

Oaths of Fantasy	Puck Silverbreeze
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Oaths of Fantasy
Chapter 2 - Eyes of Death
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It was like a flicker of flame in the fireplace of the dark Gryffindor Tower, just as Percy opened the door into the common room, a flicker lost in the automatic start of the wall sconces when the tower door is opened. Nobody noticed as two young beings appeared. It was with a shake of her head when bronze shoulder length crowned ringlets faded and shifted into a dark bushy mess. In that split instant the young sidhe again become the school girl Hermione. The young elf lord at her side smirked as he ran his fingers through his hair, elven hair became mortal again as solid black and no less messy.

Deep within the castle something stirred, as if turning in its slumber. In the Kitchens and other hidden rooms of the ancient castle house-elves by the hundreds lifted bowed heads as they felt the presence of the Great Ones in their castle home. The house-elves in the kitchens turned as one to look into the alcove pressed to the hearth of the kitchen, the focus of the castle for all house-elves. There an ancient house-elf sat on a small throne like chair with cushioning and luxury no other house-elf would dare. His name was lost in time even by the others of his kind. The wizards did not know of his existence and the others of his kind called him Papa. Some elves said he was the first of the house-elves at Hogwarts, some even whispered that he is the first house elf born in the British Isles. The ancient house-elf opened blind eyes and smiled with a toothless mouth. A raspy voice exits his mouth heard by all the house-elves of Hogwarts, "When Papa was elfling. Raven Lady told Papa, 'The Great Ones will come back', Papa is happy Papa lives. Elfes find Great Ones for Papa". This said the ancient one closed his eyes in rest.

Hermione and Harry looked at each other as the slide into line behind the rest of the first years. Neville, being the most fearful of the young lions, was the only one looking around and notice the two join him. He arched his brow Harry only to receive a whispered "Later" from the dark haired boy.

Hermione listened to Percy do his professor act. At an earlier time she would be fixated on the perfect But today too much had happened and Hermione the Girl who followed Authority had a new Authority figure. Hermione softly traced the platinum tattoo on her left wrist with her finger. Just as Hermione was starting to fall asleep from Percy's droning voice, Professors Dumbledore and McGonagall come rushing in.

"Mr. Weasley, are all the members of House Gryffindor accounted for?", breaking into Percy's monologue and snapping the younger lions awake again.

Percy looked over the group in the common room doing a quick head count, "All except for... Ack".

Fred and George Weasley had snuck up behind their younger brother and grabbing the back of his pants lifting him together causing a major wedgie.

McGonagall frowned, "Messrs. Weasley, Kindly put your brother down this instant."

The Twin Pranksters of Gryffindor answer the Professor in unison, "Yes Professor!" as they drop their younger brother on his rear and smirking sit back down in a shadowed corner of the room.

Percy moans as he does his best to stand up, "All of Gryffindor is accounted for Professor."

The Professors nodded and looked around. "I am glad Miss. Granger was able to catch up with her age group.", spoke the Headmaster with twinkling eyes.

Percy looked surprised, "She was with us the whole time sir. I am sure of it."

The twins, all the girls in Gryffindor and Neville groaned and looked down at the floor shaking their heads in disbelief. Hermione opened her mouth to speak when she feels a buzz at her left wrist and looks down to see that Harry was holding her wrist softly, when she looked up at him, he softly shook his head.

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With a barely visible she nodded and muttered, “I hear, my Tiarna¹”. Harry shook his head and gave Hermione a lopsided smile thinking she was teasing him again. Nobody else heard her, allowing their shared secret to slide under notice as all the older students and adults continued to stare at Percy.

McGonagall sighed and rubbed her forehead, “Mr. Weasley, Miss Granger was missing since before the start of the feast. If you wish to become Head Boy, you must start to pay more attention to your classmates.”

Harry and Hermione looked at each other, both wondering if the Professors were aware that she was missing, why none of them saved her from the troll. Another nail in the coffin of authority figures for Hermione. Percy blushed and stared daggers at Hermione, he had never received such a reamand from a teacher. The ambitious boy did not even care why Hermione was missing, all he cared for was his future. Hermione shivered and shrank back from the Perfect’s glare, unnoticed by everyone her tattoos flared. Suddenly Percy’s line of sight was not to the young girl’s brown eyes but emerald eyes the color of unstoppable death. Percy was an ambitious, rule thumping teen, he had faced being poor, he has faced being called a blood traitor. Yet with all that he was still a pureblood and not as hated or blocked as a muggleborn or the so called half-breeds are by the rest of the pureblood. He had never faced pure hatred from his own family as long as he could remember. Like a ceremonial sword clashing with a battle tested warrior’s blade, Percy’s will crumbled, and the Perfect shrank back physically, the message clear, “Thou shalt touch what I protect”.

Time passed, Percy spent time watching Hermione trying to figure out how to make the girl pay for humiliating him before the Professors. You would think that with the stalking he would be the first to notice how she acted around Harry, but it was a coven of traditionalist upper classwomen from Ravenclaw and Slytherin that noticed the shift in attitude, especially once Hermione had found the book on older wizard traditions. Hermione was always near Harry now, except for when they went to bed.

¹ According to my research an Irish Gaelic word for Lord, How she knows it will come up later.