't have any inkling about the nature of the relationship their daughter was in. And with Ivy, the relationship was so complicated that anytime was better than now.

"If you didn't want to talk about your relationship, then what was it about," Lia asked, confused.

Quinn gave Lia a look. Why she suddenly thought he was talking about his relationship was out of his understanding. Quinn sighed, took out a paper folded thrice, and lightly waved it in his hand. "I wrote to Alan D. Baddeley yesterday, and he wrote back in a couple of hours— I think it's time for me to start my apprenticeship, and he's ready to start as well and receive me at his home in New Zealand. . ."

It had been two months since he had been freed of the chains, and every passing day made him feel frustrated that his life hadn't moved on to the decided next stage— his apprenticeship with Alan. He was feeling moody

and cranky, and recently it was becoming difficult to hold back from showing. Quinn knew as long as he just reached Alan's home, everything would be resolved— and that's exactly what he wanted to do— take the next step and solidly close this chapter of his life.

". . . When are you leaving?" asked George.

Lia interjected, "When?! It's only a month since he got out of the hospital." She frowned at Quinn, "You should rest before even thinking about doing something so big."

Quinn removed his eyes from Lia and looked at George. "I will be leaving in a week." Reasonably, there wasn't anything wrong with waiting some more, but Quinn internally was feeling trapped, and logic wasn't helping alleviate it.

"Quinn!"

Hearing his sister all but scream, Quinn sighed, "It's not like I'm going forever; I can visit every week with Portkeys. And I can't delay this anymore. I was supposed to start my apprenticeship months ago. I can't make Alan wait any longer, and I'm not letting this opportunity go. . . My health? I'm fine now. . . Lia, you're just unnecessarily fussing now."

George broke up the impending argument and asked Quinn. "Is your decision final?"

Quinn nodded.

"Then you may go." George raised his hand to silence Lia, who scowled.

"It's his decision. He's no longer a child; he hasn't been one for long— he can do whatever he wishes."

Quinn smiled brightly.

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Quinn pushed open the old door of the shabby and narrow shop. The letters on the door, gilded in gold, were peeling off, showing the lack of maintenance done on the shop. A tinkling bell rang somewhere in the depths of the shop as they stepped inside. It was a tiny place, empty except for a single, spindly chair sitting in the corner. The shop was as quiet as a library— only it had thousands of narrow boxes instead of tomes and books piled neatly right up to the ceiling.

The door directly behind the front counter opened, and Garrick Ollivander stepped out with his back pushing the door open with his hands busy holding more narrow boxes like those lining the walls.

Ollivander turned to face Quinn and was surprised. "Apologies. . . Ah, Quinn West. I wasn't expecting to see you today."

Quinn smiled, "Until yesterday, even I wasn't planning to visit you, Mr. Ollivander. However, I realized that it was imperative for me to do this." Quinn stepped to the front counter and placed a cuboidal piece of wood in front of Ollivander.

"What this might be?"

Quinn tapped the box, and like an elaborate puzzle, the wood opened up into smaller cuboids that split from the block, opening up like a complex puzzle. The top half of the block had moved to the side, exposing the middle where a wand made from a darker stained wood sat.

"I believe you remember it," asked Quinn.

"I do. It's the wand I sold you when you stepped into my shop all those years ago. . . May I?"

Quinn nodded, and Ollivander picked up the wand, studying it with eyes unusually bright for someone his age. "It has been terrifically well maintained. I'm only used to seeing this level of care on adults on their second wands, and even that is rare," Ollivander remarked impressively.

"I don't deserve that compliment. The wand's condition is because of its lack of use."

"Pardon?"

"I haven't used this wand since the day I took it home with me. I have held it twice and used it once; other than that, this wand has rested in this state," Quinn stared at the wand that, in one way, shaped up his magic to what it was today. "I'm here to entrust the wand to you today. I hope that you will find another partner who will actually use it and appreciate its services, for I have failed to do so."

The wand had been with him for close to eight years, but Quinn held no attachment to it. He had no use for it, and thus it didn't make sense for him to keep it nearby, especially with susceptible Quinn was to its temptation. Quinn could've destroyed and pronounce the matter over, but he deemed that to be a waste and decided to return the wand to Ollivander so it could be used by another hand.

"If that is what you wish for," Ollivander said, "but are you sure about this?"

Quinn nodded.

"Do you want me to tell you about the new wizard when he or she pairs with the wand, whenever that may be," Ollivander asked.

Quinn gazed down at the wand. The wand was made from acacia and phoenix feather core— a combination that Ollivander had said was excessively picky and only chose those who were a perfect match for it— after all, the wand chose the wizard.

Quinn shrugged. "Sure, why not? That'd be interesting in some way, I suppose." He wanted to see who the wand deemed worthy and compare.

When Quinn left, Ollivander stared at the wand that had returned to his shop after so many years. He looked at his walls where his creations sat

in their boxes, then returned to Quinn's wand. Ollivander took out his own wand and waved it for the wood block to reassemble and encase the wand, just as how Quinn had brought it. Ollivander picked up the wooden box, walked to the wall, and slipped it into one of the empty spaces, making it part of the wand wall once again.

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Hogsmeade was in the midst of reconstruction happening at full speed, with workers everywhere around the village rebuilding houses and establishments. The village that had been razed to the ground had to be built from the foundation up. Reconstruction wasn't even the first problem the residents had to deal with— the village was marred with dark magic seeping into the soil and buildings from the battle, especially where Voldemort had fought, as that area had to be quarantined for complete sanitization.

Specialists hired by the Ministry had worked for weeks to make Hogsmeade a place safe to live, and only after the checks were done and reports came back with negative signs of any dark magic remnants did the reconstruction begin.

The residents that had been driven away from their homes, forced to live in tents(magical), were now slowly coming back to their homes rebuilt by Ministry contractors who had been working day and night to quickly and safely rebuild the village back to normalcy and of course, everything was being paid by the Ministry.

In the center of the village sat the Three Broomsticks, the favorite bar and inn of the village, owned by the charming Madam Rosmerta. The establishment had been all but uprooted from the ground during the

skirmish, and the structure was so damaged the contractors had deemed the structure unsuitable to be fixed and declared that it needed to be rebuilt from scratch. Rosmerta was distraught for a moment about losing the place where she had so many memories, but cheered up and decided to put in some money of her own in addition to the Ministry funds to rebuild the Three Broomsticks with all the little customizations and design changes she had always wanted, a place better than the one she had before and where she would make new memories.

"Madam Rosmerta."

Rosmerta looked up from her documents and saw the fund manager from the Ministry in charge of all the financing happening in Hogsmeade step into the Three Broomsticks. The building had already been completed, and the work had been shifted to interior design.

"Yes, Mr. Fulton?" she asked, removing her reading glasses.

Fulton, the scholarly man with gold-framed spectacles, sat down on the chair opposite Rosmerta across the table. He took out his handkerchief and dabbed the sweat off his forehead.

"Are you alright, Mr. Fulton? Are there any problems?" Rosmerta asked, worried.

"No-no, no problems," Fulton shook his head hard. "Well, I don't know how to put it, but it is definitely a good thing."

"Then why do you look so?"

Fulton retrieved an envelope from his robes and placed it on the table.

"This came in the mail yesterday for the charity."

Rosmerta's eyes shined with appreciation when she heard him. While the Ministry had promised to pay for all the reconstruction, they couldn't replace the personal items and belongings the residents had lost— they could only provide a basic compensation package based on the damage

that could be quantified with proof— a lot of which had been eradicated during the battle. There were many in Hogsmeade who had lost not only their homes but also their business, their source of income. People like them had to wait for their homes and place of work to be rebuilt before they could start work again, and even then, they would be under financial stress from setting up shop again. Even the reconstruction funding had to be capped somewhere, and while it was generous, it could only cover the basic needs of the village; there were things that the residents would have to pay out of their own pocket for the communal spaces they used.

The woes of the village had been communicated through the newspapers and had reached every corner of the country. And then came the donations aimed towards helping the residents who had it the worse. It was heartwarming to see such a vigorous response that made people keep their hopes about humanity.

The residents needed someone to manage the incoming donations, and they decided to use Fulton, who was handling the Ministry money, and since then, he had been keeping the money in check.

"Another donation! God, bless the kind people," said Rosmerta, genuinely touched by the kindness.

"Yes, yes," Fulton gulped, "but the amount?"

"Amount. . . is there something wrong with it."

Fulton pushed his glasses up as he spoke, "It's around five times the amount we have received to date— all that money from a single donor."

"F-Five times!" Rosmerta stuttered. She was the appointed contact between the village and Ministry, so she knew how much money they had received as part of the charity— it was a huge amount, and hearing that someone had just submitted five times was a strike to the head. "W-

Who is it?"

"I-I. . . It seems they wanted to be anonymous. They only left behind a name, but no matter how much I checked in Ministry records, there was no such person. I visited the goblins this morning, and even they refused to give me more details— I know they know, but they refuse to reveal anything," Fulton sighed. Gringotts goblins had the monopoly over money, and since the money had come through legitimate means, Gringotts was surely supposed to know the donor, but when asked, they sent Fulton away without a real answer.

"What is the name?" asked Rosmerta.

"Balbh East."

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Quinn saw the rainbow colors pass through his eyes as he was whisked across space before, finally, the dizzying colors stopped, and the world around him returned to normal.

He looked around and found himself standing on a beach overlooking a clear blue shimmering ocean with a clear sky with faint clouds dotting the sky. He closed his eyes and took in the ocean's calming sound, rhythmically reaching his ears.

'I could get used to this sound,' Quinn thought as a smile surfaced on his face. Thinking about studying with this sound in the background.

Quinn opened his eyes when he heard a voice behind him call out to him.

"The birds are going to poop on your head if you aren't careful."

Quinn smiled and turned to face his master, the one and only, Alan D. Baddeley. "Oh my, you have gotten old since the last time I saw you. I fear I will have to hire a team of nurses to take care of you," Quinn

couldn't help but quip.

Alan smirked. "I will think about that at your funeral, watching them putting dirt on your coffin."

"I prefer to be cremated. That or build a pyramid as my burial grounds."

Alan laughed. "Now that you're here, come on, let's go; we're getting started."

"Now?" Quinn was surprised.

"Of course, now. I have been waiting for you for months. Do you know how many plans I had to alter to accommodate you? Let's get going. I want to see how much you have improved or gotten worse." Alan turned and walked towards a posh beach house standing on a cliff near the beach, overlooking the ocean.

A smile crept up on Quinn's face as he followed after Alan.

It was a new start. The start of. . . A Magical Journey.

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~FIN~

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439. Chapter 439: Author's Note

Hey, y'all—

Phew. . . A Magical Journey has finally come to an end. Well, there will be an Epilogue volume, but that will be released slowly and will be directly released to the public— the Epilogue volume will come out slowly, like over a year maybe, and it will cover the future life of Quinn and the people around him. I will make the Epilogue as satisfactory as possible, full of great moments with no sadness or tragedy (maybe a little bit, who knows).

It has been a year and a half since AMJ had taken form through words. A year and a half isn't a long time when it comes to fanfictions or even web fiction, but to me, this time seems like long. I can remember the day Quinn was created, the day when I wrote chapter one, and the day when chapter one was posted. This project brought me out of the burnout that I had suffered from my first work, and what returned me to writing and reminded me about the joys of it all. So I can only understate how important AMJ is to me. . . it has been the one consistent thing in my life recently. It was an endeavor that had begun as just something I wanted to try out with zero planning and vision— however, it turned out something that had been fortunately liked by few and many— and I'm truly glad that it turned out the way it did.

And because of all you lovely people who have supported me, I am where I am. I never imagined AMJ getting the response it did, and it improved my life in general— and most importantly, it did wonders for my self-confidence. The 'me' from before AMJ is much different from the current 'me'— the improvement in how I see myself has been the biggest takeaway from AMJ. It has shown me that I am capable, competent, and an independent human being— I can't stress how great of a feeling and motivator that is.

I couldn't have done it without all of you. . . . thank you so much.

However, as much as I love AMJ, I hold several regrets about it. I feel I haven't done the story and the characters justice. I left so many exciting plot threads unexplored that could've elevated the story to another level; instead, I chose to pursue things that were frankly unnecessary and shouldn't have seen the light of the day— I screwed up the pacing on multiple occasions, opened things that and never closed up, betrayed expectations I set up myself, and so many more things that I wish I could

go back and fix. I feel every character (including Quinn) merited so much more; they deserved their story to be told by a better writer than me, and shine more and become existences that would stay in people's minds long after AMJ had ended.

For that, I apologize from the bottom of my heart and promise that I will do better. . . .

Let's talk about the future, shall we? I have no intention whatsoever to ever stop writing. I only wish I could've started earlier so I could be better today. As some of you are already aware, I will be taking a break of around two months before my next project goes live— between now and then— I will be refreshing myself, reading, plotting, writing some, and generally preparing to launch what's next to come.

I am eager about what's next to come. Excited to start something new and exciting! It will be another fanfiction. I want to spend some more time working in other authors' sandbox before building my own. And I just love fanfiction so much!

Though the next time you see my writing won't be a fanfiction but something original. Surprise! Within a month, I will be releasing the pilot chapter (first chapter) of an original story that I'm currently brainstorming on. It will be just that one chapter; it is just an experiment and something to scratch the 'original' itch. It will be hosted on Patréon exclusively, though it will be a public post, so everyone will be able to read it.

Let's see if FictionOnlyReader can write an original and make it interesting. Do read it when it comes out.

I will be active on Discord if you guys want to reach out to me. I may even do an Audio-only Discord call if I can make some time and just chat for a while. It will be fun. All of you're invited. Join Discord to see when

and if it happens.

Signing off,

FictionOnlyReader.

Внимание! Этот перевод, возможно, ещё не готов.

Его статус: идёт перевод

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