

Dumbledore's Mission and Hogsmeade

NOW I HAVE TO REWRITE THIS ENTIRE CHAPTER, AND BECAUSE I AM SO PISSED OFF RIGHT NOW, IM JUST GONNA SHORTEN IT! SO THIS CHAPTER WILL BE SHORT AND TO THE FUCKING POINT! ADIOS MOTHERFUCKERS!~

Alex

It was currently Saturday, the first Hogsmeade trip of the year. The rest of the week went by relatively normal, except for the slip up in Potions. The new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher is a trophy collector. Professor Slughorn likes to collect important people, and has been trying to get Harry and Philip's attention for awhile. Let's just say, he isn't Harry favorite teacher at the moment. When Harry and Draco got dressed, they woke up Ron, and they headed down to the dinning hall to meet up with Hermione. Harry and Draco walked hand in hand. They quickly spotted Hermione, and sat down.

"How about we go to the Three Broomsticks a er breakfast?" Hermione o ered. She heard yes's from the sleepy group. Just when Draco was reaching for the bacon, an owl landed on it, and dropped the Daily Prophet.

"Stupid bird." Draco mumbled while opening the newspaper. Draco gasped, and fell of the chair. This act receive a lot of looks.

"Look at this! Draco Malfoy is presumed dead!" Draco exclaimed while showing the paper to Harry, Ron, and Hermione. Sure enough, the headline said, 'Draco Malfoy Presumed Dead A er Months.Draco scanned the article.

"All its talking about is how I was kidnapped, and Lucius couldn't wait any longer. And Rita Skeeter is saying that Draco's death will have signified the end of the Malfoy reign." Draco said. Everyone had grins on their face.

"Well, this is perfect." Ron commented, while continuing his breakfast. Hermione agreed.

"This is a dream come true. Watching the Ancient and Noble house of Malfoy crumble under false pretenses." Draco cackled. Even Harry was giggling.

Just then, Hedgwig dropped Harry a letter. Harry read it, then crumpled it up, and stu ed it in his pocket.

"Who was that?" Hermione asked.

"Dumble-dick. He wants to see me a er breakfast." Harry grumbled.

When everyone was done, Harry stood up.

"Wait for me outside of Hogsmeade, this shouldn't take too long." Harry asked, while he trudged to the gargoye statues.

"Mars Bar." Harry said, and he boarded the moving stairs to Dumbledore's o ice.

Harry knocked once, before letting himself in.

"Hello Dumbledore. Hello Fawkes." Harry greeted politely. Harry sat down on the chair across from Dumbledore's seat. Fawkes trilled, flew to Harry, and landed on the arm of the chair. Harry gently stroked Fawkes's feathers.

"Why did you ask to see me, sir?" Harry asked. Dumbledore's eyes twinkled.

"I have a little mission for you. I'm not going to pretend that you don't know what a horcrux is, and you know that Voldemort has used them to become almost immortal. You have already meet Pro essor Slughorn I presume. The thing is, he has a piece of information we need. He knows how many Horcruxes Tom made. I need you to get the answer out of him." Dumbledore explained.

"And how am I supposed to do that?" Harry asked, still petting Fawkes. Dumbledore pulled out a vial of molten yellow colored potion.

"You will use this liquid luck to get the answer out of him." He stated. Harry took the potion, and pocketed it.

"Will that be all?" Harry asked. He knew all too well what Dumbledore was going to do next.

"Severus has told me that you and Philip are creature mates. Class A to be precise. Am I correct?"

"Yes you are. And why, if I may ask, do you want to know?" Harry asked, glaring slightly at the old man.

"Well, I just wanted to know what kind of bond you two have. Obviously its very strong, Merlin level even. As a headmaster, its my job to know these things." He said airily. But Harry was about to hit him hard.

"The details of our bond is between Philip and I, only. We decided that a er the war is finished, Philip will register our bond. You will find out just like everyone else." With that Harry stood up, and walked to the door. He paused and turned back.

"And also, let's just be professional. No hopping around. Give me an order, and I will follow it if I see a need to. Don't try to befriend of a boar that you're just going to slaughter later." And with that, Harry walked out of room, and down to Professor Slughorn's o ice.

When Harry got there, he drank the potion, and let the e ects sink in. He knocked on the door.

"Harry, my boy! Come in, sit down." Slughorn ushered. Harry complied.

"What is it that I can do for you?" He asked. Harry put on a grim face.

"You told Tom Riddle about horcruxes. No one blames you for it. You had no idea who he would become. But I need a specific piece of information from you. Its about the day you told Tom about horcruxes." Harry explained. Slughorn paled.

"I don't know what you are talking about-" Harry interrupted.

"I know you told him about horcruxes, Professor Slughorn. I just need to know if he mentioned a number." Slughorn wiped his forehead with a handkerchief.

"Ok, fine. He asked me if 7 horcruxes would be powerful since the number 7 holds a lot of power. I told him yes. He most likely made 7 horcruxes." Slughorn admitted. Harry nodded, and le the o ice. He quickly wrote a note to Dumbledore, explaining what he heard, and sent it to him via owl. Harry then made his walk into Hogsmeade.

When Harry reached the outskirts, he saw Draco, Ron, and Hermione waving in the distance. Harry ran towards them. Draco grabbed Harry, and brought him into a kiss. Then they started walking towards the Three Broomsticks.

"So how did it go?" Draco asked. Harry groaned.

"He gave me a mission, then he tried to squeeze information out of me about the bonds. But I told him he'd find out just like everyone else will." Harry finished with a grin.

"And how will everyone find out?" Ron asked.

"We decided that Philip would register our bond when the war is done, so most likely it will be in the Daily Prophet." Harry said. Harry grinned on the outside, but was sad on the inside. He knew that he wouldn't be able to be there for Draco a er the war, he'd be dead. That's why he wanted Draco to submit them, because Harry wouldn't be able to.

They walked inside, and ordered a couple butterbeers, and sat in the corner of the tavern.

Harry was grinning from ear to ear.

"What's got you so happy, mate?" Ron asked amused.

"Sorry, I can't help it. Dumbldore gave me Felix Felicis to drink before I interrogated Slughorn." Harry said excitedly. Hermione gasped.

"You drank what!? Give me the vial." She ordered. Harry handed over the half empty vial.

"This is extremely addictive, Harry, and you already drank half of it!" Hermione scolded. "You won't get this back for another week."

Harry, Ron, Draco, and Hermione all continued the day with food and chatter. When 6 o' clock came, they all headed back to the castle to get ready for bed. They all showered, got dressed, and fell asleep peacefully.

It was until only 2 hours ago, did their peaceful sleep, turned into fretful havoc.