

Never Will You Be Alone Again

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Never Will You Be Alone Again

by [Ilaria_Slytherin](#)

Summary

In Harry Potter's 3rd year, they have to do an assignment on boggarts, starting with a practical lesson and then moving onto the theory, and finally, their actual assignment. What will happen in their first practical when Draco Malfoy has to participate and everything goes awry from there...?

Notes

This story is based off of the following Tumblr post;
“Infamous 3rd year ‘My father will hear about this’ Draco refusing to participate in Lupin’s class on boggarts because the whole thing is ridiculous but when it’s his turn he walks up to the wardrobe and Lucius Malfoy steps out”

I have decided to write a bit of a story revolving around this Tumblr post because we don’t really see enough fanfiction to do with this scene, if any at all. Hope you enjoy my readers, I honestly don’t know if this will be a one-shot or a multi-chaptered story, but if it becomes the latter, hopefully it won’t be more than 10 chapters.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Beginning

Harry and his friends, Hermione Granger and Ron Weasley enter the Defence classroom one afternoon in October to find all of the desks pushed to one side and an old styled wardrobe with a mirror in front of Professor Lupin's desk. Ron cocks his head to the side in confusion and Hermione plonks her bag down to one side of the room, Harry following her lead with Ron doing the same thing a few minutes later after having come to the conclusion that he has no bloody idea on what is going to happen in this afternoon's Defence Against the Dark Arts class.

Professor Lupin smiles at them kindly before waving his wand and opening the door to the room, allowing the rest of the Gryffindor's and all of the Slytherin's to enter, "Welcome to this afternoon's class students. Today, we will be doing a practical lesson on how to get rid of a boggart. Can anyone tell me what this creature does?" Hermione and a few Slytherin's put their hands up and Lupin chooses Hermione, "Well professor, a boggart is a creature that no-one really knows what it looks like, but it takes the form of your greatest fear and can rend you immobile by said distress." Lupin smiles proudly at Hermione and nods, stating, "Well done Miss Granger, 5 points to Gryffindor. Can anyone tell me how to get rid of a boggart?"

Malfoy rolls his eyes and puts his hand up, smirking when no-one else does, "You say Riddikulus, and the boggart will turn into something funny." Lupin smiles thinly before awarding Slytherin 3 points. Malfoy glares at the professor whilst Harry frowns, Why does everyone discriminate against the House of Snakes? Theirs isn't the only House to have spouted bad Wizards or Witches... He tunes back into the lesson as Lupin tells them to form a line, "I won't be participating in this silly little game of yours professor. I'd rather handle one of Professor Sprout's plants than do that." Malfoy scrunches up his nose in distaste and Harry hides an amused smirk behind his hand.

Lupin purses his lips angrily and turns to Malfoy, fixing him with a deadly glare almost as good as Snape's, "You will be participating Mr Malfoy, if you value your complete Mark for this class as this exercise is at least half of it. Now, get in line before I decide to remove 15 points from your House for lack of respect and disobedience and a detention or two with Mr Filch." Harry's and Hermione's jaws drop in astonished shock of the unfairness and unwarranted explanation of the threat, before they turn and see Malfoy pale drastically, "That's not just from the threat, is it Mione? I reckon Malfoy's hiding something and that's the real reason why he doesn't want to participate." Harry murmurs in Hermione's ear and she nods in agreement, "I concur that Harry, I mean, look at his eyes. He has fear in them like no other and there are bags-really dark ones-under his orbs..."

Harry nods before they look over at everyone and they quickly rush into the line, ending up behind Malfoy who they can see is shaking slightly. Harry turns around and locks eyes with Hermione, the both of them showing concern. Ron scoffs from in front of them and turns to Malfoy, sneering and stating, "What, afraid of a measly boggart Malfoy?" Harry swings back around and quickly whispers something in Malfoy's ear, who smirks shakily at Ron and says, "At least I'm not afraid of spiders Weasley." Ron goes red in the face from anger before turning back around and ignoring everyone, whilst Harry and Hermione begin snickering,

having been getting irritated with Ronald's bullying of everyone in the Slytherin House.

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Half an hour later sees nearly half the class sitting down to the side, shaking or talking amongst themselves. Ron swallows nervously as he steps forward, looking at the wardrobe warily. Lupin smiles at him encouragingly before flicking his wand and allowing the wardrobe door to spring open. Out steps a huge acromantula, it's pincers clicking together menacingly as it advances on the redhead. Said Weasley freezes for a minute, before he thinks of something funny and points his wand at the boggart-spider and shouts, "Riddikulus!" With that, the acromantula begins rolling around on bright pink roller-skates, before losing its balance and falling over, disappearing in a cloud of smoke and returning to the comforting darkness of the wardrobe.

All of the Gryffindor's cheer and clap for their member, Seamus and Dean coming over to thump the redhead on the back. Harry grins and so does Hermione, the both of them showing thumbs up in his direction. He beams at them before heading towards the other side of the classroom, before turning back around and smirking at Malfoy, "Good luck fag, you're gonna need it." Harry glares at Ron from behind the shaking blonde and Hermione huffs, grumbling to herself about idiots and their immaturity.

Draco gulps quietly to himself as he nears the marked line in front of the wardrobe, subtly wiping his sweaty hands on his robes. He draws his wand and holds it at the ready, waiting for Lupin to open the door. He holds his breath as he sees the professor wave his wand and the door opens, Lucius Malfoy stepping out of the elegant piece of furniture, "Well, well, well, if it isn't the Faggot of the Family, or should I say the Submissive Filth? Abomination? Disgrace? Burden...?" Draco freezes as he listens to the boggart-Lucius, his body shaking violently, "I can't believe Nacrissa and I had you for a son, you're nothing but a waste of-" Harry steps in front and watches as the boggart takes the form of a dark brown wolf with black and red eyes, blood dripping from its gaping mouth. The Saviour scoffs before muttering, "Riddikulus." Without drawing his wand and watching as the stupid thing turns into Vernon Dursley wearing a pink tutu.

Lupin's face splits in two with pride at his honorary Godson's show of wandless magic and he banishes the boggart back into the wardrobe, "Splendid Harry, absolutely marvellous! 20 points-" Harry turns on the professor with an angry snarl as Hermione rushes towards Draco and engulfs the petrified boy in her arms, glaring at Lupin as Harry rips into him, "What the fuck was that Lupin!? You just bloody stood there and let a 3rd year be fucking traumatized by their worst fear, when you stood in to help every other student! Hang on a second, wait a minute, they were all Gryffindor's! HOW DARE YOU TREAT A CHILD UNFAIRLY WHEN YOU ARE A FUCKING TEACHER! IF I WANTED TO, I COULD HAVE YOU FUCKING REPORTED FOR UNFAIR TREATMENT OF A BLOODY MINOR!!!" Lupin and the whole class stand there stunned for a good five minutes whilst Harry calms himself, before he turns to Hermione, "Get Blaise, Pansy and Theo and get out of here and take them and Draco to Professor Snape. Make sure he knows the full story and keep Draco as calm as you can until I get there."

She nods at him, slightly stunned after what had just happened, even though she'd seen him go off at someone before. Harry turns back to Lupin with a deadly fire in his emerald orbs and he pierces the professor with a promising glare, "I'm telling you now Lupin, after what I

have witnessed in the last month of knowing you, I don't think I want to be acquainted with you, as you are worse than Snape. He only targets the Lions because we target his House and they don't get any support from anyone. I will be contacting the Owner of Hogwarts tonight and asking her to come here to evaluate what is happening in her establishment, and I can guarantee she won't like it. So be prepared for a pissed off Duchess of the Founders."

With one last, death-like look, Harry leaves the classroom and heads towards the dungeons, his magic crackling in the air with a fury so deep, even the Castle itself is shivering with fear.

Lady Vale

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Severus Snape is sitting in his favourite armchair by the fire in his quarters, looking over the 3rd year essays on Dark Creatures and there uses in Potions, when he comes to Potter's assignment. He sneers as he grabs his red self-inking quill and he begins to read, becoming more astonished by the second at how well-written and neat it is. Just as he's getting halfway through the scroll, there's an urgent knock on his door and he places the Saviour's work on the coffee table gently before standing and heading over to the entrance to his quarters.

He opens the door to find his Godson nestled in Miss Granger's arms, sobbing and shaking uncontrollably, "What happened Dragon!?" Severus coos and Granger smiles softly, before handing Draco over to the Potions Master. Pansy, Blaise and Theo follow the man inside, with Pansy chuckling and grabbing Hermione and pulling her after them, "What happened?" Severus snarls as he sits down with Draco in his lap, "Professor Lupin had us do a practical on boggarts this afternoon and ended up having most of us Gryffindor's go first. After Ronald went it was Draco's turn and he froze because his father stepped out. That bloody professor of ours stood there, twirling his wand and let it happen. Harry stepped in and got rid of it before flaying Lupin..."

Severus pales as he holds Draco to him, wondering why on Earth no-one cares about his snakes. Suddenly, there's a knock on the door and Theo rushes to answer it, allowing a fuming Harry Potter to enter, "How is he doing Mione?" The emerald-eyed Wizard asks and she sighs, tucking a strand of bushy hair behind her ear, "Well, he's safe now and he's slightly less panicked now that he's with Professor Snape... What did you tell Lupin after we left?" Harry growls angrily and Hermione smiles slightly, "I told him that I'm contacting the Owner of Hogwarts tonight so she can come and evaluate what is going on here..." Hermione's eyes widen before she frowns in thought, "But with everything going on at home, she won't be able to come will she?"

Harry smirks darkly and Hermione groans, plonking herself on Snape's couch, "I'm doomed to a lifetime of schemes, failed plans and dead ends..." She groans, slumping into the couch and allowing Harry's smirk to darken, "May I use your floo Professor? I'll be able to get her here quicker that way." Snape nods in shock as Harry sends him a small smile before the Saviour kneels down in front of the fireplace, throws in some of the floo powder, and calls, "Vale Manor!"

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After half an hour of Harry conversing with a woman on the other side and Severus finally managing to calm Draco down, everyone is waiting with bated breath as Harry ends the call and turns around with a triumphant smirk, "She'll be arriving in an hour and no-one is to be telling anyone about what is going on, alright?" They all nod and Severus sighs, grumbling something under his breath. Blaise looks to his mentor with suspicion in his eyes and said Potions Master blushes, "What did you say Uncle Sev?" The Italian murmurs and Severus

sighs, “What is the point if this woman comes here? She’s going to take the side of the Lions anyway, so why bother?”

Harry and Hermione look at each other before they begin laughing, the bushy haired girl nearly falling off of the seat. When their laughing has subsided, they look at the Slytherin’s surrounding them and they see the hurt expressions, “Duchess of the Founders isn’t like that. She loves all of the Houses and values each and every one of their morals. You’ll see Professor Snape, everything will be just fine...”

Chapter End Notes

Please leave a review, as that makes me update faster *hint, hint*

Things Are Changing

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! I'm back, and hopefully for good this time! Quite a few has changed over the years, one of the changes being my partner and I moved in together at the end of 2019, moved over 8 hours away in the beginning of 2020, and are now in the process of buying a house and moving in 2022. Also, 25th June 2022 there is going to be a mini Ilaria running around as I am pregnant! One other thing before you get to reading my dears, I would like to start a Facebook group solely dedicated to my AO3 account, meaning that there would be the best way to get notifications on when stories update, give feedback, vote on what stories you want to be worked on, vote on plots you want to see happen, and share your own stories and promote yourselves. Please let me know if this is something that you would be interested in seeing happen. Happy reading my dears!

An hour later, Ilaria arrives, her crimson hair tied in a messy bun with tendrils framing her face, her crystal blue eyes framed by black, rectangular glasses. She smiles at Harry and Hermione, before turning towards the other people in the room and inclining her head in a gesture of greeting, "Good morning, I am Ilaria Vale, Duchess of the Founders and Lady of the Forest." Severus nods in greeting, introducing himself and his students, "I am Professor Severus Snape, and these are my Godchildren and students, Draconis Malfoy, Theodore Nott, Pansy Parkinson and Blaise Zabini." At the mention of their name, each student bows, with Pansy curtsying, before taking a seat wherever they can find one.

Ilaria waves her right hand, and a black armchair appears, where she sits down and places her briefcase on the coffee table in front of her. She turns to Harry and Hermione, adjusts her glasses, and then raises an eyebrow in question, "Morning Illie, sorry to bother you when we know you have so much going on, but this needs priority." Hermione states, her brown eyes the only indicator of how worried she is. Ilaria nods and turns to Severus, her brow furrowed in concern, "Please Professor Snape, explain to me what has been going on in the last, I'm sorry, how many years have you been teaching here? And what is your current position?" Severus shifts so he's comfortable, before clasping his hands together and resting them gently on his stomach, "I have been working as the Potions Master for the past 16 years, but have had nothing but prejudice and hate thrown towards my House since I was at school. The only other teacher who is supportive of us is Deputy Headmistress Minerva McGonagall, but even the Headmaster won't listen to her regarding the treatment of my House and students."

He pauses for a moment, his voice cracking twice from memories flooding his mind. He Occludes, the memories being pushed back so he doesn't have to think about them again, but unbeknownst to him, a certain Duchess notices, and she narrows her eyes in concern before he continues, "I have tried to stop the bullying, the hate, the cruelty, but nothing Minerva and I do works, and we have been trying for *years*, but it's to no avail. I don't know what to do

anymore, I'm at my wits end." Severus hangs his head in his hands, his onyx-coloured eyes closed in emotional anguish, "Severus, if you don't mind me calling you that, everything will be alright, I promise. Obviously, the Board of Governors and Headmaster aren't doing what is right for my school." Ilaria pats Severus on the knee comfortingly and he smiles slightly at her, nodding his thanks as Theo calls for a House Elf. Dobby appears, his massive ears flopping slightly from the momentum of the summons, "You called for a House Elf little Master?" He enquires, before smiling at them all and winking at Harry and Hermione.

"Yes Dobby, may we please have some tea and biscuits? I have a feeling there's a lot to discuss." Theo states, watching as Ilaria jots down everything Severus had mentioned. Harry nods, a small, mischievous grin plastered on his face, causing Hermione to groan and Ilaria to snicker.

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A few hours later, Ilaria leans back in her conjured armchair, quite a few pages of a book filled with things going on in her school that she hadn't known about. She frowns as she reads over them, her eyes darkening with each passing second, her mind only now fully comprehending what has been said and written;

Prejudice and cruelty from all Houses directed towards Slytherin

Poorly maintained lessons, such as History of Magic, DADA and Divination

Potions Class budget only 500 Galleons instead of the promised 2,500 Galleons

Constant DADA teachers (thoughts of there being a Curse on the position)

Flying Class only being held for 1st years (need advance flying)

Headmaster not involved in the education of his students

No resources given to Care of Magical Creatures

The staircase's moving

The passwords being changed (quite a few students have been locked out due to forgetfulness)

Malicious creatures kept on school grounds

Professor's taking students concerns/worries into account, listening to students

Dangerous artefacts kept on school grounds

Having no real protection from the Forbidden Forest

There's no fund to help students in need

No Sex Ed class

No “Wizard Studies” class (like Muggle Studies, but for Muggleborns)

She pinches the bridge of her nose in frustration, mumbling under her breath as she closes the book, not wanting to read past the first page. She looks up after a few minutes, accepting another cup of tea from Severus as he gazes at her in concern, “If everything with the Council hadn’t of happened, then I would have seen this earlier. For heaven’s sake, this is bullshit, I am so thankful that you and Hermione brought this to my attention Harry, thank you. As for you and your Snake’s Severus, I will sort everything out. I can’t do anything until I actually *see* these things happening, but it’s a start.” Ilaria sips her tea as Severus nods, the students looking at each other in hopeful wonder, “So everything will be fixed?” Pansy asks, her hazel-coloured eyes lighting up with hope.

Ilaria smiles and nods, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear as she places her cup down on the coffee table. She casts a quick *Tempus*, gasping lightly at the time, “Good heavens, it’s 11:45am, you’ve missed two periods! I am so sorry this took so long Severus, children. I think you should all head to lunch, and I will head to Albus’ office and inform him I will be supervising the school for the next week or so.” Everyone agrees before they get up and head to the Great Hall, chatting excitedly amongst themselves before splitting up at the Entry Hall, not wanting anyone to know what is going on just yet.

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Ilaria runs into Albus Dumbledore on the way to his office, and he looks quite surprised and a little nervous to see her, before masking his expression and smiling his grandfatherly smile at her, “Lady Vale, it has been some years since you graced our halls, what brings you here today?” He indicates for her to fall into step beside him, and she does so reluctantly, “Albus, some students wrote to me this morning with some concerning accusations about a certain DADA professor, and how other Professor’s have been treating students. Once I read the letter I came as soon as I was able. I have decided to stay here in the Castle for the week and observe the goings on.” Ilaria states, her tone leaving no room for argument or dismissal.

Albus winces slightly, before forcing a smile and nodding, “Of course my Lady, I will have the Founders’ quarters ready for you by tonight. May I enquire as to whom it was that contacted you? No one has said anything to me about these accusations and I would like to help in anyway I can.” Inside, Albus is seething, wondering who on Earth decided to get Lady Ilaria Vale of all people involved in his plans? He had been sending her tri-monthly updates like she required when she first came into her Inheritance at the age of 16, when her parents had passed in an ‘accident’, and since then, she’d only ever visited 3 times, and that was all in one year. He snaps back to reality when he realizes she has finished speaking, and he very sheepishly asks her to repeat herself.

She rolls his eyes at him before replying, “That is none of your concern Headmaster, as there is no need for your help in any way shape or form. I am requesting that you take a Vow to not inform any of the staff of my presence, as I will be in my Animagus form.” Albus’ smile falters before he regains control of his emotions and forces his mouth to work, “Of course my Lady. I, Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, hereby do declare that I will not inform any of the staff of Lady Ilaria Jade Vale’s presence, on fear of losing my Magic, so mote it be.”

“I, Lady Ilaria Jade Vale, hereby accept the Vow spoken by Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, so mote it be.”

There’s a spark of white magic before it disappears, and Albus smiles thinly, excusing himself so he can head to lunch, his electric blue eyes blazing with fury.

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Ilaria floos home after her talk with Albus, her mind whirring with memories of his reaction, “He had a peculiar reaction to what I said to him today.” She murmurs thoughtfully, taking off her dark grey trench coat and hanging it in the wardrobe in the parlour, before heading out into the entryway and up the grand staircase, turning left and up another flight of stairs. She enters her office on the first floor, three doors down and to the right of the stairs, and she places her briefcase on her cherry wood desk, sitting down on the dark blue leather chair. She pulls out a packet of cigarettes and lights one, taking a drag as she thoughtfully goes through some documents.

She calls for Dennis, her House Elf, who appears with some chicken and pasta soup, as well as a tumbler of whiskey, “Here you go Mistress, lunch is served.” Dennis squeaks, placing the tray on the desk besides her elbow, “Thank you Dennis, I appreciate it very much. Please have Gracie pack a weeks’ worth of clothes and toiletries, I will be staying at Hogwarts to see how things are run.” She instructs, and Dennis nods, before bowing and Apparating to the kitchens.

She takes one last drag of her cigarette before putting it out and taking a mouthful of the soup. She continues to read over some documentation whilst she has lunch, her mind formulating the tasks that need to be completed next week. She sighs as she looks up and out of the window of her office, realizing with mild humour that it’s Friday, and that after Monday next week, things were going to be *very* different for those at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Surprises

Saturday morning shines bright for Harry and Hermione, as they had been up since 4am discussing what had happened the day before and what they could do to help Draco get away from his father, "I think we should tell Ilaria, she's the only one powerful enough to actually take the Malfoy's on and get him away from them." Hermione states, her quill moving along parchment as she does her homework, Harry smiling slightly at his sister, "I agree Mione, but how are we going to tell her when she's already got so much going on?" He asks, frowning when he notices a mistake in his essay he had been proof reading. Ever since the Granger's had met Harry, they had been helping him with his schooling until they adopted him at the end of his 1st year, which is when they had met Ilaria and she had helped them, unbeknownst to Dumbledore of course.

"It's Ilaria, as soon as that is brought to her attention she will pounce, she always has." Hermione places her quill in the inkpot and begins blowing gently on the parchment, hoping to get it to dry before classes on Monday. Harry nods in thought, fixing his essay and packing his things up so they can head to breakfast. Once everything is packed in their school satchels, they throw them over their shoulders and head up into their dorms to put them away, ready for Monday. Harry grins as he sees Neville, Seamus and Dean are awake and getting dressed, "Ready for breakfast boys?" He asks, snickering when Neville glares at him, "Harry, we're starving, of course we're ready. Don't forget to wake up Ron." He replies in a sing-song voice, and Seamus and Dean giggle as the three leave for breakfast, leaving Harry alone to wake up the annoying redhead.

Harry rolls his eyes and sighs, drawing his wand and waving it, Ron's blankets flying from him and exposing him to the coldness of the room. The redhead groans as he opens his eyes and glares at the raven-haired boy grinning innocently at him, "C'mon Ron, breakfast will be served in 5 minutes, don't want to miss that huh?" Harry states, turning on his heel and heading out of the dormitory, not waiting for his would-be friend to follow him.

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Harry, Hermione, Ron, Dean, Seamus and Neville arrive in the Great Hall to find Pansy and Theo frantically searching around for someone. Harry frowns as he rushes over to them, wondering idly where Blaise and Draco are, "Pansy, Theo, what's wrong?" He asks, concerned as Pansy turns to him with tears in her eyes, "Draco has disappeared, he wasn't with Severus and Blaise can't find him anywhere, we thought he had come to breakfast early but there's no sign of him!" Pansy cries, breaking down as Theo wraps her in his arms. Harry snarls angrily, having a bad feeling in the pit of his stomach. Just then, they hear a scream, and they whirl around to see Lucius Malfoy dragging Draco out by his hair, and Dumbledore just standing there watching, as he holds Blaise back.

Severus rushes out past Potter and his friends, his onyx-coloured eyes clouded with fear, "Albus! Albus, what are you doing!? Stop them! He's going to hurt Draco!" Severus screams, forgetting about his reputation for fear his Godson is going to be killed, "I'm sorry Severus, but this has nothing to do with us as Draco has been expelled for his attitude towards Remus

yesterday.” Albus smiles his grandfatherly smile and Severus swallows, about to draw his wand when a certain crimson-haired woman appears beside him and places a calming hand on his arm.

Severus looks up pleadingly, to find Ilaria standing beside him, her crystal blue eyes dark with fury. She turns towards Lucius Malfoy and snarls, “Let him go Lucius, or do you *want* to go against me in a duel?” Lucius visibly swallows in fear, before throwing Draco to the ground and sneering, “I *will* be back for the little shit, he needs to be punished for embarrassing the Malfoy name.” Draco whimpers and rushes over to Severus, burying his face in the man’s robes as he wraps his arms around the boy.

Ilaria growls when she notices the bruise on Draco’s cheek, and she ruffles his hair lovingly before turning to Lucius and flinging an advanced stinging hex at him, which causes him to yelp as he hurries out of the castle. Ilaria nods once before surprising everyone and picking Draco up into her arms, tucking him under her chin as she turns a deathly glare onto Albus, “You and I will be speaking later Albus, but first, I have *my* child to calm after this debacle. You better *believe* you’re fucked once I’m through with you, the Malfoy’s and this school.” She growls, turning on her heel and storming out of the Entrance Hall, heading down the corridor to the left and towards her new quarters, all the while stroking Draco’s hair and murmuring to him soothingly.

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She enters her quarters through a secret passage and sits down on the dark blue leather couch in her living room, adjusting Draco on her lap so he’s comfortable. He snuffles as he looks up at her, his silver eyes filled with wonder and fear, “Why did you call me your child?” He asks quietly, wincing as he touches his hand to his cheek and feeling how swollen it is. Her eyes soften as she gently places a hand to his face and a warm glow emits from it, the swelling in his cheek going down and the pain dissipating, “Because Dragonet, I hope to help you and Severus as much as I can, as well as everyone else.” She murmurs, smiling sadly as memories from the past flash through her mind.

They both look up when the others arrive, Severus rushing to them and checking Draco over before sighing in relief and turning to Ilaria and hugging her tightly, everyone just as shocked as she, “Thank you for helping him.” Severus mumbles, his voice cracking as he hugs her tighter. She smiles slightly and wraps her free arm around him, kissing his hair absently as she rests her head on his, and Harry smirks, hiding it behind his hand as he and Hermione share a knowing look, “We will get Lucius and Albus for this Severus, Draco, and don’t you worry, I won’t rest until they have suffered enough.” Ilaria growls, and Harry and Hermione shiver in anticipation, the grins on their faces making everyone worried.

End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed this first chapter and I reckon I will be making this into a multi-chaptered fic... I don't know how long, but it shouldn't be anymore than 10 chappies.

Read it, Review it, Kudos it and Bookmark it! :D<

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!