

## The PotterNatural Adventures

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/23825506) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/23825506>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling</a> , <a href="#">Sherlock (TV)</a> , <a href="#">Supernatural</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Draco Malfoy/Harry Potter</a> , <a href="#">Hermione Granger/Ron Weasley</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Harry Potter</a> , <a href="#">Draco Malfoy</a> , <a href="#">Hermione Granger</a> , <a href="#">Ron Weasley</a> , <a href="#">Teddy Lupin</a> , <a href="#">Dean Winchester</a> , <a href="#">Sam Winchester</a> , <a href="#">Castiel</a> , <a href="#">Sherlock Holmes</a> , <a href="#">John Watson</a> , <a href="#">Rosamund Mary "Rosie" Watson</a> , <a href="#">Greg Lestrade</a> , <a href="#">Mycroft Holmes</a> , <a href="#">Ginny Weasley</a> , <a href="#">Original Characters</a> , <a href="#">Arthur Weasley</a> , <a href="#">Molly Weasley</a> , <a href="#">Bobby Singer</a> , <a href="#">Crowley (Supernatural)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Crossover</a> , <a href="#">Case Fic</a> , <a href="#">Auror Harry Potter</a> , <a href="#">Auror Draco Malfoy</a> , <a href="#">Unspeakable Hermione Granger</a> , <a href="#">Auror Partners</a> , <a href="#">Sherlock Holmes and John Watson in the Wizarding World</a> , <a href="#">Sam Dean and Castiel in the Wizarding World</a> , <a href="#">Dark Magic</a> , <a href="#">Demons</a> , <a href="#">Angst</a> , <a href="#">Manipulation</a> , <a href="#">Mind Games</a> , <a href="#">Harry Potter Raises Teddy Lupin</a> , <a href="#">Family Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Emotional</a> , <a href="#">Kidnapping</a> , <a href="#">dark themes</a> , <a href="#">Angst with a Happy Ending</a> , <a href="#">Bromance not slash</a> , <a href="#">POV Alternating</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">Best Supernatural Crossovers</a> , <a href="#">Best Harry Potter Crossovers</a>
Stats:	Published: 2020-05-05 Updated: 2021-05-09 Words: 11,131 Chapters: 7/?

# The PotterNatural Adventures

by [TheLostLibran](#)

## Summary

Some wars require three sets of heroes to stop them. The real catch isn't who the criminal is, Sherlock will argue that it's been fairly obvious since the beginning (as Dean snorts, of course). It is the cost at which the end comes. And what it personally means to one Harry Potter.

## Notes

Canonically, Dean was born in 1979, Harry in 1980 and Sam in 1983. But for this fic, I've chosen their ages as:

Sam- 29

Dean- 33

Harry and Co.- 24

John- 40

Sherlock- 42

Until the three sets of stories converge, each chapter will narrate the events happening with each pair/trio. The chapters covering Sherlock and John will have a formal tone, keeping in view the format in which the original stories were written.

Seven years have elapsed since Sam joined hunting and I don't know how many seasons are covered in the show in that time. So Cas is present but the setting of this story with respect to the show's timeline remains vague.

Sherlock is set post season 4 of BBC. So there's no Moriarty.

I ship the Baker street boys and the three Winchesters as brothers and friends, so Johnlock and Destiel do not happen. Sorry not sorry :)

This work is only for entertainment purposes. I do not own the characters nor do I make money from this work. Harry Potter and Co. belong to JK Rowling and WB. Supernatural belongs to Eric Kripke and CW. Sherlock Holmes belongs to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and BBC.

# Chapter 1

Houston, Texas.

Sam Winchester jerked awake to the sound of something heavy falling on the floor. He peered into the darkness of his room. The shadows all looked much the same as the day before. Whoever it was who had stolen inside was either a figment of his imagination or hid remarkably well in a small chamber that was rapidly getting bathed in the rays of dawn filtering through the windows. From his experience, though, Sam knew that the probability of the latter was impossibly high. He quietly reached under his pillow for his revolver, rolled onto the other side of the bed and assumed an attacking stance with his weapon aimed in the direction the sound came from. Before the room could fully light up and give the intruder the advantage of surprise. The sight that met his eyes, however, took his breath away.

On the floor, in the narrow gap in between the two beds, lay the prone figure of a dark blond man covered in plaid whom he would recognise anywhere.

‘Shit! Dean!’ Sam immediately dropped his gun and shuffled to crouch next to his brother, gently turning him to get a proper look at his face.

Dean looked unconscious but relatively uninjured, if one didn’t count the gash on his left cheek that ran from the corner of his eye to his mouth. Sam didn’t think it was deep but it looked red, angry and was bleeding profusely. He hoped it didn’t scar, at least for Dean’s sake.

Sam looked around and called, ‘Cas?’

Almost immediately Cas appeared before him as if he had been waiting for Sam to call him. He swayed slightly clutching his abdomen and Sam guided him to the foot of his bed and propped him up on pillows. He then gently attended to Dean’s cut before settling him into a sitting position on the floor, leaning his head against his bed, next to Cas’ bouncing knee. Turning enquiring eyes on Cas, he crossed his arms across his chest and waited for him to say something.

‘The ghost of Canton has been put to rest,’ Cas said between heavy, deep breaths.

Sam kept looking at him, the scathing look in his eyes informing Cas how stupid his attempt at explanation had been.

‘What?’ Cas asked wearily.

‘Nothing,’ Sam shrugged nonchalantly, ‘just having a hard time understanding how two seasoned hunters got winded just putting a ghost down. Because in the seven years that Dean has been in this field, this is his first time with a ghost, right?’

‘Now, Sammy,’ Dean said groggily, ‘I’d love to have explored that possibility had the ghost not been that of a 70 year old man.’ He stretched his arms and smirked at both of them.

Cas looked amused. Sam didn't. He turned his glare onto Dean who pushed himself off the floor, ignoring his younger brother and walking towards the bathroom. Sam, who was growing agitated by the minute, couldn't control himself any longer.

'You both disappear for ten days, turn up bruised and bleeding and all I get is "the ghost is dead?"'

'Sit down, Sammy there's a lot you need to know,' Dean said closing the door behind him and holding out a glass of water to Cas who gulped down the cool liquid gratefully.

Sam rolled his eyes and brought out an ice pack from their cooler. Dean pressed it against his cheek and exhaled heavily.

'Begin,' Sam ordered.

Sam sat as still as a statue, his slack jaw conveying to the other two everything he thought about their adventure. Or more precisely, what they found out. Dean was almost entertaining the idea of a watery arousal when Sam himself recovered and cleared his throat.

'How are you so sure about this?' Sam asked Cas who was very busily operating the controls of a gaming console.

'Because I was told so,' Cas replied, his voice that same monotonous baritone as ever.

'Quit speaking in riddles, Cas,' Sam huffed, exasperated.

'It wasn't one.' Cas looked at Sam thoroughly confused. 'It is like I said, the ghost was under someone else's power. There was nothing tying it to the mortal world, we could not even find his bones. I doubt burning them would have even worked.'

'And you suspect it's not just the ghost but several of these other strange happenings too.' Sam pointed to the newspaper clippings he had collected over the ten days that Dean and Cas were on the hunt. 'You think all are because of the same..' he struggled to find a suitable word.

'Yes,' Dean said, 'Cas believes all these small seemingly independent events have a common major cause.'

'But they're all different!' Sam exclaimed. 'None of the seven incidents I've picked as the most severe are because of the same supernatural creature. I mean, I'm almost sure we're dealing with a wraith in Michigan and a siren in Colorado. My guess is, the remaining five are different too.'

'And your guess would be correct,' Cas said, standing up. 'Someone succeeded in releasing the dark creatures onto us in a very unconventional way.' He walked over to Sam, scooped some of the newspaper cuttings up and blew them onto his face like confetti.

'What was that for?' Sam scowled, scrambling to rearrange them once again.

‘For distracting me from the game by chattering on about this and making me lose the race,’ Cas replied, flipping his wrist.

‘You’re a total child, you know that? I’ve grouped them all according to dates, locations, number of victims and potential causes and I have to redo everything now. Do you know how tedious that is?’

‘You would do it nevertheless,’ Cas retorted and stared at the coffee table. The mess immediately sorted itself into neat piles.

‘What Cas meant was that,’ Dean said from where he was standing by the window and gazing intently beyond it, ‘something dark is about to happen. Dark and dangerous.’

‘Yeah, but Dean, we’ve been dealing with that kind for seven years. We are professionals,’ Sam said slowly, realising there was subtext to his statement but not understanding what it was.

‘I’m worried this could be beyond us, Sammy,’ Dean sighed and looked up. ‘We couldn’t kill the ghost. It just exploded out of existence right in front of our eyes. And when we came to, we were covered in bruises. Cas had a tough time zapping us back.’

Sam locked eyes with Dean and said, ‘It’s bad and we don’t know how bad it is.’

‘Yes,’ Cas replied and Dean nodded.

‘Excellent,’ Sam said, getting up from his seat. ‘We’ve faced the Apocalypse, Demons and Angels just so we could watch the world get torn down because of another supernatural entity. Is it just me or is our luck really rotten?’

Silence reigned for a few minutes. Cas and Dean abandoned their respective games and windows and sat at the table opposite Sam and began to go through the articles he had accumulated. Sam could tell it would end up being a futile, tiresome exercise because none of them knew what exactly they were looking for. Regardless, he refused to sit still and ploughed on determinedly. He loved research when he had the basic groundwork formulated and laid out. Starting from the scratch was always a sure shot way to ensure oneself of a massive migraine. He dismissed the distracting thoughts to the back of his mind as he immersed himself fully into his work. At long last, Dean rested his head in his hands and pushed back the air from his forehead.

‘I need some air,’ he said and left the room only to return ten minutes later, white faced and panting.

After all they’ve seen and been through, there was very little that could fluster Dean and yet here he was shaking like a leaf.

‘Dean..’ Sam began.

‘It’s not just bad, it’s big too,’ he said without preamble.

Cas pulled out Dean's earlier chair for him and pushed him into it. 'What do you mean?' he asked, his face pinched tight and voice full of concern.

Dean threw a newspaper onto the table and opened it to the international section. He turned it around for the others to see and pointed at an article. 'It's happening everywhere in the world. Seven mysterious cases in London, all of which started way before our ghost decided to dance on our heads. I think we've found the epicentre of the hurricane.'

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

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

221B Baker Street, London.

Sherlock Holmes sat in his usual chair, itching for a smoke and gazing out the window at the grey morning sky of a restless London day, rocking back and forth, cradling a sleepy Rosie in his lap. It wasn't long before soft snores filled the small room. Sherlock made to move, to carry Rosie to her bed but found he couldn't. Toys and books were most unceremoniously strewn all over the floor and the cool wind from the open windows blew the stray papers and crayons towards his chair, a couple of them crunching under its weight. It seemed as though John wouldn't come home any quicker that day. He would have said he wasn't eagerly awaiting his friend's return but knowing he'd be lying, he chose to let the words remain in his head. He instead held Rosie tighter as he let his mind make calculations about the passersby in the street below.

John came back fifteen minutes later and paused at the entrance to his flat with two shopping bags in his hands, a frown adorning his tired, damp face. Sherlock contrived to open one eye and took in John in a single glance before settling back comfortably into his chair. John tiptoed across to dump his bags on the couch and turned to Sherlock with his hands on his hips.

'What in the name of God has happened to this room?' he asked, gesturing around him.

'Rosie Watson,' Sherlock replied, cuddling her closer. Neither of them spoke for a while and it became increasingly clear to John with every passing moment that he would once again have to be the mature one. Sherlock's antics never grew old and John never tired of them, but he wouldn't admit to the latter even if his life were on line. Doing the only thing he could, he threw his hands up in the air, rolled his eyes and went to take his four year old. Half an hour later, Rosie was in her bed, the floor was cleared up and John took the chair opposite his friend, steam billowing from the beverage in his hands.

'She was up all night doing God knows what,' he shook his head as he blew on his tea.

Sherlock hummed, steepling his fingers under his chin and looking at John with a gleeful twinkle in his eye. He bent to pick his cup from the table and casually asked, 'So what did Ms.Hope want?'

John paused halfway to sipping his tea, looking aghast.

Sherlock's grin couldn't be stopped. 'Your astonishment at my methods and conclusions is still just as it had been six years ago when I first deduced your stint in Afghanistan. I thought you would have got used to it by now.'

John snorted and rolled his eyes. 'Show off,' he said, waving a hand dismissively.

Sherlock's smile widened. 'What did she need help with?' he asked again.

John tried to contain his surprise and school his features. From his friend's demeanour, he gathered he didn't succeed.

'Oh John!' Sherlock clapped his hands and leaned back in his chair. 'It is like I always say. You see but do not observe. You woke up today morning with the decision you took yesterday sound in your mind and set out to bring us our supply of groceries for this month. Even considering that the list has expanded to include your daughter's essentials, it wouldn't have taken you more than thirty minutes to wrap up your shopping. So what does it say if you haven't returned in that time? You've met someone you know and stopped for a chat. Seeing that you went out rather early, there can't have been that many people who'd stop you and more particularly for such a long time. There's only one person in this neighbourhood who's schedule is tight enough to permit her a morning grocery run- Ms.Hope. It's evident she didn't want medical advice since she could have either called us or come straight here. Based on the impressions of the bags on your palms, it's clear you have accompanied her home. But you didn't stay. Why? Possibility points out that her storytelling was probably complete by the time you reached her house. Now what does this tell us about the nature of her problem? It's major and something important.'

John was silent for a moment before a thought occurred to him. 'This tells me that you've deduced all this before I even came home. And you still let the mess in the room be undisturbed? Why couldn't you have at least attempted to clean it?'

'No, I don't want to know,' he said again, sensing a quirky comeback that he was absolutely not in the mood for that morning.

Sherlock opted not to acknowledge John's interruption and carried on, 'This was all, of course, confirmed by the impressive amount of dog hair on your coat, the smell of lilies from her perfume that wafted in before you and the clay on your boots that could have only come from the garden Ms.Hope so religiously tends to. Judging by the tea still remaining in the kettle, I think I can safely assume that you've invited her here for a consultation with me.'

John looked as gobsmacked as ever. He opened his mouth and closed it again. Finally, he sighed and said, 'It's about her niece. You remember how we heard something was wrong with her three weeks ago? Ms. Hope believes it isn't all as it is said to be.'

'And her reasons for suspecting foul play?' Sherlock asked in a boring tone.

'She thinks her niece disappeared.'

'Kidnapped?'

'No, disappeared. The police haven't found a body yet. In fact, Ms.Hope claims she saw it happen before her eyes.'

Sherlock raised his brows at that.

‘Yeah,’ John said, shifting in his seat. ‘All along the walk she regaled me with what she considers is substantial proof and what in reality is just a lead, regarding the incident. I think I’d better warn you about the peculiar theories she has as well.’

Sherlock lifted his eyes to John’s. ‘Why?’

‘Well, for the lack of a better word, they are interesting even if implausible.’

Sherlock hummed once more. ‘Can we suspect her of being high?’

‘Sherlock!’ John reprimanded.

‘I meant, on alcohol, I swear,’ Sherlock held his hands up.

John stared at his friend for exactly twenty seconds before shaking his head. ‘No, you didn’t.’

‘Okay, maybe I didn’t. But if that is the account of an eyewitness, what choices do we have? She must have been drunk, delirious, dreaming or demented. And I don’t think she would have dreamt of her niece going missing, though her supposed theories could very well be a result of her dreams that, according to you, have proved to be as eccentric as the lady herself.’

Sherlock was spared from further explanation by the arrival of the very woman they had been talking about. Emma Hope was a middle aged, black haired and frantic eyed spinster who had moved to Baker street ten months ago. She lived with her ailing mother and her niece, whom she had been taking care of since her sister and her husband died seven years ago. Nancy Lovhood was the ten year old who had gone “missing.” Both men observed keenly as she limped her way to the chair they set out for their clients, John’s racy brain quickly concluding that her limp must be from tripping on the last step she very obviously missed on the stairs in her hurry to come up.

A few introductory minutes of inquiring about her leg and her mother passed while John poured some tea for her.

‘The facts, if you please, Ms.Hope,’ Sherlock said, not wanting to waste any more time, when their guest relaxed enough, ‘John here tells me you think your niece was kidnapped right before your eyes.’

‘No, Mr.Holmes,’ Ms.Hope replied. ‘Nancy disappeared yesterday in front of my eyes. She’s gone to a place I can’t ever reach her. I’ve told the police, but they don’t believe me. They’ve refused to file a missing complaint even though it’s been more than a day. She’s totally lost to me now!’

Tears began flowing out of her eyes and in her attempts to dab them with her handkerchief, the cup in her hands tilted, spilling the tea onto the carpet.

‘I’m sorry!’ she cried, bending down to mop the carpet instead and hitting her head on the table before her while getting up. ‘I’m sorry, I’m usually not too messy,’ she said, noticing a stain on her blouse.

John added hysterical and clumsy to his mental list, idly wondering if the loss of her niece resulted in a loss of her cerebral function as well. After all, overwhelming grief could stop hearts, brains were nothing, he reasoned.

Sherlock provided her with a box of tissues, asking, 'What do you mean disappeared?'

'We went to the cafe for breakfast as we do every Sunday. It happened when we were leaving to go home. You see, Nancy went out first but as I was about to join her on the pavement, I realised that my coat got stuck in the door. I was untangling it when she disappeared with a yelp. One minute, she was there, Mr.Holmes,' Ms.Hope said, pointing to a space to the left of John, 'and the next, she wasn't. My situation is totally desolate. I won't find her!' She hid her face in her hands, her small frame shaking with her sobs.

'Why? I'm sure we can get a copy of the surveillance footage and start there.' John said soothingly.

'None of us can find her because she's not one of us. She's a witch, just like her parents. And she's gone off to their world. She's gone to Hogwarts!'

## Chapter End Notes

Okay, so maybe this wasn't as formal as I expected!

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Notes

Whoops! I'm late. Sorry about that.

These three are introductory chapters so bear with me. I promise you there's a lot of action coming up. I won't be working on anything else until this is finished so I'll update as and when I finish writing a chapter.

Happy reading!

Auror Department, Ministry of Magic.

Harry Potter looked up to find that the heavy thudding he heard was because of a bundle of folders settling onto his desk from Draco Malfoy's, who was currently looking smug and withdrawing his wand. He threw his partner a glare, asking what it was about.

'Robards wants those done by tomorrow evening at the most. Direct your fury at him,' he said and bent over his desk.

Harry counted the files and exclaimed, 'Twenty reports in two days! That's impossible!' He shook his head as if that action alone could help him escape from the boredom the activity he was assigned would most likely cause him.

'One, it's insane, not impossible,' Draco corrected. 'Two, we are stuck with paperwork because of your overzealousness in our last raid which means you brought this upon us. Three, I'm doing the remaining thirty so please, shut up.'

Harry stared at Draco, properly shocked and silenced. It wasn't the first time that Draco played peacemaker between him and Head Auror Gawain Robards. It also wasn't the first time that he took on more work. He remembered this behaviour streak in Draco started after he, in his drunken stupor, complained about it on one of their team pub nights. It was weird and Harry wasn't good at making sense of Draco's weirdness. So he instead chose to dutifully immerse himself in the top most file on his table.

Two hours later, Harry groaned and banged his head against his desk. He had only managed to fill three pages so far and just eyeing the rest of the file made him want to Incendio the damned thing. One look at the opposite table told him his partner was in a far better place with three completed folders adorning his desk and humming happily to himself as he worked through the fourth one. Harry didn't understand why they were doing this when there were seven unsolved cases waiting for them to pounce on though the slightly rational part of his brain supplied that they were benched as a punishment. From what Harry could judge, he

wasn't going to complete the paperwork anytime soon, let alone that very day, which meant he had to bail out on his blind date, again. He hoped Hermione wouldn't kill him.

'This entire thing is fucking frustrating,' he grunted, running his hands through his hair and tugging at it, a part of him wanting to rip it out entirely. 'Today can't get any worse.'

'Um.'

Harry turned to see Draco reading a yellow memo. He had a sinking feeling he knew what it was before Draco confirmed it.

'I think it's about to,' Draco said. 'We've been called for performance appraisal.'

'Robards has gone mad,' said Harry with a shake of his head. It didn't make any sense. 'Why today?' he whined for good measure.

Draco frowned. 'Next week, not today, Potter. The question is why now? We're not scheduled for another three months. We just got moved up.'

'In place of who?' Harry asked, curious. This was unlike Robards.

Draco pulled up their quarterly schedule and glanced through it. 'Team three from the Mysteries.'

'Maple's team? Why? Are they working on something important?'

It wasn't unnatural for the Unspeakables to advance or postpone their appraisals and professional evaluations. The Department of Mysteries had branched out to extend support and information to the Cold Case Team of the DMLE through their new section, Auror Assistance. There were five teams in total through which AA operated. Gwen Maple was Harry's least favourite team leader. It was no surprise she'd be the reason he was in trouble.

'Not like they would tell us, Potter, but I suppose we should assume so,' said Draco, pointing to the memo.

Harry stretched his arms above his head. He was unusually tired for a Tuesday. 'I often wonder what being in AA feels like. They consider themselves the Unspeakables and therefore too good for Aurors. But the DOM refuses to accept the section as one of their own. It must be frustrating, being in the middle.'

Draco stared at Harry for a minute. 'They at least have a good chief,' he eventually said, going back to his report.

'Kim Jung Joon,' Harry chuckled. 'The guy who refuses to kill an ant.' He started laughing then. 'Hey Malfoy, do you ever think about Gwen briefing JJ? Must be erratic.'

Draco mock glowered at Harry. 'No, because I'd like to complete the work before the weekend. Now, your files won't write themselves, Potter.'

Harry rolled in his chair. 'Yes, Sir,' he mock-saluted in response.

‘We can’t get anything less than acceptable on our first appraisal and here we are with seven cases in hanging,’ Draco added. ‘Unless Robards wants these to pile up, I don’t see why he’d authorise it. Nobody is going to work on them for us.’

Harry sighed. He knew once they were summoned, there was little they could do about it. ‘He is again going to go off about how we have enough men but twice the workload. Anyway, if AA requested it, I don’t think he had much of a choice in the matter. Those seven cases are going to be brought up during the eval. We just have to be prepared for it.’

Draco was silent for a while. ‘Are you going to take the blame for them?’ he asked quietly.

‘No. I’m going to let John Davies take that credit. He needs to pay for what he did. Also, it will be a sure fire way of pulling them off the line of questioning. They won’t like to admit that they failed to properly evaluate a now convicted fraudster.’

Draco was surprised. ‘Why, yes Potter, there is something underneath that thick skull after all!’

Harry rolled his eyes. ‘Of course, Malfoy. Happy realisation.’

Draco scowled and shot a spark of fire onto Harry’s desk. Harry sniggered and waved the flames away.

Two hours later, Harry was filling out the official records of the second case when a panting Ron waddled into their room and collapsed in a chair, interrupting their workflow. Harry exchanged a look with Draco and set his quill aside, taking the empty glass on his table and casting an Aguamenti. Ron took a large gulp of it before throwing his head back and running his fingers through his hair.

‘Yes, Weasley? Is there a reason we are breathing in your sweat?’ Draco drawled, leaving his desk and sitting in one of the chairs at Harry’s.

‘Harry, you won’t believe this,’ Ron said, unconcerned.

‘So there is a reason..’ Harry trailed off amused.

‘Shut up and listen, both of you. Honestly, it’s been a nightmare since you’ve become partners,’ he huffed.

The two Aurors raised a brow at each other, as though offended, before they turned to Ron in all seriousness. ‘What is it?’ Harry asked.

‘A ten year old popped into Wheezes today,’ Ron said, eyes wide and bright.

‘So?’ Draco raised an eyebrow.

‘A ten year old apparated alone into our shop with no memory of who she is or where she’s from,’ Ron amended.

Harry sat up straight at that. 'Explain,' he commanded.

'It happened just fifteen minutes ago. George was at the back, making note of our stock and I was manning the counter. It was when I was thinking of how finally after seven years of the war things have gone back to normal that I saw her appear before my eyes. Literally. If I didn't know better, I'd say she appeared out of thin air but I'll recognise that pop of apparition and the feeling of disorientation too well for that. It can't even be considered accidental because Apparition is advanced magic. Children usually have a tolerable control over their magic by the time they're ten and these kinds of things rarely happen with kids, if at all they do.' Ron finished, shivering a little and dragging the sleeves of his jumper down.

'What's with her memory? How do you know about it?' Harry asked again and then narrowed his eyes. 'Blimey, Ron, she's a kid according to what you said. Why are you so nervous?'

Ron looked at him wide eyed, his face as pale as Draco's skin. Harry decided not to point it out because he doubted either of the two would appreciate the comparison.

'She's clueless. She doesn't know her name. George bolted out of storage within a minute of her arrival while I crumbled to the floor where I stood. Her aura, Harry, oh Merlin..' Ron locked eyes with Harry once more. 'The girl is projecting dark magic that felt akin to those horcruxes of Voldemort. Both George and I felt drawn to her as though called. It took everything in me to pull us out of that trance and not give in. I used those magic dampeners you gave me last winter to bring her till here,' he said, turning to Draco at the end.

Harry shuddered as he recollected the sudden bombing in Diagon Alley last November. Weasley's Wizard Wheezes took the brunt of the damage since the bomb exploded right in front of the shop. While there were no casualties or any lasting damage as such, it had induced mass hysteria and interfered with the magic in Diagon Alley. People had found themselves unable to perform simple spells there. Just when Harry had almost given up finding a solution, Draco came up with the idea of barricading the bombed area of the road with hurdles enhanced with magic dampening spells. It had taken care of the immediate problem but with that they started their streak of unsolvable cases. Diagon was too prime a center for all kinds of people to really have strong dampeners in the vicinity but they were needed to sustain life and magic in general.

'Where is she now?' Draco asked, his tone calm with an undercurrent of extreme concern. Harry was surprised as his partner was looking at him when his question was directed at Ron.

'With Hermione. I didn't want to trust anyone else on this matter. The other Unspeakables will have a field day with her, thinking she's some magical anomaly.' Ron was shaking so much that Harry had to grab both of his hands in his while Draco patted his shoulder to reassure him. Harry, additionally, also sighed internally as Hermione wouldn't chew his ears away.

He tried to soothe his friend. 'It's really sinister and I get a feeling that this is just the tip of the iceberg. I'm sure we can sort it out, however.' He wasn't really as certain as he was making it sound and knew that neither Ron nor Draco were particularly convinced. He

believed Ron, though. If he said the girl had radiated magnetic dark magic, then she had done it. It's the comparison of its strength to horcruxes that was disturbing him.

# Chapter 4

## Chapter Notes

I'm back earlier than I expected. Here's the update!

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

Houston, Texas.

‘I don’t get it.’ Sam shook his head for what felt like the fiftieth time. They had been pouring over the details of the cases for two hours now and it still felt as though they couldn’t make the head or tail of it. ‘Why there? Why London of all places?’

‘There are other important questions- who is behind these and what they intend to do next,’ Cas replied calmly.

‘No pattern whatsoever be it the victims or modus operandi or the days on which the incidents happened,’ Dean said, throwing the papers he had been fruitlessly examining down onto the coffee table. ‘Any innocent could be the next target and we are here, blindly shooting in the dark.’ He started pacing up and down the room agitatedly.

‘Dean,’ Cas said, turning to him, ‘after all these years you should know it’s not possible to save everyone.’

‘Dammit Cas! I hate being helpless!’

Sam looked up from his laptop at that. He sighed inwardly. Dean was once again getting worked up over unanswerable questions.

‘But you are helping, Dean. We all are trying our best.’

‘Best is not enough sometimes.’

‘But best is what we have right now,’ Sam pointed out. ‘Dean, you are looking into the victims, I’m researching the London issue and Cas here is trying to establish telepathy with his group so that we may learn something.’

Dean was about to open his mouth but Cas beat him to it.

‘It’s very possible that we may not prevent the next incident from happening but all this preparation will help us protect the other unfortunate souls who are no doubt on the list.’

Sam took in his brother’s tired and miserable expression. ‘Hey, why don’t we exchange? Two heads are better than one. You may be able to spot something I’ve missed.’

Dean narrowed his eyes at Sam. 'Are you babying me?'

Before Sam could reply, a knock at the door interrupted them. The Winchesters stiffened in reflex but Cas went forward and collected the delivery.

'Here's your hamburger and fries, Dean,' he said, unceremoniously shoving the pack at him.

Sam chuckled and pulled his pizza to himself. 'He's the one who's babying you.'

Dean scowled.

'Besides,' Sam continued in between his mouthfuls, 'I'd really like an opportunity to tell you how easily you overlook the simplest of things.'

'You've always been doing it irrespective of the availability of an opportunity. I'm surprised you even thought you needed one,' Cas said around a slice of pepperoni and cheese.

Dean crossed his hands over his chest. 'Does this mean you indirectly agree with Sam on this matter of me ignoring the details?'

'I said you overlook things, not that you ignore anything,' Sam retorted.

'Which, being a problem of vision, can probably be corrected with a pair of spectacles. I think I saw a store on my way here,' Cas added.

Sam had to keep his laugh contained at Dean's expression of discombobulated anger. 'Or maybe it doesn't have as much to do with vision.'

'You think so?' Dean cocked an eyebrow, glaring with all his might.

'Yeah, it's probably just your hunger.'

Dean spluttered and spit out his burger just as Cas started snickering loudly. Sam glanced up at his brother and threw him a winning smile.

'Hmm, that's strange,' Sam mused a few hours later. Dean's gaze snapped to his brother who was hunched over his notes.

'There's absolutely nothing here that's remotely normal,' Dean replied, stretching his hands and cracking his knuckles.

'No, I found one thing common between our victims here and the victims in London, but it doesn't make sense,' Sam clarified.

'I'm not really surprised,' Cas said, coming over. 'If it did, our work would become too easy.'

Sam rolled his eyes. 'Okay, this is what we know till now: seven different kinds of creatures have been preying on people left, right, centre for about two months and these are more

powerful than the ones we previously faced, almost impossible to kill.'

Dean nodded. 'The attacks started on different days and the victims of those attacks were chosen at random. Unlike how that particular creature usually attacks.'

'Yes, the ghost that exploded on you, it killed exactly seven others. The London creatures too.'

Dean cocked an eyebrow. 'Are you telling me there are 98 people dead in total?'

'That is a large number,' Cas agreed, voice laced with worry. He walked over to the couch and sat down next to Sam, picking up a pile of pinned news clippings.

'Well,' Sam shuffled uncomfortably, 'that's what it looks like.'

'Bobby says hunters are everywhere. Why didn't they get a wind of this?' Dean asked. Cas tilted his head in thought, still examining the bundle in his hands.

Sam leaned forward and looked up at his brother. 'Because they've all been sporadic. No two occurred in the same place or on the same day or in a manner that would rouse suspicion.'

'No, but they all occurred at the same time,' Cas said, frowning. He looked at Dean and Sam. 'These reports of the victims, they are in the evening editions of the newspapers.'

Sam took the clippings from Cas and nodded, eyes skimming over once more. 'Yes, and look at the pictures of the bodies. They were all found in abandoned places.'

Dean started rattling off his questions. 'Meaning they were lured?'

'Possible,' Sam shrugged. 'No external injuries whatsoever, at least depending on these photographs here. Cops suspect poisoning in most of these instances, they are still treating them as individual cases, though. It's probably why there are no reports of mass hysteria. According to the Daily Mail, they've sent the requisite samples for toxicological evaluation after the autopsy. Results are awaited.'

'Even after two months?' Dean asked, incredulous, eyebrows disappearing into his hairline.

'Yes, it doesn't make sense,' Sam said, pulling his laptop over. 'They were mentioned only once in the news too. I've checked the newspapers of the days after the incidents took place, there's no mention of anything related. It's as if those dead have never even existed here.'

Dean frowned. 'Any missing complaints?'

Sam shook his head. 'Besides, they were lying unclaimed in the morgue, so the police themselves gave the bodies a small, short funeral.'

'So,' Cas said, 'what you mean to say is that nobody among the victims' family, friends or acquaintances lodged a complaint?'

Sam shrugged. 'Yes, it's as if they've all forgotten about that one person. We won't be able to find out more unless we go there.'

'To London, then?' Cas asked.

'To London,' Sam agreed, crossing his arms over his chest.

'Great, what are you waiting for then? Zap us, Cas.' Dean extended a hand in Cas' direction.

'I'm not doing that,' Cas refused and leaned back next to Sam, who was looking on expectantly.

Dean said nothing, standing tall and immobile in front of two pairs of scrutinising eyes.

Sam huffed at last. 'You've been to hell and back, Dean. Literally.'

Dean snorted. 'Not on a fucking aeroplane, Sammy, nope. Besides,' he lifted a hand, preventing Sam from retorting further, 'Isn't it easier this way? Cas touches us between our brows and bam! You open your eyes to a different place.'

Cas looked on amused even as Sam facepalmed.

## Chapter End Notes

You can now follow me here on tumblr [TheLibranArchives](https://www.tumblr.com/thelibranarchives) and on Insta here [thelibranarchives](https://www.instagram.com/thelibranarchives)

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Notes

We are starting to wade into the murky waters. Careful, people!

221B Baker Street, London.

John coughed, took a sip of his tea and cleared his throat. ‘What do you mean by a witch, Ms.Hope? A sorceress who deals with voodoo and spirits and stuff or a magician who performs tricks?’

‘Neither, Dr.Watson. My sister and her husband were proper witches and wizards who lived among their kind of people in their magical community since they were eighteen.’

‘That’s interesting,’ Sherlock said, leaning forward. ‘Can you tell us more about them?’

Years of practice as a physician and several prior experiences with Sherlock on his cases made it possible for John to keep his expression open, patient and gentle in spite of the wobbling in his brows that suggested they wanted to disappear into his hairline. He could perhaps write a book titled “The Quirks of Sherlock Holmes,” and there were going to be two parts to it, one containing his gestures and body language and the other explaining what they really meant. John knew Sherlock was an enigma, he just had it reinforced on occasions such as these. He was fully aware that his friend was by no means interested in the Lovhoods, just Ms.Hope’s reaction to them.

‘My sister met Tony when she was 13 at that boarding school they both attended. He was a charmer, a total ladies’ man. To be honest, I didn’t expect Jane to fall for someone like him, but it is as they say, Mr.Holmes, love is blind. And blind she had been! Tony visited us once and in the duration of that single visit managed to make my mother loathe him for the rest of eternity. They were married for nearly thirty years. Nancy was conceived quite late, three years before they both died in an unfortunate accident. And that was seven years ago. I’ve been raising her since then.’

‘So, this magical school you say is a boarding school?’ John asked, lifting his pen up from the notepad he was pretending to write the details on. He had a strong feeling that he didn’t need to refer to his notes to recount such a terribly insane tale. It was already implanted in his head.

‘Yes, it starts in September and ends in May. Then there is a vacation and students are allowed to return home during that time.’

‘You suspect that Nancy has gone off to Hog-’ John stuttered.

‘Hogwarts,’ Ms.Hope corrected.

‘Hogwarts, yes. Do you know where that is?’ A cursory glance at Sherlock showed John an appreciative gleam in his eye and he decided to continue his line of questioning.

‘Jane said it’s in Scotland.’

‘But?’

‘But it’s been charmed to repel non magical people. Jane said it looks like a dilapidated castle in ruins if I were to ever see it. So you see, Dr. Watson, I absolutely cannot go search for her there. It has to be someone else.’ Ms. Hope begged, her desperation and distress evident in her tone.

‘You mean to say that you are not magical like your sister,’ Sherlock enquired. Ms. Hope nodded.

‘Neither are we, Ms.Hope. John here’s an army man and I myself am a consultant detective. I’m not sure how we can help you here.’

‘But please, Mr.Holmes. I implore you to do something in this case. I want my Nancy back. She didn’t even get to see the world.’ Tears rolled down her face as she hastily tried to wipe them away. John pushed the box of tissues he always kept on the side for exactly these situations, towards the weeping woman.

‘Can you tell us about the accident that orphaned your niece, Ms.Hope?’ Sherlock asked, after ensuring that the lady was sufficiently composed.

‘It happened in spring, sir, and I remember every detail of it as if it had happened yesterday. Jane and Tony always took a trip around that time of the year to Scotland, to Hogwarts that is, where they had first met. They usually spent a week in a cottage they owned in the nearby countryside. It felt silly in the beginning but such are the follies of teenage love.’ Ms.Hope sniffed slightly, before continuing. ‘You see, Mr.Holmes, the cottage is situated at a good twenty minute drive through the village. It’s mountainous terrain and the roads are rocky. On the fateful day, my sister called me ten minutes before they had started from there to inform me of her arrival in a few hours. Wizards have magical transport, Mr.Holmes. They can disappear at one place and appear at another, they travel by brooms and there is also the floo network or the travel that happens through the interconnected fireplaces. The cottage didn’t have floo services and Jane and Tony preferred to travel the muggle way. It was something mundane to be cherished in otherwise extraordinary lives.’ Ms.Hope exhaled a deep, sad sigh that hinted at what was to come.

‘Please do continue,’ Sherlock encouraged, his fingers steepled beneath his chin as he slowly rocked back and forth in his armchair.

‘There was a landslide just a few minutes after they had started. Their car stood no chance. We got to know about the news in the evening. Nancy had been with mother and me, thus escaping a gruesome fate.’ Ms.Hope reached for another tissue and wiped her eyes.

‘Interesting,’ Sherlock said, leaning forward. ‘Was there a specific reason their cottage didn’t have magical means of travel? Is it to avoid detection by the villagers?’

‘Oh no, Mr.Holmes,’ Ms.Hope gushed. ‘There was no such danger since it is a fully magical settlement. Tony preferred and had a certain affinity to purely wizard based and wizard run establishments. I believe the reason for not fixing a magical mode of transport was to protect their privacy. Tony had quite a reputation,’ she laughed. John smiled good-naturedly. ‘Both good and bad,’ she hurried to add.

‘Ms.Hope,’ John said as kindly as he could, ‘we do understand this must be a very difficult time for you with an ailing mother and a lost child but we need you to be absolutely certain about the details you give us. Any addition or omission there could lead to wrong results.’

Emma Hope glowered at John. ‘Dr. Watson, do you mean to say that I’m being delusional? Because I assure you I’m not. My sister and her husband have not taught their child anything about the wizarding world before their death as they weren’t sure if Nancy had such capabilities or not. They didn’t want to give her a false hope.’

‘What my friend meant, Ms. Hope,’ Sherlock intervened, ‘was that it is slightly impossible to believe your words. Magic doesn’t exist in real life.’

Ms. Hope huffed impatiently, fiddling with her hands in her lap. She looked resignedly at the two expectant men in front of her and said, ‘Mr. Holmes, I’ve heard a lot about you and the miracles you’ve done for everyone who approached you.’

Sherlock interrupted her promptly. ‘Not all, Ms.Hope. My success rate remains about 95.7%.’

John sent what was in his opinion a much deserved withering look his friend’s way before turning back to their visitor. ‘Indeed, Ms.Hope, it wasn’t my intention to mock your story,’ he apologised.

Ms.Hope deigned to concede with a short bow and continued as if she hadn’t heard Sherlock. ‘You don’t have to believe in magic, Mr.Holmes. The fact remains that my niece disappeared without a trace. It’s been two days and there have been no ransom calls suggesting abduction nor has Nancy returned. She’s ten years old, sir. I beg you to do everything you can in this impossible situation and at least find some light where others couldn’t.’ She became teary once more towards the end as she held her own trembling hands tightly in a grip.

‘I remember your panic three weeks ago, Ms.Hope,’ Sherlock recalled. ‘Mrs.Hudson had also made some tea to calm your nerves. If you could recount the events of that evening, it would be most helpful.’

Ms.Hope nodded and began. ‘I had taken Nancy to play in the neighbourhood park that day as she had been quite restless throughout the morning and afternoon. It wasn’t really unusual to either of us. Nancy has made friends there and we were hoping to meet one or two of them during our time there. You see, Mr.Holmes, due to my mother, we cannot stay out for as long as we’d like. Anyway, Nancy, and by extension I, were relieved to see that her friends had made it to the park as well. Two hours had passed in which Nancy enjoyed herself and I spoke to a few of the other parents. When the time came for us to leave, I turned to find that

Nancy was not in the place I last saw her. It really was only a few paces away from my bench and had a row of bushes on the other side. She couldn't realistically go anywhere without passing by my eyes. The ball she had been playing with was gone too. The other kids couldn't give us any satisfactory answers regarding where she was.'

'Is that when you called us for help?' John asked, shifting in his seat.

'Yes,' said Ms.Hope. 'It was very fortunate that Mr.Lestrade was visiting you that day. My mother and I both believe we found her soon because of his help.'

'I've been meaning to ask, Ms.Hope, but I'm afraid I never got the chance to. Where did Lestrade find her that day?' Sherlock enquired.

'It was-' John began but Sherlock stopped him.

'John, you and I had to rush to Bath at the same time that we got news of little Nancy that day, if you remember. It was a lead on Morrison's case.'

'Oh yes,' said John leaning back but he took Sherlock's cue and refrained from speaking more.

'It was across the road in a lane on the other side of the park,' Ms.Hope answered. 'One of Mr.Lestrade's constables spotted her with a man.'

'What happened after she was found?'

'Mr.Lestrade took him to the police station for questioning. He was probably suspicious of attempted kidnapping since we didn't recognise the man, but the latter insisted he was only trying to help Nancy find her way home. Since the nearby security footage showed no signs of abduction, he was released.'

'Did the man contact you or approach you again after that?'

'No. He was probably just a passerby who happened to save our day.' Ms.Hope's voice shook with emotion as her eyes filled up. John pushed the plate of biscuits towards her but she looked up at Sherlock. 'Please find my Nancy, Mr.Holmes.'

Sherlock considered her for a minute and offered his hand. 'I'll do my best, Ms.Hope, but I would also like to remind you that my scope may be limited in this case.'

Five minutes later, John and Sherlock heard the front door close behind their guest.

'You don't believe a word she spoke,' John said, looking his friend in the eye. There was never a Morrison's case or a trip to Bath. Sherlock had spontaneously made that up.

'No.'

'Then why?'

‘It is as she said, John. A child is missing. It could be anything from murder to trafficking. I didn’t take the case because of Ms.Hope. I agreed because of the ten year old,’ Sherlock replied, walking towards the window and staring out at it as usual.

John remained silent.

‘Interesting,’ Sherlock hummed and turned to John. ‘Can I borrow your phone?’ He grabbed the instrument without waiting for his friend’s permission.

‘You have a fully functional phone in your left coat pocket,’ John complained.

‘And yours is much easily accessible right here on the table,’ Sherlock replied, quickly shooting a text message. ‘Come on, John. We have a child to find,’ he continued, picking up his coat and sauntering out the door.

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Notes

So for some plot purposes, I've readjusted the ages of the HP world to be lesser than previously mentioned.

Their age now is 24.

Inconvenience regretted.

Auror Department, Ministry of Magic.

‘So this is what we’re doing,’ Harry said, getting up. ‘Malfoy, send a Patronus to Kingsley briefing him about the situation. Ron and I are going to meet up with Hermione and see what she has to say about the kid. Meanwhile, I want you to look into any old records we have of any case that is even remotely similar to this. Dig up any horcrux and enchanted objects case that you can find. Don’t involve anyone in this other than those we explicitly trust.’

Draco didn’t need either the instructions or the caution. He now had the trust of the four most respected members of the British Wizarding World, all four of whom also held four beautiful Orders of Merlin. It had been a steeply uphill process and a rocky one at that, laden with a considerable amount of suspicions, back stabbings, humiliations, dark looks and untraceable hexes but he reached the summit. He knew he probably wouldn’t have made it to the top without one Harry Potter’s help, who not only gave him his wand back but was also the first to forgive him.

‘Yes,’ Draco agreed, summoning said wand and producing a blue wispy stallion. He relayed the message that needed to be sent as he watched Ron and Harry cross the room’s threshold. He then directed a memo to Christopher Bones and Dennis Creevey, his junior Aurors, asking them to assemble in their discussion room in ten minutes. A quick note to Magical Archives ensured that by the time his orders to the duo were complete, his desk would be occupied with the list he’d have to painstakingly go through and separate. It was going to be a long day.

Harry hurried through the corridors to the break room Hermione was interrogating the girl in as Ron led the way, their footsteps echoing in the empty halls. While he didn’t share Ron’s fears, he knew that they weren’t unfounded. He also knew that they’d be able to tackle the culprit even if it turned out to be a case of Imperius and Obliviate. Criminals these days seemed to be researching the unexplored areas of Magic much faster and better than those in the Department of Mysteries to the point that he had once drunkenly told Kingsley to employ

them instead. It sounded ideal, really- criminals, a majority of whom resort to illegal means to just feed their kids at least once a day, would have lawful white collar jobs, a sturdy home and proper food, the crime rate would decrease and they'd even make progress in analysing and understanding magic. Only, neither Kingsley nor Malfoy had agreed with him, instead bundling him up and sending him home. Harry was aware of how much Hermione tried and contributed ever since she started working at the DOM, but it still wasn't enough. He just hoped that this time Hermione would be able to provide him with the information he's seeking.

A right, a left and another left later, they reached the door and burst in immediately. Hermione was sitting at a small table before a ten year old, both of them in a deep conversation. The little girl was the first to notice Ron and Harry as she tilted her head up and scrunched her face in confusion. Hermione looked up at that, relief crossing her features as she took in her two best friends.

'Say hello to them, Rose,' she said, smiling encouragingly.

'Rose?' Ron asked, waving back in response.

'We had to call her something, right?' Hermione said, a slight blush staining her cheeks. Ron stared at his wife, a silent conversation passing between them.

Harry had to look away. The moment was too private to have an audience even if said audience happened to be someone they fought a war with. He felt a pang in his heart as he kept looking all around the room in an attempt to distract himself from the emotions threatening to overwhelm him. He was twenty four now and still as homeless and family-less as he had been when his life changed at eleven. He told himself it was because of Teddy and he told himself it was because he was too busy with his work. He knew they were partly true. He also knew they were mostly false. He stopped his thoughts from going too close to the truth that was looming in his head in capital letters and neon lights and instead went to the papers lying about a few paces beside the kid.

One look told him that Hermione had been thorough, not that he expected anything less. Another confirmed his worst fears. Hermione didn't know what was wrong with the child.

'What does this mean?' He turned to his friends, who had thankfully recovered from their moment.

'Something strange,' was all Hermione revealed as she ushered them all out of the room to the Atrium and flooded them straight to St.Mungos.

'You can't do that!' Harry scowled. 'I didn't inform Malfoy!'

'You need not tell him every single thing you do,' Ron said quietly from beside him.

'This is Auror business, Ron,' Harry frowned at him. 'He needs to know it as my partner.'

'Relax, Harry,' Hermione said, 'you can do that after you go back. It's only going to take fifteen minutes here. Besides, this is part of your job, you know.'

Harry looked between his two friends. 'You people sound as if I don't do anything without telling him.'

'Yes,' said three voices in unison. They turned to see Ginny walking up to them. She slung an arm around her brother as she approached the group of four.

'What are you guys doing here?' she asked. 'And who is this little woman?' Ginny crouched in front of her and held out a hand.

The little girl immediately hid behind Hermione.

'Rose,' Hermione said, coaxing her out. 'Say hi, this is Ginny.' Rose peeked out from behind Hermione's legs and gave a small, shy wave.

'Who is she?' Ginny asked, standing up.

'Is she why I've been called?' Parvati Patil emerged in green robes from a crowd of people moving about the lobby where Harry and the others had been waiting. Her hair was sticking out in all directions and her face looked sallow with sunken cheeks and dark circles. 'I was almost signing out, you know.'

'Bad night?' Ginny asked.

'That's an understatement. We've had four new admissions to the Paeds ward and three newborns. They've kept the entire staff up and running all night. What's this about?'

'Well,' Hermione said, lowering her voice. 'The Unspeakables need to get something checked and we needed someone we could trust. Parvati, I want you to analyse her blood.'

Parvati looked up at Hermione, suddenly wide awake. Harry knew why. After the war, the number of orphans had gone up. Babies turned up in the most unexpected of places and the Ministry wasn't sure if they had magical ancestry or if they were just the result of one barbaric year of Death Eaters raking rampage on both muggle and magical worlds. Testing blood and magical core had been made mandatory. The problem was that the child needed to be at least ten years old to withstand the test. This had prompted the Ministry to establish a monitored shelter where such children were sent. Harry had personally overlooked the proceedings then and was handling its operations even now. He made sure that every child was well cared for, received proper nutrition, education and fun until they were ten. Based on the results of the tests, the children were sent to muggle schools or Hogwarts accordingly. If in the meantime, one of them got adopted, there were strict orders to go and collect the necessary samples after the child had turned ten. In the past two years however, stray cases had drastically declined as the magical world slowly started setting itself to rights. Parvati's surprise was therefore understandable, not the least because it was a team of Unspeakable Granger and Auror Potter that was requesting it.

'This way,' she said and led them down a hallway. Harry heard Ginny mention she was here to see Luna but was preoccupied in sending a Patronus to Malfoy. He gave a passing thought to his friends' words from earlier on and then dismissed it quickly. This was Auror business, after all.

He jogged to catch up with the rest of them as they entered Parvati's private office. His mind was swirling with colliding thoughts regarding Hermione's abrupt insistence on blood analysis. Hermione's usual habit was to exhaust every resource she had before she contacted the Healers for their help. In his seven years of Auror service, Harry had never heard her directly referring to them. He raised a curious brow in her direction as they settled in their seats. She shook her head at him and continued going through her hastily written notes.

Ten minutes later, Parvati and Rose emerged from a back room. Rose immediately went and settled on Hermione's lap.

'Some of them are going to take a while. But I can say that she didn't have her memory erased. Someone cast a very strong shield on her mind. It's difficult to break it and look through. I suspect the shield is also designed in such a way that it harms both the child here and the one trying to destroy it.'

All of them exchanged significant looks at that. The tiny flame of hope that Harry didn't know he had been harboring was extinguished in a single breeze. The conclusion was too much in their faces to avoid it now. The incident hadn't been accidental. Someone had deliberately sent the kid into their midst. Why? Harry didn't yet know. He just sent a desperate prayer up, wishing little Rose wasn't a ticking time bomb walking amongst them.

# Chapter 7

## Chapter Notes

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

Houston, Texas.

'Bobby will drop by at 5 in the evening. What about the armory?' Sam asked, turning around from his luggage to the staring contest between Dean and Cas.

It had been going on for about an hour. Dean was less than impressed that Cas refused to zap them to London and more than pissed that they had yet to get a proper answer to their questions to the Angels. It wasn't Cas' fault and Dean knew it. But Cas was the mediator and he therefore had to carry the information and any blame that came with it. So of course, Cas wasn't impressed either. There was much more they had to do before they could even depart from Houston and Dean was being a child. Angel or not, Cas had his limits as well.

'What about it?' asked Dean, turning to his brother.

'We can't carry it with us in an aeroplane. We can't go to another country armed to the teeth.'

'Some of your connections should have some connections in London, shouldn't they?' Cas asked Sam, deciding to not bother with Dean anymore.

Sam shrugged. 'We neither travelled that far before nor expected to, all things considered.'

'Yeah,' Dean agreed, tossing one of his shirts into a duffel bag. 'We had enough on our hands here.' Before Sam could even frown at the neutral reply, Dean shot a look at Cas again.

'Which is why we'd like to get some extra time for resting.'

Cas was unmoved. 'I'm certain you'll find all the rest you need on board the flight.'

Dean stared at Cas for two minutes before the fight went out of him. 'Whatever,' he grumbled, going about the room and picking up his things. He threw them into his bag and zipped it shut.

Cas followed Dean with his eyes and seemed to relent too. He walked up to Dean and laid a hand on his shoulder. 'I'll zap us back when we depart from there,' he promised. Dean considered the angel for a few seconds before giving a single nod.

Sam was looking on the proceedings with tightly controlled frustration. While he understood both of them, that didn't mitigate the fact that he was irritated whenever they fought. More so because they always argued over inconsequential things. Sam sometimes wanted to sit the two kids down and give them a good talking over. He would have done it right then if the world didn't need their immediate attention.

'Good,' he said instead, clapping his hands. 'Great! Glad we got the method of travel settled because I can book the tickets now.'

‘Mr. Grumpy to the business, as usual,’ remarked Dean.

‘I honestly thought I’d have to physically break the two of you apart,’ Sam complained as he opened his laptop. ‘This Mama business ain’t all that easy, Dean.’

‘Hey!’ Dean said, offended. ‘Nor is being a Dad who always has to get everyone’s asses to safety while fending off a possible death.’

Sam lifted a brow at Dean and smirked at him.

‘Who am I then?’ Cas asked, opening the bag of chips he found underneath the coffee table.

‘The kid obviously,’ Sam answered as he browsed through the portal.

‘I’d like to remind you that I’m several years older than a lot of humans on the Earth.’ Cas said in between his chips.

‘Noted,’ Dean and Sam said simultaneously as they began looking over the seats.

Cas tuned into Nickelodeon for the afternoon as the two brothers shared a smile. They knew their reprieve wouldn’t last long but over time as hunters, they began to appreciate what little of it they could get.

‘You sure you need to go to London?’ Bobby Singer asked for what Sam thought was the three hundred and fifty seventh time.

‘You have the details of the case right here,’ said Dean pointing to Sam’s notebook on his bed. Bobby made as if to take it but Dean moved it out of his reach and sat facing him instead.

‘I’m pretty sure you can narrate the events in the order they occurred without misspelling any names or places with the number of times you’ve read them. So, what is it, Bobby?’

Bobby looked from Dean to Sam and back before sighing loudly. That got Sam’s attention. He paused his research of the folklore and turned in his chair. Not everything got Bobby Singer acting abnormally and even fewer ones frightened him. The niggling thought that Bobby had more bad news to impart couldn’t be ignored any longer.

‘Creatures, humans, non-humans or animals, alive or dead are similar in that they show behaviours particular to their group,’ Bobby began. ‘You could say that’s how they were classified and divided in the first place. In the living, however, mutations lead to variations and development of new species. Even then, only those variations and mutations that lead to a more sustainable form of being persist in time.’

Sam nodded, this was all basic high school science.

‘The dead do not show such characteristics. They are driven by their motives and needs. Hunters, over the years, have developed and compiled their standard methods of

subjugation.'

Again, this wasn't something they didn't know.

'So?' Dean asked.

'Why do you think those methods worked?'

Dean looked around himself and shrugged. 'Because that is the only way they can be caught.'

'Why is it?' Bobby stressed.

'That is how we target their weaknesses,' replied Sam.

'Yes, so what does this tell us about the nature of the creature?'

Sam and Dean were quiet as the implication started becoming obvious. An icy cold chill ran down their spines, shaking them from the core. Bobby had it spot on, as usual.

'Look at the real bigger picture here. The number of victims in the past and the potential for it to rise in the future is the least of our concerns right now. While the creatures involved are all vastly different from one another, they have one thing in common- none of them are behaving the way they are supposed to.'

A massive migraine the size of their realisation was blooming in Sam's head rapidly and steadily. He doubted it would reduce any time soon. 'It's not just modus operandi of the creatures that changed,' he said instead, sinking his hands into his hair.

'The creatures themselves have altered,' Dean finished the thought. Bobby nodded. 'But you just said only the living mutate.'

'And that's a fact. There's no changing that. So the only other explanation we are left with is that the trigger of change in them was external, not internal.'

'Someone caused the creatures to change their ways?' Dean asked. 'But who and why?'

'Someone powerful enough to command supernatural creatures and cause them to behave erratically,' Sam answered, furiously rubbing his temples.

'Someone with a big enough motive and plenty enough resources to carry it out for two months,' Bobby continued.

'Someone who can operate irrespective of distances,' Dean said, adding them all up.

'Someone we've never encountered before. Someone who is possibly not working alone.'

For a few minutes, absolute silence and stillness enveloped the room, the likes of which can only be compared to that found in a cemetery. The three hunters held in their breaths, alert and guarded, as though under attack.

Just when their deathly state grew dense enough to the point of bursting, there was a crack and Cas flashed into the room, panting and unbalanced. Sam looked up and into the telltale face of some more bad tidings. He found himself thinking he'd rather that Dean and Cas were arguing about flying. It was incomprehensible that those light moments had occurred just a few hours ago.

'What did the angels say?' Bobby asked. Cas shook his head and Sam's stomach bottomed out.

Dean voiced his thoughts. 'It's the angels now, isn't it?'

'No,' Cas replied. 'It's the demons. Crowley's berserk that seven of them are missing. For two months.'

Dean and Sam locked eyes as Bobby banged his fist against the bed. 'Balls!'

Indeed.

## Chapter End Notes

I've decided to add Bobby and Crowley as minor characters :)

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