

Horcuxes and Sneak In

~We are nearing the end muchachos.

The next morning, everyone one by one, woke up. At around 10am, Harry and Draco were the last to get to breakfast. When they got there, Draco wore a shit eating grin, and so did Harry. The scene was hilarious. Obviously Kreacher didn't make breakfast that day, since some days Kreacher just doesn't show up at all, and the kitchen and dining table were a mess.

Hermione, being a muggleborn, successful made a plate of 2 fried eggs, 2 pieces of bacon, toast with jam, and a cup of coffee. She was reading the Daily Prophet, and didn't notice the two walk in. Then they noticed that Neville was trying really hard to cook some ham, but it looked frozen. Remus was at the table across from Hermione, half asleep, and munching on the same piece of toast for a long time. And lastly Ron. Ron was face planted into a plate of burnt bacon, and browned eggs, and he was snoring, which meant he was asleep. Draco ran upstairs, and grabbed his camera, ran downstairs, and shot a picture of the scene. Then Harry and Draco bursted out laughing, and Hermione, Remus, and Neville looked at them. Neville was apologizing and muttering, so was Hermione. Remus just finally looked at the mess the kids made, and fully took it in and started laughing.

"Sorry Harry!" Hermione said before Harry cut her off.

"Its ok." Harry said laughing. Harry and Draco then took their wands out, and cleaned up the mess. Draco lifted Ron's face out of the food, and Harry floated the plate away. Then Draco abruptly dropped Ron's head on the table, which woke him up in a second. Ron had a piece of bacon hanging off his face.

"What in bloody hell." Ron said, rubbing his head, and he noticed the bacon fall off his face. Once everything was done, Draco sat down.

"I'll make breakfast for everyone. No one come into the kitchen." Harry said, while walking into the kitchen.

Harry went to the fridge, and took out a carton of eggs. He cracked 8 eggs in a bowl, and whisked them together. He was only making a breakfast for 5 since Hermione made breakfast. Then Harry took the peppers and onion out of the pantry, and started chopping them by hand. Harry hummed quietly throughout the cooking experience.

Once the vegetables were finely cut, he placed them into the eggs mix, and stirred. Harry turned the stove on, and greased the pan with a small piece of butter. Harry then placed 4 pieces of toast in the toaster, and he started on the omelets. He cooked the eggs in the pan, and folded them a bit, before cutting them into 5 equal pieces. Harry shook his hips a little, and hummed a little while continuing breakfast.

Then Harry wiped down the pan carefully so as not to burn himself, then he placed the bacon in the pan. When that was done, he put 3 pieces of bacon on everyone's plate. Harry then took out the toast, and put in another 4 pieces. When the toast was done, he placed that on a separate plate. When Harry turned around, Harry was a little startled when he saw his group of friends and even Remus watching him cook. Harry blushed when he realized they all watched him hum while cooking. Harry shoed them away, then he used a little magic, and floated the plates to everyone's seat. No body wasted time in chowing down on the meal.

"This is incredible, Harry! How can you cook so good!?" Remus exclaimed with food in his mouth.

"Eah, Harry! it's really good!" Ron praised, incoherent through the wall of food in his mouth. Hermione scolded him like usual on his eating habits.

"This is amazing!" Neville praised.

Draco leaned over, and gave Harry a kiss on the cheek. "This is really good." Draco complemented. Harry blushed, then dug into his own food.

STORY CONTINUES BELOW

10 minutes later, and everyone was satisfied. Harry giggled at everyone sighs of pleasure.

"I guess no magic makes food better." Ron commented. "Why didn't you try to use magic when you were cooking?" Ron asked.

"I don't know. I always did it that way. Sometimes I'd make fried eggs with ham, or sometimes I made biscuits with gravy. It all depended on the day." Harry said simply. "But I don't think magic has any constellation with food quality. You mum's cooking is far more superior to mine, and she uses magic." Harry added.

"Well, if mum were here, she would be proud of this meal." Ron complemented. Harry blushed at the praise, and he stood up, and was about to collect the dishes when Hermione stopped him.

"You already made breakfast, let me do the dishes." Hermione said. But her tone of voice dared Harry to refuse her offer, so Harry let go of the plate, and everyone else walked to the living room.

"Sorry that you had to make breakfast Harry." Remus apologized. "I don't even know how to make a piece of toast, and I'm an adult."

Harry raised his hands up, "Its fine, really, I enjoy cooking for you all. Its nice to make breakfast for my family." Harry said happily. Harry wasn't faking it though. He secretly liked to cook, but when the Dursleys were around, he hated it. Draco saw that Harry was genuinely happy, and hugged him, and planted a kiss on his nose. Hermione came out of the kitchen, having already finished the dishes.

"How about we destroy those 2 horcuxes?" Harry said confidently. Everyone agreed, and Harry dug around in the bottomless bag, and retrieved the locket and ring. Harry then pulled out the Sorting Hat.

"Thank goodness you got me out of there! It was horrid." The hat exclaimed.

"Sorry, I forgot about you." Harry apologized, and placed the talking hat on the table. He first laid the ring on the ground. "Neville, I need you to reach your hand into the hat, and try pulling out the sword."

"There's a sword in there?" Neville repeated, puzzled. Neville complied, and reached his hand in the hat. All of a sudden, his face brightened, and he pulled out the sword of Godric Gryffindor.

"Cool." Neville said, mesmerized by the sword.

"Ok, can you hand over the sword?" Harry asked. Neville handed him the sword. Everyone backed away. Harry rose the sword into the air, and struck it down on the ring. Soon a black cloud enveloped Harry, and he gasped and panted, trying to crawl away from the smoke, but it stayed a little longer. A minute later, the cloud disappeared. Draco went to Harry's aid, and helped him stand up.

"Are you ok? Did it hurt you?" Draco asked. Harry just shook his head.

"It felt like a dementor, but it didn't hurt me. I just felt really depressed all of a sudden, but I'm fine now." Harry comforted. Harry then placed the locket on the ground. Everyone backed away, as Harry raised the sword again, and brought it down on the locket. Nothing happened.

"Shit." Ron said. Hermione smacked him in the arm for his language.

"Maybe we need to open it?" Remus suggested. Hermione walked to the Sorting Hat.

"You said something a really long time ago, about the four founders of Hogwarts. You mentioned the relic from Slytherin. Can you tell me that bit of the story?" Hermione asked politely. The hat sighed, but complied.

"Now Slytherin was sentimental, and only like the purest. So he hid a pocket watch that only a snake could open." The hat recited. They all thought for a moment.

"Parceltongue!" Harry exclaimed. "I can speak to snakes, and snakes can speak to me. Maybe I need to open it in Parceltongue." Harry said excitedly.

"It might work." Hermione said. Harry handed the sword to Ron.

"On the count of 3, I'll open the watch, and you'll strike it. Okay. Now one... two...three!" Harry exclaimed. 'Open' in parceltongue, and a gush of black smoke erupted from the watch, and blew Ron back. Ron scrambled away from the smoke, as it showed him visions only he could see. It showed his mother and father saying that he was a disappointment, Harry calling him a sidekick, Hermione leaving him. In the midst of the visions, Ron faintly heard Harry's voice.

'Its not real, its just an illusion!' The voice was saying. Ron then dragged himself up, and swung the sword down on the watch, and watched the smoke dissipate. Ron fell down on his knees, and used the sword as support.

"Are you alright?" Hermione asked urgently. Ron stood up shakily.

"Yeah, I just saw a couple of my worse nightmares." Ron explained. He handed the sword back Harry, and slumped down in a nearby chair. Harry lifted the sword up, and inspected it with a sad smile. Only he knew what he was thinking, and he was glad for that. If the others knew what he was contemplating in his head, they'd cry. Harry handed the sword to Neville.

"Can you put it back in the hat?" Harry asked. Neville nodded, and slid the sword back into the hat, and set the hat back on the table.

"2 horcuxes down, 4 to go." Harry sighed, slumping into a chair.

"Now we have to find out where the cup and tiara is hidden, then we'll be golden." Draco responded.

"Voldemort would have hidden them in places that are well guarded, yet in an area that shares a memory with him. He is very sentimental, and would hide it in special places." Harry said. Hermione thought for a moment.

"There was a myth that each founder made a room for their houses. It was in a small book at Hogwarts that had myths and legends. One of them talked about secret rooms, that only a person worthy of their house, could see it. A couple years ago, a Ravenclaw girl claimed that a mysterious room appeared one night in their common room, and inside was an enormous library. She said it had every book ever created; both magical and non. A couple decades ago, a Gryffindor girl said she was fussing over her next Quidditch game, and a magical door appeared in her dorm, and she said that inside were every kind of exercise machine she could think of. The book didn't talk about a secret room from the house of Slytherin, but someone recorded in the first century of Hogwarts, that he was on the 7th floor, and he really needed the loo, and it just appeared. We call that the Room of Requirement. Maybe the cup or tiara is hidden in the Room of Requirement." Hermione said excitedly.

"That's brilliant, Hermione!" Harry jumped up, and hugged Hermione, laughing.

"Most likely the cup and tiara is hidden in the Room of Requirement." Ron exclaimed happily.

"It seems too easy, though." Harry said. "Voldemort wouldn't hide two of the horcuxes in the same place. He isn't that stupid. Most likely, he hid one of the two somewhere else." Harry said. "Hermione, do you have a picture or drawing of the relics?" Harry asked.

"I think there is one picture in the book. Let me go get it." Hermione replied, before bounding to the library. She ran back out with a dusty book. She placed the book on the table, and flipped to the correct page. When she found it, she turned it to Harry.

When Harry looked at it, he felt that it looked familiar. Then he gasped at realization.

"How could I have been so stupid!" Harry exclaimed. Everyone looked at him. "I found that in the Room of Requirement in second year! I picked it up, and used it as a bloody marker so I wouldn't get lost in the fucking room!" Harry pointed at the tiara, yelling, frustrated at himself. Draco rubbed his back.

"Well at least we know where it is. Now all we have to do is figure out where the cup is." Draco comforted.

"We have enough time to sneak in today. What do you say?" Remus asked.

"The sooner we destroy the tiara, the sooner we can figure out where the cup is, and the sooner we are to ending this war." Hermione said confidently. Harry nodded.

"No more disguises though. We are going to have to go in invisibly. How about Hermione, Neville, and Philip come with me. Its hard to navigate when we are all invisible. So get ready. We are going to leave in half an hour." Harry ordered gently, and they all went upstairs to change.

Half an hour later, everyone was dressed and ready. Hermione placed the hat in her magical bag, and she took it with her. Hermione, Neville, and Draco held onto Harry as he apparated them to the outskirts of Hogwarts.

When they got there, they each casted invisibilia charms on each other, and they made their way across the bridge, and slipped into the castle. Not many people were in the halls at the moment, but then a bell rung, and everyone froze. Right in front of them, a hoard of Slytherin's were coming towards them. Everyone panicked for a second, before Harry whisper shouted to them.

"Hide underneath a bench. Quick." Harry whispered. The four of them were all able to fit under a longer sized bench. They waited for the crowd to pass before heading back to the Room of Requirement.

When they got there, Harry thought of the room he found the tiara in, and a door appeared. They each slipped in, and made themselves visible. Everyone was there

"Ok, lets split up, and look for the tiara. Call out when you find it." Harry said before they all went in different directions, and searched the large, cluttered room.

After an hour of searching, Neville was looking through a pile of gold stuff, and saw something that resembled the backside of a crown. Neville became excited when he grabbed it, and pulled it out of the pile. That was it! He found the tiara.

"I found it!" Neville yelled.

"Where are you!" Hermione yelled back.

"Follow the sparks!" Neville said. Then he pulled his wand out, and shot green sparks into the air. A minute later, Hermione ran to him. She took the crown, and inspected it.

"This is it! You found it!" Hermione exclaimed. She then dug through her bag, and handed Neville the hat. He immediately pulled the sword out.

"You can have the honors." Hermione said with a smile, while backing away.

Neville placed the tiara on the ground, and aimed the sword at the tiara. He struck it, and a black cloud enveloped him, but dissipated after a minute. Hermione helped Neville up, and they put the sword back into the hat, and the hat into the bag.

"Harry! Philip! We destroyed the tiara! Where are you?!" Hermione yelled.

"We are at the door! Come here!" Draco yelled back. Hermione and Neville then made their way back to the exit, and saw the two standing there, ears pressed against the door. Hermione tried to say something, but Harry shushed her.

On the opposite side of the door, a scene was playing out, and Harry and Draco needed to listen. They immediately recognized the voices as Bellatrix and Voldemort.

"So you are saying that some random boy with black wings broke into the office, to steal your wand." Voldemort accused.

"I don't know! There was another one with red wings, but I don't know what he was doing. The other one distracted me, and swatted me with his wings, then they flew away." Bellatrix explained, anger searing into each word.

"At least tell me you're taking care of the cup." Voldemort said wearily. Harry and Draco gasped slightly, and listened harder.

"Yes, yes, you're always asking me about that damned cup. Its in my vaults, safe and sound. The only person that can open it is a goblin, and me. Anyone else would die from the experience." Bellatrix said lightly. Harry and Draco looked at each other. They stopped listening, and told Hermione and Ron what they heard.

"All we have to do now is somehow get to Bellatrix's vaults, and get the cup!" Draco said excitedly.

"Do you think they'll let us?" Harry asked. Draco shrugged. They each casted an invisibilia charm on each other, and slowly peered out of the door. They were gone thankfully. They each then sneaked out of the castle, and onto the grounds. Then they crossed the bridge and successfully apparated back home to 12 Grimmauld Place.

When they got home, they each made themselves visible. Everyone was accounted for.

"So how did it go?" Ron asked.

Everyone smiled. "We destroyed the tiara, and we know where the cup is!" Hermione exclaimed.

"Really? Where?" Remus asked.

"Its in Bellatrix's vaults at Gringotts." Harry smiled.

"That's great, but I'm hungry." Ron said. Everyone laughed at Ron, which Ron replied with a look of puzzlement.

"Kreacher!" Draco yelled.

"You called." Kreacher said.

"How come you didn't make breakfast?" Draco asked.

"I was mourning my mistress. Today is the anniversary of her death."

Kreacher put it plainly. Harry stepped forward.

"Its ok. You can go back to what you were doing. I'll make dinner." Harry responded nicely. Kreacher nodded his head, and tried to produce something that was probably supposed to be a smile, but it didn't look right. Then he cracked out of the room. Harry made his way to the kitchen again, and prepared dinner for the 6 of them.

When Harry was done, he floated the meal to everyone, and they all ate rapidly. Even Hermione who usually takes her time. Then everyone said their goodnights, and Remus said goodbye and goodnight to everyone. He was going back home since he wasn't really need anymore. Harry and Draco hugged him, and watched him leave. They then went upstairs, took a shower, and fell asleep, curled around each other.