

It had been... it had been a week. Quite a long one, even considering you had just spent a day and a half passed out in Madame Pomfrey's infirmary. Quite a week given the end. Magical exhaustion and a concussion made it quite annoying... to the point you briefly wondered where you were... no of course. The greatest school of magic to ever exist. Naturally you were at Hogwarts, it was only early summer. Why would you be anywhere else?

When the aging healer finally finished checking you out, examined your eyes, inspected the bandages on your arms and chest... she brought out your robes, ones now cleaned of all the blood and grime they previously were stained with. The inner lining... a familiar and soothing color. A shade you had become quite familiar with during your 5 years of study at the Greatest School of Witchcraft and Wizarding in the World. You had to blink, when she sat them next to you... it took a moment to recall the words for how the inner lining looked...

>They were a deep blue and made you dearly wish to head into the library, find a book that could help make sense of what happened; ignore the great discomfort sitting in your chest.

>A dark emerald greeted you once more like a friend. A very conniving friend... but yours all the same. One that needed their minions- no, friends and sister safe and sound.

>Soft yellow was there and the first thing on your mind was what happened to the others, to the point you almost tried to flee the room to find them.

>Red trimmed, crimson, like the blood you had spilled. A color that made you almost frantically claw at the nightstand to recover your wand.

After a final check by Madame Pomfrey and her 7<sup>th</sup> year intern, she finally allowed you to leave, head to the Head Mistress' office with a single time password which you were relatively sure was Latin for "burnt toast". And of course, about three steps out of the door, you were almost bowled over by small girl with similar eyes to your own and matching hair.

You swear, your sister should have tried out as a beater or maybe just gone for muggle Rugby given how hard she could plow into you.

"Frick you, frick you... don't do something like that again, ever! Had me worried. They wouldn't let me see you... said you needed rest. And... you are in trouble. Got to skip class this morning... to escort you to

the Head Mistress' office... you still know your name, right? Remember me? You got hit really hard on the head, so..."

"Of course, sis. I'm..."

>Lance. Lancelot Thornwood, in full. Son to a pair of muggles who claimed to be distantly related to the royal line and had a nice enough estate you could almost believe it.

>Emilia Whitacre, though you preferred Emmy. Daughter to a wizard working for the ministry and a muggle mother who had left far too soon.

>Thomas. Tom for short. Thomas Black, no relation you *[i]think[/i]* given you and sister were orphaned until a kindly older witch and wizard took you in after your first magic accident.

>Jennifer. Jenn if you liked them. Jennifer Sanders. First daughter of a wizarding couple who while not one of the Sacred 28 could still trace their line back almost four centuries.

"Oh, thank Merlin, I thought the concussion might have made you re- no that's not a nice word. Special needs? Might have made you special needs."

"Heh. Sorry, still smarter than you."

"If you are smarter, why are you looking at a suspension, maybe even expulsion, huh? I... they told me what you are accused of... for what we did. I-I'm sorry.

>You, your sister, and best friend had found a map tucked inside a very old book which led you to a cavern in the Forbidden Forest. After dealing with a small swarm of Inferni, you made it to the final chamber, only to find that a troll had taken it as his lair. Your friend and sister were both injured and, in your anger and hate... you used the Killing Curse to end it.

>Your rival and all-around bully was tormenting your sister, had taken her wand and was threatening to snap it if she didn't strip for him and his two lackeys. When you found them, your sister sobbing, you flew into a rage; dispatched the lackeys and continued on to the ring leader, injuring him badly enough

he had to go to St. Mungo's. Unfortunately, his family was an influential part of the Wizengamont and one of the Sacred 28.

>A prank gone terribly, terribly wrong. What should have been a potion to mildly inconvenience one of your sisters' classmates who was being very insistent on them dating instead sent him to the hospital due to either your faulty skills brewing or the old recipe you found being intentionally near lethal.

>Once your sister discovered she was a Parslemouth... you, her and a once dear friend managed to discover an entrance to the legendary Chamber of Secrets and ended up trapped down there with his ankles broken from a bad fall. It took over a day for Professor Potter to find the three of you, and due to the length of time he was injured for, your old friend would likely need a cane for the rest of his life.

And words start to fail as you glance back down at,

>Your twin, though you were born a couple of hours before her

>Your younger sister, just about to finish her 4<sup>th</sup> year and begin studying for her O.W.L.S.

>Your older sister, about to enter her 7<sup>th</sup> year once summer ended

“Of course. Jennifer. Jenny. Jenn... which I do like you enough to call me, Emmy. Still taller than you.”, you say and give your sister a quick hug. A kiss on the top of her head, hair which matched yours, the color of-

>Light straw

>The night sky

>Cinnamon and red apples

>Write-in for dyed hair

“Hey... we should probably get going... thanks though. I was worried. Not letting me see you was mean, even if I knew you needed sleep. Witches are tough but, still.... Worried.”

“I know you were.”, you say and back off some.

“I- am sorry. But you are okay, sis?”

“I mean I am walking. I got a few bruises, scrapes still healing.”

“Sorry... so sorry. Never want to see you hurt but I did.”

“I know, silly. Never hurt me, want to see me like that. Seeing your big sister hurt...

“Hey! Twins! I don’t think two hours really counts. And I am so... so sorry. That you had to do it. Use *that*.”

“Was about to be on the ground. He took a club meant for me... You were the only one still up. You did what you could, I did what I had to... I had to do it Emmy...”

“I still love you. Always.”

“How is David?”

“Needs to spend a day more or so in the hospital. Having half your bones broken can be rough... and his parents were very upset. The officials from the ministry... quite rude in my opinion.”

“Ah. I see. This will be a very fun conversation, will it not?”

“I suppose we will see, heh.”, the slightly smaller girl says before tapping your wrist lightly. Letting you know she was there as you made it to McGonagall’s office which you can say is the single most interesting place you have ever been and you had been here for five years, dealt with rotating staircases, place which appear on a whim, and more...

When you enter, the much older witch is sitting there with the Boy Who Lived standing behind her, a contemplative look on her face.

“Jennifer. Emily. Please sit. We must have a discussion.”, and you do so.

“That you two and your friend are foolish is self-evident. That you are brave is as well. That we have failed you by allowing a troll and Inferni so close to the school... it is our shame. But Miss Sanders... we did check your wand... But after speaking with Miss Granger, on a technicality... you will not have to worry. However...”

And the most famous man in the magical world looks down before speaking.

“People did get hurt. And David, his parents are very persistent. We think maybe a short stint away, a vacation might be what is called for. However, I will not allow a young witch to have their education disrupted. No matter what. But I do have a few connections at Ilvermorny, taught there as a guest Professor before. As such...

“Wait, I am getting kicked out!?”

“No. Never, Miss Sanders. Hogwarts will always be there for you, until it finally needs to be renovated in a million years. If you choose? I can toss my weight around some. You will always have a place here. But

we have spoken with your parents... they agree a year abroad may be a good idea. And your father's work does take him around. He can pick you up if you ever need to return for a few days. And I assure you... well, American wizarding school is quite something. You will need to pick up a few items, but we will pay for any costs."

"Indeed, Professor Potter. Have been there a few times, over the years. But your sister, Miss Sanders..."

>She has made it very clear she will be going, alongside you.

>She, will remain. She loves you very much but she wishes to stay. I am however sure the owls will get to stretch their wings with the number of letters she will send.

"If we go, we are going together.", the ever so slightly shorter girl with the exact same shade of blonde hair next to you says and shows exactly why she was sorted into the house of the Loyal.

"Emmy..."

"Don't you "Emmy" me! I have been with you since two hours after the start. Not quitting now. We used fricking skin our knees together doing dumb things. Were so inseparable we would share a bed a lot of nights as kids just because one or the other had a bad day. And I don't know how well our minds are organized but this will be a great adventure, Miss Gryffindor. I personally am looking forward to new friends and different food.", the blond girl next to you says... not with any sort of hate, just insistence. A pair of light blue eye that matched yours looked up and you felt a fool to think your sister, your twin would ever wish to leave you.

"Ha. A good attitude, very much befitting of a Hufflepuff. Try the chicken fried steak with white gravy; it was quite good last time I was there. Also maybe take to jogging... I gained 5 pounds from two weeks of their food. Also... you will need to both be sorted, their ritual is just a hair different than ours, no hats involved.", the dark-haired man says before the severe older witch in front of him smiled slightly and you reached over to your sister to touch the top of her hand lightly.

Potter begins to speak once more after a few seconds.

"I highly encourage that you don't go on anymore adventures after this, ah, great one as Emily put it. Fewer involving trolls and the undead, at the least. Went on my share after all... but seeing your bond, I

am quite sure you can make it no matter what may happen. And like we said, Hogwarts will always be here for young ladies such as you.”, the deputy Headmaster says with a slight smirk.

“Do my best I suppose. And he will be fine, Professor? David?”

“Indeed. though I am sure it has been an unpleasant couple of days considering the injuries and his parents worry. Mr. Adams should be back by tomorrow. It goes with out saying your Hogsmead privileges have been temporarily suspended. That you shall not leave the grounds till classes end next week. And know I will be keeping an eye on you, young ladies.”, the Headmistress says though her tone is more like a promise than a threat, at the end.

“So, ah, do we still need to finish up with end of year test, Sir? Ma’am?”, your sister follows with, looking unsure.

“Your education shall continue, naturally. I have no worries about you passing with ease. Jennifer, I do expect you to ace your...

>Write in for your specialty

“Like wise Emily.”, the older witch adds in a precise Scottish accent.

>Write in a subject for your sister

>Any subject is on the table but please don’t make me have to figure out how to make magic math relevant. Both you and her do have a small bonus to battle magic just by virtue of what you went through, regardless of your choices as well as a slight bonus if you are fighting together because 15 years together does make you quite aware of how another person thinks and fights.

“...your Charms and Transfiguration exams respectively...”

“Indeed, though perhaps you should put in a hair more work in DADA, if you are not going to follow our advice and go on the kind of adventure involving more dark creatures.”, Professor Potter adds with a thin smile.

>This will give you and your sister a +10 in those respective subjects, open a few new options with spells as well as give a +2 to your battle rolls since both subjects are useful for fucking people up. For the rest of your subjects, you start at a +0 which means you are completely average at them, though you can elect to study extra hard to gain bonuses. Your total Battle magic is sitting at a +5 from your useful specialties and your harrowing experience. Jenn also has access to the Green Death but if she ever uses it against another human... hide the body well is all I can recommend.

"Ah... I think once was enough, but I will take the advice to heart, sir."

"And... it should go with out saying, you should never use that spell again. You got incredibly lucky with being a child, trying to save yourself and sister, and trolls being considered a dark creature. I would truly hate to have to arrest a young girl, a good student aside from a few pranks. And your sister, it is clear she cares for you. Don't make her have to visit Nurmengard to see you."

And... you stomach twists just a bit while Emmy reaches over to hold your hand, sensing your discomfort; you and here had always had an interesting bit of a connection like that to the point if you cried about something, she would come to you from half the castle away with her own eyes misty.

And with that came a terrible realization. It had taken so much hatred to force out the bolt of green light which stopped the troll. You had had the odd sensation of ice right in the middle of your chest since you woke up. The sense that you had lost something terribly import. Was she feeling any of that from your bond?

"Um, sir. Ma'am. Don't want to take up more of your time, but I have been feeling odd... since that thing I did."

"Do you need Poppy to look at you once more, young lady? She is very thorough but even she can miss things. Just curious... what did you two have for lunch 2 days ago."

"Ah we-"

"It is fine... I understand. To use a curse like that... it can take something from you. Put something else back in. Leave a wound from the exchange. And it does take a certain type of soul to use it, the kind that can muster the intent as I am sure Professor Potter explained."



“Hey! Wait a second! Did you just read our minds?!” you sister says loudly and leans forward to stare down two of the most powerful wizards in the world with her hand clenching yours tightly.

“Any secrets you may have are safe, Emily, Jenn. The briefest glance I could to check for damage. Tell me young woman, have you felt different at all, since then?” the woman with a tall black hat asks with a soft look in her eyes towards your twin.

“Still! Mean, ma’am. And... scared. Angry. Like I should have been the one to do it... like there is a snowflake right over my heart that none of the hot tea I have been drinking will melt it. Like there is a shadow, like a cloud covering the sun.”

“And you, Jennifer?”

“Uh, same? But like a shard of ice is there, an ache like a scar still healing. Like I lost something important, but I can’t find words for it.”

“I see... Professor?”

“I am quite familiar with that curse given my history. Know what it’s use can do to someone. And I have heard some hearsay regarding a pair of young girls with an uncanny ability to both argue and finish one another’s sentences. Magical twins are interesting. Often, they are born no different than a muggle pair would be. Sometimes... they can take from one another in the womb. Sometime they are connected, souls so close to one another they touch. And I believe the latter is your case, unless I am far off base. And, a very dear friend once told me lost things have a way of returning to you, even if it isn’t in a way you always expect so, the thing... well? Keep an eye out, I suppose.”, the tall dark-haired man explains while you rub your “little” sisters’ fingers with your own to calm her.

“Indeed. I believe Emily took some of the burden, the damage that curse inflicts to your soul through your “bond”. Some of the weight off of your own spirit. And I do believe she saved you from that ache, that hatred, that ice always lingering forever. You truly do have someone who cares for you; love [i]is[/i] stronger than hate. I am hardly an expert but I believe it can fade with time, for both of you. Once more you prove to be quite lucky.”

“Ah... Merlin... thank you Emmy.”

“Just... not again. I can take a snowflake in my heart, but I doubt an ice cube would fit, given neither of us are that large. And I told you. In this together.”

“Seeing you two, it does reaffirm I believe I made the correct choice in talking with the ministry on your behalf. Now then, is it alright if they run along, Professor McGonagall? I am sure the “elder” Miss Sanders may be quite hungry at this point.”

“I believe so. We have discussed what we needed; good luck on your final tests, though I doubt you need it, given you both did well on all of your O.W.L.S in the spring. No House points shall be deducted so Hufflepuff still has a chance, depending on how your game goes Miss Emily. Just spend the next week and a half staying out of trouble, Miss Jennifer, and Gryffindor will remain in the running.”

“Thank you, Headmistress.”, your sister says before helping you up then leading you out through the door in the back of the office, though you do stop for a moment to wonder why there are five sets of red slippers on a coat rack and why they all appear to be for left feet.

The rest of your time... after a day or so, your dark-haired friend returned from the hospital. Still had a cast on his left wrist, though you had got to have your last few bandages removed the night before and were happy there would only be a few pink lines, if that. Apologized deeply for your little adventure and was apologized in turn by him. That his parents were too protective of their only son. That he did not do his crimson trimmed robes justice, did not stand up to them more. And you told him he was just being silly, that he did what he could, you are sure. That he fought bravely. Asked him if he would like to sit on the Hufflepuff side when your sister's team played between the last set of exams... she was no genius at flight but all the teams were somewhat mediocre; Emmy made a good enough chaser, though.

A few days and half of your exams out of the way, you were out in the pleasant early summer air, along with about half the school as a dozen figures soared through the air.

And as you sat next to David in the Hufflepuff side of the pitch, small yellow ribbons on your chest to show support despite the red trim of your robes, Emmy managed to get the ball through the hoop, despite the young red haired Gryffindor Seeker of all trying to block her.

“Go Sanders! Wooooo!”, your old friend shouted out and though you didn't really like the sport... you knew your sister enjoyed it even if she would never play for a professional team and Hufflepuff very, very rarely ended as the champions at the end of the year. So, it was all you could do to join and clap.

As the match went on... well your sister still fought for the quaffle but seemed to harry the young Gryffindor seeker too, when she could. Perhaps they had exchanged words in the air?

>Let see how well she can fly.

>Three people roll a 1d100

DC is 85 to see if she can interfere enough that the Hufflepuff seeker can grab the snitch.

It is a good match by most accounts. The Hufflepuffs working in tandem and the Gryffindors showing why it was the house of the Brave. Your sister manages to get the ball through the hoop again to quite a few cheers before spotting something; namely a red-haired seeker rushing off towards something. It was hard to catch up, but physics still apply loosely to witches and Lily is a bit larger than your sister despite her being a couple of years younger. When she makes it to the girl, already doing loops to make it to the tiny golden ball which decided matches, Emmy proved once more she was a bludger in human form, slamming into the younger but taller girl to throw her off while a small second year Hufflepuff darted around the pair to try and catch the golden snitch. You though your sister was going to either to delay the opposing seeker long enough for her team mate to grab it or... then you swear. You saw a touch of darkness cross the red-head's eyes and not in the metaphorical sense; for just a moment they seemed ink black. Looking around... no one else had seemed to react. Odd. Probably the lighting, sun casting a shadow on them for a second.

And Miss Potter began to accelerate faster than was usually recommended, yet still nailing her turns, tossing in a few rolls to dodge your sister's work to slow her.

The young house mate of your sister nearly made it in the end, but Lily Potter proved to be just a little to fast, a little more experienced since she had a year on him. Your sister just a touch too small to knock her away or just too kind to truly slam into the younger girl. And so, the bludgers and quaffle fell to the ground and red sparks shot up around the stands. While much of the crowd around you remained seated as the 7<sup>th</sup> year Slytherin acting as announcer called out the results, you excused yourself while David was chatting with a cute housemate of you two a year younger and made it down to the Hufflepuff team's area.

Em was toweling off when you had arrived, the prefect watching over the area recognizing you as a common sight after your sister's matches and letting you through with a nod.

"Hey... sorry. I don't watch this thing unless you are playing. But I think you did good, Emmy."

"Not good enough, obviously. We were this close!", your twin says with her fingers nearly touching, bitterness in her normally kind voice. "I don't know how she started pulling those moves off. Lily is good but not that good!"

And you briefly consider mentioning what you think you saw... but you are sure it was just your imagination, a lingering effect of getting hit on the head. Just her pushing herself to the limit when the game was on the line. You had spoken to her a couple of times, she seemed nice enough, even if you thought some of it was a front; being the kid of the most famous man in the magical world must come with its own issues.

"Want a hug?"

"Frick you, I'm not a kid. But yes."

So you went in some and wrapped your slightly smaller sister in your arms; you had to be a good "big" sister every once in a while. Heard a small snuffle, felt a twinge in your heart. Held her for a minute even though she kind of smelled of sweat.

"Thanks, sis. But that is probably enough, don't want any odd rumors starting since apparently people already have picked up on the fact we are a bit closer than even normal twins are.", she says with a small smile.

"Haha! But hey we are going to be gone for a year. Fuck the rumors. You did great this season, helped Hufflepuff get this far; I am proud of you. I know neither of us are genius flyers but you still tried at least; I just normally sit out of flying class and play gobstones in the corner, unless Hooch is feeling particularly vindictive and makes me do laps through those stupid rings she can conjure out of light. You practiced, you made the effort to try out, and when you didn't make it on the team last year? You tried again. And you got it. I may be brave or foolish depending on who you ask... but you are most certainly hardworking, Emmy. And when we get back from America? I am sure their team has a few tricks for you to pull out next time you face Potter's kid."

“Heh. You are a pain... but you would have done well in my house... after I grab my broom from the rack, want to get out of here?”

“Sure, should probably get to studying.”

As the pair of you exit the Hufflepuff side of the field, you briefly see another pair of twins, though they couldn't look more any different, given the small girl with auburn hair looked like she could be nine in her oversized robes and the blond boy could pass for someone in your year if he tried. Your sister waved to them and got a wave from the child sized girl and a small nod from the boy.

“Come on, ‘Pollo! I want to talk with some of the players before they all go back home!”, the small girl says, while tugging her brother forward.

“We are all in the same house, Arty. We can see them anytime we want.”, the tall boy says in a deadpan.

“Yeah but not in their Quidditch robes!”, she responds “Good job, Emily!”, she shouts out before pulling the larger boy into a small crowd of Hufflepuffs around the other players.

It gets a small giggle out of your own twin at least, heh.

The next week is filled with cramming some, a few more tests... having bright red banners hang in the great hall after the Headmistress makes a short speech on the second to last day.

After a small feast with your housemates, a slightly smaller girl with slightly shorter hair comes up to you...

“Hey Jenny? Want to go to that old abandoned storage room we found and do “that”?”

“That?”

“That. We won’t be able to get away with it for a couple of weeks, given we are going to be with mom and dad for about that long before America. Last chance of the year to have a go, since we will be packing tomorrow.”

“Sure, anytime. Its fun getting you on your back, Em.”

“Hey, who knows? Maybe I will be on top today.”

“I really prefer you looking up at me, so doubtful.”, you say with a slight smirk. “Mind if I get changed into something more comfortable before we go at up there?”

“No problem. I like these robes and vests, don’t want to get anything on them.”, she says quietly enough the other students walking past can’t hear. “Meet in 30?”

“Yep. See you there, sis. And just be prepared... after I am done with you, you won’t be able to walk right for a day.”

“We will see won’t we, Jenn? But don’t threaten me with a good time, heh!”

So the two of you parted, going to your respective dorms, before you entered into an old slightly dusty class room that had probably not been used in 50 years to find your sister in a light tee, jean shorts, and what you suspected was no bra given you were much the same and when you had chests that were A-cups at best, most of the time a bra just got in the way when you were having fun...

She got up from where she was sitting, came in close.

“Might want to get that cloak off, Jennifer.”

“Oh! So I am Jennifer today?”

“I always get to use your full name.”

“So be it, [i]Emily[/i].”, you say as you strip down some, tossed your red trimmed cloak and robe onto a nearby coat hook, leaving you only in a loose red tee with a pair of silver glasses on it and your own shorts, socks and white tennis shoes... “You really want to go?”

“Yep. So get ready for me to frick you up.”

“Like wise but I use big girl words, heh.”

And so, the two of you quickly hug like always, no real animosity there, just a bit of sisterly rivalry. Broke off after a moment and walked to opposite ends of the cleared-out center of the room and took up fighting stances.

“Ready, Em?”

“Ready, Jenn.”

And the pair of you began to sling spells with not fury, but pure joy at the challenge.

>Roll 3d100+6 for how well you do. I will roll for your sister after you.

When you begin tossing out spells, you reminded why duels with Emily are both fun and annoying. Neither of you are seers and your bond is only so strong. But... it is there; have lived with one another your entire lives. You can't see what she will do but you can predict it very well after all this time and she can do just the same; you know how each other think. So while you understand where she will be in 1 second before twisting and casting a stunner, she already knows you will step to the left, respond with a hex to make her front teeth so long she can't cast and has a shield ready.

So the two of you try and out guess one another, working up a sweat until she surprises you by tossing a broken chair leg at you and transfiguring it mid air to a log and clips you; momentum is conserved when transfiguring so it hurt getting hit with two dozen pounds of wood going 15 mph. Not a debilitating strike but...

“So, really want to play, Emmy?”

“How could you tell?”

“Fine. *[i]Depulso[/i>!”, you shout not aiming at your twin but the shattered wood around her, blasting it towards her. She easily casts a *[i]Protego[/i>] to stop the wood, of course. But flinches for just a moment out of reflex, is distracted with her shield. So, you quickly shout out a spell not normally taught in class, a variation Professor Flitwick had shown you; it would still be draining, terribly inefficient really but... time to demonstrate why Charms was clearly the best subject. And this got through almost any shield you knew of.**

“*[i]Lumos solem abruptum[/i>!”*

A small white sun shot out the tip of your wand and you swayed some, changing it to a turn, as you shielded yourself before the ball exploded in to blinding light; turned away and with eyes shut for the moment, the worst you got were a couple of spots...Emily, however? Even before turning back towards her, you could hear her shout out about her “fricking corneas”. You are sure she was quick enough to close her eyelids but that could only do so much. Now was the chance to push her back, the opportunity to strike and end this.

>Roll 3 d 100s +6. Emily has -10 on her opposed rolls from being half blinded. If she doesn't pull a miracle off this round will decide it if you beat 2 out of 3

Even half blind, Em fights on, tossing spells which could affect a wide area at you, transfiguring a desk she knew was there already the into something thrice its size to block your angles of attack while keeping her shield up. But in the end, it just wasn't enough and she was her own unmaking.

“*[i]EPELLIARMUS![/i>!”*

“*[i]Prismatis[/i>!”*



And you show off another trick you had learned from the diminutive former dueling champion; how to conjure a prismatic shield only the size of a beach ball at the end of your wand. You swatted the bolt away, using the spell's ability to reflect many common charms to send it straight back at your sister. Your tiny prismatic shield broke, too weak due to the size and how much magic you had put in to remain, but it did the job; the bolt slammed into your twin's modest chest. Sent her stumbling back a step as her arm was jerked up and her wand clattered against the ceiling, back wall, and then floor.

Tossing out too many spells, the focus required... you were panting. However? You could manage a couple more.

*"[i]Flippendo[/i>!"*

*"[i]Levicorpus[/i>!"*

The first bolt flipped Emmy into the air a few feet. The second hung her in place; you are sure she was glad to have worn shorts, even if the tee falling around her face may have made her wish for a sports bra, given you could see her small, perky breasts which you in no way were jealous of for being a bit bigger than your own. She struggled briefly, seeing if she could perhaps reach her wand which had bounced close, but soon gave up; hung limp aside from working to keep her chest covered with the barest hint of a blush.

"Give?", you say walking up to her hanging body.

"I...I surrender. Can you let me down before all my blood rushing to my head makes me pass out?", she says with a slight annoyance in her voice's pitch.

"Say the nice words."

"Haaaa... please can you release you spell, my most gracious and kind sibling?"

"There we go. Yes, I can my most loyal and brave sibling.", you say with a grin that could only be described as shit eating. Before using the counter curse, you conjure up a fluffy pillow for your sister to hopefully not break her neck landing on before shouting.

*“[i]Libre corpus[/i]!”*

So? Your twin falls with a slightly muffled thump on her back.

“Ouch.”

“Need me to get your wand for you, Emmy?”

“Nah. Saw where it landed.”, and because there is a pensive look on her face along side the annoyance of being bested... because you felt a twitch of some emotion not from you interrupt your smugness and enjoyment? You conjure up a second pillow for yourself and go to lay down close to your sis. The fact you were exhausted had nothing to do with the decision of course.

“Hey, eyes alright? Sorry about hanging you upside down and exposing your boobs; I kind of get into these little spars too much sometimes, even if I like winning. We are what 20 to zero now?”

“Feh, 20... 9 to your 11 now. Thought I would catch up this time. And I don’t care if you see my awesome, bigger boobs; we have seen each other naked plenty. We used to bath together when we younger for Merlin’s sake! No one else was around so it is fine. It is a good spell. And... I was just thinking. About life changing soon. I am excited but... it is scary. Being so far from our home for the last 5 years. What we know happened. Will they let us have a few more duels so I can kick your butt; do they ban sisters having little fights? Will we make friends? Maybe they are all still sore over that war of 1812 thing and will hate us or make fun of our accent or-“

“Hey, shush. I have no clue about American wizarding high school, no more than you. But it will be fine... we will have each other. We will have each other because you chose to come. And if you get cold feet? I wouldn’t resent you at all. But I know you and Hufflepuffs are usually set on their course when they make a decision; double so for Hufflepuff’s named Emily Sanders. So don’t worry. I will be there to protect this fair badger maiden, heh.”, you say and do what you can to suppress your own anxiety, so she can’t detect it. Which is dumb, since your “little” sister knows you as well as a person can but still.

The next ten or 15 minutes is filled by the two of you just laying there talking mostly about nothing or sometimes about something important, like the fact blue and cranberry was at the least going to bring out your eyes and hair. At some point while the two of you chatted and recovered, Emmy put her hand

on yours, just to let you know she was there. After a few more minutes that were saccharine enough you would never, ever tell anyone of them, she sat up.

“Want to get going after a quick Freshening charm to get the sweat smell off? Get started with packing?”

“Sure, Emmy.”

Once you tossed your robe and cloak back over your muggle outfit and let down your hair so it once more hit the middle of your back, you and your sister left your little secret spot and headed back towards the intersection separating Gryffindor from Hufflepuff.

“Really? Didn’t even bother to bring a robe to wear? And I am pretty sure ball caps are against dress code.”, you say to tease her some. “Really, they are going to think we have been invaded by muggles.” And to a degree it was true, given your twin looked about as non-witch-like like as you could with a tee, shorts, sneakers that matched your own, and her hair in a ponytail pulled through the back of a cap with the logo for some sports team on the front.

“Meh. Screw ‘em. Already lost the cup this year, won’t be here for the next one; don’t care if I get docked a few points by a prefect. Besides you know no one really cares during the last few days.”

“Really, worst Hufflepuff.”

“I am only like 80% ‘Puff by volume since the hat did offer a different House as well. Beside considering mom and dad, we could be considered honorary muggles I bet.”, she says dismissive snarky tone. And it was true you suppose, you consider with a chuckle.

Your mom and daddy both had an odd infatuation with non-magical folks in their own ways, to the point he worked for the Ministry in the Department of Muggle Affairs and she had even gone to muggle university after graduating Hogwarts for a couple of semesters. It wasn’t to the point they would threaten the Statute of Secrecy separating the two worlds but if someone were to walk into your home, you doubt they would ever guess a family of purebloods with a line back 400 years lived there, aside from some enchanted items you had. Daddy had even promised to buy you and Em a car when the two of you turned 17 and teach you to drive. Mom was addicted to muggle fashion and culture, would always catch some drama from America called General Hospital and had several muggle friends.

It was a bit of an odd situation growing up, being part of the magical world but adopting some of the trappings of the muggle one; when you had asked one day when you were a kid why learn to drive or have a car when you can just Apparate he told you, "Because it is fun." and patted you on the head. And going fast in his souped-up vehicle, you couldn't help but agree.

But... one other nice thing is you learned was to respect muggles and by extension, muggle born; if there was one thing you would never fall for it was the ridiculous idea of blood purity or wizard supremacy. You knew what muggles were capable of achieving, both good and bad. The second part had even given you chills on occasion...

Unfortunately, as you moved through the Ravenclaw part of the castle, you were in fact spotted by a prefect who stopped you; a tall boy in blue trimmed robes with long dark hair and a muggle thermos filled with what smelled like coffee who was fairly handsome. He grilled you for a few seconds on being out late and on breaking the dress code, looked you both up and down. Stared a little too long at your sister's exposed thighs and perky chest before shrugging, telling you to head straight to your common rooms and continuing his patrol.

"That was lucky, I suppose; didn't care for how long his eyes lingered though."

"It's fine; I'll take it as a compliment. Besides I've talked to Brandon a few times before, he's nice. Think he has a little crush on me. Helped me study some for the O.W.L.S.", your sister says as you hurry along, given the next prefect might be more annoying.

"Yeah? Did you let him down gently?"

"He never asked; he's smart, really good at transfiguration too, but kind of shy. I might find him tomorrow, let him know I won't be back next fall. Maybe give him a kiss on the cheek as a good by gift for helping me."

"Like him that much? And that is kind of mean, since he won't get to see you for a year and change.", while reaching the intersection the pair of you would need to split off at.

"Well, he's not ugly or anything? Even if tall and brooding isn't quite my type. I'd give it a shot if he asked, I suppose but who knows. We only get to be dumb magic high school girls once. Well, maybe

twice for you when you fail your N.E.W.T.S. and they send you back as the oldest first year in history.", your mirror says with a smirk.

"Emily, cordially? Eat a dick. Besides the oldest was a 25-year-old 530 years ago who they didn't discover because the Trace wasn't around back then and he lived in bumfuck nowhere.", you fire back.

"Nerd. Love you sis. Hug?"

"Sure.", you say and wrap your arms around her, feel her nipple through her shirt. "You know, you might really invest in some work out clothes for our spars instead of just going braless and I assume pantie less in a muggle shirt and shorts.

"Feh, your one to talk. Besides if I did that, how would I distract whatever they call prefects in America. Anyway, night Jenn, see you tomorrow."

"Worst Hufflepuff ever, heh. Night, Emmy."

And with that the two of you separate. You don't encounter any Prefects on the way back to the tower, a nice treat since your mind was elsewhere.

You are only going to be home for two weeks; Ilvermorny has summer classes and so you will be heading there to give you time to adapt, get over any culture shock, and catch up on their slightly different curriculum. The classes are usually only till lunch during the summer semester which kind of makes up for having to forgo most of your summer break at the least. Mom and daddy are going to Apparate the both of you over the pond a day or two after getting back, pick up your supplies for the year, robes, the different texts and such as well as to give you a daytrip to adapt to America, but you are considering what to do with the rest of your time at home while you walk.

>Put those Ilvermorny text books to good use and study to prepare for your 6<sup>th</sup> year. (Choose 2 subjects other than battle magic, since you need to use magic for that, to gain a +4 to and get a better idea of the school)

>Convince daddy to teach you how and your sister how to drive. You are old enough to have a license in America and might get that car a little early (Learn to drive and bond with your father and Emily, possible car in the future)

>Try to butter your parents up along with Emily. You were fairly well off and dad already kind of spoils you; you could probably get him to buy a couple of useful items for you and your sister (Pick 2 reasonable items to gain. Omnioculars, sneak-o-scope, expanding pouch, protego enchanted robes, your own broom, a pet, ect. He isn't buying you and her a castle or anything but something reasonable for a student to have is on the table so write ins are fine)

>Just spend time with your sister and friends; your parents can probably convince David's mom and dad you are not a lightning rod of doom, and you do have a few more acquaintances. Just enjoy the brief holiday. (Permanent bonus when performing tasks such as fighting or researching with your sister and friends if they show up, character interactions)

>Write in an idea. I will figure out what kind of bonus it will give and people can decide if it is worth it

>I am also giving you a +2 to battle rolls for kicking your sister's butt and a +1 to her. In the future you two can spar but will only get a +1 each as one of your weekly actions. To get better gains you will need to fight against someone more skilled, multiple people, have a teacher, ect.

Walking... well daddy had promised to teach the two of you two drive... you could probably convince him to use his connections from work to secure a couple of learner's permits; you wouldn't be able to drive in the UK till next April when you and Em turned 17 but you recall that it was only 16 in the US. And he did promise the two of you a car... yes this fit perfectly. It would probably require a bit of buttering him up, which sounds bad given the both of you did love him dearly, but that might be the best use of your short break since you would still have plenty of time to laze about some, enjoy your family, shop, maybe even have a farewell party with your friends. He always did spoil the two of you, sometimes to mom's annoyance; you would confer with your sister tomorrow about the idea. But speaking of friends, another one of yours, a 4<sup>th</sup> year named Macy Wright was one of the few people still up in the common room when you entered, sitting on a sofa and reading a novel in casual her clothes.

You and her had met in your second year, a few days after classes started as you were on the way to Potions and the fidgety spectacled girl with dark brown hair was hopelessly lost, halfway across the castle from where she should have been; you took some pity on the first year. Asked her why she was so distressed, almost to the point of tears, found out she couldn't remember where her classroom was, and then helped her find her way back Charms even if it meant you were late yourself and lost House points.

That evening, Macy had come up to you, thanked you profusely, said she was sorry to need help, that she hadn't really made any friends and since she was muggleborn really had no clue about this whole thing. You and her started talking, were told she noticed you before in the prior nights in the common room and that you looked nice but she was a bit too shy to come talk; you and her ended up striking up a conversation, mostly concerning muggle stuff like music and books. It was only after she said it was nice to talk with another person from a non-magical home that you had revealed you were a pure-blood from an old family, which naturally shocked her.

After that, the two of you had become fast friends, even if different years and proclivities had made it hard to spend all that much time hanging out. You and Emmy still tried, however. She was a real bookworm and a certifiable genius given she had been tested and had an IQ north of 150; revealed she had a near eidetic memory. In exchange however she had absolutely no sense of direction and trouble communicating with people, opening up. Had never made many friends in her previous life because she put people off. So you and your sister took to leaving a bit early to help her find her way around, tried to help her make some more friends and over time she learned to find her way, made a small circle of friends her age. At the same time she helped you, Em, and David study despite being a year younger than the three of you. You taught her more about the magical world, its history and norms, and of course Charms.

You had grown apart a bit over the years as life just took you in slightly different directions and being in different years made it hard to spend time together but still considered her a close friend, probably your best in truth; a good friend who didn't yet know she wouldn't be seeing you in Fall. Thus you walk up and sat next to her on the couch.

"Hey. Been a while. Sorry. Kind of a hectic week.", you say softly.

"I could tell. Missing for most of a day then the infirmary for almost 2 days. You alright? Sorry we kept missing each other. I was at the game but on our houses side.", Macy says while putting down her book.

"Sorry, should have tried to find you when I was released, had a bunch on my mind. Sooooo... I have something to tell you, okay."

"Hehe, I like you a lot but not into girls I'm afraid, if this is you confessing your love for me.", and you felt your heart swell a bit; Macy had really grown since you met her. Still not the most outgoing person in the House but she would have never cracked a joke like that before. At the same time, you frowned a bit; this was going to suck more than you had imagined.

“Not my type anyway, no offence. But, yeah this is kind of big.”

“How big are we talking?”

“Me and my sister won’t be coming back in September big. Sorry to spring this on you... just found out a few days ago.”, you say and try to smile as you meet her hazel-colored eyes.

“Wait, what!”, the normally soft-spoken girl shouts out loud enough that the handful of other students turn and look before returning to their activities. “I know you passed your O.W.L.S. but you-you are dropping out? Don’t! You are smart, I’ll help you two if you need next year; all you need!”, she says and lowers her voice to a more normal tone.

“Macy. Not dropping out-“

“Are you being expelled? I’ll petition for you. What ever happened can’t be that bad; no one gets kicked out here. Half of Slytherin was evil 20 years back and they got to graduate, I-“

“Hey, hey. Calm down. Nothing that bad... I was encouraged to try a year abroad, go to America. Sis wants to come with me. It... its fine. A good chance to broaden my horizons. It will be...fun.”, you say, half trying to convince yourself.

“Yeah, you look ecstatic. It has to do with you being in the infirmary, David in the hospital, and them barring students from the Forest, right? I’m pretty clever, can put 2 and 2 to get 4. Will you tell me, please? I’ve heard a few rumors, not many since people are more concerned with going home and they range from rude to incredibly unlikely, but I want to know why my first friend got hurt, why I won’t be able to see you and Em for a year.

>You will tell her, in private all of it. Not the curse, but all of it save that.

>You can tell her minor details, an overview of what happened, leaving a few things out.



>You can't. They warned you to keep the incident under wraps; you can chance something going wrong, it reaching the ears of someone it shouldn't.

>OOC, sorry I meant to have this done by morning but got suddenly ill and spent the last day in bed. This and maybe one more set of choices and it is off to the express and home.

It... it is a hard decision, not just because of what Potter and the Headmistress asked of you but because by telling the small girl by your side, you would involve her to a degree. Right now, she was completely isolated from the whole incident, safe. More than those things, perhaps, it is the thought she would feel betrayed, hurt for not being included, even just in the research needed to find the cave. Macy was sensitive in some ways, and you didn't want her to hate you.

But, even if you were afraid, you were a Gryffindor and being Brave meant facing your fears. And you did trust her. She deserved to know how three of her best friends got hurt. You would tell her everything then, everything but you casting [*Avada Kedavra*]; that was too much for you. The ache in your chest still too fresh, the idea you were able to hate enough to want to strangle someone for eternity, drive a knife into their heart again and again too disturbing.

"O-okay. Yeah, you deserve to know. We need to go somewhere a bit more private; follow me to one of the sound proofed study rooms.", you say to Macy, quietly and head over to a few rooms on the other side of the common room in a small alcove.

Shutting the door behind her, you lock it and cast [*Colloportus*].

"That secret then?"

"Yeah. This has to be secret, okay? David's parents are gunning for me and I was explicitly told not to tell people about the incident. Help me cast some privacy spells and revealing charms."

The two of you go through a few incantations till you are satisfied, then you motion her to a chair at a small table and sit across from the bespectacled girl.

"Hey, Jenn? Thanks for trusting me. It means a lot. I promise, I won't tell anyone.", she says and reaches over the table, placing her hand on your own. You smile a hair and reach to put your other hand on hers

and keep it there; Macy usually really did not like to be touched, so it meant much that she wanted to show you her support like this.

“You’re welcome, Macy.”, and so you explain how David had found an old journal with a map tucked in it, one that according to the journal of a 7<sup>th</sup> year 150 years ago was his work on finding a cache built by a wealthy, excentric wizard 500 years ago and he had figured out was in the Forest. That the journal stopped before saying if he found it but the map showed he had narrowed it to a handful of location. Of how the three of you decided you would discover or rediscover it, possible live like kings from the ancient hoard of galleons and jewels. Explained how you researched, checked the locations on the map during the weekends until you reached the last spot deep in the Forest. That it was there, just as the journal described, a small sealed door which opened when you had followed the instructions in the book.

Of you insisting that it if we were going to go, we had to go today, that we might not have another chance with tests, so little time left, and that while you could open the door, you didn’t know how to shut it, that it could be stumbled upon and the treasures stolen from under your noses. That you convinced them to do it after running back to town and grabbing a few potions, just in case. How just as the sun was getting setting, the three of you foolishly ventured into the darkness together.

“Past a short hallway, we had entered a round chamber, long faded portraits on its walls and old broken statues. And a pile of emaciated grey bodies on the floor which began to stir from the light and noise.”, you say softly and shiver some, causing your young friend to actually entwin her fingers with you.

“No... inferni? This close to the school?”, she says with a small hint of fear.

“Yes. About a dozen of them; it took too long for us to begin acting, over come the shock and terror, so some had made it to their feet and began rushing towards us. Emmy screamed but David, he jumped in front of us and began firing off spells. Emmy and I came to our senses, joined him but they don’t teach you well enough how bloody tough they are; how fast, how terrifying seeing a mockery of a human body is.”, and shivered again.

“They don’t mention they can scream. But slowly, we cut them to pieces, sat them on fire, froze the ground under them. One managed to break through, clawed me, smashed my head against the wall until Emmy flipped it into the air, conjured a beaters club and smashed its head in. She kept screaming to never touch her sister. Would have been sweet if I wasn’t seeing stars while trying not to puke from the dizziness and the smell of burning flesh. David finished the last one off and we went around making sure they were down for good. I drank my wigenweld... stupid Jennifer, should have saved it for David.”, you say, shame and loathing in your voice.

“Hey, its okay. It’s alright. But, the bad part is coming up, isn’t it? The one where all my friends get hurt?”

“It is. We looked around the room for anything of value, anything that hadn’t fallen to pieces and got nothing; this was just an antechamber; there was a door to the side though. Emmy, she asked us to turn back and I didn’t listen. I always think I know more, so I insisted we keep going. It’s my fault we opened that door and went down that hall. Found a huge circular room with the shattered remains of bookcases and furniture all around; with an awful stench and a statue in the back. There was some kind of enchanted lighting... but it was shadowed. We walked in and the statue stood and roared. A toll. A big one with a giant club and glowing yellow eyes.

“A troll! Then that’s what-“

“Yeah. What nearly killed us all. Broke half the bones in David’s body, when he took a hit for me. We fought as hard as we could, fought like animals but nothing we used did much and this one was big. Slapped me into a wall and when I came to, Emmy was doing every thing she could to keep it away from me and I could feel her fear for me. It was pure luck I looked up and saw that monster was right under a large, very sharp stalagmite. Yelled to my sister to help me and we pulled it down with our [i]decendo’s[/i] combined; troll heard the noise and looked up just in time to skewered mouth to ass.”

“You... all of you nearly died! Oh, thank God, thank Merlin, Jenn!”, she says and comes over to actually hug you. It is a very stiff awkward hug but you return it all the same. “I suppose you got David back out, sent up sparks?”

“Yeah. Tried to heal him, some. Failed. I stunned him so it wouldn’t hurt. It was past curfew and they were looking for us already. After a minute, Potter and McGonagall popped in. Emmy begged them to help me and David, was crying; I was too. They apparated us out side of Hogwarts, got us to Pomfrey; I passed out when we got there. When I woke up, they told me that David’s parents wanted me expelled, sent to jail for getting their son hurt. And I was offered the chance to head to Ilvermorny until tempers cooled, to appease them some; Emmy said she wouldn’t let me go alone. And that’s about where we are.”

“Why-why didn’t you tell me what you were doing, let me help? Maybe if I was there, I could have done something. Maybe all of you wouldn’t have got hurt so bad. Is-I know I’m very good in a fight, but there are other things I could have done! Do y’all not trust me?”, the small brunette asks, still concerned for you but with a hit of dejected shame in her tone as well.

“Shush. No, I trust you almost as much as I do my Emmy. But, I knew there might be danger. That we could get hurt. And I don’t want that for you. You’re a genius, going to do big things. I care about you and I have this bad habit of acting like a big sister sometimes; I wanted you safe. Because, that is one of the ways I feel sometimes, like you are what having a real little sis would be like, not that I am still not over protective of Emmy. Wait, no... I’m sorry. That’s weird, condescending-“, and you are interrupted by another hug and a few sniffles.

“No. Its okay. I get it. I’m an only child, didn’t really have any friends before. But you and Em... thank you.”

“Welcome, you little dork. But as touching as this is, I do still need to pack.”

“Sure, “big sis”, heh.”, Macy says and gives you a dumb grin.

After bidding a smiling Macy good night and heading into your room with both your bunkmates already in bed with the sound proof curtains drawn, you began packing the last of your cloths, books, and personal items into the expanding trunk at the foot of your bed and were just a bit happy. Talking to her, sharing what happened with someone seemed to take a load off your shoulders, eased the cold emptiness between your breasts just a bit. That and... you may have just made the smaller, sweet girl’s month by showing her that kind of trust, saying plainly that you cared about her, even if you were sure after this long, she knew. Still, felt like a good choice. Last thing to go in before you changed into your PJs were three separate photos from your night stand.

A picture of you, Emmy, David, and Macy that another student took with the four of you in front of the great lake last summer, one of you and your sister just looking goofy and making dumb faces, and lastly... a non-animated muggle photo of you, Em, mom, and Daddy the morning before you went to King’s Cross station for the 1st time. Heh, of course it was a muggle one.

After everything was packed in, you laid down. Let sleep take you.

That night, there were nightmares for the first time in years, though you don’t remember them once you woke, drenched in sweat, heart pounding and immediately wondering if your sister had been affected by your night terrors.

Once you dress and exit the common room, you quickly get your answer; she is standing right there, still dressed like a muggle and looking anxious.

“Hey, Jenn last night-“

“Yeah. Bad ones. Same?”, you ask and give her a quick hug.

“Not pleasant, at least. Can’t even remember why it was scary, what it was about. Just darkness...and fear.”, she says softly.

“Yeah. Sorry sis.”

“Don’t know if it came from me or you; I like being so close, having our “souls touch” as Potter put it but sometimes it’s a pain. Can shut it off or block it mostly awake. Not dead asleep, though.”, she says and you nod. After living with having drops of each other’s emotions and thoughts leak through for 16 years, you two had eventually figured out how-to put-up barriers to cut the connection, or at least reduce it, though it left an odd emptiness that was as hard to put into words as it was uncomfortable.

“I thought I felt my ears burning from someone mentioning me.”, a disembodied voice says right beside you and the pair of you jump and squeak some before Professor Harry James Potter materializes out of thin air, with a smirk.

“Professor! I don’t think the Invisibility Cloak is meant for making your students pee themselves or pranks!”, you shout while glaring at him alongside Emmy.

“Perhaps not the first but you are incorrect on the second count. I went to find Miss Emily and when I was told she wasn’t there, I had a pretty good guess of where to go. Follow me, if you will we have one or to last things to discuss.”

“Fine. But what if we had been talking about girl stuff or stuff with a boy? Were you just going to stand there like a creep and listen? Huh? Pervert Professor.”, Emmy says to perhaps the strongest living wizard and her Deputy Headmaster, making you wonder how she didn’t end up in the house of the Brave.

“Hahaha! I would have forgone one last chance for a year to see you to squeak like mice and revealed myself immediately. Now come, there is a room nearby we can use. Now under the Cloak.”, Potter says with a bit of mirth much different from his voice the last time you had spoken.

“Wait! Why? That’s kind of weird, isn’t it?”, Emmy says and back away just an inch.

“Weirder that a 42-year-old Professor being seen taking a pair of 16-year-old girls, both of which are violating the dress code by the way, into a secret room and then them coming out with a bag full of Galleons and jewelry after?”

“Okay yeah, those rumors wouldn’t be good for anyone involved... wait money and jewelry?”

“Come and I will explain.”

So, the two of you just look at one another and shrug. And few minutes later Potter taps a few bricks on a wall and it slides open. Once inside, you and your sister take seats on one side of a Table with Potter across from you. He sets a small jingling bag down as well as a gold ring with a red jewel set in it next to a necklace of silver and topaz.

“I found those in that wretched hole during my investigation. It had been thoroughly cleaned out previously, perhaps by the author of that journal... but I am quite good at finding hidden compartments. I believe it is fair that they are yours.”

“Umm... the ring and stuff, it’s not cursed or evil right?”

“No. I sent them to be examined as well as checking myself. They have resizing and location finding enchantments as well as some weak residual magic but that is it. And the money, well it isn’t much compared to mountains of gold but should be a quite nice amount for a teenage girl. And before you ask, I already offered part to Mr. Adams earlier this morning and he refused; said you two deserve it more.”

So with a shrug and no words needed, you take the ring and gold while Emmy grabs the necklace, and try them on. The ring resizes to a perfect fit on your right hand and the necklace adjusts to sit right below your twin’s collar bones. Looking in the bag... that is quite a few old galleons indeed.

“How does it look?”, Em asks you while you pass her the coins to inspect.

“It’s good, Em, fetching. Now what else was there, Professor?”

“I want to make certain this is what you want to do; Hogwarts will always be there for those who deserve it, and both of you do. Are you certain you are okay spending a year abroad?”

“Yeah, yeah, I believe so. Easier on everyone this way, I think. And I will have my little sister with me, so that helps.”

“So be it. Allow me to be on my way. I shall exit first, you two leave when you are ready. And... I hope you enjoy Ilvermorny, truly.”

Once Potter leaves you look over to your sister and tell her about revealing the story, mostly, to Macy.

“Sorry... I should have asked but I felt like she deserved to know what happened.

“It’s fine, Jenn. I was thinking she should as well. And speaking of her... well this is a lot of cash, cash we really don’t need. But I can think of a friend who might appreciate being able to have a few nice things.”, Emmy says and smiles

And your thoughts return to the introverted brunette. She wasn’t poor, but both her parents just worked normal white-collar jobs; her dad an accountant, mother a nurse. She always had new books and supplies, robes that fit well but lacked any of the charms yours and Emmy’s had. Was always very frugal with buying small things in Hogsmead, if only so she could save up and get her friends nice things for Christmas. You...

>Give the money to Macy. As an apology gift for excluding her, for leaving her for a year even if you knew money couldn’t take the place of friendship

>Keep the money. You could use it to pick up a couple of useful items for your time in America.

>Write-in

"She wouldn't take it all... not half, even. I don't want Macy to think it is... apology money? I mean we could use it even and you how daddy is with our allowances; go on a shopping spree in Paris or something since even he has limits despite the money he and mommy-ah, mom, inherited. But... a quarter? A quarter that should have been hers if I wasn't too protective-", you start to say and are rudely interrupted by your near mirror image.

"I didn't want her to get hurt either! Neither did David! We decided it together; to not involve her, just in case. She is too smart to go dying in some hole in the ground. But maybe, if MayMay was there? She is younger than us, can't really hit the back side of a barn with a stunner but you know she would have fought. Brave; a good Gryffindor, which is nice since crimson brings out some red in her hair.", Em says loudly tossing the bag of galleons and a few other things on the desk. "Macy probably would have been braver than me in front of the infernus. Might have realized that was Troll stink and made us go back. Could have come up with a good idea to use. And if we did find all that gold?", Emmy asks staring at you with intensity in her eyes.

"We were giving her a share. So yeah, quarters; we already got this jewelry too... yours does look nice on you, Em. Just so you know; the honey yellow and the silver chain work, brings out the color of your hair. So, we will count it out, split it. But David? 100% doesn't need it; won't take a single sickle. Sooooo... what do you give someone who has everything but he can't give it back or refuse to take it?"

"I don't know, Rowena? What?", she asks sarcastically.

"An experience? With his share... well that is plenty for a short trip somewhere nice. A holiday that his treasure can pay for with without him knowing. We use David's to go on a trip and make sure we all have fun, make sure he has fun, make good memories, and at the end say it was all on his knut. Haha, I surprise myself sometimes even."

"What with how big a nonce you can be? But? I don't know how American Holidays work, but yeah that could work. He might not be able to say no... his parents could though."

"If they said they would be there as chaperones? I think we could pull it off.", you say with a smirk.



"I suppose... we will just have to come up with something good. Wonder if we could get the licensing for a port-key?"

"I have no clue. Maybe daddy knows?"

"Yeah could ask... what about an awesome going away party for us that he can MC?"

"Seems kind of rude to use his money-"

"It would be for every one! Back yard is plenty big for like 20...magical teens...drunk. Okay I don't want anything blown up or anyone drowning in the pool."

"Yeah. Lets just put it on the back burner for now. Anyway, I was getting pretty hungry. Want to go down? Eat and find the others? Say goodbye for a year?"

"Sure, Jenn. But I fully intend on us seeing them before then! Hiss. It's probably been like 10 minutes since Potter left. I do need to find a certain Prefect though, after we eat, give him a little kiss on the cheek. Make sure he remembers me when he graduates at the end of next year, heh."

"Just be sure to stop by Pomfrey's for a potion beforehand, hahaha!", you say with a cackle. You were contractually obliged to tease your twin, as her big sister after all. "While walk to the Great Hall though, we do have two whole weeks to spend at home before Ilvermorny, what do you think of dad showing us how to drive? We can do it at 16 over there after all. And he did promise a car once we learned...", you say as you and your sister left the small secret room and scanned to see if any one was still around when the last breakfast of the summer was calling.

"Ha. Could be fun; I'm all for that, Jenn. Might really need to play up the good daughter act some though."

"Hey! We are his two best daughters; not an act!"

“Hahahaha! I know, even if he is a goofball, we love him. Him and mom... we got lucky. But really, should be fun to zip around in one of the cars; maybe he will finally tell us about what he really did at the battle of Hogwarts to meet mom? Still... Vroom, vroom!”

“Me too. Me too you silly girl. You are an excellent bludger Emmy, but you suck as a car. Please don’t kill us with your terrible driving.”

“Frick you. My... “engines” are still bigger...”

“And my “rear suspension” is still springier. Vroom, vroom.”

“Hiss, hisssss, hisssss-hiss.”, Em responds in Parsletongue, one trait you and her did not share to your annoyance. The fact you knew daddy and her hissed about you behind your back... yeah gonna be fun going home, you think with out a hit of sarcasm in your mind.

So, you and your foul minded if not foul-mouthed twin just keep going, until a giggling fit forces you to halt outside the great hall. God, some times you forgot you were such a dork, ha! After the little fit subsided, you and her went towards your respective tables and sat with David and Macy saving a spot between them and Em sitting with some of her team mates at the Hufflepuff table across the Hall.

You enjoyed some light conversation between bites of delicious fried eggs with gooey centers, succulent ham, crispy waffles with every syrup on the table drenching them and alternating swigs of ice cold milk and warm tea. The House Elves always did out do them selves on the last day and it was only right to show your appreciation for the hard work all year! You most certainly don’t just have amazing memories of childhood breakfasts and though those memories might warm you up some deep inside... nope.

“Merlin’s beard Jenn, where did that come from? The ring, not the stuffing yourself. Seen that before.”, Macy says with much of her plate uncleaned, though she at least was trying. Meanwhile, David whistled, catcalled really, and asked who the lucky man was with a knowing smirk, considering he had already seen your ruby and gold band today.

“One, secret. We’ll talk on the train. Emmy has something too, Macy. Two, I know you know who gave it to me. Also, if you think the wedding ring goes on the right hand, I feel sorry for your future wife’s poor bum and lack of children.”, you say, with contentment. “Here, Macy, give me your hand, try it on.”, and

you remove the band. Take her smaller left hand and put it on her ring finger to a few hoots around you and David chuckling while the thin brunette blushes a bit and pulls her hand back to admire it.

“Jennifer! Still not into girls and neither are you! I think. But it does look nice.”, she says while her friend, an odd girl with natural silver hair next to her looks at it closely with a jeweler’s eye.

“Two point one with an odd older style of a princess cut. Low impurity gold with some additive... silver and tin? Older formula for golden electrum? More prone to light tarnish but the Charms self-clean it? Very nice. Quite old manufacturing and cutting of the stone. More than an antique... you are a lucky woman May, haha!.”, the girl barks out.

“Okay yeah... don’t need this! Take it back! I refuse!”

“Rejection is a bitter seasoning indeed.”, you sigh out.

And then, before you know it you are boarding the train, a few sickles in your pocket for snacks and your part of the loot in a small hand bag. Your sister and two friends make it to one of the back cars and secure a room in the carriage for yourselves; after everyone is in, you shut the door, then pull your wand from its holster, locking the door behind you with a simple spell.

“I’ll do detection spells, you do revealing ones, okay “little sis”?”, you ask, with a grin.

“Okay!”

“Two hours!”

Macy and Em cry out at the same time, and look at one another confused.

“What, I forgot to tell you Emmy? We are taking her home with us! Hahaha!”, you cackle out and pat each on the head. “Now, chop chop and all that. We have loot to distribute!”

So you, your sister, and “sister” start to secure your cabin against most everything two fifth years and a fourth year can think of until Macy calls out, [i] *Inflarum Revelare* [/i], while you Em, and David all cry out stop at the same time.

“Wait why, I saw Jeeeeenn, oh dear.”, and she collapses backward to be caught by David who shifts her around into her seat and you twin taps her on the head and softly calls out,

“[i] *Rennerivate* [/i].”

“That’s why.”, you say in a dead pan and sit down yourself.

“Wh-I’m not sleeping Professor. Wait. What just happened?”, the bespectacled girl says and is obviously woozy.

“What happened is you do not use a Charm you have only seen once on a whim. Me, David, and Emmy have a bit more power due to being older and more experience but that spell is tiring for full grown adults; don’t use it unless you think MI-6 has a bug in the room. [i] *Revelare Moramalus* [/i] works about as well for most things and won’t make you pass out. Now sit up, okay? Hold out your hands.”, you say with just a bit of concern in your voice, while Em helps her, gives her a small piece of hard candy from somewhere to suck on.

“Me and her,” you say nodding towards your twin in a matching tight white button down and skirt, but with your hair in a fish tail braid while her own was loose, “Already got our shares and these beautiful bits of jewelry, so here is yours, Macy.”, you say and pull the small but heavy pouch of coins out and drop them in her small cupped hands.

“W-what? This is... gold? Galleons! And a lot. What, why? I can’t take th-”, she starts to sputter out, before David raises an eye brow at you and Emmy interrupts the girl next to her.

“Yes. Yes you most certainly can. We should have told you; David already knows, you know basically, what happened. And... I’m sorry, Macy. Just, we were silly. We should have told you and if you were willing to risk getting hurt, had you come with us. Potter went, inspected that stupid pit and found a little stash. Said it should be ours. So part of it is yours. Always. It’s not to say sorry but... well sorry.”

“What my sister said. You are part of Team Em-“

“Team Jen-“

“Part of the team, is what these two ditzy blondes are saying. And I’m sorry to; should have knocked their heads together and maybe between the three of us we would have one braincell between us.”, David says, “Part of my “cut” should be in there too, since... well I nearly got one person expelled and now both of them are going to get a nice vacation because I was hurt.”

“I don’t... I don’t need charity!”, the lanky brunette says softly, but with strength.

“No, you don’t but still. Want you to have this at least. Please? For your big sister?”, you say and pull out your greatest weapon; puppy dog eyes. Emmy mirrors them. Your dark-haired male friend just puts his hand on her head.

“They cornered me before we boarded, let me know Jenn told you; can you just call this back pay on a dozen Christmas’ or something?”, and flashes a million-dollar smile.

“... Fine. But I am paying it back. To all of you. And if you ever leave me out like that again I will brew a potion, make one, that turns you into deaf, mute, hunch backs or...something. Hard to think right now. Thanks. This... it means a lot. And Team Macy.”, she says with a small smile.

And so the four of you sit there, you and Emmy and David all describing to the small girl your own version of what happened, like she was there; at one point David does an pretty good inferni scream and Em hisses at him like a snake-cat.

With the door unlocked before the snack lady, who you think may be the trains security officer as well comes by, the wards and Charms are undone, mostly.

One forgotten one goes off with a siren blare that wakes up half the train while she just stares and asks if you would like anything to which everyone but Em shakes their head ‘no’.

And soon enough you are pulling up to King’s Cross Station. The fire read steamer slows to a crawl then a gentle stop and after a few minutes people begin to disembark; David immediately stands up and asks if you all would mind staying in for a bit, disembarking last. Which made sense his parents did wish to see

you more than even expelled for what had happened. And he goes around the carriage one by one and hugs all of you tightly. Wishes you a good summer in one case and a good year in two others, before departing.

Eventually, once only a handful of students either still asleep or about to finish a game of exploding snap are left, Macy asks if you thought it was safe to leave since she was sure her mom was waiting for her.

“You could have just gone ahead; it is just my doppelgänger they have a problem with, MayMay.”

“Nah... I wanted to be with my “sisters”, you know. It hasn’t been that long. I wanted you to meet my mother; I’ve seen your parents before... maybe they can all be friends, heh! She was coming straight from work, dad said; I’d introduce you to him too but he is down in Cardiff because of work.”, she says... no, chirps out before marching down the aisle like she owned the train.

You were so happy she had gained some confidence since that first year. After a couple minutes of smiling and chatting to let the aisle clear? You were gracious, let Emmy go ahead before you. And when you exited onto the platform, a few things were evident.

There were only a few sets of parents left waiting for their kids to exit. Macy was sitting on her school trunk scanning. And... she had not found her mom yet. However, once you had cleared the line and where standing side along with your sister, the two of you didn’t even need to look around.

A blond man with around 6 inches on you power walked over and grabbed you and Emmy tight around the waists and pulled both of you in easily while you at least giggled, forcing the three of you into a tight wizard knot.

“Daddy!”

“Dad!”

You give him a quick peck on the cheek while Em mirrors you on the other one and Lucerne Sanders spins you around before a soft yet commanding voice called out.

“Honey, you are embarrassing them in front of their young friend sitting on her trunk.”, your mom, Nymeria Sanders said simply as Emmy squirmed out of your dad’s embrace to run and nearly bowl over

mom, who was about 3 inches shorter than her daughter and had a build best described as waifish, with slightly lighter hair than you or the girl hugging her tightly while the woman in her very early 40s tried to remain dignified but was smiling ear to ear all the while.

“Mom! Mommy, I missed you. Thank you for all the owls you sent after we decided to transfer.”, Emily Sanders says with her head on the shorter woman’s shoulder.

“Hey, daddy? Put me down? Mom, come over? I want to introduce you to our friend.”, you say and as soon as your feet are back on the ground, you walk over to Macy and sit on one side of her while Em sits on another of the slightly down cast girl.

“Macy, these are our parents. Told them about you in letters before. Let’s stay and chat till your mom gets out of the station bathroom or recalls exactly which platforms she has to walk between. Okay?”

“Yeah. Alright, sorry that was rude, just expected her to be waiting, wanted her to meet you and maybe David.”, she says and looks up. “I’m Macy, Macy Wright. Jenn and Em have been my friends since like the 3<sup>rd</sup> day of school, they helped me a lot!”, she says, looking up, even if her voice has just a little too much forced cheer.

“Macy, I’m Nymeria. A pleasure.”

“Lucerne Sanders, Deputy Director of the Dept. of Muggle Affairs. Lovely to meet you. My card.”, you daddy says, handing her a nicely made card out of a silver card case. Your younger friend takes it and looks it over for about ten seconds, then hands it back. “Ahhh, can’t say any one has ever given me my own card back, you can-”, and the thin girl rattles off every thing from his fax number to his ridiculous email address and notes he had been in a fight recently due to the light pink scar on his cheek in the photo.

“I got it all, sir. Ma’am, she has hair my color, green eyes, 3 piercings on the left ear, 1 on the right... dark blue scrubs, pink and white shoes... have you seen anyone like that? Please?”

“I am afraid not young lady. Here, how about this; we can go and call her? She has a cellular phone correct? Honey bunny? Phone. Now.”, you mom says softly and reaches out to touch Macy on the shoulder before Emmy stops her hand, shaking her head. Your daddy fishes a relatively old phone from his khaki pants and hands it off while you encourage the small girl with glasses to follow your mom out

of the station. He comes in close, scratches your backs a little, says she seems lovely and that he is proud of both of you for making such an interesting friend.

A few minutes later, a very distraught Macy walks by with her head held down, straight to her trunk and pulls a change of clothes out; a simple black tee with a muggle joke on it, some khaki-colored capris, shoes and socks and a change of underwear, uncaring of who saw her undergarments then walked like a robot into the Hogwart's Express. Your mom is trailing far behind...

The spark of you and Em's bond fires off so you head back into the train while your sister heads to mom and daddy just kind of stands there looking helpless. It isn't hard to find where the little brunette went; right back to the same carriage you traveled in to get here... not hard at all given the soft sobbing coming from the closed door.

"Mom... fuck them! Let them die! Dad, screw those companies, they knew what they were doing when they claimed that as a tax deduction... fuck fuck fucking fuck! I'm right here...I brought friends, I have my own money now because of them, I aced every test, I'm a witch, I'm normal no-now...auhg, ahah ah ah-", a voice you had never heard in that tone, in that much pain cries out from behind an only mostly shut door.

>Knock, ask if you can come in. "I am worried. Emmy is to, I can feel it. Please let me understand, Macy. Your big sister is here for you. All you have to do is let me open the door; little sisters are contractually obliged to listen and let the older one help them once in a while"

>Open then close the door completely without asking and go up to Macy, who is curled in the corner and hold her. She left the door half open for a reason; so, someone could find her, reach out to her even if you get a scratch or two, you can take it. "If you are angry I'm right here. I can take it. Just tell me so I know if I can help."

>Sit down with your back to the door. "There is someone here, even if you can't always see it. Seeing isn't always all you need. I can't see everything about you, yet- I know you are the most amazing kind of person.

>Open the door a bit more and stick your arm through the gap toward where the girl who looks nothing like you is trying to reach you as well. Hold her hand. One step at a time; can't rush a Potion, can't rush something like this either.



“Hey, Macy. It’s Jenn, okay? I’m going to open the door a bit, not too much... but here is my hand, okay? It has been a long day, I might lay back for minute. Do you want to do something like that too, hold on to me for a minute? I won’t talk if you don’t want too any but... here. Your big “sister’s” hand; you can take it if you want.”, you say softly, just loud enough to be heard through the small gap in the door. You don’t get an ‘Okay’ but you don’t get an ‘No”, so you slide the door open just a hair more, enough to get your arm through and you glimpsed some clothes tossed around the carriage, both the ones she was wearing and the ones she grabbed from her trunk... It was probably a good thing you didn’t just barge in if she had broken down in the middle of changing into her muggle outfit.

Laying back against the wall next to the door you thread your left arm into the cabin while looking away from your friend’s small refuge. Have to wait for several heart wrenching minutes of the small, petite girl sobbing like you had never heard and began to lose hope until there was a bump against the door and a small, thin, and wet hand finally clasped on and threaded its fingers between your own, followed by a second set of fingers wrapping around your wrist and squeezing tight. Macy... her hands were so cold despite the warm weather. A few drops of warm liquid impacted your hand as you just stayed silent for a time, and then you felt as the thin girl tugged your arm up some and the feeling of soft bare flesh and bones as she pressed if against her chest, right near collar bones you would guess.

“Want to talk some, tell me what is bothering you, Macy? I’m sorry your mom is running late, that its bothering you so much, but I’m here okay. If you don’t... we can just stay like this until you feel better. I’m here, okay? I’m here for you.”, you say softly.

It takes a minute for you to stop feeling soft sobs, for Macy’s breathing to become more regular and all the while she keeps your hand in hers and up against herself.

“Okay... you can come in. Just close the door please.”, the little brunette says with her voice full of pain, tiredness. Disappointment. She let go of your hand slowly, very slowly. And when she released it completely and you entered into the carriage... it was a wreck, most parts of two sets of clothes tossed around, any thing that could be knocked over on the ground was, scuff marks on the walls like someone kicked them. And up against the door, Macy Wright in only her frilly yellow and white bra and underwear, eyes red with dark lines of eyeliner and mascara running down across her cheeks., knees against her chest and arms wrapped around them.

“Oh...oh dear. Let-let me grab your stuff then we can get you changed, okay?”, and you receive a small nod of acceptance, so you quickly pick up the scattered clothes, separating her Hogwarts attire and muggle outfit and change of underthing into two piles.

“Jenn... will you hold me for a minute, please? Please...”

“Macy, of course. But lets get on the seats. Come on. Here we go.”, you tell her while helping Macy up and over. When you sit down, she all but attaches herself to you with how close she presses into you, how close she is, head on your shoulder; you just scratched the back of her head lightly before she pulled your right arm around her.

“She said she would be here. I’m-I’ve had to wait on them before... it was okay, I understand. Dad is always getting sent around to put out house fires at branch locations because he is so good at his job and mom has her patients to take care of and is a charge nurse, has to organize the other nurses; she is saving people’s lives... but she [i]promised[/i]. I asked her to bring a camera, a cheap disposable one, those are simple enough to work around this much magic... I wanted to get pictures with you and Em, maybe David. So I would have something while you and her were gone. Let her meet my best friends, my “b-big sister”, heh, see that I’m normal. That I can make friends, amazing friends. See me in my robes with everyone. B-but something happened. Every resident at a retirement home, they all had heart attacks at the same time earlier. She [i]had[/i] to stay, but would leave no matter what in a couple hours or she would quit if her relief didn’t come, she said.”, Macy says, curled up tight against you and you feel warm at her calling you that even as a chill runs down your spine at what had happened; sounds like there was a very not muggle explanation for it... dad might end up involved, depending.

“Macy, I am so sorry, if I knew you had to wait for them to come in the past, me and Emmy would have stayed. Saw you waiting a little before though maybe they just forgot which platforms to walk through or something... I’m sorry. I should have been a better friend. But I am here now, okay? Do you want to come sit in front of me? I can scratch the back of your head some more... that always used to make me feel better when I was upset.”

“O-okay. Thank you. Thank you so much... thank you so much for being the one to help me find my way to class back then, being my friend.”, Macy says and stands slightly before shifting over and taking a seat between your legs, leans slightly against you with her head down. And you make good on your promise; begin to lightly scratch her head, brush your fingers through her hair while your other arm is around her waist and keeping her held close.

“They used to leave me by myself all the time when I was a kid, when they both had work. They trusted me. I could read and write fluently by the time I was three; if I had to be alone mom would leave food for me to warm up, we had a bunch of stools so I could reach the microwave or what ever I needed. If I got lonely, I always had books to read... they thought I was special. I’m [i]not[/i] special. I got lonely when they were gone. I wanted mom and dad to treat me like any other little girl; I know I am smart, kind of different but... I still wanted my parents. But I kept doing what I should. To make them proud. Because if I did that... maybe they would show me the kind of love I-I saw other kids get. But they though I was more

mature than I am, that I could figure things out myself.”, she says and there is a deep pain and yearning in your friend’s voice and... your heart breaks a little.

“That-you are smart; smarter than me at least and I know you would have been okay but... kids need their parents. They need someone there. But, Macy, no matter what? You grew up to be amazing. And you are their first and only, right? People make mistakes. Kids don’t come with instruction manuals, I think at least... But how is this, we will get you dressed, clean up the carriage. Then...

>Lets call your mom again, see if it is okay for you to spend the night with me and Emmy. Maybe a second if things are as hectic as it sounds?

>Lets all get some dinner, maybe wait at a café after till your mom gets here and me and Emmy can still meet her.

>You don’t live that far away. You have a house key right? We can take you home so you don’t have to just wait at the station.

“Let’s call your mom back. You are going to stay with us tonight, tomorrow too if things are as hectic as they sound; that many people... dad might end up involved, depending... but yeah. For as long as you need, our house is your house. Okay?”, you say while scratching the back of Macy’s neck some.

“W-what? I-are you sure, I don’t want to be-“

“You were about to say “burden”. Don’t. Never. I love you to death and this will be fun; me and Emmy do get tired of one another so having our “little sister” there is going to be great. So let fix you up and go back out. I’ll step out so you can change, alright?”

“Thank you, thank you... and it is okay. Maybe just turn around while I change my undies and stuff?”

“Sure, what ever you want.”, you say and understand that your friend might not want to be alone. So you and her rise, you turn for a minute then when she is done, help her into her muggle outfit; find the box of tissues she had knocked away, cleaned up the dark trails under Macy’s eyes and combed through her hair some with your fingers.

“Heh, there we go. Pretty as a penny. Let’s go outside, alright?”, you say leading the way only to have a thin hand grab onto one of your from behind; you just go with it and most definitely don’t have a megawatt smile when you head back to Platform 9 3/4.

Outside, you walk up to where you family is still at, with Macy still holding your hand. Nod at your twin.

“Mom, daddy. Macy... can she stay over tonight, maybe tomorrow too? Please?”, you ask in your best “good daughter” voice.

“Oh! Oh! That would be so fun! Please, Mommy! Dad?”, your sister adds, already on the same page as you and pulling out the strongest weapon you and her had; the puppy dog eyes.

Your parent’s glance at each other briefly, communicating in the way only people who have been together for two decades can.

“Of course, sweetie; we certainly have room. Macy, how about you head back outside with my amazing wife, ask your mom? As long as she is fine with it, we are happy to have one of our girl’s friends over, haha!”

“ ‘Kay. Thanks, Mr. and Mrs. Sanders.”

“Nymeria and Lucerne are fine dear. Come, now, lets speak with your mother.”, your mom says and exits back out of the station with the thin girl, before returning several minutes later. You wouldn’t say Macy is grinning ear to ear, there is still sadness there but she does seem happy when she come up to where you and your sister are sitting down.

“She said I could stay a night or two if that is okay! Sounded kinda relieved... It is apparently crazy right now. But after that she legally can’t work more with out a break, and dad should be back in a few days too. T-thank y’all.”

“Of course, Macy. Ready to start heading out?”, you say and give the shy girl a million-dollar smile which makes her blush a bit.

“Alright, honey, last time I checked that death trap you call a car only has four seats, so I am just going to Apparate back home. Get started on dinner, get another plate out, fix a room for Macy. See you soon. Not [i]too[/i], understand? Don’t scare our daughters’ friend with your driving?”, your mom says before planting a long kiss on her husband’s lips as he bends down so she can reach him and then breaking off, Apparating away with a dry pop once he agrees to be safe.

“Alright girls. Ready?”, daddy says, and with a flick of his wand levitates all of your trunks. “Just pretend like you are carrying them. I parked close so not too much of a walk.”

So, the four of you exited the station and a short walk pretending to carry trunks far too large for teen girls to be able to manage later, there She was, your daddy’s third child; a ’67 Ford Mustang he had lovingly restored and upgraded for the last 16 years, black with a silver racing stripe shining in the evening light. The secondary colors of his and mom’s old houses, because daddy was a dork...

“Ohhh wow. Cool car. But, ah, I don’t think all our stuff will fit.”, Macy says softly.

“No? Here, let’s see.”, daddy responds, with a smile while opening the trunk. “Go on, young lady, put your things in the back.”

The trunk is obviously far too small yet when your friend begins to try and find a way to fit her luggage in... the trunk just seems to...swallow it up.

“Oh! And expanding Charm! Awesome!”

“Indeed. Made a few modifications to Sally over the years, heh. Also, you have seen nothing and this is a completely mundane vehicle; don’t need Weasley on my case when his car literally flies. Anyway, chop chop, I’m starving and can’t wait to get home to dinner.”

“Uhg, Emmy, look at daddy. So proud of impressing our friend you’d think he just invented a new spell or something.”

“Yeah, Jenn. Really needs a new hobby, right?”, your sister adds, though there is no real animosity and both of you are smiling as well while you load your own trunks in the expanding space.

“What’s wrong with making a beautiful young lady smile?! And I have plenty of hobbies!”, he says in mock outrage, crossing his arms while Macy turns beet red at the compliment; daddy was rather handsome after all...

“Eww, gross dad! She’s 14! Our friends are off limits! Lecher, pervert!”, Emmy yells and steps in front of the blushing brunette protectively.

“And I’m married to the most wonderful woman alive; nothing wrong with stating facts however, and Miss Wright is sure to break a lot of hearts when she gets a bit older. Almost as many as my gorgeous daughters, ha!”

“Uhg. Gonna be a loooong couple of weeks isn’t it, Jenn?”

“Yep. Oh well. Anyway, Macy, do you want to ride up front with daddy? Get the full Sanders driving experience?”, you ask while exchanging a knowing look with your grinning mirror image of a twin.

“Oh, um, sure. Thanks. Also, thank so much, Mr. S-ah, Lucerne.”

“Oh course; think nothing of it. We have room and I will never say no to having another pretty girl in the house.”, he responds, beaming while you all begin to pile in, you and Emmy both rolling your eyes.

“Once again, 14, daddy.”

“Feh.”

And before you know it, the four of you are on the road, heading towards your home in Buckinghamshire while chatting amicably; daddy had hit a small switch under the stereo when you set out to activate a charm to make muggles ignore the vehicle and was taking advantage of it to exceed the speed limit by a healthy amount until you hit the highway. Then... well Macy was going to get the full experience, that was for sure.

As the car flew down the open road, the speedometer began to steadily creep up as you dad opened up the throttle.

“Oh, wow, fast... this is kind of fun. Ah, sir, you’re really starting to go over the speed limit. Like a lot.”, Macy says, a slight hint of trepidation in her tone.

“Lucerne. And am I? Hadn’t noticed.”, the older blond man says with a bit of a shit eating grin. While you and Emmy just look at one another and smiled. Gradually the needle moved, 170 kph, 200kph...

“Ah, ah, too fast, too fast!”

“Macy, don’t worry dad is a perverted goofball but he is also a really good driver! Just enjoy it!”, you twin shouts over the roar of the Mustang’s tuned up V8 engine while you begin to giggle. Daddy had been showing you and Emmy the joys of going fast and being able to ignore speed limits since you were girls, after all. 220...

“TOO FAST! No, no, no we’re gonna die!”, the jumpy brunette screams out with her knuckles white from gripping the seat and roll bar.

“No one is dying, young lady! In fact, right now? We are *[i]living!*”, your daddy cackles out, grinning ear from ear.

“YOU might not! We can’t Apparate away if this thing flips!

“I can take at least one of you with me, haha!”

And despite the high-pitched shouting from Macy and Emmy’s loud insane giggling, you can’t help but smile when you recall the first-time daddy had ever maxed out the car with you riding shotgun and your twin in the back; the fear, the adrenaline, excitement. The day you fell in love with muggle cars and found you had a need for speed! Also the day that, when mom found out, you got to see her beat daddy with a wooden spoon and banish him to the couch for a month, heh. 240...

“Oh, Merlin! I don’t want to DIE! Not now, not like this! I’ve never had sex! I’ve never even been kissed! I doooooon’t want to die a kissless virgiiiiinnn!”, Macy whines out and you join Emmy in giggling. 260...

And with that, daddy reaches over, never taking his eyes off the road to open the center dash, revealing [b]The Button[/b] in all its Gryffindor red glory.

“Jenn, sweetie, do you want to do the honors?”

“Why does she always get to push [b]The Button[/b], dad!?”, you sister asks in a mock whine of jealousy.

“Because daddy loves me more!”

“Lies! I love my beautiful girls equally, I just know how much my little Jennifer loves [b]The Button[/b], Emmy. You can do it next time!”, daddy shouts out to be heard over the roar of an engine and the high-pitched whine and shouts of a 14-year-old girl while the fields flew by in the twilight. 280..

“Jenn. JENN! What is that? What is [b]The Button[/b]!”, your bespectacled friend demands to know, turning to look at you with eyes wide as dinner plates.

“It’s the Giggle Switch, Macy! It’s [i]fun[/i]!”, Emmy helpfully explains while laughing.

“I don’t know what that means, [i>Em[/i]! Jennifer Sanders, you do not touch that fucking button, do you hear me!!! I will brew a potion to turn your face into a horse’s ass! You won’t leave the healers till after you graduate! Jenn!”, Macy, shouts, cursing for one of the few times you can recall while you grin and lean forward, finger hovering over [b]The Button[/b].

“But, Macy! It is such a pretty red! We Gryffindors do love that color, you know.”, you say, teasing her just a bit.

“JENN!”

>The call of **The Button**, the Giggle Switch and God-like speed is irresistible. It speaks to you. Punch it!



>Take some pity on your jumpy friend; besides she is going to stay for at least a day. Might as well not spoil everything all at once. Close the center console, ask daddy to start tooling Sally down in a few minutes

OOC: After this, one way or another we will see how good of a Gryffindor your younger friend is.

“Sorry, Macy; this is a chapel and here we worship the god of speed.”, you say with your index finger gently caressing [i][b]**The Button**[/i].

“You probably want to turn back around and sit back; just some advice.”, Emmy adds with a coy tone while the thin brunette in the front glares daggers at both of you before turning around.

“I hate you, Jenn, Em. Bullies! My friends are bullies. And you aren’t much better, [i]Lucerne[/i]! I see where they got it from.”, she says in a high-pitched whine with a huff at the end.

“Haha! Just lay back and think of England, Miss Wright! Ready sweetie?”

“Ready!”

“I know what that phrase refers to! Pervert! Mean pervert!”

“Hahaha! Emmy, countdown?”

“Sure! Here we go...”

3...

2...

1...

“Punch it Jenn! Ahahaha!”, your twin cries out and begins cackling.

Who are you to refuse an order from a fair Hufflepuff maiden? With a click, the red button locks down in place and half a second later... the world lurches forward and you are thrown against the seat as nitrous floods the engine intake and pushes the already tuned vehicle even further. Scenery flies by, the engine screams in joy at being freed, for at least a short time; you are giggling madly, Emmy and dad are calling out with a somehow snakelike cackle, while Macy is softly muttering about revenge and you think some Muggle litanies. And when Sally finely peaks, can give nothing more and plateau? The voices die down all at once so the only noises are exploding dinosaurs and wheels on concrete.

Your family wasn't religious, aside from being curious and knowing about the major Muggle ones, but right then you think those easterners who talked about Zen might be kind of right and you got what your sister meant about getting into the “zone” during practice or a match. The world contracts to the size of an old car's interior, the population shrinks down to your family and dear friend.

Ilvermorny, American Wizarding school and all the anxiety surrounding it fades into the twilight-stained fields rushing past, your adventure and David being hurt so badly dissolves into the concrete speeding beneath you. The icy ache in your chest was still there but the Nothing, the emptiness around it was filled, at least for now, with Something and all you could do was lean back and smile until the moment ended and Sally began to slow with the nitrous having been expended.

With the vehicle returning to mortal levels of speed, you go ahead and undo your seatbelt and lean forward so you can wrap your arms across Macy from behind the seat; she struggles briefly but quickly stops when you advise the blond man behind the wheel it might be prudent to slow back down to somewhere around the posted limits, given mom didn't want to see him “too” soon. Your thin friend gives a small grunt of appreciation as Sally slowed till she was only slightly breaking the speed limit from your recommendation, at least.

“Hey, see Macy! That was fun. Interesting at least, right. And you faced it well, as brave Gryffindor maidens such as us are meant too!”

“Didn't like it. I felt calm at the end... but before that I almost either peed my pants or puked everywhere! It was mean. You and Em owe me.”, she says softly as you enter Buckinghamshire proper and the car continues slowing.

“Sure Macy, what every you want.”, your twin adds before going back to exchanging soft hisses of Parsletongue with daddy.

“Kay... And I don't think I am that brave. It is also the house of the strong and I fail that qualification too, some. Suck at battle magic and practical spellwork. Don't know why it gave me Gryffindor instead of Ravenclaw, really.”

“Not the only way to be strong. You are better than me, Em, or David despite being younger in most subjects, perfect scores all year, that is strength too... and you [i]are[/i] brave. It- Daddy, we told her what happened, okay? Just so you know.”, and receive a positive nod from the taller golden blond man. “If we hadn't been silly, had you come? You would have stood right there at the front lines with us. Sorting Hat did a good job with my other little sister.”

“T-thanks. Still on the hook for nearly scaring my pants off. But that did take it out of me. I'm going to lay back, maybe put my arm back some? Hold it? My hand till we make it to your house?”

“Sure. Me or Emmy?”

“Yes.”

It doesn't take too much longer to exit the highway and make your way into the nice suburb your house sits in, though Macy does demand you and Emmy hold her hand during the drive while you and your twin apologize for scaring her and ask daddy to do the same. And eventually, there you are, pulling into the drive of your inviting two-story home, surrounded by other lots filled with muggles who had no idea that the magical world was just sitting just there at the back of a cul-de-sac. Sally ended up right in front of a door to the garage, with her owner promising to take her in after dinner, while the three of you began getting ready to pile out.

“Alright girls! So! We just got very, very lucky with traffic on the trip over, nothing more or less. I'll start getting the trunks out if you want to stretch your legs and then I bet dinner is well on its way. The girls can show you around some Macy and then I get to be the luckiest man in the county and sit at the table with four amazingly beautiful women! Ha, take that Weasley!”

Sighing at your dad and his... demeanor, you exited on the passenger side after the slightly twitchy 4<sup>th</sup> year while your sister went around on the driver's side to help daddy with the luggage and probably hiss with each other behind your back.

"So pretty! I love your house, Jeeeee. Oh. Haha. Legs don't really want to work."

"I do have that effect on women- ouch! Et tu Emily? That was a kidney!"

"Gross! Young enough to be your daughter, dad!"

"I mean I obviously, I do- ouch! Not the liver too, Emmy! When did you learn to punch so well?!", your dad shouts out to the sound of a small fist impacting an abdomen and angry hissing.

Rushing over to the kneeling girl you bent down, put your arm under her own and helped her rise up some.

"Crap, crap. Sorry. Used to daddy's driving by now; get that you aren't. Sorry. Again. Let's get you inside, okay? He and Emmy can handle the trunks."

Inside your house, it is bright. Pleasantly cool. Filled with the sounds and smells of freshly cooked meats, veggies and bread with a soft, clear voice coming from the kitchen singing some old muggle ballad. When you entered with Macy under your arm, your mom was still busy, hard at work making a minor feast for everyone.

Knives danced on wooden boards without hands on the handles, potatoes peeled themselves, and a pot of amazing smelling sauce stirred itself as Nymeria Sanders lead the activity like a conductor at a concert, wand in one hand and small glass of wine left over from the sauce in the other, before taking notice of you and Macy.

"Oh! Hello again, Jenny. Miss Wright. A little quicker than expected but...say? Are you okay dear? You look pale.", your petite mother began, and looked down at the tiny brunette you had sat in a dining room chair.

“Oh.”, Macy says and looks over too you while you put on your best “don’t rat me out about [b]The Button[/b]” smile. “Just... wizard anemia. It comes and goes. I’ll be fine in a second.”

“I [i]see[/i]. Wizard anemia. Would a glass of iced water help, young lady? With your “wizard anemia”?”

“M-might. Sure.”

“Alright dear. After that, Jenny, lets make sure your father and your sister managed to get everything from the car; I think they should be able to manage but Lucey is rather careless at times.”, the small woman with corn flour blonde hair and about the kindest set of eyes you had ever seen says with a smirk. “Oh. And Macy... about that “wizard anemia”? I wonder, would seeing a certain man banished to a couch for a week do anything for the symptoms, by chance?”

“Ummm... well it is a [i]very[/i] mysterious disease. Perhaps, Ma’ - Miss, ah? Nymeria?”

“Well, we can check, I suppose. And Nymeria is always fine, Macy; never be afraid to call me that. I am but a simple Hufflepuff maiden, after all; no one that important. Now come on Jennifer. Let’s go make sure they got everything from that death trap your dad calls a car, Jenny.”

Out in the drive way, all you need to do is close the boot and your mom opens the doors then pulls Sally into your garage with a spare set of keys she had grabbed of the key hooks before she came back out to where you were standing, thinking, in the middle of the drive way.

“Hey, Jennifer. Jenn. Light of my life... you, okay? Still have a bit before everything is ready; want to talk with mom some?”

“M-maybe. I told Macy basically what happened just so you know... did they tell you and dad everything? [i>Everything[/i]?”

“Yes. Yes, the Headmistress did. And it is [i>okay[/i]. It is alright. What you did, it probably saved the lives of everyone down there... I don’t know how it feels for you, but I can try and understand. Power has a cost, always; I know that well enough. That it took something from you to use it. Are you okay, dearest?”

"I-I don't know. Sick with myself, some. For that. For leading them down there. For not letting Macy join us, even if it might have kept her from being hurt. B-but at least I got a-a pretty ring out of it haha..."

And the slightly smaller woman just comes up and holds you; despite that after a growth spurt you were taller than your mother now... she felt big. Huge. Tall, just like when you were a girl. And all you could do was return the embrace.

"I was going to ask about that. Suppose that is where your sister got that lovely necklace too. They are both fetching... not worth it I suppose, but still. Something to remember it by; a warning of what not to do next time."

"Y-yeah mom. Also, a big bag of galleons Potter found when he investigated to go with that reminder... gave Macy a share, got to see her smile from that if nothing else.", you almost stutter out in a soft voice.

"Ah. I see. You are a kind girl, Jennifer. Foolish sometimes but very kind and brave. But eh, who isn't a fool at 16? I fell for your father when I wasn't much older than you after all, heh.", the slight small blond woman in a dress and apron says with a smirk.

"Me and your dad both love you, Jenny; always know that. Even if the spell you used does bring up some bad memories for both of us, know this: we will [*i*]always[*i*] love you, no matter what. You will always be our perfect little girl, always be one of our guiding lights along with Emily. Just please, don't use that spell again. You hide it well but I [*i*]am[*i*] your mother; I can see it hurt you. Hurt your sister too since I am sure she took some of the pain for you; I am proud of her for it and shows exactly why you and her have your connection in the first place but I can't stand seeing my little girls suffering. Okay? But, enough of that! Let go back in. You, Emily, and your friend can wash up some and I think the beef tenderloin should be ready to take out and rest, then we just have to wait on the pork and the veggies!"

"I-Thanks mom. I love you, dad, and Emmy. So much. So, so much. After we eat, think we could get a story out of you or him? A real one, not some of the BS dad has told over the years? About back then, maybe?"

"We'll see. Depends on how many glasses I or Lucerne have in us, sweetness."

Returning back inside, Macy is looking better so you and Emmy lead her upstairs, show her the room she would be staying in; wash your face, changed into a pair of tight gym shorts and a tee since you had been

wearing the same things since the morning. You giggled a bit when your friend asked if she needed to dress up any for dinner when you and your twin were in something that looked like you had just come home from a muggle gym.

When you made it back down, there were a couple of pillows and quilts stacked by a couch in the den and your dad was looking somewhat downcast, nursing a drink while mom was seemingly about done with dinner; just the pork tenderloin was left as well as inspecting the remaining dishes before they went to the table.

“Knives in the dark... traitorous girls...”, daddy muttered out.

“Hey.”, Emmy said coming over to the sulking blond man and hugging him.

“We didn’t say anything dad. Besides, you get to have dinner with 4 pretty girls! Look on the bright side!”

You chuckle a tad at that. Not the first time, likely not the last time mom would banish him to the couch; though, she did have a bad habit of cutting her husband’s sentences short... for reasons... Eww.

“Nearly done! Macy, dear, do you want to come help set the table?”, your mom shouts out, as she fixes a simple salad to go with all the rich foods which would follow it.

And then a few minutes later... you were home. Truly back home, with seats next to you for your sister and friend, about to be looking across at mom and daddy while sharing good food and some wine; it was almost enough to bring a slight tear to your eye.

“Let’s see.”, your dad says while looking through a small wine rack, “White and sweet for you Emmy. You still want a dry red, right Jenn?”

“Yeah. Getting a concussion didn’t change that.”

“Alright. Macy? What do you like?”

“Ummm... I haven’t really done much drinking before. But I’ll have something! Thank you! Whatever you recommend.”

“Claret?”

“Claret.”, your mom confirms while beginning to set the dishes into the center of the table; a few minutes later all your glasses are filled and 3 different bottle of wine are in the center of the table with Macy cautiously sipping her drink before all five of you begin to dig in.

Medium rare beef tenderloin, succulent pork with a cherry wine sauce, ginger honey parsnips and carrots, golden brown fried potatoes, asparagus with hollandaise, a fresh garden salad... you weren’t sure if mom out did the House Elves but she certainly tried. Normally your food at home was somewhat more eclectic, plenty of modern muggle cuisine along some traditional dishes but you suppose she pulled out all the stops for your friend.

Heh, silly mom.

Mid way through the meal and half way through your second glass, you broke the silence that only a good meal could produce.

“Food is amazing as always mom...thank you. But um, since it will be a while once we go to America... do you think you or daddy could tell a story when you are done? Something like...

>What happened at the Battle of Hogwarts, how you two met?

>About our grandparents, why you two connected? What happened before the war really started?

>Ummm... there might be boys in America. Or girls... What-what was your first date like?

>Might as well get it out of the way. Go ahead and embarrass me and Emmy with something we did as kids, I guess



>Write in

“Ah, so we are going to be all the way over in America. I don’t know how long it takes for an owl to reach Britain from there... and there might be boys there. Or, ah girls I suppose. And aside from dating someone for like a week back in 3<sup>rd</sup> year...”

“What was it like? Dad, mommy? That is what my tongue-tied twin is wondering. To fall in love, go on your first real date?”, Emmy interrupts, which is great since between wondering about romance and the wine has you are rather flushed and flustered.

“Ha! I am sure there will be plenty of both unless America changed since the last time I was over there! But? Falling in love? It was magical; true magic not the little tricks we learned at Hogwarts. Our first date, after the Battle, before school let out? Awkward. Silly. And amazing.”, your mom says with a grin before sipping her wine.

“Honey-“

“Well it was! I still loved it despite every thing because it was [i]you[/i] I was with, Lucey. Girls, despite what ever else your father has told you over the years, know this is true and no fabrication, fiction, or exaggeration: he saved my life. Let me bring two dazzling stars into the world, my little girls. If not for a kind, daring, and strong 7<sup>th</sup> year Slytherin boy, I would be dead in a 4<sup>th</sup> floor stairwell along with who knows how many other from a group of Death Eaters who infiltrated through a secret passage, Jenny, Em. Your father is a reckless fool, a dork some days but he is a [i]hero[/i], one of those the books never mentioned by name.”

“Oh, oh wow! He saved your life? Is that why you fell in love, Miss Nymeria? It sounds so... romantic!”, Macy says, eyes wide as she refills her glass a bit. Heh, hopeless girl, read too many muggle stories you imagine.

“No, dear. I was grateful, very grateful a tall blond Slytherin boy found me when he did and we did “click”, fought well together once I recovered my wand but that isn’t when I fell for him, even if I may have felt some stirring in my heart. Lucerne is rather handsome after all and I was but a 6<sup>th</sup> year Hufflepuff maiden during the Battle after all, weak to his snake-boy charms...heh.”, your mom says and looks a bit dreamy as you notice her hand reaching over to daddy’s own beneath the table.

You just kind of roll your eyes... but your daddy? He would have made for a fine member of your own house. He may have been cunning enough to have wooed mom but... he was also brave. Good. Fought off people stronger than him. Took down the ones that killed the people who killed grand-ma and grand-dad.... Daddy is a dork. A nerd. Letcher. But he was one of the few Slytherins allowed to come and defend the castle when Voldemort and his Death Eaters attacked because Flitwick and people from every other house had vouched for him.

And? You loved him dearly; he was your father.... And even if he was bad? You wouldn't love the somewhat tall dewb a bit less. You loved your dad. And a part of you? You would still love him even if he had been on the other side, which scared you some.

"Then what made you fall in love? That first date? Was it that great, mom?", your sister asks, curious at finally getting something that wasn't half made up about back then.

"It was kind of a disaster, honestly. Lucey got me to meet him in Hogsmead after the whole thing died down. Had rented a two-seat broom so we could fly around the castle, lake and Forest but... he was terrible on it; I was a chaser like you Emmy so it was almost painful to have him drive, as it were. Then, he packed a picnic basket... left it by the lake for us to come to. When we made it down, the basket was ripped to shreds, all the food gone aside from the cookies your dad had made himself, heh."

"Oh, Merlin; mom... how were they? The cookies, I mean?", you ask after nearly choking on your wine.

"They were great, right honey! You ate all your share, after all!", daddy interjects confidently.

"Hard as bricks, no where near enough sugar or shortening, too much flour, too much cinnamon."

"But you ate all of yours, Nymeria?", Macy says with a quizzical look.

"I did. Because, even if they were terrible, spending time with my future husband was most certainly not. He tried. Put in the effort. Spoke to me in a way that made me know I was wanted; by that time... my family was all gone. My best friend was gone. I was going to be alone in the house all summer and Lucey promised to send me an owl every day, come see me when he could... it meant the world to me then. Still does because he made good on that promise and every night, I would look forward to waking up, going outside to get his letters in the morning."

“It was easy to write them, Meri. I was already crazy about you, sweet heart. And then when you let me come over, start seeing you? Come to Hogmead on the week-ends when school began again? I couldn’t wait for you to finish your 7<sup>th</sup> year.”

“I suppose you really couldn’t, considering you offered me a ring the first day after school let out...”, your mom says before leaning over and giving her husband a quick kiss and you could hear her whisper something about commuting his sentence to the couch for a night.

“That so cool! I-I’ve never been on a date or anything but falling in love like that? Sounds amazing... heh, I’m babbling. Might be time to maybe lay down. Can I help with the dishes or something though?”, Macy asks with a slight slur to her words and a blush on her cheeks.

“Don’t worry dear. I like muggles, their way of doing things but I *am* a witch. Dishes are easy.”, your mom says and with a wave of her wand the cleared plates levitate toward the sink and begin to clean themselves. “You girls go relax. I’m sure it has been a long day. Lucey, do you mind wrapping up the left overs; we can have them for lunch tomorrow.”

“Of course, honey. Anything for the most wonderful wife in the world.”

“Flatterery will get you everywhere, dear.”

“*Everywhere?*”

“Uhg... can’t deal with this right now. Let’s go upstairs.”, your sister says while rolling her eyes. And a few minutes later? You are laying back in your room with your sister next to you, enjoying TV for the first time in months, even if it is some dumb reality show. You and Emmy changed a bit so all you had on were oversized tees and your underwear, just lounging with a final glass of wine on the bedstands and zoning out when there was a soft knock on your door and your young friend entered in her pajama top and shorts, a pillow in one hand.

“Hey, Macy. Something up, need one of us to show you where something is?”

“Ummm, no. I was trying to lay down but... just weird being somewhere besides home or Hogwarts. Never slept over at someone else’s house... can I come in? Hang out with you? M-maybe sleep in here for a bit?”, she says, just a slight slur to her words and in a demure tone.

Glancing over at your twin for a moment, you tell the thin brunette...

>Of course, bed is plenty big. Come on Macy, you can lay in the middle

>Sure, I was just about to kick my sister out anyway. Bed is big but not that big.

>How about we go downstairs, watch something till you get tired then you can lay down in your room? Have another glass?

“Yeah, yeah of course Macy. Emmy, get your fat butt up for a second, come here in the middle Macy; it will be a little tight but, if you are okay with us touching you a little, we can make it work; you are tiny and me and my sister aren’t huge.”

“Jerk, my butt is just fine. Better boobs than yours too...”

“Heh, you two are funny. And it’s okay... I don’t mind being touched a little if its people I know... people I trust like you two or David, or my 4<sup>th</sup> year friends. I’ve tried to get better about it... and having you close seems nice. Like I said... just odd to be somewhere I’m not familiar with.”, she says while climbing in and under the covers as your twin stands out of the way, has a sip of her wine before returning, squeezing in to the small brunette’s right.

“I’m glad. I’m really happy for you, that it doesn’t bother you so much anymore... you’ve really grown. Sorry we won’t be there to see you grow even more the next year. So sorry.”, you tell her, voice tinged with sadness as she settles back and props herself up some on the pillow she brought.

“I-its alright. We will see each other again before you know it. I promise. Oh, that reminds me, I had a couple of letters to send. Your parents get the owl post, right?”

“Yeah, every morning, just leave them on the dining room table; mom or daddy will hand them off. Who are you writing, if you don’t mind?”

“Oh... um I had some questions for the Headmistress and a couple of professors.”

“Dork. It’s summer vacation and you are still thinking about school.”

“I-guess that’s correct. [i]Technically.[/i] So, um what are you watching? I don’t really like TV; I’d rather read or maybe doodle, put something in my diary.”

“Ah, 90 Day Wife or something. Emmy likes it.”, you explain, come just a bit closer to the center of the bed since Macy said she is okay with touching some.

“90 Day Fiancé! Its funny as heck. And I didn’t know you kept a journal.”

“Ah! Yeah... I had a hard time when I was little. Mom and dad took me to some therapy stuff and the lady there, she said it might help put my thoughts in order, deal with things if something bad happened or stuff. It does. Did when... something bad did happen. Put a page and a half in it before coming to see you and Jenn. I-I like writing.”

“That is great, really great if it helps. And you know you can always talk to me or my sister, right? Even if it is just by mail while we are gone.”, your mirror image says during a commercial break and reaches over to lightly scratch Macy’s hair some.

“Yep. Always. Always, Macy. So, Emmy? You going to sleep here tonight? After this episode is over, we finish our glasses, should probably get to bed... we are probably going to America for our robes and school supplies tomorrow. Got to start getting our dorky dad to start showing us to drive too.”

“Sure, getting tired anyway. Should be fun; just don’t get me killed with your crappy skills at the wheel, sis.”

“Screw you, I’m sure I am an excellent driver!”

“Oh, you’re going to be gone? I-I suppose I will take a nap, read some-“

“What are you on about? You are coming with us; we were going to make it a little day trip after getting our supplies. Of course, you are going with us... as long as you want of course. Can sit out on the driving lessons and hang out with mom, but I don’t think we are going to be going very fast if you want to join.”

“Oh! I- if it’s not too much of a-“

“Not an imposition, none. It will be great! We can shop a little, go out on our own for a bit after we get our stuff, eat some American food for dinner with the parental units, get some ice cream or something for a snack before! You’ve never been across the pond, right?”, Emmy asks while turning to lightly hug your thin friend some.

“Ummm, no I haven’t, been to France but that’s all.”

“Heh. Well, it’s our first trip over there too. It will be fun. An adventure; a safe one!”, you exclaim with a smile; as scary as being so far from home was going to be when school began? A day trip sounded amazing, like great fun with your sister and friend. Being able to manage that and for nothing in travel costs? Being part of the magical world [i]was[/i] amazing.

“K-kay. I’m not sure about the driving stuff but I guess we’ll see. And, um, Em? You were going to sleep in here too?”

“Was probably going to pass out in a bit. Yeah. Not like it is the first time one of us has fallen asleep with the other. Has been a while though.”

“Oh! Okay. It... this is nice. Being with people. With you and Jenn.”

“Yeah.”, you say. “It is good. This episode is nearly over. Gonna finish my glass and close my eyes. Oh, did you want a sip Macy?”

“S-sure. Like I said don’t really drink at home... but the claret was good.”, she says as you pass her your mostly drained glass and see as she eyes it in the light of the TV. Puts her lips exactly where yours had been and left and imprinted and drains the dregs before starting to cough.

“Ha! Hah! Sour... too sour but... thank you. Not bad...”

“Heh, you can grow into it. Going to turn the TV off in a second. Alright Emmy?”

“Ummm. Sure. Nap time.”, your sister says in a soft groggy tone and turns to face Macy.

Heh. Silly girl could always sleep like a stone. And so? A few minutes later, the room had darkened and there was no noise but Emmy’s light snoring and Macy’s soft breathing as your eyes began to grow heavy. Then... your younger friend turned so she was pressed up against you, snuggled in close with Emily behind her.

A few sleepy minutes later or maybe hour since you came in and out of rest, Macy was hugging you tight.

“Love you, Jennifer. Love you, Jenn. Love you.”

>“Love you too Macy.” Turn and hold her and Emmy before falling into slumber.

>Remain where you are, stay silent. Just let her mumble in her sleep and fall into it yourself.

>“Hey, Macy? Lets get you to your own bed now, okay? Big day and you need your rest.”

>Write in

OOC: This is in no way a relationship lock or anything. Just how you want Jennifer to act IC. And all the stuff with Macy, your choices on dealing with her? It [i]will[/i] influence the quest. I have been keeping

score of a few things behind the scenes. Also next post... time for America and some action, probably, depending on your actions! Also the girls get gats!

Seeing her shadowed body in the dark room? Feeling her there as you woke from a brief and light slumber... you weren't sure what you heard her mumble out, even as the thin arms tried to pull you close.

"M-macy... what did-?"

"Love you... love you so much. Hard to go to sleep... you and Em help but... I love you, Jennifer Sanders. So, so happy you were the person to find me... help me. Stuck with me. Can you-will you... a kiss on the top of my head please? Let me keep holding you?"

"O-okay. Sure. Nothing weird or scary about it... just my friend, my good friend holding me... my sister holding her... this is fine. Come here, Macy. Little dork."

And you just bring the smaller girl in, dragging your sister with her; put a soft kiss on the top of Macy's head.

"I love you too. You and Emily both. Love you, Macy. I-"; and you are interrupted by the girl in your arms planting a quick and gentile kiss on your lips. There... there was no eroticism in it, no sexual tension, no romance. Just pure affection and care. Love that warmed even the shard of ice in your heart... and when you looked down there were a pair of bright green eyes looking at you hesitantly, soft pink lips drawn in a line.

"I-I'm sorry Jennifer... I shouldn't have done that... sorry. I can get up, leave... sorry."

"No. No, its fine. You... you didn't kiss me because you are attracted to me, right? Want me like that? And it is always Jenn for you... long as you want it to be, at least, Mac... MayMay."

"No... You are really, really beautiful. You and Em... I wish I could be pretty like you two but it isn't like that, the thing I just did, I don't think. It was... sometimes I'm not good with words, s-sorry. A lot of times really, I think so at least... I just wanted you to know how much you mean to me. So... I gave you something. My first kiss for my first real friend."



“Macy... you [i]are[/i] pretty. Beautiful and going to make whoever you marry very happy. Kind and brave. You don’t have to give me anything; I know you care about me and Emily. So... here. You can have it back. I appreciate it but you should save it for the future. For the person you want to spend your life with.”, you say softly while pulling Macy in a bit closer then lightly planting your lips on hers to return the chaste kiss she gave you. Realize that despite not really thinking about her like that... Macy did taste good, stirred something in you, the part that wanted to be a good big sister, protect her, keep her close as a lifelong friend, be there at her wedding, buy her a nice gift for her coming birthday... all mixed up with other things you couldn’t quite name. Protectiveness. Desire to see her grow. All the great memories you two had made. Respect for her intelligence, her loyalty and courage. Just...just a hair of attraction, to her as a woman.

The fact that despite what she believed, that she [i]was[/i] pretty.

You suppose that swirl of emotions as your lips left your younger friends own had leaked through, since your twin stirred, pushed herself closer behind Macy.

“Heh, heh. Yall are super fricking gay... so gay, haha. Go get gay married already. You already put a ring on her finger, sis; might as well pop the question.”

“Hey! Its not like that, Emmy! Besides who was it that asked me if she could practice a couple of times before she went on a date with David, just in case, huh?”

“Hey! We agreed not to talk about that around other people!”

“Ha! I think it is okay... if it is our little “sister”. What do you think, Macy?”

“Heh, ha. I mean that is fine, I think? You two... you always make me laugh, smile. Love you both. I really do... I don’t want to not be there with you.”, your tiny dark-haired friend says softly with her head against your chest and nuzzling you some.

“Hey... I know but you said it yourself we will get to see each other before you know it. We will come back for the holidays in winter, too! You are totally coming by for a while and me and Emmy can tell you all sorts of stories, let you stay over... get a chance to sleep together again like we are right now. Maybe no more friendship kisses... or maybe some? If you like them. Want them. I do want you to know we do

care about you Macy. Me and Emmy and our parents. You are a great friend, an amazing witch. Going to big things.”

“What Jenn said; besides you are still going to be here tomorrow, part of the day after that too! We might even have a going away party next Friday or something! It is getting warm, so maybe a pool party: you can swim right? Going to send plenty of owls as well. It will be okay, Macy.”, your sister says and pats your brunette friend on the head. “And hey? Not jealous or anything but don’t I get a little smooch as well?”

“Heh... yeah. Before you know it. And sure Em, as long as you are... as long as it okay. I just... I want you two to know how much I care about you as well. Appreciate you. That I think you are cool. I’m sorry if I am weird, that this is just how I think I can let you know it. Probably better ways but... I am not as smart as people think.”

“It is fine, Macy. If that is all that is behind it? Maybe a bit more? A little kiss is fine; the French do it all the time. Just no tongue, okay? Don’t want to fall for you or something like that, heh.”

“Ha... okay. Thanks... going to turn around then. I-I really like you too Emily. My second real friend... a really good one. One I love just as much as the first... when Jenn wasn’t around, the one who kept the bullies away, grabbed some cider or pumpkin juice from the stores in the Hufflepuff common room we could knock back when it got warm before summer, showed me a couple of the secret rooms... thank you Em. Love you too.”, Macy says then shifts so she and your twin are facing one another with your arms around her waist so you feel when your ever so slightly olive-skinned friend presses forward and you can see as she puts her lips on Emmy’s. Gives a chaste kiss that lasts maybe one second and makes your twin blush a hair.

“Ha... you are a good girl Macy; pretty good with the whole kissing thing too. But I really think we need to start winding down, get some sleep. I think there is like a 5 hour time difference in America so it will be morning still if we get Apparated there after lunch. Long day but want to make the most of it. Okay?”

“A-alright. Let me turn back around. Hold Jenn. Can you stay close? I get cold at night and this is nice. Really nice. So nice. Warm. And... I feel safe. So safe.”

“Sure, Macy. We can handle keeping our “little sister” warm, right Jenn?”, Emmy says with a soft yet cheerful note in her voice.

“Yeah. Safe too. Think we can manage, heh. Night Emmy. Night Macy.”

--

It's dark.

Dark and all you can feel is fear and desperation and [*hatred*]. The same place, the same dream as you had at Hogwarts except... in the darkness there is now a voice but it is speaking in words that have never been uttered by a human mouth and... yet, you understand them. Comprehend the meaning. The promise they hold.

Terror. Pain. Death. The dying of the light and the destruction of every thing and everyone you love. Your mom and dad, Emmy, Macy, David, every friend you made in school over the last 5 years dying in [*agony*]. And then in the darkness, the black deeper than black... two points of light, bright and hateful. Glowing eyes of a color you know, of the same green that flew from the tip of your wand and caused ice to form in your heart, in your sister's heart when she took some of the burden away, protected you. And when you wake... you are [*screaming*].

Its all you can do to grab your wand from the night stand, roll off the bed with a loud thump. Scramble on your hands and knees to the door, try and make it to the bathroom as bile rises in your throat and your heart tries to rip its way out of your chest.

When you make it in the restroom to the sounds of your sister and Macy shouting after you, the bile, acid, and bitter fluid overcomes you and you have to keep your head over the toilet as light red vomit pours out, disgusting and tasting vaguely of iron and copper.

After you managed to stop vomiting, the door bursts open, your sister rushed over to you with her eyes as wide as dinner plates and hair visibly damp from sweat; came down to her knees and wrapped you in her arms tightly.

“Jennifer! Jenn! W-what, what was that?! I-I've never felt something from you that strong... it was terrifying! And... a dream, hard to remember but... horrible. Are you okay, sis? And your eyes when you woke up... oh god! Oh fucking Merlin! Is that? Is that blood?! Jenn!”

"I-I don't know...Emmy... I-I'm sorry. So sorry... potions cabinet please. Wiggeweld to be safe. Calming Draught. P-potion of Dreamless Sleep, please. A-a towel... please... I need some new underwear; please, please Emmy..." You say quietly, keeping your legs closed as you curled up in the corner still terrified and with a small pool of urine between your legs, ashamed of yourself; you were a pretty good Gryffindor, that is what you had always believed.

Faced inferni and a troll, had done your share of silly, stupid, and dangerous acts, emphasis on the latter across the years.

Met all of them with courage... but this?

That dream... you never tried to cast a Patronus. For all your pride in your Charms skill, never faced a dementor but... you recall what David said it was like; the terror, the way the sun seemed to fade from the sky, and the feeling of every single one of his fears and insecurities manifesting all at once? This felt like you imagine the test did; it terrified you to the point that... y-you had soiled yourself while puking and shaking. Caused soft tears to run from your eyes from the terror and then... the embarrassment of pissing all over yourself as a 16-year-old girl. A fucking adult, shivering now in her restroom with pee all over her thighs. But?

In... in the dream?

The screams in your dream, they were horrid; your parents, your sister, your friends all howling in agony as terrible green lights sat above you and you were powerless to do a thing. That was the worst part, the one that you weren't able to handle.

**[b]Is that really all you are, Jennifer? A coward, pretending at bravery?[/b]**

And you have no answer but to close your arms across yourself, cry some.

"Yeah. Yeah Jenn, I will run down stairs. Help you clean up... I, I don't know what that was... had bad dreams and junk before but... I've never felt [i]you[/i] that scared; think I only got a taste of what ever you did, but it felt [i]real[/i]. And your eyes?

"My eyes?"

“They were [i]white[/i] when I saw you wake up. You... Jennifer, you were saying something too. I missed most of it but that was [i]not[/i] my big sister’s voice; scared me so, so much. I will be back, just one second, that’s all. I-it is okay, alright Jenn. I’ll protect you; help you. Be there; [i]always[/i]. It is a little sister’s job to do that every once in a while, be the one to handle the bad stuff. Be right back.”, your twin says as gently as she can, hands you a towel with a part of it dampened. Hugs you despite the mess you made and shuts the door behind her as you hear rapid footfalls on the stairs.

You manage to open a pack of wet wipes after a moment, remove your panties despite how badly your hands were shaking, throw your underwear in the clothes hamper and begin cleaning your privates and thighs off as well as the small yellow pool on the tiles while trying to get your heart beat under control.

A minute or two later there is a soft knock and Emmy entered once more. Hands you a cup of ice water and sets three small bottles and a fresh pair of white undies on the counter.

“Here Jenn. Take a sip of this, okay? Let me see the wipes. I’ll clean you up a little more after you take your potions. We can head back to bed after. Macy... when I went in to get something for you to wear, she looked really, really fricking worried. I am too. Should I go wake up mom and dad?”

“N-no! It’s fine... I feel a little better. It was probably stress, probably just not having had alcohol since Christmas. Just anxiety and just what happened down there... I don’t want to worry them when I am sure they are already anxious about us going to America.”, you say, trying to add some confidence to your voice as you down the potions and feel the relief from the Calming Draught wash over you and your eyelids suddenly grow heavy while your twin looks disbelievingly at you.

“Alright sis. If that is what you want. Here, sit on the edge of the tub. Gonna make sure you are washed up; help you get your panties on.”

And so your slightly smaller twin does, wipes down your legs, butt, and privates one more time then helps get your legs into your underwear, helps you stand since you are feeling very groggy and still shaky. Hugs and holds you tight for at least a minute when you are clothed once more and kisses you on the forehead. Holds your hand while she leads you back to your room where Macy is sitting back in the bed and clearly worried to death.

“Jenn! Come here. I-that was scary... so freaking scary.”

"I'm sorry... just a really bad dream, nothing to worry over. Been stressed, probably shouldn't have had that last glass of wine... took a couple of potions. Tired now. Want to lay back."

"A-alright. But you are sleeping in the middle so me and Em can hold you."

"Sure. Sorry... guess I said weird stuff too?", you say sleepily while coming into the bed, have Macy hug and snuggle against you while Emmy mirrors her on your other side.

"You did. After I woke up because you were twisting and turning, I heard most of it... wasn't your voice. Was but... different."

"What did I say. What-", you begin before your small best friend interrupted.

[i]"And the Walker shall walk,

The seal be undone,

And she shall fight a war which cannot be won

The girl with eyes of sky, hair like the sun.

She shall hold a wand like her sword to the night,

Banish the darkness, make right what is right,

A-and in the war she will fall,

A sacrifice to save them all."[/i]

"I-I... I don't remember that.", you say and are suddenly very cold despite being under the covers and having both Macy and Emily holding on to you

"I didn't get it all, I was still waking up, was worried about you, Jenn, and I'm not that good in Trelawny's class either but..."

“Oh- oh god. Merlin’s beard... your voice, your eyes, sis? That... it sounds like...”, Emmy says softly. Gently while touching the top of your head which you both hated and loved since Emily Sanders had been doing it since you were both just small girls.

“A [*i*]prophesy[/*i*].”, you finish, now feeling very, very awake despite the potions.

You had trouble sleeping that night. The fear of having another dream like the one you had, the racing thoughts and concern from you possibly producing a prophesy kicking around much. One which named someone who was described in a manner either you or your twin could fit and that said that they would “fall”. Die. And that terrified you. Not for yourself, but for the girl who *could* be you aside from a half inch in one place, a couple more in another, and a couple less in one more. One who was far kinder than you would ever be.

But... the girls, they helped. Held you, talked some and... you never wanted a boring life. Loved adventures, doing things you shouldn’t, the rush that accompanied some slight fear. However, you never wanted an “interesting” one either and even if some of the things were dramatized or lies in Potter’s books?

You knew people named in prophecies were destined to have terribly interesting lives indeed.

It... it took a while for slumber to take you, even with the potions, to say the least. Thankfully, there were no more nightmares and you were able to rest until you heard a light knocking on your door woke you and your dad stepped in.

“Jenn... ah, girls? Nymeria is starting breakfast in a minute.”, he says, eyebrow raised at unexpectedly finding 2 extra girls in your bed.

“Should be done soon. You can get dressed, come on down when you want.”

“Thanks, daddy. I’ll get these two up. Macy has a couple of letters to send, okay? See you soon.”, you responded, still groggy.

“Sure, Jenn.”

Emmy... she has always been a slow riser so you start with her, end up lightly tapping her cheek some to rouse her then move on to your small and thin house mate who wakes up almost instantly at your voice, reaches around to find her glasses before sitting up.

“Ah, g‘morning Jenn. You are you okay? Feel better some?”

“Yeah. Yeah, a little. Should be alright, no more dreams last night and I am sure my mom is going to out do herself with my favorite meal of the day since we have a guest. Let’s get dressed some, head down, okay?”

“Sure. Glad you are alright. I was so scared.”

“Sorry. Really sorry to make you and Emmy worry. Speaking of which... Em! Morning, breakfast, up!”, you call out into your twin’s ear as she groggily mumbles something out and uncovers herself, walks like a zombie to the door so she can head into her room, put on some kind of pants.

“Heh... she’s is funny when waking up. Do I have time for a quick shower?”

“Sure, I’d like one too after eating. I’ll let mom to know to not cook too soon. You know where the bathroom is so feel free to use any of the products in there; the under eye cream is amazing and I really like the Dermalogica shampoo and conditioner.”

“Alright. Thanks, won’t take too long, Jenn. And?”

“And?”

Then Macy leans over and gives you a slightly stiff hug. A peck on the cheek and a smile after.

“And if that was a prophesy, if something is going on? I-I’m going to protect you, do what ever I have to.”, the young green-eyed girl says and while there is some uncertainty, embaressment in her statement, there is also a steely resolve in her voice.



"I believe it, but protecting [i]you[/i] is my job. It will be fine. So come on you little dork, lets get going. And... thank you, MayMay."

Macy smiles, blushes a bit before rolling out of your bed, then a few minutes later you have acquired pants and you can hear the shower running while you head into the kitchen where your mom is nursing a steaming cup of coffee and the ingredients for a breakfast feast are laid out on the counter. You note the pillows and blankets by the couch are undisturbed and let out a quite chuckle about daddy having a stay placed on his sentence.

"Morning mom. Mind waiting a few minutes before starting? Macy wanted to shower off. Oh, I'll help too, if you want."

"We can wait a minute, still working on my cup; you are fine sweetie. I can handle making food for my husband, daughters and their lovely friend.", the small blonde woman says with a slight smile before sipping from her mug. "Hey... Jenny. Your dad and I have a quietening charm on our bedroom door but I though I heard something last night; something like my girl in distress. You alright? Want to pour a cup, tell mom what happened? Why there are dark circles under your eyes?"

"Oh... you heard that. S-sure, I'll get some coffee; tired. But it was really nothing, mom. Had a really vivid nightmare, needed to run to the restroom to calm down and... Emmy? Macy? They kind of over reacted. Its okay. Took a couple of potions, let them hold me in bed. Am fine."

"I see. Was it about what happened a couple of weeks ago, dearest?"

"I-I don't know; had one or two other bad dreams... should be fine though. Anxious about school too, but it is okay. Gryffindor, remember? I can handle a nightmare. A new school.", you assure Nymeria Sanders while sitting down with a small mug of warm coffee flavored cream and sugar.

"I see. You did get a concussion, went through something terrible... nightmares would maybe occur... You know yourself better than I do and despite some errors in judgement, you are a smart and responsible girl Jennifer. If you need to talk, your father and mom are both her. Though if it gets worse? We will be taking you to St. Mungos. But regardless, I think I heard the shower stop; going to start on breakfast. We were planning to go to America after lunch, get your and Emily's supplies. The list and your acceptance letters should be here with the owl post today according to the Headmistress."

“Yeah. Yeah, mom. I get it. Thanks. Macy can come too right? And we were going to stay, make it a day trip right?”, you ask and get an affirmative nod and a thought crosses your mind as caffeine and sugar wash away some of the tiredness; if that [i]was[/i] a prophesy, if that dream was more than a horrible night terror? Well, daddy wasn’t an Unspeakable but did have two decades of working at the ministry, had received Auror training in his role as head of field operations for his department. Mom was smart, well read, and had been relatively skilled at Divination in her years at Hogwarts to the point of divining that she would have twin girls back in her 7<sup>th</sup> year; no seer but certainly better than you.

>Ask your mom and dad if they know anything about prophesies, visions, dreams like the one you had over breakfast. Disguise it as simple curiosity and don’t mention what happened.

>Don’t risk it. Neither were seers and it might cause them to worry. Ask questions you had no answer to.

>Write in

“Thanks mom. Gonna run back upstairs, I think. Make sure my sleepy-head of a sister didn’t pass back out. See if Macy needs anything.”

“Alright... a kind girl, Jennifer. My first daughter is kind. Very, very kind.”, and you couldn’t help but smile a little as you retreated back up the stairs, found Emmy asleep sitting up on the edge of her bed though thankfully dressed. Woke her back up to cries of “5 more minutes”. Caught Macy in the hall wrapped in a towel as she made her way to the guest room.

“Breakfast soon. Gonna convince daddy about those driving lessons, then America.”

“Oh! Alright. Should probably put on something nice for the trip I suppose.”

“Yeah, have to put our best foot forward for our first time over there. Ummm... want me to help you pick an outfit out? Help with your hair and makeup, Macy? Should have a little time before food is done, especially if Mom starts chatting with my sister or daddy.”

“I- okay. Sure. Just let me get a bra and underwear on. Thanks, Jenn...”

“Welcome. Just going to use the restroom. Crack the door when you get your underthings on... should be fine, everyone is already downstairs.”, you say and give the girl a 1000-watt smile.

A few minutes later you are in the guest room helping Macy pick out an outfit. There are several options you think would look nice on her and you consider while she towels off her damp hair a touch more while sitting on the bed in her frilly yellow and white underwear.

>A light colored polo shirt, tight khaki pants. Simple and dressy enough to not be out of place anywhere you would likely go.

>A simple black tee with some muggle rock band on it, denim skirt falling just above her knees, some simple sneakers.

>A blue and yellow sundress at the very bottom of her trunk, a pair of sandals with small heels, some simple earrings. Very summer-y.

>Write in outfit

After Macy was dressed up, you took her to your room, sat her in front of your vanity, and began brushing her dark brown hair and using a hair dryer and product in it to give it volume and let you style it some. While Macy squirmed a hair, made soft sounds of pleasure from the brush stroking her head... there was a though. Last night, she had seen something. Heard something. Something you didn't understand and something that frightened you terribly. Had told you she loved you beforehand. Held you tight after. And you began to wonder if you should tell her the truth, the full one, of how you really killed the troll once David had been hurt. What you did. Who her friend was and *could* be.

>Reveal you used the killing curse while helping her get made up... if she loves you like a sister, she needs to understand what that means. What kind of person you really are.

>Stay quite for now... you aren't sure you can handle telling her, having her know. Maybe even fearing you for what you did and [i]can[/i] do. It is better this way, better for her to not know.

>Write in

It... you almost wish you could do it; let her know... but it is too much. The fear she would... that she would hate you for it, be afraid of you. Understand that it took a damaged soul to use a Curse of that strength, even on something like a troll; Macy was smart even if DADA wasn't her passion. Knew that only *true* hatred could be used to conjure that spell. Potter had explained in his class well enough; using it against an insect was easy, simple. An animal? Hard. A magical beast, something with some sentience? Harder still. And cursing a human, magical or muggle, with an Unforgivable was impossible for someone not deeply, terribly broken. But? You had managed to almost get it there. Trolls were Dark, violent and evil with a handful of exceptions... but if it had been a person who hurt David, was hurting and threatening your sister? You still would have still tried that spell... and you understood. Believed... if Emmy had gotten hurt even a bit more, it *would* have worked, even on a human.

Y-you couldn't brandish your happiness and love like a sword; never tried the Dementor test and made your twin never either because you knew; felt it. That she didn't want it if you couldn't manifest a Patronus and she could. Loved you so much she couldn't risk hurting you like that. Would never learn one of the greatest spells in the world out of that love for you.

So?

You truly *loved* Emmy for her concern and *hated* yourself from it stopping her even trying, felt like you had failed her. Believed you should always be able to protect her but... you hadn't been able to find the courage for that.

Yes, that was beyond you; to try and create a sword of silver joy... but in the shadowed chamber of that place? You learned you could turn hatred into a knife and in the darkness, stabbed it into your foe and *liked* it. You were relieved, happy your twin and friend were okay when you did it but... you can never use that spell to save some one, to protect them, out of concern. You... you know what you truly felt as that spell made contact.

So you stayed quite as you brushed and fixed Macy's hair up. Smiled when you started to put some skin cream and makeup on her innocent and lightly olive toned face. Held it in. She didn't need to know. *Couldn't* know what you really were. So? You just stuffed it back in and grinned.

"Hey, Macy? Hold your head up. Did you like the eye cream; tingles right?"

"Ah, yeah it was nice... not too much stuff okay Jenn..."

“Of course. But we are going to a whole new country... so maybe a little much.”, and you being working some magic of the muggle kind. Some lip balm first. Some more skin cream. Fluffed the girl’s hair up some more while those absorbed.

“Hey, got this thing, little pen. Want a couple of freckles?”

“Ah, never had those but...mmmmh, sure. You and Em have them, they look nice. Suppose if I am your “sister”, just a couple would be fine.”

“You are. Just a couple, they will bring out your cheek bones. You have nice ones after all.”

Then... mascara, lightest you had, some eye shadow and pencil to bring her green eyes out. A touch of foundation and barely measurable hint of blush. Finally, a light pink lip gloss you hadn’t used in a while but was still nice.

And in her little sun dress... Macy was gorgeous even before she put her thin square spectacles on and brought out some of her soft and kind grin... well, it pasted a smile on your lips when she turned to look in the mirror of the vanity.

“I-I look pretty. Really pretty! Thank you, Jenn, I look so good! Want a picture to show to mom and dad!”

“You have always been pretty, Macy. A tiny bit of junk on your face just brings out your best features! And yeah, I’ll see if we can get a few pics, especially once we go across the pond. Ready to head down? Think I heard my stomach growl a minute ago, heh.”

“Kay. Kind of peckish too, heh.”, she says then rises to give you a quick hug. Heh, dork.

When you and Macy made it downstairs, there were still sounds of cooking but the table already was beginning to be set, steaming sausages and bacon setting there, a plate of toast with jams next to it. Crispy waffles, something your mom knew you loved. Pitchers of cold raw milk, orange juice, and iced water. Your mother was still at the stove finishing up with some poached eggs while humming to herself as Emmy sat nursing a cup of coffee and your dad glanced entirely too long at mom’s “figure” while nibbling on a piece of stolen bacon. Perfect. Amazing and once mom had set down a couple of the eggs

on each person's plate and seasoned them with salt and pepper, you began to gab a little bit of every thing on the table for your meal, dug in and once more felt truly at home.

Towards the end of your plate and your second glass of milk... you slowed down. Considered what had happened last night... and asked a couple of questions.

"Hey, daddy? Mom? I... I kind of sucked on my Divination exams this year; don't think Emmy did much better. Had to rewrite an essay. On prophecies. Don't want to be crap at it when we get to Ilvermorny... got any tips? You were pretty good at it, right mom? And... daddy you work around the Unspeakables, people who deal with that stuff every day."

"Ah, well, Jenn... I do talk with them some but they are Unspeakable for a reason. Never been to the Hall of Prophecies. Guarded the entrance a few times when we were short staffed, but that is about it. I do know they can be very, very powerful things. Why the ones recorded there are so closely guarded. Why in the War, Voldemort risked so much to hear a certain one. But from the bits I have heard, they should be taken with caution. Was bad enough at Divination back then that Trelawny only passed me because she is nice. Sorry, sweetness."

"Ah. I get it. Guess I got your skills in that. Ah, mom? You... you predicted you would have twin girls in a few years during your 7<sup>th</sup> year, right? A couple other things?"

"I did. I saw it in the leaves at the bottom of a better than normal cup of tea; they didn't mean of anything at the time...anything really, but at that moment I understood that I would give birth to the pair of most beautiful babies in the world. No clue when it would happen... but I was certain. Before that, in my 4<sup>th</sup> year? I saw in a crystal ball that I would meet the man I would spend my life with in a stairwell. Didn't think it would be when he was fighting off Dark wizards to save my life; imagined we would just bump shoulders and have our eyes meet, something like that, heh. And... in my 2<sup>nd</sup> year? I read the palm of my friend, a smart and shy Ravenclaw... and saw how short her life line was. Sam died at the Battle fighting bravely and helping to protect her younger housemates I am told. I miss her...", your mother says softly and you feel a sharp pang of regret for bringing this up.

Could have just read your damn books, bought some more when you went to America to get your supplies! Stupid fucking Jennifer, making the person who gave you life look like that; sad. Stupid, stupid, stu-

"Jennifer. It is okay. I was very close to Samantha. Very saddened by the death of her. But... she fought back against the Dark. And I wish it could be different but she died a good death if nothing more. If I was

ever able to have another daughter, I was planning to name them after her.”, your mother says with a wane smile, before using her fork and knife to place another waffle in front of you before speaking once more.

“True prophesies? Real ones? They are rare. Can be misheard. Misunderstood. Cause themselves to become fulfilled. But the real ones? They [*always*] come true, even if it is unexpected ways. I never have heard of one of the ones recorded in the Hall being completely incorrect. I’m not a seer, can’t force myself to see ahead... had plenty of incorrect predictions as a student. But real prophesies are a thing to be both feared and amazed at.”

And your stomach dropped.

Was it true? Macy said she only got most of what you said... And then you had to think of something else. Poured some milk down your throat. Took a bite of waffle before speaking.

“Ah. I see. Never had something like that really besides predicting I would stub my toe once. It sounds like it would be a pain... could be terrifying if you were a real seer. But I am glad you were right about some of it, mom! That I got a sister and that you met daddy! That part is good.”

“Indeed... I didn’t realize it when it happened. How much I would adore my perfect daughters, come to love a certain man... heh. Talks about prophesies are all doom and gloom most of the time, but they [*can*] be good when they come true, when predictions are right. Mine got me a pair of wonderful girls, got me Lucey if nothing else... Sorry about your toe however, sweetie.”

And with that, you let the subject slip away into simple conversation, finished off your plate. Exchanged a look with your sister, and then asked the smiling blond man if he would show you how to use a car while you and Emmy gave your best puppy dog eyes. Get you and Emmy learners permits for Britain, licenses for America through his job.

The thoughts of what your mother had said, the fact she had made true predictions and you inherited much from her... you put them at the back of your head, at least for now. Enjoyed what was here right now, suppressed the worry of what might come in the future. Gave the people who raised you bright smiles, your sister crap, your “sister” some light conversation, promised to not try to drive too fast if she wanted to come when daddy was showing you how to tame an engine. And then? A pecking at the window. An owl with a couple of envelopes and a small bag with it. Your acceptance letters and the fund promised to you for supplies

Once your father had given the large white and black owl some feed, a few pieces of waffle, he brought your and Emmy's letters inside; set the clinking bag on the counter.

Looking through the letter signed by the Headmaster and Headmistress of Ilvermorny who just so happened to have the same last name... well there was what you expected at the beginning of the list of supplies until you got to the end.

Three sets of robes and vests in cranberry and blue. Ties, neck ties, or bows in matching colors. A set of books, some of which you were already using and a few different; Chadwick's Charms 6<sup>th</sup> year, Magical America: A History, Thompson's Advanced Transfiguration... then?

"Umm? Daddy? Mom? I'm not sure what a Ruger Mark IV or equivalent means. Or what a Savage Rascal is... .22 caliber?", and so you hand off the second page of your letter to your parents while your younger friend kind of just sucks on her syrup coated fork and your twin looks at you with her eyes bright.

"Jenn! Jenn, I think those are--"

"[i]Guns[/i]! They want to give our little girls guns! Is that owl still here!? I have [i]words![/i]!"

The remainder of breakfast is filled by your petite mother acting outraged while her husband tried to reassure her that certainly it would be completely safe for you and your sister to have firearms at school; you finished a second plate of waffles, Emmy polished off her sausages and bacon and Macy cleaned her plate which was rare. Girl ate like a bird usually. It was great to see her enjoy the meal so much. After all she had was some orange juice left?

Macy interjected as your parents exchanged words.

"Umm, I'm no expert or anything but, that is a really, really small bullet, I think. Only used for like rabbit hunting, or such. Target shooting. And wizards... we are tougher than Muggles, have really good healing. If people were getting shot over there all the time, wouldn't the Prophet be all over it? Ah- Sorry, I shouldn't have--"



“It’s fine, young lady! See, Meri! They will be alright.”

“They better be! If one of them puts an eye out or gets shot? I will personally kick down the gates and burn the place to the ground!”, the thin, short, corn-flour blonde-haired witch declared while you giggled.

The best part? You had zero doubt she would make good on that promise.

While Nymeria fumed and began to clean up, you and Emmy continued from a prior conversation, pestered your dad to start showing you how to drive before going to get the supplies and see America; it hardly took any time to make him agree as your mother just sighs.

“Yay! Thank you; best dad in the world! Love you daddy! Love my daddy, love him! Lucky I wasn’t born 40 years ago, mom haha!”, you shouted out and flew over to give him a tight hug and a kiss on the cheek. “Just let me and Em wash up and change, won’t take long and we will be right back!”

“Yeah, what my silly sis said... maybe not the middle part but... I do love you, dad. You too mommy, thanks for being alright with it. Best mom. Best mom...”

“Heh. Sweetest and prettiest 16-year-old girls in the world... your mom is the best and most beautiful slightly more mature one in existence; your cute young friend takes the cake for the under 15 title, haha. Good, good women and girls just fill my life I guess. I should be able to conjure up a couple of fake permits for you and get real ones and American licenses in a few days Jenny, Emmy, and... Macy?”, he says acting like a doofus while mom sighs and Macy turns into a human tomato at his words.

“Ah... I appreciate it. Will take one, just incase or what ever but is it okay if I sit this one out? Stay and help Miss Nymeria some, read, maybe watch some TV with her?”

Turning, your mother looked at the smaller girl with the kindest eyes you had ever known.

“Of course you can stay, sweetie. Could help with the garden some when I head out there, I can just use a quick spell if you get something on that lovely dress.; was just going to trim a few flowers for the vases, pick some herbs but I would adore a companion. I would love to watch a show or two with you, chat some; I do like muggle novels too. Maybe we can make our own little book club! Thanks for offering,

Macy.”, and the small blonde woman pulls out a megawatt smile. And for as huffy, frustrated, and occasionally mean to her husband as she could be... mom was still a former Hufflepuff. A good one from everything you knew. Best mom in the world, kind, loyal, and strong.

However, for as kind as she was... well your daddy knew the other part. You and Emmy did as well from when you did something particularly foolish... And well? She never even spanked you as kids a single time but she didn't have to, given how Nymeria Sanders could just stare someone down and use a few words of the non-magical kind to do the job of making you regret it. So, it was no surprise when she turned to her husband and made her warm ice blue eyes turn a bit hard as she spoke.

“You [i]will[/i] be careful with teaching them, Lucey. Around the neighborhood, maybe a road that's not very busy, teach them to park; do [i]not[/i] let get my girls hurt when they have a car of their own. Got it, mister?”

“Yes! Of course, beautiful. Learn to walk before you run and all that.”, he says demurely.

Mom... she was a good enough duelist, very skilled with transfiguration, had fought in the war. But? She was no Lucerne Sanders. He had fought off Death Eaters, trained with Aurors, dealt with more than a few muggle tech and enchantment combinations gone wrong, and was quite magically powerful as you knew from the few times he had [i>really[/i] pulled out all the stops. And yet? Well, you knew he never stood a chance if it was your small, fine-featured mother going against him like this. However, even if she kind of ran the show some...

Your mom crossed the kitchen and asked him to bend down, stood on her tip-toes and planted a long kiss on his lips, had him lift her off the ground perhaps two inches, stayed like that till it was almost embarrassing and ended a touch of pink on her cheeks when he released her. Came up to you and Emily who were just standing behind daddy with a touch embarrassment.

“So fast... My little girls are growing up so fast.”, then kissed both of you on the top of your heads and beams bright, a wide smile on her pale face. “Try not to make it too fast, please. Be safe. And... just in case? I love you both so, so much. Have fun with your handsome fool of a father, girls.”

“Want to get this done fast, grab an outfit? Alright, Emmy? So, I’ll take the upstairs shower, you do the other; should be enough water pressure.”

“It would be probably quicker if we just used the big upstairs one together; it has the rain head and the normal one with the cord. Can wash each other’s hair quicker, do each other’s backs. Then help each other get our hair and faces in order.”

“Maybe? I mean, we aren’t little girls anymore; Macy is here too. I don’t want her to be weirded out.”

“Yeah, we aren’t kids any more, but you still like it when we sleep in the same bed. We have taken baths together for as long as I can recall, seen each other without stuff on all the time. I just helped you clean up... down there last night and then spent the rest of the night hugging you as tight as I could along with said girl. I love you, but not like that... and dang you for making me say the L word.”, Emmy says softly by the stairwell so you could decide what to do.

“But, want to do that thing together?”

“That thing?”, you ask with a small grin creeping to the side of your left lip.

“Yeah... haven’t done it in a while. Could be fun after driving lessons, when we go to America; could mess with some people seeing us do it together.”, your near mirror image say, a grin creeping up the right side of her lips till she was smiling.

“Hah... sure. Braid?”

“Ponytail.”

“I really don’t want to play rock-paper-scissors for an hour to decide who gets their way. Loose?”

“Fine. You would be “loose”, heh.”

“Screw you! I am a chaste and pure-“

“Yeah, yeah sure. Anyways, I want a skirts and those Polo shirs we haven’t used in a while, pink! But... do you want to?”

>Go ahead and shower with Emily. Not the first time, likely not the last, will save some time for more driving lessons. Besides... being together was something that you might need, after what had happened. The Fear. The... Thing.

>Head to the upstairs shower while your twin used the smaller one attached to the downstairs guest room. Deal with lower water pressure and it taking a bit longer. You wanted some time alone, despite how much you loved her.

>OOC: This is in no way a choice between lewd stuff or not. Just helps me with some stuff for how exactly close they should be; they are very close as written so far but this is going to help me characterize some stuff in the future, unless you fuckers just take this 100% off the rails. Also helps me decide something in the next scene or so.

>And for any gun guys out there, feel free to toss up ideas for the pistols and rifles the girls will choose.

>If people want a pretty uncommon gun, we can do a roll.

“Sure. Sure, Emmy. That’s fine... it would be nice I think; thanks.”

“Yeah, don’t know if Ilvermorny would let us do it, don’t know what the shower situation is like. Or if we will even be in the same house this time. I-I hope we are. And your dream... and that other [i]thing[/i]? I know it is still on your mind, can feel it. So... let me be there some, okay? Want to head up? Macy is still chatting and probably getting hit on by dad; gross, heh. I’ll grab my underwear and meet you in there, toss my outfit on the bed in your room and we can work on our faces together. Alright, sis?”, Emmy says, with a big smile before running up the stairs. You just laugh a bit as you follow your twin upstairs. Turn the large walk-in shower on hot before running to your bedroom. Grab a cute set of pink and white checkered underthings while the water warms up; set out a nice bubblegum pink polo with a tiny light blue horse and person on the left breast on the bed. A jean skirt that might be maybe an inch or two shorter than appropriate, given you had grown a tad since last summer, with most going to your legs, a

pair of bright white sneakers with light blue strips on the side, and then a thin leather belt with wand holster.

You headed back into the steam filled bathroom where your twin was already nude and brushing her teeth, her own underthings already sitting on the marble counter top; placed your own next to them and joined her at the sink.

Then, when you were done? You took down your overly large shirt and tight shorts, joined your cute, silly mirror image in the shower, closed the door; began to rinse yourself with the spray from the rain head while Em hogged the front facing shower head.

When she had rinsed well enough, you grabbed some product, began to work it into her hair? You got a giggle out of Emmy from your fingers against her scalp. Took the wall mounted shower head down and began rinsing out the tea tree and mint scented shampoo out after working it through. Had her spin around for a minute so you could make sure it was all gone before running the matching conditioner into her locks while her wet and soft body was close against your own... you were annoyed that your own breasts [i]were[/s] just a bit smaller than her own...but? Your sister held close to you and smiled so wide it was almost blinding. Had her lightly grab your butt and squeeze it a couple tightly a couple of times.

“Yep... mine are still better! But this... you’re pretty good, Jenn. Heh. Nice butt, even if you don’t work out!”, your twin says and gives it a light smack.

“Hey! None of that! Help me wash my hair while the conditioner sets in your own hair, cow tits...”, you bark out and put your hand over one of your sister’s breasts and lightly squeeze; neither of you were well endowed but Emmy did have boobs now, large enough you had trouble borrowing bras, unless she wanted her breasts to nearly spill out.

“Heh, tickles! But, whatever; they aren’t [i]that[/i] big; just bigger than yours! Here, lean your head back. Besides, you are gay. Super gay, haha... Showering with another girl, sleeping with two of them. Gay, gay, gay!”

“Oh fuck you, Emily. You are doing the same thing right this moment and shared the bed last night, too! And you are my sister, my twin... have part of my soul in yours, have part of yours in mine. Known that since we were girls and hide and seek or rock-paper-scissors never worked out. I get to do that stuff with you, touch you some and it is completely pure... see?”, you say as you take some suds from Emmy’s slightly toned stomach into your hand, reach in-between her legs and help her clean off down there,

even as she sighs in contentment lightly and you felt a rush of happiness from her as you used your hand and fingers to help clean her sex some.

Felt... warm and happy from your bond. A deep satisfaction coming from Emily's emotions leaking into you; felt a tiny bit of wetness not caused by water between your legs. Enjoyed that, due to the tiny bit of Veela blood from your mother's side you and Emmy had meant neither of you grew any hair down there; pushed the suds around perfectly smooth skin. Heh. It [i]had[/i] been an awkward conversation when you were 13 about why you and your sister were still as bald as you were as kids down there, why you didn't have to shave your legs, however. Now, however, you truly appreciated never needing to use the Barber charm or shave... and that you and her were so sensitive in places from that same blood.

"H-hey. Not too much, not too much Jenn; it feels good, I like you cleaning me some, taking care of me but-but... we both know it is wrong. To do the same stuff we did when we were younger now that we are grown. I like being washed by you, like being touched, and being close to my sis but-"

"What is wrong with it? I'm helping my little sister clean off some. So what if-ah! That feels nice! Making you feel good; Merlin, you like it don't you, Emmy? My hand down there, being this close, getting taken care of... Yeah, you like it I can tell, our bond... So [i]what[/i] if it feels good? Should it hurt to help your sister? If it feels good to have me take care of that part of you or other ones? That is our business and no one else's! And, it isn't like this is the first time we touched one another like this... between the other person's thighs or on the chest, like when we "practiced" before. When we learned to "take care" of ourselves together, took care of one another some, right? Besides that, I have been helping wash you up, dry you off since we were like 3. Took baths together every night when we were tiny."

"Yeah, but... no it's f-fine. But I am helping you clean up too. Only fair. And I suppose it's not really our fault if I really feels nice. Even if us being close like this, it is wrong. Ask most anyone. Mommy and dad, I think they get that we are just different, closer than normal sisters, normal twins. I know they know we do stuff like this; about the stuff we did as girls like playing doctor and all that. I bet Macy knows some. David probably suspects because of how close we are; they accept it but we probably just got lucky. Most people would be grossed out, weirded out by two 16-year-old sisters sleeping in the same bed, showering together, kissing some, p-playing with themselves next to one another, wearing the same stuff. All that."

"Sure, I get it... And I know we shouldn't really do stuff like this much longer, probably. It is already probably odd, not like when we were young. [i>Shouldn't[/i] at least, not can't. But I like taking care of you, Emmy. Our "little sister" too. I know. I'm strange. But no one is taking my sisters away from me, telling us we can't bond like we wish, as long as we want it; both people. [i>No one[/i]. I love you, and not like that probably. I love Macy... and not like that, maybe. But I still love you and if I want to show it like this? Fuck 'em sis."

“Heh. Yep. Yes, you are, Jenn; strange and pretty cool, I guess. But I am a good “little” sister, right? Even if I like you helping me a bit too much? So, I get it. Will be there. And I agree; no one is taking my big sister away from me. And [i]you[/i] are a doofus above all else, even compared to being a perv... but after [i]that[/i] thing... I was worried. Still am. So, yeah doing some stuff, being close to you? I want it. I love you, though I don’t think I love you like [i]that[/i]. Or maybe I do and this is all part of my master plan, hahaha.”, Emmy cackles out as you finish helping her wash parts of her cute pale body... parts that were a soft pink instead of her normal skin color, heh.

“I don’t believe you can think that far ahead, Emmy; not a Ravenclaw after all. But? You are best sister I could have asked for. Here.”, you tell her and give Emmy a soapy, wet hug and a light kiss on the forehead which makes you spit a little from the suds and conditioner in your mouth. Have her help you clean yourself down there and everywhere besides. Get a soft but long kiss on the lips at the end; not quite sisterly but not really romantic, erotic. Just your and Emmy’s lips pressed against each other, like when the two of you had practiced before her date with David a couple of years before so that it felt nostalgic, affectionate, and familiar.

“Heh. Here let me get to the back, I’ll put the conditioner in, finish cleaning off and get out before you. I do love you Jenn. I really do... I’m... I’m worried about leaving, being so far from home. But you are going to be there and maybe this time we will get the same house? That would be nice. And, you aren’t really [i]that[/i] big of a pervert, just take after dad some. The little things we do are fun; make me feel more connected to you and I like being connected. If some of it is weird, don’t really care. So a kiss here or there, helping to clean one another off, or some practice? Just fine by me, heh. Though you are still [i]kind[/i] of a perv, a bit. Sister lover, heh”, she says, and you let her clear your long straw blonde locks of shampoo.

“I do love my sister. My sisters, if we are including Macy. No shame there. Thanks, Emmy.”

And so you had her rub some conditioner in your tresses and finish rinsing her own body off, moved back to the front, used the detachable shower head on power-wash mode to get all the suds off her pale and slightly toned body, under her arms between her legs... for maybe just a few seconds too long concerning the latter, then twisted the clean water from her hair. Exited and let you finish up while you smiled some at the positive affirmation, the warm affection you felt alongside the ice in your heart.

[blue]“Emily? Je t'aime vraiment, ma petite soeur. Je ferai ce qu'il faut pour te protéger. Tout ce que je dois faire. Je t'aime, petite soeur.”[/blue]

[blue]“Oui, je sais. Et je ferai tout ce qu'il faut pour te protéger. Mais pourquoi les Français maintenant?”[/blue]

[blue]“Nous l'avons appris de maman ensemble, alors j'aime ça. J'aime partager quelque chose avec toi.”[/blue]

“We share plenty. But thanks. Feels nice. Not sure if I share your love of younger girls though!”, your sister cackles and says maybe a bit too loud. “Gay. My super gay pedo sister! Ha!”

“Whatever. Who just made out with their twin in the shower?”, you say while rolling your eyes. You had seen how Emmy stared at her female team-mates, had checked out a couple of Slytherin girls’ asses while you were with her before. Pot, kettle and all that. Still, it felt good to just joke around, be with the little brat, use some French for the first time in what felt like forever with her, bathe together like you had so often when younger.

A few minutes later in your bra and underwear with hair wrapped up and drying, you and Emmy were out in the hall while mom and dad were speaking downstairs, as you and her headed towards your room since the vanity was plenty large for both of you to sit and work on your hair and makeup while chatting in French; then? Macy came out of her guest room, looking pretty and smiling. Seemed a bit shocked at seeing you and your sister in only your under-things, as ridiculous as that was considering your sleeping situation the previous night.

“Oh! Umm, hey sorry. Was going to go downstairs, read the Prophet and Quibbler... Jenn, Em?  
[blue]Vous parlez français tous, les deux? Je peux en parler aussi, un peu![/blue]”

“Ah, oui. Our mom taught us, her side of the family is from there once you go a little way back. Where did you pick it up? Your pronunciation is really good.”, you say with a bit of surprise in your voice.

“Oh, I just taught myself, for when we went on vacation a couple of years back. Also learned some German and Italian since mom and dad weren’t positive on where to go till like a month before and I wanted to be prepared.”

“Awesome, haha. Fucking amazing Macy. Hey, me and Emmy were going to get ready, do our hair and stuff. Want to... want to come help? Chat or junk?”, you asked simply while Em headed into your room, sat her fat butt down on the bench in front of the mirror.



“Ah- sure. I don’t know if I can help much but that would be fun. Some more girl time? Okay! I can at least help you two dry your hair; know how to use a hair dryer at least, even if your or Em’s hair is way longer and prettier than mine, I can-“

“Stop. I personally love your hair, how it has just a bit of red when the light hits it. It looks great, and keeping our hair this long is a pain; if I thought it would look good, I’d keep it nice and short. Come on in in, little “sis”. Oh, you got those letters out, right?”

“Yeah. Yeah I did, thanks. And alright. I’ll try or at least just keep you company?”

“Love it.”, you say while the two of you join Emmy who had already planted her butt on the bench and had begun putting some face and eye cream on, was humming something by Warwick.

You go ahead and sit beside her, and start getting ready. Eyes, under and over. Face. Lips balm. Perfume on wrists and collar bones. Undid the towel around your hair, began to join her in getting it a bit less wet before a soft voice asks if she could help and you hand Macy a small hair drier and a brush. Grinned while she worked your hair over till it is just damp enough to go though with some product, some hairspray; it isn’t perfect but Macy tried her best and probably recalls exactly how you helped with her own dark brown and red mop of hair, smart as she was. Finished off your make up; eyeliner and shadow. Eyebrow pencil, some foundation and a light touch of powder and blush. Light pink lipstick. More than what you normally would apply but it wasn’t every day you learned to drive and visited a new country! Smiled some at the image in the mirror and the living mirror image beside you who had matched your detailing perfectly. Got dressed with her in your matching outfits; it would be fun to perhaps play a couple of simple pranks later since you and Emmy were basically indistinguishable now aside from a slight height difference.

“Nice. We look hot. All of us, Macy. This is going to be so much fun! Do you think if we meet any hot guys or girls shopping, they’ll think our accents are cute? Haha! It’s going to be a good day.”, Emmy exclaimed, clearly pumped.

“Is it now?”

“Yep. I just know it. Maybe I’m a seer too, heh. I’m heading down, maybe grab a couple more pieces of bacon and another glass of milk so my chest gets even [i]more[/i] awesome than yours.”, she says and heads out and down the stairs, leaving you and Macy alone in front of the vanity’s mirror.

Your petite dark-haired friend went ahead, twirled around, smiled as her little sun-dress opened up like a flower from her spin and then came up to hug you tightly, somewhat less stiff than she normally was which made you grin.

“H-hey! Hahaha, not that I don’t like it but? You okay? Normally you don’t really like so much physical contact. Is everything alright?”

“Yeah. Yeah it is. Just happy to be here with you, getting to look so pretty, finally get to wear this dress. And? I trust you, Jennifer. I’m okay if it is you, if you are the one touching me. You or Emmy, David too. My 4<sup>th</sup> years friends some. But mostly just you. First and best friend; big sister, right? But... when we get back tonight? Can we talk? Just the two of us? There are a few things I wanted to tell you; let you know about me. One is good, I think, another is... it just is. But the last one? It’s-it’s not good. Bad. And something I’ve never told another person, not ever. Just in case I can’t see you again as soon as I want, just so you know, even if that last thing, it might make you not like me any more... you are the only one I trust enough to talk about it with, just you, just my big sister. Is that okay?”

>Of course. If you want to tell me, trust me? I’ll always listen and I would never share a secret you had with anyone, even Emmy. You can reveal as much or as little as you want, okay? And I will always like you, Macy; you aren’t my first friend but you are my best friend, aside from Emmy and twins don’t really count.

>It might be better if you keep some secrets. Maybe that is just my Slytherin blood talking; we can still hang out though. Play a game or watch a movie to get your mind off those things, if it is better. I’ll still be there for you; I have some secrets too, Macy.

>The twins got a 91 and a 96 on the previous roll for driving proficiency/talent and because they are going to save time showering together and such, they get a small additional bonus to their skills. The final bonus should really be for at the end of two weeks of driving practice but I will go ahead and have them used for any checks before then.

>Jennifer +7 (High roll, +2 from extra time)

>Emily +12 (Very high roll, +2 from extra time)

Shifting your right arm up some in the embrace, your fingers begin lightly combing through the hair on the back of the small girl's head, before moving down so you can scratch the back of Macy's neck while she pulls in closer, coos some as you comfort her.

"Of course, of course you can talk to me. Tell me anything. It is going to be a long day but I can raid the potions cabinet so we can split a Girding Potion to stay up late. And what ever you tell me, good or bad? I am still going to be your friend, still love you like a sister, okay? So don't worry yourself, nothing you tell me is going to affect how much I like you, care about you. I mean unless you say you are Voldemort reborn...that might be enough.", you say softly, speaking into the smaller girl's ear while her head was pressed against your shoulder. Macy sighs softly, snuggles into you a bit more, her embrace more normal, less hesitant than you can recall it even having been in the past; you were proud, she really had grown, even if you and maybe Emmy were the only ones your slightly olive-toned friend could be like this with.

"Jenn... if I can tell you anything? I want to tell you one of those things I mentioned now, it's a simple one, won't take long. I-I don't want to take up too much of your time for driving with Em and Lucerne. Is that okay?"

"Sure, MayMay. Go ahead, I can wait a little longer to take Sally out."

"Kay... It is embarrassing but? I am pretty sure I-I like girls; I know I am attracted to certain ones... like you... I'm g-gay I think. Queer. [i]Wrong[/i]. I-I am sorry. B-but can I still sleep with you tonight, please? I'm sorry, should have said I thought I was before now. You should know what I am, Jenn; that I am interested in women, at least as far as I can be interested in someone given, I'm, you know, 'different'." Macy says in a quite and slightly shaky tone while squeezing you tighter. Feels small in your arms, feels tiny in a way that makes your heart hurt from more than the shard of ice piercing it.

"Oh, Macy... That's all? Has it been worrying you? That you like girls and not guys, that it would bother me or Em? This is what the middle thing you mentioned was, the one that 'Is what it is'? It is fine, it is okay. Not wrong, or bad, or whatever you were thinking. And if you find me attractive, it is just fine, alright?", you say, tightening your own embrace and continuing to scratch the back of your small friend's neck. "It is alright; of course, you can sleep with me and maybe Emmy.", you say softly in a soothing tone. It might not be a huge issue for you, you have had plenty of time to come to terms with your sexuality. Had a supportive mom and dad when you and Emmy "came out" a few years ago. Had your mom even say she was the same before meeting daddy. Macy? She didn't have that, was probably holding this in for years. So you would be there for if her family wasn't.

“Listen. Emmy and I? We like boys [i]and[/i] we like girls, both of them. There is nothing wrong with a girl being attracted to other girls, wanting them in a romantic way or even just being aroused by them. I mean, me and my sister, we just kissed some while we showered together; I don’t really have any romantic feelings for her but it would be a lie if I said I didn’t find her attractive, felt a little something. She is basically just a bustier version of me after all and I love me, think I am pretty hot, hahaha! And even beyond just being attracted to girls as much as guys, I’ve thought about a real romantic relationship with another girl plenty before, thought it would be just fine. Kissed another girl before, kissed a boy too though nothing came of either time.”

“Jenn! Oh Jenn! Really? You aren’t weirded out by me? That I am like this? Are okay with it... and that I get those kinds of feelings, am turned on by you? And you and Em are bisexual? You and her always joke about being gay and stuff after all.”

“You are fine, Macy. Perfect. I still love you just as much as before. And yeah, we are both kinda gay, heh, that’s why we joke about it. Both us being like this, I don’t know, it might have something to do with our Veela blood but we are fine with our sexuality. Veela aren’t that particular about their partners and or victims from what I know so maybe that is part of it. Or, well? I guess we just think chicks are hot. And our mom? She is like me and Em too, from what we have heard about her time in school, before she found daddy and from what she said when we told them.”, you tell Macy while grinning, breaking the hug so you could hold her hands and staring straight into her wide green eyes. Felt happy since Macy normally didn’t like to look people in the eyes and yet she wasn’t shying away from your gaze.

“You and Em are part Veela?! I didn’t know! You never mentioned it before I am pretty sure. Is that why you and her are so pretty? And your mom, Miss Nymeria... she likes girls too? Oh, oh wow.”

“Ha, yeah. I don’t really talk about it much; I’m not embarrassed or anything but me and my sister are only like one eighth Veela. Doesn’t mean all that much for us; maybe being a [i]little[/i] prettier than we might otherwise be, better skin and hair. Maybe have a tiny bit the magical charm Veela have, affected our hair color and skin tone some so they are really light. We don’t grow hair around certain parts; maybe just a little but it is super fine. Mom is a quarter so she gets to look young for her age from it as well. And yeah, she was till she met daddy and found the person she wanted to spend forever with. But... just wondering, I’ve seen you get nervous or blush around guys before; hell, you looked like a tomato when my dad complimented you. What is up with that?”

“That is still really cool though, Jenn. It... I really like it. And maybe more than a “little” prettier; you are so, so beautiful. Gorgeous, could be a model, be on magazine covers. So pretty, Jenn. And? Just because I like girls, doesn’t mean I don’t think certain men aren’t good looking you know; I have thought about

them in certain ways sometimes but usually? Its girls I think of when I, ah, “take care” of myself... usually specific ones.”, Macy says with a blush as she squeezes your hands some, looks down like she is embarrassed then comes back in close so her body is touching yours. “Hey... Jenn? Can-can I have a kiss before we go down stairs and you leave? Please? It can just be on the cheek or the forehead.”

“Don’t be silly. I gave my other little sister one because I appreciated how she has been there for all the Minitour crap going on; it’s only fair you get one too. Just a little one though, still need to save your first real kiss for a person you really like, which sounds odd since I know you love me and I love you too; my best friend, adoptive little sis... come here, Macy.”, you say and bend down some and press your lips on the smaller, younger girls own. You intended to only be a quick peck yet when you pulled back, Macy followed you. Kept her lips lock with your own till she was on her tip toes and leaning up against you. It surprised you some, her being so forward but you still held the embrace for a couple of seconds; it was no worse than what you had given your twin a short while ago. Nevertheless, you ended the kiss before it could accidentally progress into more than a display of acceptance, sisterly love and affection; when you had shifted back and looked down at your thin, jumpy friend she had a megawatt smile which lit up your heart.

“You-you taste good, Jennifer. Thank you, thank you so much, Jenn. For being okay with me, accepting me, letting me keep be your little sister even though I am queer in more ways than one; loving me, being my friend... letting me show you how much I care about you like that. I was worried... but I shouldn’t have been. I still have a couple more things to tell you but this made me feel better about... the bad one, telling it to you later.”

“I’m glad. I said nothing is going to change how I feel about my littler little sis; do find it funny you always said you weren’t into girls when me or Emmy would mess with you, heh. But, lets head down. I’m itching to put the pedal to the metal! Vroom, vroom!”, you say with a smile and a giggle.

“And I was embarrassed about it! Didn’t know my best friend was half-gay or an eighth Veela, for that matter! 1/16<sup>th</sup> gay Veela. Hahaha. And you are a good big sister, best friend, a good kisser, but you don’t make for a very good car, Jennifer.”

“Hey! Mean! You’ve never ridden me. I am sure I am a fantastic ride. Vrooom! But thanks for the compliments I suppose. Hahahaha.”

Downstairs, you join up with Emmy and a couple of quick hugs for your mom and Macy later? You are sitting in the front seat of your dad's Mustang having won the coin flip for who got go first while your dad rides shotgun, goes over the car's functions and your twin sits in the back fuming a bit at having to wait her turn.

You listen closely to the explanations, the instructions on how and when to hit the clutch and shift gears, smoothly accelerate and brake, make your turns, and general traffic laws. Most of this was old hat since you had been riding in Sally since you were a little girl, but it still helps with your nerves at being behind the wheel for the first time; you were positive your driving would be amazing but still.

Finally, you get the clear to start the engine up, adjust all the mirrors, and back her out of the drive way and start heading around the neighbor hood to get used to the old girl's characteristics. With your falsified learner's permit daddy had conjured sitting in your small Louis Vuitton purse, you ease her out, pop it into 1<sup>st</sup> gear and accelerate along the empty street.

It was kind of disappointing; you had really had the idea in your head you would get behind the wheel and discover you had car related super powers, were a natural genius, a driving protégé. Instead, your gear changes are pretty clunky, your acceleration and braking jerky and abrupt as you start out and you even ran a stop sign that escaped your notice. Emily was giggling some at you while daddy was busy giving you instructions and tips, helping you with when to shift up or down, when to start braking and such. You were even sweating from the stress at the beginning. Despite that, despite not being supernaturally skilled, you at least were a quick learner; after around an hour, your skills had really begun to improve so that the blond wizard next to you was rarely giving tips now and decided you were ready to hit the larger streets.

Driving around other motorists was somewhat nerve wracking though you adapted pretty quickly, got taught how and when to pass, to keep track of the other vehicles. You also got to let loose some of Sally's real potential, which was fun even if you were a bit nervous. You were, nonetheless, a Gryffindor so you faced that fear until you felt confident enough to head onto the highway, really open Sally up; your dad flipped the switch for the anti-muggle charm and gave permission to put the pedal to the metal some.

This particular version of the charm which most magical businesses used kept non-magic folks from really thinking about the object enchanted with it was well suited to a moving vehicle. They knew something was there so they weren't going to plow into the car but couldn't name it and as soon as you were far enough away, they would forget anything was there, be unable to even describe why they waited to change lanes. A very, very useful and illegal modification indeed.

Protected from police notice, you really let Sally's tuned, modified V8 stretch its legs on less busy sections of the road, got to smile as you put her in top gear, pushed her up to 120 mph, 140 even as she shook with joy and made it a bit more of a struggle to use the wheel to tame her. Emmy's jabs and jokes had ceased and you could see a big dumb grin, one that matched your own in the rearview mirror while your father chuckled from seeing his daughters so happy. Unfortunately, all good things must end; it was about half way through the time you had before needing to head home for a quick lunch and go to Boston for supplies and a day out, so you were instructed to hit an exit ramp; enter into another small neighborhood so you and your smiling, eager twin could swap out.

As Emmy began tooling around the suburban neighborhood, something quickly became apparent, something that put a sour look on your face; your little brat of a little sister was just *[i]better[/i] than you. Her shifting was cleaner and more precise, acceleration and braking smoother, her turns quicker while still being more elegant than your own.*

Before long, far shorter than for you, daddy cleared her to head onto the busier roads to practice while you fumed in the back seat and could *[i]feel[/i] your twin's smugness through your connection so strongly that you considered cutting it, briefly; having the link shut down or at least forced to the absolute minimum. But doing that was *[i]not[/i] pleasant, not for either of you, almost like losing an arm and feeling phantom pain. You weren't so petty to ruin Emmy's good time driving and chatting away just because she was slightly better than you at something.**

On the highway a little later, well the worst part? Worse than losing to her was when daddy leaned over and gave your sister a peck on the cheek, ruffled her hair some, said she was doing an amazing job, and that he was so proud of her.

Emmy, she had mom damn it! Daddy was yours!

Perhaps sensing your annoyance, the handsome blond man turned around, sheepishly said that you did great too, he was proud of *[i]both[/i] his little girls; it helped but still felt like a consolation prize. Oh, well. Screw it. You would just work extra hard, beat your sister by the end of your break. Get so good your dad picked you up and spun you around, gave you the keys to Sally and said you would make better use of her than he ever could! Yep, that was what was going to happen. So you just focused on that until he said it was getting close to time for the three of you to drive back and instructed your small blonde-haired sister to pull off, head to a petrol station he knew had the high octane fuel that was Sally's drink of choice in order to fill up the tank. The black and silver Fastback was a thirsty girl after all, a product of an era when premium fuel wasn't over a pound and a half per liter.*

After Em pulled up to a pump, you, her, and, you dad all exit; you and your sister to stretch your legs and him to head in and get a few bottles of soda for the drive back and to pay for the fuel. You and your twin just kind of lounged for a few seconds both happy but your sister just a bit smug as well until another car pulled up to the pump on the other side of your own, his slick grey BMW with a body kit and stupid looking spoiler blaring loud, bass-y jungle-no that wasn't nice. Blaring rap music till the car turned off and its driver stepped out and came around to the pump; a short, stout looking man probably in his late 20's with dark olive skin, a ridiculous hair cut that was curly and long on top while the sides tapered down to almost nothing. He was wearing a tight black designer muggle tee, silly looking skinny jeans in a dark blue, fat white unlaced sneakers, and a gold chain necklace.

His entire outfit and what he had done to an otherwise nice new model luxury car? His taste in music? The way he eyed up you and Emmy, starting with your bare legs, then short jean skirts, and finally your chests? It all [*iscreamed*] "Fuck-Boy" to you and, as your bond told you, your sister.

"Oi! Girlies! Interesting ride you got, what you doing with a museum piece like that? You two feeling lonely, eh?", the fuck-boy asks while swiping a silver card at the pump and beginning to fuel up.

"Driving. No. And who the fuck are you?", you spit out and step a bit in front of your sister. You could just about feel the sleaze and small penis energy coming off this guy even from a dozen feet away.

"Ohhhh, got a mouth on ya don't ya, blondie? I'm just trying to be friendly, no need to get your panties in a twist; though if you did, I could help you with them, heh. Name's Hernan but the girls I know and "know" like to call me "the Breeding Bull." You could too, you and that other bint behind you.", fuck-boy says, and makes a crude gesture with his hips.

"I am positive no woman has ever called you that.", your sister chimes in from slightly behind you.

"Yep. Besides, must be this tall to ride.", you say with a sneer and level your hand just under your chin.

"Shit. You girls don't know what you are missing. Come on, why don't you hop in that old beater and follow me, I can introduce you to my friends, buy all your drinks."

"Well, one, I don't feel like getting roofied. Two, we are 16 and you're are like 40. Three, turn around.", you chuckle out with your eyes over fuck-boy's shoulder.



“The fuck-“, is all he gets out before turning to face Lucerne Sanders who had seemingly materialized from nowhere, though you didn’t hear the distinct dry pop of Apparition, and who despite smiling instantly places his right hand on fuck-boy’s shoulder and clamped down [i]hard[/i]. Daddy wasn’t a huge man unless being compared to you or mom, kind of thin but you had seen him with out his shirt on any number of times over the years; he had a build like a professional swimmer or gymnast, all tight corded muscles with just a small layer of fat from your mom’s cooking.

“Ay, what the fuck cunt, who are you!”, the shorter man yelled out while struggling and failing to break the older blond man’s grip.

“I would be the father of the two teenage girls you were hitting on and spoke so crassly to. Owner of that “beater”.

“Yeah! You wanna go old man? I was just chatting with them, shit! Get the fuck off me mate!”

“Sure, “mate”. And no, I don’t hurt imbeciles if I can help it. But... you did say some rather rude things about my Sally. Made my girls uncomfortable. How about we settle things like men? There is a nice car under all the garish plastic and metal you have stuck on it.”, he says and releases the small brown skinned man before walking over to you and your twin.

“Dad!”

“Hey, Daddy! Heh, good job.”

Rubbing his shoulder, fuck-boy turns and glares daggers towards the three of you, “You-you want a race old man? What we betting, grandpa?”

“An apology to my girls and to my car. Then... well this is just a silly misunderstanding, so? Say... 5000? Just some pocket money.”, your dad says and though his tone is even, you can almost hear a sneer.

“Ay! I don’t carry that much with me, what the hell, who would?”

“People who have it. Fine, let’s go with something more your speed. 500 pounds, and the apology. Fair?”

“Psh, fine 500 and when I embarrass you in front of those two little slags, I want an apology for my shoulder, grandpa!”

And your dad turns and looks at you and your sister; you understand without words... that he is giving you a chance to put this cunt in his place, show off what you learned today...

>Race fuck-boy yourself with Emmy riding shotgun to help how she can. (Win and get a permanent boost to your driving skills, a +1 to Emily’s from learning and helping, plus extra spending cash; with the money from Potter and what your parents will give you for a day out in America, you should be able to buy 1 small utility item for both you and Emily in American Diagon Alley.

>Have Emmy race him. If she wins, she will get a permanent bonus to driving and you will get a +1 for helping and learning, plus extra spending cash; with the money from Potter and what your parents will give you for a day out in America, you should be able to buy 1 small utility item for both you and Emily in American Diagon Alley.

>Let Daddy race him. A certain win. Will likely get some of the bet as spending cash. Can buy a single utility item for the two of you. No skill growth.

>Just leave. No bonuses or extra money but some extra time at home, 0% chance of something bad happening

>OOC: So races are basically like a fight, with opposed rolls and rounds of “combat”, 3 for a usual race of moderate to long length but because this one will be a short distance, we will go with only 2 rounds unless you win or lose all 3 in the 1<sup>st</sup> round; even shorter ones can be just a single round. You get a bonus to driving from Sally which does mog the other guy’s car, your personal bonus, an assistance bonus from Emily or will give her one due to being bonded; normally another person can’t help these checks but you two can work as one to make it happen. You also have [b]The Button[/b] which will give a large bonus to one round and let you rearrange 2 of the dice but requires a roll of 1d20; [b]The Button[/b] can be used 1 time per day/race. On a 1 bad things can happen, on a 20... well you will see.

You and sister look towards each other at almost the same time, wouldn't need a vaguely magical connection to get the idea. [*Fuck him up, dad.*] So the pair of you just slightly push your heads to one side then another, and the grinning man in front of you pops his sunglasses from where they were hung loosely from his shirt pocket, stuck them on.

"Alright. Got approval from my girls. Let me finish filling the tank, then lead the way, boy."

"Psh. Try and keep up. Sure you don't want to let those two stay here? Shed some weight, not embarrass yourself right in front of them?"

"Hey!"

"Hey!"

You can almost feel your sister's eyes harden even as your own most certainly do. [*You*] can call Emmy fat, no one else! Your dad interrupted the concentrated beam of pissed off you had begun to send towards fuck-boy as he finished feeding Sally, placed the nozzle back on the pump.

"I do believe you just called my delightful daughters fat. I was going to just settle for emptying your wallet, and deflating that ego some but now? We will see... Indeed.", and daddy turns towards the pair of you with an almost insane smile and chuckle, one that could be straight out of a muggle cartoon.

Oh. [*Oh.*]

This was going to be fun.

A few minutes and a couple of miles later, your dad's car and the other are sitting just past an intersection, staring down a two laned road where you could only barely make a stop sign out, right towards the end.

"Mind if one of my girls picks a CD to put on before we go, Mr. Hernan?"

"Shit. Do what you have to do to make this less embarrassing. Tell them to pick something sad, though."

“Haha. Will do my best.”

Daddy, he had upgraded the sound system some, put in a newer CD player in place of the old radio which had basically rotted out by the time he found Sally; had a large binder full of vintage and not so vintage muggle song collections... well if this was going down like you thought it would, might as well pick a good song to listen to over Sally making the road her bitch.

>Suggest a theme or just play your own!

Inside the back seat of the car since he didn't want to play favorites, you and Emmy didn't even bother with seatbelts. Just came in close to stare through the center of the windshield as Sally pulled up to the stop sign that would be your starting line. Heard the old girl speak, purr as fuck-boy and daddy glanced at on another from their seats.

And when the cocksucker jugged ahead before whatever signal he and your father had decided upon, you heard Lucerne Sanders just laughed as he tossed his car into drive and threw you and your sister back into the seat with his mad acceleration as good music thrummed through the interior and road noise crept in from the outside.

Before you knew it... you were beside the other car. And your father... he wasn't even trying. Humming along to the song on the CD player, tapping the wheel to it, had a huge smile, you are sure. This was easy. Not that the other car wasn't good, didn't have enough power... the hand behind it was what was weak. Your dad subscribed to the idea that a tool was only as good as the hand holding it. And if that tool was well used, if the hand holding it was a little wrinkled and had a few scars? Well... all the more frightening. Sally and dad had been together almost as long as him and mom; together they made for a terrible combination.

You could see it happen in real time, as Sally edged past the gray BMW; the rage plastered on fuck-boy's face.

The hatred.

**[b]You know much of that, do you not Jennifer?[/b]**

What? What the fuck...

And before you have time to process it, you are already passed the other stop sign and beginning to slow.

“Jenn! You, okay?”

“Yeah. Just got too much into it I guess.”

“That is not what I felt and you know it...”, your slightly smaller twin says quietly, with a soft huff. Huffypuff.

“It’s fine. Better now and... and oh man he looks pissed.”

“You cheated!”, fuck boy says loudly, out of his car. Slaps Sally’s hood. And the three of you slowly begin to exit.

“How? How on Earth would I have cheated? Not like I am a magician or something, boy.”

And then?

He chooses to throw a sloppy punch; it was sad, really. Dad had shown the two of you how to throw a good one years ago, just incase you lost a wand, even accounting for the fact neither of you were large.

And fuck boy’s swing?

So wide you could fit most of the county in it.

“*[i]Accio[/i] shoe. *[i]Flippendo.[/i]* *[i]Levicorpus[/i].”**

And he was just upside down. You and your twin accounted for something like this. But? Honestly? Really expected a [i]Depulso[/i] to the ankles, something to send him on his ass. But this worked well too.

“You wont recall this... but well an [i]Obliviate[/i] isn't perfect, might learn something to a degree; something to make you not pull shit like this again, boy. And you will still have the slashed tires. Maybe you will figure out to not bite off more than you can chew.”

And as the small man levitated in the air a half dozen thing fell from his pockets including a small knife. A wallet. A small baggie with a white power in it. One which you just put the heel of your shoe over until your dad had finished emptying fuck boy's pockets. Grabbed while your father was distracted.

>Gained one baggie of cocaine! Has ??? effect when used.

And the small man is on the ground, hit by a combination of [i>Stupefy[/i] and [i>Sominus[/i]. A couple of silent [i>Diffenos[/i] followed... not aimed at the man stunned and asleep on the dirt of course; your father was far to good of a man to ever even consider that. How ever the wheels of the gaudy gray BMW in front of you? They were in no way off limits.

And he simple walks over. Puts the wand to fuck-boys temple.

“[i>Obliviate.[/i]

“Now, then. Want to go back home girls. He did in fact have enough to cover the bet, and I am getting a bit hungry? Jenny? Want to hit up the front while I get us home? Also, can I have a sip of that soda? Daling with idiots is a thirsty job, after all.”

“Haha! Sure Daddy. “

And? Perhaps 30 minutes later? You are pulling into the drive, muggle bottles of flavored sugar water [i>Evanescod[/i] away at a stop light. Maybe the caffeine could be part of why you are freaking pumped.

Inside Macy is on the couch, some animal documentary on the telly and chatting about some fantasy series you had never read, Le Guin, or something with mom.

“Mommy!” Emmy lightly shouts, before running up to her and giving a light hug to her from behind and over the couch while Macy rises up, come up to you, and give her own brief hug you.

“Have fun, Emily? Jennifer? And Lucerne? You were [*i*]responsible[*/i*]? Correct?”, Nymeria says, after her second daughter breaks the embrace and the and a slightly small, fierce, and far younger looking that she should look, witch rises to greet her husband.

“Of, course honey. Round the neighborhood a bunch. A slightly large street, show them how to change lanes. How to park at a pump. Both my little girls are fast learners; amazing.”

“Fine. I used the left-over pork and beef to make a few sandwiches. Made a rack of cookies to go with them. Shall we eat, then get over there?”

“Sound fantastic dearest.”, and daddy wraps her in an embrace, and you can hear your mother mutter some thing about knowing when he isn’t telling the whole truth.

A quick bite later? Your Daddy’ hands are on your shoulders. You mom’s on Macy’s. And then a force like being tossed into a cyclone. And a second or two later you are no longer in a small suburb close to London.

What store would you like to hit up first? I will describe each to a degree but the first will be the big focus.

>Guns! Guns, guns! Bang, bang! Pew, pew!

>Well, fashion is important... hit up the tailor. Maybe you can pick up a new dress, just incase they have formal events.

>Book store! You have your list but who knows? Might find something cool. Macy will certainly enjoy it.

>Write in

>OOC. I am sorry I haven't updated in a bit. Was working on a couple of things for this thing I believe will be "fun". Caught a cold. Had a bit of tachycardia which was cool. Should be better. And besides, getting to American Diagon Alley and the day trip? Been looking forward to it for a while. Thanks to everyone who is sticking around.

"Clothes! Cranberry and blue? It is going to bring out our eyes and hair!", your sister all but shouts.

You don't really have the energy to say no, and Macy just looks excited to do whatever.

So a quick trip down a few blocks? There was a brick wall where none should be. A thing muggles and most squibs would never account for. And with Macy holding your hand? A few taps on the brick with a wand and a slightly soft incantation later? You were there. No smell of smoke or car exhaust. Just a street that seemed like it was two hundred years behind the times, lined with stores. A couple of shops which smelled of amazing food... one you would be checking out because they were offering miniature sized cupcakes for free. And in a slightly gloomy part? A tiny branch of Gringotts which you and your parents headed toward.

A small goblin was manning a desk at the front. Looked young but you were only decent with magical creatures. You had no clue if he was 20 or five times that.

"Need to change some ridiculous money for an even stupider one. Also, no-maj money, if you would please, sir."

"Certainly. Please place the things for exchange on the desk, write out this small form. Some one will return. Will be completed in a moment."

And then? Maybe five minutes later? You, Emmy, and Macy were flush with some cash and the bag of Galleons and sickles for your supplies as well as the ones from your adventure had been changed to the dumb versions used in America, as well as some muggle cash on the side. And all five of you were headed down the road. Enjoyed some light conversation, had your parents promise to take you by that small bakery in a bit.



The robe shop, it was closer than the firearms one, less likely to give your mom a cardiac issue as well, so you hopped in there first. And it was... different than the one in Diagon Alley. Reminded you more of something from a Muggle mall, almost, half of it at least. You and Emmy, you headed towards the right-hand side of the shop with mom while dad and Macy went to browse over on the left, look through some tee shirts and other accessories on the left.

A slightly young-looking witch was manning the counter, one with a silly blonde stripe in her hair and a small mole on her left cheek. She still gave all of you a bright smile when you came up to the counter; this time of the year it seemed it was a slow season; there were only a handful of other people in the shop after all.

“Hello! Can I help? Resizing charm need to redone? Need help finding something?”

“Ah, no. Need Ilvermorny robes and vests for my daughters.”, mom said, then stepped aside to let the pair of you navigate the process, given you were close to being considered adults by magical standards in either country.

“Oh... grandma, can you come out of the back? We need to do a fitting or two!”

And from the back an older woman’s voice returns with an affirmative cry.

“Nearly done with this young lady! Be there in a minute or two, Shelby!”

And a woman old as your grand mother might have been, if you ever got to meet her, exits with a young girl before her, who was apologizing for her growth spurt being too much for the charms to handle.

“Oh? Don’t recall seeing these two before. Transfers? Welcome to America! Which of you would like to come back first? I’m Martha by the way!”

You and Emmy exchange a quick look and choose at letting Emmy go ahead of you.

“Ah. Jennifer. My sister Emily. Nice to meet you. Yeah, doing a year abroad. Nice to make your acquaintance, Ma’a-“

“Martha is fine. Alright, come on behind, should only take a few minutes, even less for you unless I am mistaken, only half an inch or so taller; easy work. The two of you are going to look fantastic in my old school’s colors!”, the energetic older woman says.

Meanwhile... the tall, thin girl who just came out stares at you briefly before approaching. Sets her bag on the ground.

Shoulder length greyish-brown hair with a significant curl to it. Deep green eyes behind large round glasses. Slightly tan skin.

“Hi!”

“Hi?”

“I’m Aubrey! Aubrey Thompson!”

“Ah.... Jennifer Sanders. That was my twin.”, you say a bit hesitantly. People just are not normally so forward back home. And the tall, thin girl tosses her right hand out to shake your own; after adjusting your purse some, you go ahead and clasp her hand in return.

And you realize a single thing instantly, as she clamps down.

*[i]This girl was dangerous. Very fucking dangerous.[/i]*

Not in the way cute girls or boys were dangerous to your heart... as in true *[i]danger[/i]*.

Her nails might be well done. Skin taken care of. Smile pretty and bright. Cute haircut.

But?

Her grip was like steel. Thin arms like rebar. A dozen small callous on the palm of her hand. She had a few inches on you, was built like a rail, aside from a pretty nice chest, but? This girl... dad had taught you and Emmy some basic physical self-defense over the years... the smiling and outgoing girl before you? She made you want to go for your wand.

*[i]What the fuck?[/i]*

You didn't sense a drop of animosity, ill intent but it still made a small shiver run up your spine. But... you were Jennifer Sanders, proud Gryffindor. So, you returned the grip as best as you could, which seemed to make the taller girl just beam.

"I like you! Have to run, couple more places to go before I meet dad back in no-maj town but I can't wait to see you again at the school! Say hi to your sister for me! Also, the sweets and bakery shop down the road is great! If they are fresh, try a brownie!"

"I was thinking of maybe a free cupcake... but I will consider it. Thanks?"

"Welcome!", She says while taking her bag back into her hand, smiling all the while. And you notice... she has the same style of wand holster you and Emmy had... the ones daddy insisted on years ago. Ones suited to self-defense. Dueling. Battle.

"I will see you later, Jenny! Have fun down here.", the taller girl says as she skips out, humming to herself.

What the fuck.

And a few minutes later, Emmy, heads out of the back, smiling.

"Cranberry really does work for us sis! I'm getting a couple of bows extra, to go with the ties. You should too, if we want to mess with some of the yanks like we did back at Hogwarts."

"Sure, Em."

And so? You headed back while Macy browsed, had a few shirts and a small dress in her arms as your twin meets up with the parental units. Does take only a few minutes like the older witch predicted and you toss the silly American money on the table and get a nice reuseable bag from them. As you get ready, Macy says to go ahead, she wanted to try on a thing, look around for a few minutes more; that she would meet you across the street at the bakery and sweets shop in a second. Girl could get lost walking down a straight hallway but she should be fine heading literally across a road. Did promise to get her one of the tiny free mini cupcakes, vanilla, her favorite. Heh. Basic but... you loved her for many reasons. That was probably one.

And about ten minutes later, she met back up with you, a decent sized bag with her.

“Jenn! Em! Check out this cool tee! And they had a couple of nice bracelets! Had a deal for if you bought 3 shirts too! 15% off! And Miss Martha is super nice! I like that place, can’t wait to go again, heh.”

And your small friend pulls out a fun looking black tee shirt with a famous scene of Warbeck and her band on the front, a simple silver bangle she had already tossed on. Having some extra money... it made your chest warm, around the shard of ice, the ache of the scar on your soul.

Macy’s parents were by no means poor but the were frugal, wanted their child to be responsible with her money so getting a nice bag of Galleons and sickles... you were glad you gave her that share. Gave her something to spend freely; gave her something to treat herself with. She had turned a nice chunk of it into muggle cash, so then you went back out? She could treat herself out there too, back in the non-magical world as well.

You planned to use the puppy dog eyes to make daddy to convince mom to give the three of you a few hours of unsupervised time when you finished here so... you wish she would have accepted more of it but oh well.

After enjoying the simple, small cupcake samples and a full sized one in Emmy and Macy’s cases? Well, it was time for the main attraction. A large shop a bit out of the way. One with a large red target symbol over the head of a dragon.

It was time.

Gun time, and for mom to have a conniption fit.

The shop was interesting to say the least. Smelled of oil. A bit of oil and... gun powder? Wood polish as well?

It was larger than you thought, looking at the place from the front. An enlarging charm like Ollivander's had? Or just something more mundane? But there was just a nice seeming man, short midnight black hair and a two-inch-long beard working the counter as a couple of others checked racks of rifles or manned a small doorway that seemed to lead downward, one you could hear small pops coming from. And... It was grand.

Daddy had an over under shotgun, one from his own father, one he used once a year to go with his old schoolmate to hunt with, and you always ended up with a few pheasants brought back the next day. But this?

There were guns you had no real names for. Rifles that looked like god killers. Pistols that looked like something from a science fiction movie. Revolvers like out of one of the old westerns daddy liked to watch when they came on late at night... and a row of small pistols and a rack of simple but fine rifles in a section marked as "Ilvermorny".

When you came up to the counter, the tall, bearded, middle-aged man came to greet the five of you.

"Ah, hello. Here to pick up a repair or... new Ilvermorny students? Odd but not like I haven't seen it before. I'm Kyle, Kyle Terhune; owner of this fine establishment."

"Ah. Yes, my daughters need to pick up the requisite arms, sir. Lucerne Sanders. Deputy Director, Department of Muggle Affairs. My card.", your fathers began. Hands out one of his business cards.

"Ah! Excellent. Feel free to take one of mine from the holder on the counter. Now, would these girls like to take a look at the approved options? If they see a couple that stand out, we can put a few rounds through them in the basement. The wand may choose the witch but the witch most certainly picks the gun! After, my employees can help with finding holsters for them."

"Sounds grand. And... can you just assure my lovely wife that this is all safe. If you would?"

“Certainly. Unless they are loaded, pointed at something? These are less dangerous than the wands we are all packing; a good [i]*Bombarda*[/i] could wreck half the store and we let children have a wand at 10 or 11. And I can see you eyeing up that Berretta over-under, sir. Can I interest you, Mr. Sanders?”

“Ah. No, just reminds me of the one I inherited. Unless...”

“No. We are not spending twenty thousand on a thing you will use one time a year.”, your mom says, puts her foot down.

And after a few minutes of browsing, you and Emmy have picked a couple of things out to try. And a tiny voice speaks up from behind you. Asks if she can try as well; gets a positive nod from dad and then the shop keeper. Then? A slightly louder voice asks if she could try something from the side of the case most certainly not approved for Ilvermorny; a god killer in silver and brown. A revolver that looked like Emmy could barely lift, one chambered in .44 Magnum which you had no clue about but sounded “fun”. And after another pair of nods?

“They seem okay with it. Not school approved but maybe you will like it? Won’t say no to a future patron. Will only be loading a single round at a time, just in case. Let me grab a few boxes of ammo.”

And so, you head down to the “small” shooting range in the basement with the shop owner and one of his employees after being given some ear and eye protection.

>I need 3 rolls of plain 1d100 for Jennifer’s natural skill. A high roll will give a bonus to her future rolls, as well as a small battle magic bonus, due to having good aim works for wands and guns. I will roll for Emily and Macy. Will laugh may ass off if someone gets a one.

It was fun, after the owner had given you basic instruction, helped you load one of the magazines provided. You tried out a couple of the options. Liked the approved revolver but Emmy had already seemed to settle on it and despite being mirror images, you did like to be a bit different.

That is not to mention the pistol in your hand right now? I felt like it was [i]*made*[/i] to go in your right hand. Not terribly fancy, basic issue but with carved wooden grips. Yet when you fired it? After the owner had returned the target, it was hard to even make out individual holes in its center, given all of your shots were placed so close.

>Gained a +5 to shooting

>Gained a +2 to battle magic from being a dead eye

>Emily gains nothing since she is mediocre

>Macy is kinda bad but not so much she has a malus

At the end? Emmy had the silver god killer loaded with a single round. Had the assistant behind her, hand on her back, just in case.

And when she fired, it sounded like the world ending and she was tossed back hard enough that even the man behind her couldn't stop your sister from falling on her fat butt. Yet? For all her average shooting before?

When she got up, when the owner had helped her stand and rolled back the target? It was dead center... your little sister might be crap with most guns but a hugely over sized one seemed to speak to her, even if it knocked her on her ass. Mom... she was worried of course; but still? You would admit it was a good shot. You performed better, got far more hits center than her or Macy, with the latter struggling to even hit paper, but Emmy did impress you with that final go. Not too shabby, as the yanks would say.

"That was... interesting, young lady. And I do believe that Redhawk should go to a good home, has been here for a while... should be 40, no call it 50% off."

"Mommy? Dad? Can I-"

"Of course, Emily. It will be stored safely and such but I know well when something chooses them to not deny it. Right, Nymeria?"

"Fuc...fine. Get our little girl a thing that could blast half the house away."

"Yay!", your twin shouts, even though you know her butt must sting from the landing.

>Emily has gained a god killing revolver. If circumstance allows, she is granted a free 100 on a single roll one time, ever. Should probably save it for something very important as she is pretty mid at shooting normally.

You and her stay down a bit longer with Macy having headed up before. Had Emily decide on another much smaller revolver for her school approved firearm. Picked up a pair of simple rifles since the approved ones of those we far more limited, given the requirements; just nicely made and with attractive wooden stocks, well sized to girls at five foot three.

Macy had finished speaking with the owner about something. Probably some minor trivia or some-such when you were done and told the arms would be shipped over by secured mail.

At the final stop? Not much to say. Macy picked up a signed version of a book she liked. The same books you needed so she could read them, maybe help with your studies from back home and because she was simply a book worm; would send an owl if you had questions.

Hell, she would probably be done with them by the weekend and be writing essays about Chadwick's by then.

Your mom had loaded the supplies into a bag with an expanding charm by the time the five of you hit the exit of the alley. Daddy had his arm crooked around hers. Had settled on a restaurant nearby to meet at in a few hours, while mom made sure you had your old phones, bags, breath mints, and everything else in between before letting the three of you free to explore and do some shopping in muggle town.

This would be fun, never been to Massachusetts, Boston, or America period and now you had a few hours to run around it. Thought you saw a boutique on your way, might have something cute. Maybe something Macy liked since she was kind of picky with what she put on? Nice pair of earrings maybe?

Regardless, it was time for Jennifer Sanders Great American adventure!

The adventure was pretty boring, honestly. The three of you did hit up the small boutique. Grabbed a dress for dress-y occasions. Helped Macy pick out a simple but nice necklace. Watched as Emmy tried to buy the whole store at one time before settling on a dress matching your own and a cute knee length skirt. Bought a small charm bracelet for Macy.



And after? Admiring the architecture, with Macy expounded on it, or the carvings. A few minute to grab a small bite to eat from a food truck selling kebabs, a quick trip into an ice cream spot. A bit of time on the bench of a nearby park. You got strawberry, of course. Emmy and Macy picked the chocolate. While those two polished off their cones... you decided to ask something very, very dumb.

“Hey. So... I scored a few cigarettes off someone from a bet I won. Brought them. Want to try them out? Daddy likes the two cigars mom lets him smoke a year. Not like lung cancer really matters when it is a few wand waves, a couple of potions from being gone.”, you say brandish your purse.

“Oh? Sure. Might be fun... we have something for the smell, right?”

“Yep. Bit of perfume. The mints. And if they ask, can just say we were near some smokers at a café. Macy?”

“Um... yeah. Just let me finish the cone, it is really good.”, she says while working on the treat and giving out megawatt smiles to you and your sister.

A few minutes later? The three of you were hanging out like hoodlums in a small alley; lit up a smoke to share. It was something, not terrible but you saw both Em and Macy cough from it. Were getting ready to toss it. And three men who couldn't have been older than in their 20's began to approach from the other end of the ally. Ugly mugs on the lot of them, but worse on the man in the back, a tall skinny blond with a nose you know had been broken a few times.

“Hey kids. Want to put down those purses for us?”

And you are in front of you sisters, both true and adopted before you can even process it.

“Jenn!”

“Stay behind me Emmy.”

And you can't be sure but think your eyes are as hard as diamonds as you scan the men, the alleyway.

>Just fucking book it! Run, not worth it. You are near a big road, surely, they won't follow out there.

>Dad taught you and Emmy some self-defense... you can handle this. Small joint holds and knees to the balls Jennifer, drive them off. Pocket sand!

>You are witches! All of you! Pull a wand out and hand these fuckers their asses on a silver plate! Will trigger the American Trace and end up with an inquiry which you might not want all things considered.

>Write in for how to handle this.

You just yell out for the girls to run. Check your back quickly to make sure you have a good lead on these fuckers. Help Macy up when she stumbles some and drag her by the hand as the three of you turn around a corner. Emmy has her old phone out and seems to be trying to reach dad. Then?

You nearly barrel into a slightly older man with a bag in his hands. Nearly because he lightly grabs you and spins you so well it might have been a dance, for all it was worth. He was tall, at least as tall as dad and had very tired looking eyes, grey-brown hair with just a hint of silver. Handsome, a bit.

"Oh what the hell... just picking up a present for the missus and I have to deal with this? I am on vacation!", the older man mutters out but has already put himself between you and your want to be robbers. "Kids? I have a headache and the most wonderful woman in the world to get back to. Want to just walk away? Leave these girls be?"

"Fuck you, old man, these bitches are ours", the dark-skinned man in the front yells out, comes in for a punch.

And your mysterious protector just wasn't there when the nig-no that is not a nice word. When the black man's hand flew out in a quick jab. You hadn't heard the dry pop of Apparition but suddenly, he was just behind the man; you had taken your eyes away for maybe a second to make sure Emmy and Macy were behind you. That was it.

That was all it took.

A single second.... That was all.

His arm was around the larger man's neck and in a second he had him on the ground, a sick, wet pop from his wrist when the older man had grabbed it and twisted.

The next? All it took was a quick punch to the throat, a leg sweep following it.

The last?

He could fight some it seemed. Settled into a tight boxer's stand which your protector mirrored.

"Haven't done this in a while... show me what you have, kid."

They exchange that followed would have almost seemed equal if daddy hadn't showed you a thing or two and you got that the older man was just playing around, even if you couldn't catch most of his moves. Macy had plastered herself against your back... but you and Emmy were still watching.

Tight, quick punches to distract the eye, followed by blows to the liver or spleen. The young guy manages to get a single strike in which your protector arrested by changing his momentum, rolling with it. Then he finished the job... claws to the face to blind him. An uppercut you are sure you heard break something in the moment. And he is on his ass, cradling his jaw even as blood runs from his lips and nose and the older man looks down at his fist and sighs.

"Ah... fuck. Mind escorting me away, young ladies? I really don't want to have to call my wife over just to obliviate a cop."

"Oh... sure, sir? Who... who are you, if I can ask."

"No one important. Jamie. Jamie Thompson."

As you speed walk down the street... your sister puts two and two against themselves.

“Wait... do you have a daughter?”

“Most beautiful in the world.”

“Aubrey?”

“Yes... wait. Do you know her? I don't recognize you from the school... she was out earlier...who are you young ladies?”

“Jennifer.”

“Emily. Emily Sanders.”

“I-I am Macy Wright, sir.”

And his eyes just about roll.

“Nice to meet you, Miss Wright. But can you other two tell me if you have a tall blond man named Lucerne for a father? Jennifer, Emily?”

“Yeah! Daddy!”

“I see. Fantastic. Great. Couldn't wait to see him again. I assume that was who were calling? Miss Emily?”

“Yeah, but wait... you know dad?”

“Dealt with him a few times. Are you going to be joining Ilvermorny, girls?”

“Umm... yes.”, you provide while Macy is still stuck to you.

“Then I suppose I should introduce myself properly. Professor Thompson, assistant Professor for Defense Against the Dark Arts. Director of the school’s team of shootists. Squib. Father to the greatest girl on the planet who you seemed to have met... what the crap? I just wanted to go out and grab an anniversary gift, and I have to fight punks? Meet Sanders?”, he just sighs out, bright green eyes once more becoming tired once more.

A few minutes and a turn to a more famous area and there is a dry pop. And a very concerned man coming in from the Apparition.

“Girls? Macy? You okay... oh fuck me. Thompson?”

“Sanders.”

“Why on earth are you here.”

“Bad luck I suppose. Did cross a black cat’s path earlier.”

“Daddy! We are fine... but you two are acquainted?”, you toss out while rubbing Macy’s hand a touch.

“Yeah... MACUSA needs help some times. Helped him kill a dragon once. A foolish man that thinks he has the prettiest wife in the world. Also, the person who taught me muggle self-defense like 20 years ago.”

“Only drove the broom, Sanders. I took the shot. But... it is nice to see you again. Kind of; don’t want to argue about which witch is prettier.”, Thompson says and comes in close, grabs daddies hand. Shakes it hard while your father returned it firmly and well.

“Glad you haven’t forgotten what I showed you, Sanders.”

“Been useful a time or so. Also passed on a bit to the girls. Ah, not the last one. One with dark hair... she isn't mine. My girl's adoptive sister though. And pretty enough if she had been born 40 years before...heh.”

“Still a lecher I see.”

“And still a jerk! Nothing wrong with giving a compliment or so to a fine young lady! My wife is the prettiest, best in the world but Macy might take the cake for the 15 and under title!”, and your thin friend just kind of blushes and hides behind you some. Peaks out a tad.

“I already have a headache... lets not do this. We already know Cindy is prettier and Aubrey is the best daughter on the planet. Your girls are fine and Miss Wright it is as well but they can't hold a candle to the best to exist.”

“You are insufferable. Want to grab a beer really quick before I need to get back to the best wife in the world? Jamie?”

“Sure. Could use one now.”, the tawny brown-haired man says before looking your way. “Think these three will be fine?”

“Should be alright. All good and responsible young women. Also, enough magical skill between them to collapse a small castle, if it is called for it. Shall we?”

“Sure. You know I hate Side Along Apparition though.”

“Deal with it. I saw this nice tavern when me and the wife were walking. See you girls later at the restaurant.”, daddy says as he puts his hand on Professor Thompson's shoulder and they pop away.

What the fuck.

Did those two hate each other or were they secret besties? Why is a squib teaching DADA? And did he say he slayed a fucking dragon?

W-whatever. You got to meet a Professor from the school, would stay away from any more shaded alleyways. Had Macy holding your hand and a couple of more places you saw to go. Gave you small friend a quick kiss on the head, an apology for the trouble caused.

You and your sister? You took Macy to another shop. Grabbed a few more sweets. And then you were at the restaurant with your small mom sniffing since her Veela blood was acting up and she wanted her husband back. Emmy went in for a tight hug, something to help mom some.

“He will be back in a second. Ran out with Professor Thompson for a beer. Did we order already?”

“Ah. No, just an appetizer, Emily. And I suppose Jamie being here would make some sense... Macy? Dear? Want to sit by me?”

“Um... yes Miss Nymeria! As long as it won't make Mister Lucerne angry.

“Never dear. Can I pat your head? Best girl my kids could have made a friend of. A great one.”, mom says in a perfectly soft tone as Macy come down to her side.

“Not that good. Could be better. But thank you? I... it is nice. I see were Jenn and Em got it. The kindness.”

“You are a good one. A bit too polite, perhaps.”, your mom says and softly caresses Macy on the top of the head.

Then after a few minutes later?

When he popped in outside? Mom just went out and grabbed him. Gave out a quick kiss you saw from the window before she brought him in. By the elbow... Veela blood acting up, made mom want her mate and badly. It had been a stress filled day for her, what with the whole gun thing. With him mysteriously popping off for a while.

You and Emmy had dealt with those feelings before. Got it. Likely why the two of you were so protective of each other. Of Macy. David. And so? You just sat down. Ordered some nice pasta with scallops while

Macy got risotto with mushrooms. Got a glass of wine with your forged ID. Just settled into the love surrounding you for a bit.

**[b]It won't take away the hatred, Jennifer.[/b]**

Why... won't it go away? That voice you have been hearing. Just shut up and let me have a nice dinner!

Fuck. Mom looked a bit concerned over her lasagna. Emmy looked over for a minute before digging into her pasta with a sigh. But as quick as it came? It was gone. So, you just focused on the food. Dug in.

Together? You shared a nice meal. A bit of conversation. And bite of tiramisu at the end. An espresso.

And at the end? You were around a corner with daddy's arms on your backs and mom handling Macy. Then you were back home with mom unpacking a few things, quickly, when said she needed to lay back for a minute. Needed to have daddy lay back with her.

Gross but you understood.

The two of them had been together so long... and for as long as mom had been with him? She still needed daddy bad, at times. He saved her life, had always been there. Given her children. Bonded with him and with her Veela blood?

That made him hers forever. Made her need him... there were no male Veela; unless it got very watered down, impossible for those with the blood to have male kids... you and Emmy might could, but... Mom? She literally needed him. And he needed her, for many reasons. Not the least because mom was the more reasonable of them, with daddy being reckless enough to fight off full-grown wizards when he was only 17. Got the better of them but still? The smart option would have been to run... and he still fought for her. Fought off some of the ones that murdered his parents. Killed them. Was the smart option to run then too but he never did; terribly skilled and cunning. Brave. Handsome... no you don't want to go there.

But? If you had been born a few decades before? Mom would have to compete. You loved the both of them... but daddy did look very good in a pair of swim trunks. But why care? Emmy did too in her bikini. Screw it. Might as well arrest that train of thought, however.



You honestly wanted a quick nap with the girls, maybe to get Macy into a soft embrace again. You were all fat with food after all and could see Macy's eyes drooping some.

And so?

Emmy headed back to her room, wanted to sort her stuff. So, you and Macy just went back. And she asked a question when you were on the bed.

"Can I say something? The bad thing?"

"Macy? Always."

"I was touched, back when I was a kid... never told anyone."

"What! Macy, I-"

"Yeah. Didn't know. No one did. I've never told a single person about this. Not the other teachers, not my parents, the police. J-just you. Please don't tell Em. She will not have the same restraint."

"Name. Give me a fucking name. [i]Now.[/i]"

"And what? You go and find her? The Trace activates and you get god knows how much time in Nurmengard for murder, have your wand destroyed? No. She... they caught her, eventually. A few years later, when I went to Hogwarts. Girls and boys braver than me came forward after another teacher walked in, saw someone in an awkward situation; began to keep any eye out. She is in jail and when she is out, will never be allowed near another little girl or boy again. And if she ever is... I can do it myself, now."

"Macy. MayMay. Turn around please. I won't look at you; can keep your head down at chest level or something... no fuck, that is worse. O-okay we can just stop holding one-another. I-I will turn the other direction, you can stay on the bed in the guest room is made, or there is Emmy, or-"

"It is fine... I told you this for a reason. I-trust you. Know you wouldn't do that to me, ever. She... you know how I am. She was nice to me. When my parents were away, had to work a long shifts and I was going to have to stay alone? She would stay late, let me stay with her till mom could pick me up or I felt like walking home. Helped me with some more advanced math or checked my written work some. Told me about weird science stuff. Let me sit in her lap. Brought food we could warm up if it was going to be really long and I would need to microwave something at home, eat alone at the dinner table. And then? It was just my chest at first. My breasts. Weren't even there really at that point. Then between my legs. We... it was a private school, had a dress code, wore a skirt. She would just hold her hand there. Against my underwear. And... she started putting her finger inside them."

And your stomach just turns. That... a child? How old was she? [i]No[/i]... it wouldn't make a difference; and Macy? For how wonderful she was? How amazing? She was still her, part of why you loved her so much. Adored her. But the small girl in your arms couldn't navigate a conversation to save her life. Would get lost in a straight corridor. Couldn't say no to someone which is why she ended up left out of your adventure.

"It... felt good on the outside. But then? She forced them in. And, hurt so, so bad, the nails. She said I would get used to it. And the was some blood in the end... but before that? I c-came. I came from being molested, hurt. To put on... my under wear? They were blue that day, thought they looked cute when mom and me went shopping. They came home with a stain. I burned them."

"Oh, Merlin's god damned fucking beard."

"After it happened? Mom picked me up, we grilled outside. Used the fire pit. And when we went inside and they went to the couch? I am there at the pit... tossing stuff in into it. Threw a few dried sticks on to make it flare up some. But... I kept letting her do it to me. I am not a good person... I am not...", Macy says while sniffing. "I never told anyone. No one. Not a single fucking person. And so? She got to keep doing it. Kept doing it for years after I got to leave for Hogwarts. I let-I let so many people get hurt because I am a coward."

"Macy... it wasn't your fault."

"Jenn? It... felt good at first. Made me feel special. She told me I was different...showed me how to touch myself one night; when I stayed late and every one was gone, brought a blanket we could lay with, very nice... smelled of good things. There was a little couch in the resting room for teachers. She... she kept-kept saying I was so special... and she had put her fingers on the outside, maybe in between them

some...she pushed them in and she told me... I was so good for not shouting or for fighting back. Let me put my own in some.... into her. There was blood, when she took them out... but I felt special, special in a way different than in a way that... I am..”

“*[i]I will never. Never allow for it again. I don't care if it is Gormlaith Gaunt I am up against[/i]*, my best friend and little sister will never bleed again. Not like that. Not in that way.”

“I am not so good I deserve that.”

“Best littlest sis I could have. Best. And no.” You call out in a hard tone... yes, never once more. “You are a brave girl, one who was hurt badly. You told someone, eventually. It was what? When you were like 10? Macy... you are a literal genius. You might be able to read Ancient Ruins better than most 7th years, be better than most of them at magical numbers? You were still a young girl one time. You... you didn't know what to do, not back then.”

“I let other people get hurt. I could manage that.”

“And you will never do it again. Once upon a time... you were just child being touched in places you should have never been. Now? A strong and kind witch. One who would rather die than let what happened to you happen to another.”

“I don't know why I was sorted into Gryffindor. I am not that brave. Very strong. Jenn... I don't deserve it.”

“Because, maybe? The Hat? It doesn't just send us where we belong? It sends us to where we need to be. Goddric, or Ravenclaw were pretty smart. Or maybe Hufflepuff. Perhaps Slytherin? And maybe you needed a dab more of that that one thing. I may have been sent there because there was going to be a lost girl with red trimmed robes standing and looking sad around the Dungeons while I explored the place, an amazing witch who needed someone to show here back to the Charms room. Would need someone to speak with a few years because she would need a little hand... Macy you are fantastic. But you were small. A fucking little girl.”

“And I still-“

“Shush. You did what you could. I will never judge you for that. Thank you for telling me.”, you say as a tiny brunette pulls her body close. “Didn’t have to... but you did. And that is its own bravery. You are a terribly good Gryffindor, Macy.”

“Then can I be a good member of my house one time more? Lady Hufflepuff founded the house of the Loyal but Lord Gryffindor wasn’t far behind in that regard.”

“Always Macy. I fucking love you. Always.”

“Then? I am coming with you. Already got the robes. Books. Got on a scholarship as long as I join the Potions team, got some letters sent from McGonagall and Slughorn. I am coming with you. That was the good thing. Good because I get to stay with you.”

“Wait? The fuck?”

“Because the two of you get into dangerous spots and I love you and Em, and...” she gets out between the steel in her voice and iron in her eyes. Spits out something else. “I need to keep you safe.”

“You were planning this? Fuck? For how long?”

“Since I had you tell me you were leaving.”

“What the hell?”, that was all you could think of. Then? Veela blood warming and Gryffindor spirit stirring. Went close for a quick kiss. Softest you could give... But something to you small friend one way or another.

“You don’t have to give me something. Made the choice myself. And I want to be there. It will be cool. Fun.”

Then?

Soft kisses on her cheeks were all that remained.

"You sure? Macy?"

"Yep. Not ever leaving you alone Jenn... even if all we can be is best friends. If that is? It is fine."

>OOC It has been a long few days. Will post something for rolls and choices in a day or two.

"Macy? Want to go down? Grab a glass of milk or maybe a soda? Wine? Is that okay?"

"Umm... sure. And you never need to ask, Jenn. Always okay with you or Em... always. We can grab a thing. Thank you for being okay with me. Listening. And I could use a bite more of pork if still around. Maybe get Em in here?"

"Of course, Macy. Lets go down. I can grab my sleepyhead of a sister in a second... and thank you so much for trusting me with this.", you say and massage the little dork on the head for a second. "You can talk more if you need, Macy."

"I think I am good for now... left out some of the details a tad... but we can get there...thank you. For still caring about me.", she says and cuddles in for a moment.

"Of course, Mace to the Face-y.", you utter out softly. Keep rubbing her head. "I will never tell a single person about that, unless you want me to MayMay.", you say with your hand gently caressing her head once more after a quick break. "And? Thank you so much for coming... I am a bit scared of going over there. I have Emmy... now you. Not so scary anymore, heh. Though if David gets there too, I will begin to question shit."

So?

You and here are in the dinning room, Emmy waking some. Glass of wine in your hand, cold milk in Macy's own.

And then your sister stumbled down.

“What is up? Thought I had an odd dream...”

“Macy is coming with us.”

“What the frick?!”

“Yeah. Want a celebratory drink? Also, she wants you in the bed too.”

“I just got up! Macy... are you sure?”

“Yeah Em. Already made up my mind.”, she says and gives her friend a hug.

And you get your sister to sit down to a cold glass of OJ.

“So we are going over there with our little sis?”

“Seems so Emmy. She made the choice herself...not going to deny it.”

“What the frick... Just woke and I get to hear the best news ever?”

“Em! Thank you... thanks for being? Cool with it. Sorry it is sudden, didn’t have much time. Was going to keep it a surprise. Me and Jenn talked some... so I wanted to tell her.”

“Alright... if you are sure...want to tell me if Merlin has his spirt in you or something?”

“No. I don’t think at the least? Just coming along.”

“Okay. Will grab my pillow, I suppose. When we get done. Give me a sip from that glass, Jenn.”, your twin demands in a soft voice.

“Sure, Emmy.”

And a few minutes later... the three of you are back up-stairs. Macy in-between yourselves.

“I love you. Both of you... Jenn. Em.”

“Love you too, Macy.”, you say and cuddle up. “Want to go driving tomorrow?”

“Oh... sure. You are not using [b]The Button[/b] again, right?”

“Doubt it. Don’t think dad is that irresponsible. And as much as I hate it, Emmy is a good driver... better than me. I am better than her with a gun, however. You saw how she got put on her fat butt.”

“Hey! Not fat, just well made! And you need padding to ride a broom. Well at least better than you anyway.”, your twin calls out from behind Macy.

“Very well made I suppose. It is a nice ass. Good boobs.”

“How are mine? Jenn?”, your small friend asks, very softly.

“Macy? You are going to out do us both soon. Still have a bit of growing into that body. But you are great... better proportions I would say. Maybe a bit more weight on you? Would look fantastic like that. But I know you eat like a bird.”

“I can’t help it! I get nausea if I eat too much.”, she says with steel in her voice. “And I am kind of picky with my plate any way.”

“Macy? You are ridiculous. Ridiculously cute...if my sister hadn’t taken you? I would be all over you.”, your sister says from behind your small friend with a tiny laugh.

“Hey! Just friends. [*For now*], Em.”

“Have plans for her then?”

“Umm... maybe? But... thank you for always being there for me. It helped me a lot.”

“Always. Always, little nerd.”, Emmy says softly as she wrapped her adoptive little sis in a hug from behind.

And you just fell into slumber. And it was still dark... still bad... but...

But, there you were. A shadowed place, staring into pure darkness lit only by a pair of sickly green lights. And yet... you felt at home. Where you belonged. And so you just stared at the wall of blackness darker than night. Yes... you were here to talk with [*her*]. You knew it, understood. She got to dictate when at nights you would wake up in cold sweats, need to run to a bathroom and vomit. You were going to dictate [*this*].

And so you just stood in the dreamscape. Kept your eyes forward. It wouldn’t be long... she was a greedy, envious girl after all. Hungry for attention. And in time, minutes or days, or years? The darkness dispersed. And so, you entered into a chamber that mirrored the one you nearly died in. And what you found? A sad, pathetic thing, a small blonde girl sitting on the ground with her legs crossed and scratching on the floor with a broken branch she called a wand. A very familiar form...

“Who...who the fuck are you?”

“Me. Obviously.”

“That tells me nothing! What are you?”



“Well, you were not sorted into Ravenclaw after all. I am me. Would you care to ask some questions about featherless bipeds too, Jennifer? Come on, you are smart. Right?”

And the small girl sitting there, playing with her “wand”? She has the dress you wore to the graduation party the school had when you were in 3rd grade. Her hair looks like you used to do your own. But the eyes are wrong. Terribly, terribly wrong; a killing green and harder than stone, colder than ice.

“Get it yet?”

“You...”

“Yep. Just you. Us. Wanna come sit down?”

“Oh, what the fuck.”

“Hey! Cursing is rude!”, the tiny green-eyed version of you shouts out, brandishing her broken branch like it was a swo... no. A *[i]knife[/i]*.

And you feel your own wand try to manifest in your right hand, calling to you. But...this-this is just a small girl. Has caused you to have terrible nightmares, worry your sister and friend. Let you use the Killing curse. Potter had demonstrated the wand movements... he did not give you the intent. That was all you. Her. But that is all she is, a tiny piece of you doodling on the ground, pretending at spells she had seen her mother and father perform.

“Ah. I see. You really are an idiot, Jennifer. Would have killed me just now if I had a chance. Simpler that way.”

“You said it yourself; didn’t get into Ravenclaw for a reason. Now come here, dork.”, you demand and closed the distance. Feel the terror from your dreams when you make it a couple of steps from her; a small girl with slightly wavy shoulder length hair who smells vaguely of your mother’s old perfume right there.

But? You *[i]were[/i]* sorted into Gryffindor for a reason.

You pushed through the terror. The anxiety. The wall that was put up... and just sat behind the younger, green-eyed version of you. Took her right hand into your own, helped with her wand-work some.

"You... we are going to be great witches. Good people. Lot of love in our lives."

"And the capacity for hatred. That is why I am here, after all. Why we have nightmares."

"Yeah... and I still love me. Part of me... so you aren't going anywhere. Little brat. And you will be right here, and I will be right there, and we are stuck with each other forever."

"How you were not sorted into Hufflepuff I will never come to terms with."

"Emmy already got to go there. Was considering Slytherin quite well but... I knew I would need bravery more than cunning, I suppose.", you say as you pat the silly little witch between your legs on the top of her head some. "Cunning or ambition wouldn't have let me meet you."

"Could be that a bit more Hufflepuff, a bit less Gryffindor may have made it so you never had to."

"Nah. I am okay with this. I am glad I got to meet "me".

"Heh. You know your predilections towards younger girls and ones who look like you... well Freud would have things to say. How do you feel about your mother and father Jennifer? Seem to have a bit of Electra complex to me."

"You are insufferable, Jenn. Yes, I love my father well, know he is handsome, but I do not think of him that way! Do not want to slay mom! You are an asshole!"

"Well we all have one... guess I am just yours. But... getting tired. Mind...mind playing with me a bit more? Then I suppose you will get back to dreams of Macy in a short dress. Gay. Super gay father lover.

"That doesn't even make sense! How can I be both gay and want to fuck my father?"

“Who knows. I can’t be there to figure everything out for you.”

“Fu...fine. Do you want to play a game of tic-tact-toe?”

“Sure. Might as well. Well, we could just play rock-paper-scissors until one of us passed out... woke up I suppose, in your case.”

“Our case. I am thou. Thou art me.”

And frozen green eyes, hard and cold? They soften just a touch as a small girl sits in your lap and turns toward you.

“Glad you figured it out before I had to make our life annoying. You are me, I am you. Please never forget it.”

“You? You are a real bitch to deal with!”

“Likewise. Little dork. And cursing is still rude.”

“Hey! Which of us is like three foot eight?!”

“Dunno. Which of us is five foot three and the last True Seer that is going to be around until a short Slytherin boy gets done with messing with things he shouldn’t?”

“I- that tells me nothing!”

“Maybe nothing is what you need to know? I can say this however; you are going to Ilvermorny for a good reason. Many good reasons. And... I am sorry for what will happen. It is going to hurt me too. That you will not be able to protect her. That you will be betrayed. Yet... I am very happy we will get to spend some time on the roads over there. Figure out Chadwick’s is the better Charms book. Hang out with a

very scary man with gray-brown hair who will show us how to fight well. A nice taller girl who is almost as scary as her dad. Meet Sanrio and Theodore and Jackson.”

“None of those things sound great! Except the driving! I don’t want to be betrayed!”

“I suppose you will just have to deal. If it makes us feel better? Will have a couple of good girls with us; better ones than we could ever be. Will meet a nice boy over there, sandy brown hair. A few freckles. A couple of nice girls; one will have the most ridiculous name in the world because her dad was a muggle and he loved a certain band.”

And you just stare. Your eyes... they weren’t the same killing green as [i]you[/i] but yet you still tried to bore a hole in the back of your younger version of your self’s head, before relenting.

“Fuck.”

“Hey! Cursing!”

“It... it is fine. I Suppose if this is a prophesy... I can’t do much for it.”

“Jennifer? If a prophesy couldn’t be changed? Why would it exist in the first place? Those are the most likely things to happen. They are what will likely occur, unless we change it. There are certain things beyond our reach; we will not be there when a foolish and kind boy gets the weight of the world tossed on his shoulders. We were not there when a kind and brave dark-haired girl was... hurt. It doesn’t matter that we can see a bit forward. We cannot change what was. We are only able to shift things a bit around going ahead. But we can do our part. Stop things from happening in the worst ways. Help when they do.”

“Why... why are you so nice when you are the part of me that could use the Killing Curse?”

“Why are you “You”, Socrates?”

“Insufferable! I am f-fricking insufferable!”

“Suppose we are. But... you can't have love without hatred, Jennifer. And we have plenty of the former. Just enough of the latter. Also, we are probably going to fuck the vaguely autistic girl with a crush on us. Yes. It will be very awkward. There will be much talking after. But she is a true companion. I can't see that far... but I suspect she will remain by your side no matter what.”

“Macy? No, she is off limits! Also? Cursing!”

“She won't be. She wants to grow. And having a sexual relation? One she is okay with... that wasn't abusive? Suppose that is one way. And if we and her don't work out? If other things get in the way? Well? She will be just fine. So might as well give it a shot.”

“Next you are going to tell me to fuck Emmy.”

“Cursing! No. She is off limits... we love her. Like that? No. Played around some? Sure? But I know one thing with such certainty it would make Merlin jealous. We will never hurt her; a relationship? It would cause her pain. So just going to help cleaning her off. Resting together. Being annoyed when one person's emotions get a bit wild, leak into the others? That much we can handle. Or maybe not. We can only do so much. And know this; our little sister does truly love us, even if she is a jerk.”

“I-I don't want this. To know. I just wanted...”

“A simple life? I am afraid that is beyond you... Jennifer? You will do great things. Terrible ones. But I will be there. Emily will always support you, even if you end up leading her into the Dark. And you will have a number of friends, some new and some old who will be there. Now? How about that game of tic-tac-toe?”

“Fucking brat. Sure. Just don't be disappointed when I win.”

“Cursing! That is literally why we got into the situation!”

“Uhg. Fine. Let's play”

After a couple of quick games... you just fell back into true slumber. Dreamed of Macy a bit. David too, since you missed him even though he had sent a letter and he was handsome.

>With the vote from the prior thread and Kektus being okay with either his suggestion or lingerie, calling it for nice underthings for all the girls since they are way less expensive than the other options. Actually... fuck it. You get nice underwear and dueling gloves with a Protego enchantment for you and Emmy, both left-handed since you both use your right for the wand. Call it an apology for my shit update schedule.

>Gained a dueling glove for you and your sister! Can block an average stunner or weaker hex before the energy is expended and must recharge. Not allowed in formal competitions but gives you a layer of defense in less formal magical bouts

>Gained some sexy lingerie for all of you, even your shy friend!