

Relationship Profile

Rose Ameile Lupin & Fred Gideon Weasley

Summary

Childhood friends to best friends to boyfriend and girlfriend to married.

History

1977 - 1980

The Weasleys and the Lupins have always been good friends, as their parents all went to school together (Molly and Ame were best friends, both on the Gryffindor quidditch team [chaser and seeker/captain, respectively]). Quite often you would find Rose's mother at the Burrow, learning cooking tips and cleaning tricks from Molly, as Ame was very new to the mothering thing. Molly came from a big house of many brothers, and being the only daughter, she helped her mother out with the house chores. More often than not, however, Rose's mother and father were busy, so Ame's daughter Rose spent most of her time growing up at the Burrow. It was rare to see Rose away from the Weasleys; she joined in on picking on and playing with Ron when he was born, and even Ginny too. Ginny and Rose also form a sisterly bond, but even to this day, Molly would claim it wasn't as close as the relationship she has with Fred is. Charlie, Bill, and Percy all looked over them like the good big brothers when they were home for breaks, but for the most part, it was just her, Fred, George, Ron and Ginny.

Rose, even as a child never liked to be away from the twins for long or the Burrow for that matter. She always felt that *that* was her home; and her actual house, was very foreign and cold to her. She preferred to be at the Burrow, playing in the Orchard, and going for a swim in the nearby river. But when Rose did spend time away, she was always sending owls between where she was and the Burrow. Exchanging letters with mostly the twins, as Ginny and Ron were much too young to read or understand.

1981-1986

Rose gained even more of a dislike for being at her parents' house when she was three. It was Hallows Eve, and her father was gone on a raid for the Ministry, and it was just she and her mother. It was late, and Rose had just fallen asleep upstairs when she was awoken by the sounds of struggle downstairs. She rushed downstairs to check on her mother, and there stood Voldemort and Fenrir Greyback: Voldemort had her mother in a choke hold and Greyback looked as though as he was about to have her mother for dinner. So she ran down stairs, threw herself at Voldemort, causing him to release her mother in shock. What happened next happened very fast. Greyback snarled and pounced, catching Rose by the crook of the elbow, taking a nice chunk of skin and meat from her arm, and also destroying a lot of the muscle tendons. He also somehow managed to fracture the bones in that arm. Voldemort called off Greyback, told Rose's mother to let this be a warning to her and he and Greyback vanished in a swirl of dark smoke.

Rose was quickly taken to St. Mungos, where they weren't able to do much but stop the bleeding and get Rose stable. Rose's mother feared that Rose may have lost the use of her arm. Remus (who was 20 at the time) and her father had just come home to see Rose in this state, how sad she was; unable to use her arm, and also destined to become what both her brother and father became every month. Remus and her father set out in search for help. Months passed, and after painfully moving to France when she turned 4 (where her mother thought it would be safest); Remus and her father returned to their little apartment in Paris one evening, bearing the news of having found a doctor in Rome, at a clinic that services both muggles and magical folk alike, who was also a werewolf. They headed there, this doctor saw them immediately and gave them the news that her arm could be saved. After months of different procedures and tons of therapy, Rose was finally able to write again to Fred and George. Their reply came very quickly via a small speedy owl. However, there was two letters, one from both Fred and George, and then a longer one from Fred which expressed many things that Rose was surprised a four year old could feel - but, mostly that he missed her, and asked several times when she was coming back. Fred, George, and Rose resumed their constant owls. Several times she asked her mother when they would return back to the Burrow. Her mother merely sadly shook her head.

1987-1990

Not one day passed where Rose wasn't writing to the twins, to Ginny or Ron. It soon became that Rose was writing two letters, one lengthy and then a shorter letter for the rest of them. Rose's mother assumed that the second letter was one for Fred and Fred only, and she could tell that Rose was quickly growing more

and more attached to him... and that it pained her to be away from him. Letters would come at breakfast, at tea, at lunch, at dinner, and even in the middle of the night. Sometimes she would find Rose asleep at her desk, quill in hand, just waiting for the return of the owl.

When Rose turned 11, she was enrolled at Beauxbatons, where she quickly learned very decent French; and a tolerance for French cuisine. She met many people at the school, giants, more werewolves like her, and vampires. Two however, made themselves her friends (as they were in her house, for one thing). A girl and a guy. She became close to them, but even they too, as they grew more and more friendlier towards her, saw the hole in her heart. She spent 3 years in Beauxbatons. Excelling quickly in her magical studies; taking especially to Defense Against the Dark Arts, just like her brother and father; and strangely enough: potions.

1991

Summer had just begun, and Rose had just begun recovery after a very vicious changing. Rose's parents, and Remus were all hard at work, trying to find something that would help her, and themselves. They even too to inviting Remus' old school mate, Severus Snape to the house in France. At first, he seemed reluctant to help, but something in him changed once he set eyes upon her. He'd never met her before that evening; but he agreed almost immediately. Remus and he worked into the nights. Potion after potion. Many cauldrons were melted, and much wolfsbane was brewed and ruined. But finally, just before her birthday. They'd found it. A potion that would keep the symptoms at bay - to a manageable condition - and finally. Finally, Rose's mother finally agreed to let her go home.

Rose, overjoyed, ran to write the quickest letter she'd ever written.

Going to be busy. Packing. Retuning HOME.

They returned to the Burrow at the beginning of July, in the middle of the night, having done most of their traveling via muggle transportation, due to their large amount of luggage. Fred was the first of the children down the stairs, tall and gangly, was being 13 would be to a boy, but this was a shock to Rose, as he swept her up in his arms for a hug and spun her around. Having not seen the boy for 10 years, was enough to change her entire mental image of him. He stood at least a head taller than her, and his hair was to his shoulders and shaggy. But what through her off was the sudden electric shock that coursed up her veins when he took her in his arms. His hands were on her arms now, and the feeling wasn't there anymore, but she could still feel it in her pounding heart.

"I missed you," he said, bringing her out of trying to calm her racing heart.

She swallowed, nodding. "Me too. I missed you. ...you grew up."

He chuckled, "sort of, you've missed a lot, being gone. Ron starts at Hogwarts this year."

"I know," she whispered.

Even though she was exhausted, they stayed up on the couch all night, drinking tea and talking about all the things they missed while they were apart. But never, did she tell him her most biggest secret and her biggest change over the time she was away: she was a werewolf. Morning came, and Molly and Ame came down to begin preparing breakfast to find them cuddled up together, fast asleep. Molly and Ame passed a knowing look between themselves, covered the two teens with a thick blanket, and let them be. The end of July came, and Rose was gone for a week in order to assist in a private Hogwarts matter with the gamekeeper, Hagrid. Something about Harry Potter. At the end of the week, Harry Potter soon joined herself and the Weasleys at the Burrow.

They started at Hogwarts in September, while on the train, however - it occurred to Rose that it was a full moon and her mood changed just as drastically. Fred, worried about her, inquired to what was wrong but Rose only gave him a sharp answer and pushed past him. Rose was sorted into Gryffindor and attended mostly first year classes, as the curriculum at Beauxbatons was vastly different than the one at Hogwarts. But she would have an occasional 3rd year class with the twins from time to time, depending on what the subject was. She volunteered to help teach the First Year flying classes and Fred and George recruited (more like tricked, really) her to join the Gryffindor Quidditch team, where she was made a back-up chaser. She made friends quickly within Gryffindor, but she seemed very distant from everyone, including Fred. Which he wasn't liking very much at all; nonetheless, they seemed to still somehow manage to spend all their time together, in the common room, dinner, lunch, and especially quidditch practices when they began in October.

Halloween arrived, and Fred surprised Rose that evening by taking her out for a walk and telling her his developed feelings for her. Fred didn't take very well to pretty much being shot down and told 'you're *thirteen* you *can't* be in love". But this didn't stop him. He kissed her, full on the lips for the very first time, which caused Rose a very funny feeling in the pit of her stomach; but she just couldn't place it. Soon after she allowed him to 'court' her, and after making fun of the very old term, Fred agreed to the terms: to allow her freedom to test the waters. As much as he disliked it.

He disliked it even more soon enough, as it seemed instantly she was being followed around by other guys. First this guy named Cedric Diggory, who everyone knew was a player, and was madly in love with Cho Chang of Ravenclaw. But she seemed to act as though he didn't exist. And then there was their own Quidditch captain: Oliver Wood. Fred took to dealing with Oliver first, threatening him, that if he even *dare* hurt Rose in any way, shape, or form - well, he wouldn't like Fred very much afterwards. November passed into December with a chilly wind, and it was time for Fred's next plan of attack: a simple silver band with a message engraved into it:

For you, my one and only;
I pledge my love and life.
Undying, unwavering.

Christmas eve came, and he carefully snuck into her room, and placed it deep within her pile of presents while she was sleeping. After receiving it, he never saw her remove it from the chain on her neck. But there was still one little snag: he'd figured out she was hiding something. What it was, he needed to figure out.

That evening, they all traveled to Rose's parents house for dinner. After dinner, Rose invites Fred to stick around, as her mother cleaned the wound on her arm. This is where Rose reveals her story - and what she is. But Fred explains that he'd been picking up clues all term, and that he wasn't going to go anywhere. The group stays at Rose's house until after New Years, where they return to Hogwarts, and to classes.

1992

February calls for Valentines day. An event Rose isn't all too familiar of. But Fred seems to have something up on his sleeve as he whisks her off to Hogsmeade. Surprising her with dinner, and a silver chain. Which Rose laughs at, because the metal choice is ironic.

Insert a huge scheme between Fred, George and Rose to prank Ron, as March enters, because it's his 12th birthday. They make it happen during breakfast, and Fred and Rose seem to be even more attached to the hip than usual. The Full Moon comes around, but Rose loses track of time and ends up changing in her dorm; she makes it to the common room to lay by the fire, finding Fred still down there, apparently reading, or something. She ends up falling asleep in his lap, and this is how they're found, Rose back in her human form and a blanket covering them.

It's Rose's turn to surprise the twins on April first; and a repeat of an incident Rose hoped would never happen again. Fred and George decided to be funny and turn her hair green. After yelling at the top of her lungs for several minutes in a rage, she huffed outside, where she took to her broom. Fred joined her a little while later, allowing her to cool off, bringing her a sweater, as it was still very chilly outside. She took it gratefully, her skin numb from the cold wind. They flew together for awhile, in comfortable silence, engaging in races and she allowed Fred to practice his tackling tactics on her. One of them, while they were flying three or so feet above the ground, knocked her to the ground, and Fred, trying to save her was pulled down with her and they tumbled into the grass. She ends up being pinned underneath Fred, both of them breathing heavily, she looked up into his eyes, catching a blazing emotion that caused her heart to pound once again. He pressed his forehead to her, closing his eyes.

"You know I love you, right?" he said softly, breath fanning against her cheeks.

"Yeah, you seem very keen on pressing that matter," she said jokingly, giggling lightly.

"It's true, you know."

"I know. But... we're just so young."

"Rose, I know everything about you. We grew up together. I know how you like your tea, your favorite thing to eat for breakfast. Everything. I know the look in your eyes right now says you feel the same. Why won't you just come to accept it?"

She sighed, tangling her fingers in his hair. "I don't know. I'm afraid."

"Of what?" he said, eyes closing.

"I don't know. What if you hurt me?"

"You have more of a chance of *eating* me before that happens."

"Which is never."

"Exactly."

She laughed at him, rolling her eyes. "Fine. I'll give you that."

"So?"

She stared at him, "so what?"

"Still not saying it, huh?"

"I... I want to. But... I can't bring myself to do so."

He sighed, rolling into the grass and pulling her to her. "Well, I'll wait, then. I know you'll break someday."

She rolled her eyes, "yeah, because you know me that well."

"Rosieposie, I even know the number of hairs on your head."

She laughed, "you lie, and don't call me that."

"No, I don't. And what? Rosieposie?"

"Quit it," she said, not liking the smirk he had.

"I'll quit... when you tell me you love me."

She sighed, "I love you. See? There."

"No. You know what I mean. I'll see it in your eyes."

"Damn it."

"That is not language for a lady."

"Screw you."

"Maybe later."

"Auuuuuuuuuuuuugh."

They broke into laughter, walking to dinner.

May entered with a warm, sweet breeze, and the thought of Exams. Teachers were getting on their students now, causing mass panic within the students. Some people fainting from the amount of studying. Rose, however, was found flying most of the time (with a very disapproving look from Hermione, who was studying like no-one's business, and taking Ron with her down the road). The second weekend in May was spent with Fred in Hogsmeade, shopping, eating good food at the Three Broomsticks and more shopping. Rose was amazed at how much Fred put up with this (most boys would just groan at her; Ron for example) but not Fred. In fact, he enjoyed watching her, trying on different robes, and hats and shoes. And sometimes he would get a far off look, like he was seeing something farther down in time. At this Rose would smile and snap at him to bring him back to the present, joking that he'd been spending a little too much time in Trelawny's tea-smelling, stuffy classroom. The third week of May was spent being hassled by Wood every morning at 5am and every afternoon at 4 and 7 for Quidditch practice, as that weekend was their final match. They won, of course. By a landslide. During the last week of May, though. Rose was found sitting on the lawn, several different spell books surrounding her, and she waving her wand; practicing different spells.

June entered with a sweltering heat. Studying was made much more difficult in the steamy classrooms, and the only time Rose was comfortable, was when she was in the cold potions classroom. Located in the dungeons. Here she focused on studying everything she could before Snape would kick her out by dinnertime, telling her to eat and relax. Exams came and passed quite easily for Rose, and soon enough, she was out on the lawn after her final exam, taking a light nap. That evening, was the House Cup awarding ceremony, which Gryffindor won by a landslide, thanks to some mysterious points awarded to Harry, Ron, Hermione and... oddly enough, Neville. Soon enough, it was time to pack up and load back up on the train.

Rose's 14th birthday at the end of June was a quiet affair, several people showing up for a camp out in the orchard where they played Quidditch well into the night and ate lots of cake and different foods. Several people, including Draco Malfoy came, which surprised everyone there. But nonetheless, fun was had. July entered along with a surprise visitor for Harry and a warning that 'Bad things are happening at Hogwarts'. Harry's birthday was then celebrated along with the entry of August. Rose spent most of her time relaxing up in her room, sleeping and occasionally practicing spells or going out to play quidditch in the early evenings, where it wasn't so hot. However, she spent even more time with Fred, going out to the river, swimming, taking a fly in the middle of the night above the clouds (only to have Molly scold them when they got back the next morning at dawn); and sleeping the days away. The end of August brought the yearly shopping trip to Diagon Alley (this year Ginny was joining them at Hogwarts), and the rush to

prepare for the trip to Hogwarts.

The first of September came, and the train ride was quiet. She was kidnapped into a compartment from Fred by Draco Malfoy, where they spent time talking and catching up. Rose stumbled upon Fred just exiting Draco's compartment and was bombarded by questions about where she'd been. She explained that Draco had pulled her aside, which Fred didn't like very much (the Malfoys and the Weasleys don't get along, obviously) and she yells at Fred for being a prat and that Draco isn't as bad as he seems, if he's just given a chance. They all learned that during Rose's 14th birthday party. She storms off towards the dining carts and Fred doesn't see her for the rest of the train ride, until they're unloading at Hogwarts. In which she just grabs her cat's carrier and storms off towards the carriages that takes them up to the school.

Rumors spread quickly that it seems that Rose had detached herself from Fred, and wasn't speaking to him for the time being, and had instead attached herself to Draco Malfoy. Fred goes on the prowl, following them as much as he could, and one evening, he stumbles upon them down one of the hidden corridors, locked at the lips. A few seconds too late, Rose notices Fred down at the other end of the hall, and after Fred storms off, Rose herself escapes Draco in guilt and holes herself up in her room; experiencing a very painful transformation that night that keeps her from attending class for days after that. Worried, Fred sneaks up to her room in the middle of the night one night (don't even ask how get got up the girls-side staircase... it's like... it knew), and finds her sitting up in her bed, eyes red and puffy, as if she'd been crying for hours (possibly days), head drooped and seemed to be dozing. He quietly made his way up to her, but before he could put a hand on her, her head snaps up and her eyes lock with his.

"What are - how did you get in here?"

"My secret," he said not really having an explanation.

She rolled her eyes, "what are you doing in here. I thought you were mad at me."

"You haven't been in class."

She stared at him, "so? What's it to you?"

He sighed, "I might be upset with you, but that doesn't keep me from worrying."

"You weren't speaking to me," she said softly and a few tears fell.

He brushed the tears away with a thumb, "well, you kissed that Malfoy boy. I didn't know how to react..."

"But not *speaking* to me?" she said harshly.

"I'm not prefect, I wish I was. I was jealous."

"You shouldn't be," she said.

"Why?"

"....I don't know, something in me just says you shouldn't be."

Understanding, he nods. "Ah, I see. What are you doing with Draco, then?"

A pregnant pause falls between them before she sighs. "I don't know. It feels right, and then again, it doesn't."

He stares at her as she continues, "nothing has been feeling right. I noticed that, when we were... angry at each other."

He nods, "I agree." He sits down next to her on her bed, pulling her into his arms. "Have you been up all night crying?"

She sighs again, "I think so? The last few nights have been a haze."

"I'm guessing you haven't eaten, either." She shook her head. "That decides that, then."

He then drags her out of her room, through the common room and down to the kitchens, where a house elf gladly serves them tea and stew. Rose eats slowly, not being able to tear her gaze away from Fred.

"Why do you love me so much?" she said.

Fred looked at her, cheek in hand. "Well, it's a long explanation."

"Try?" Rose said. "I... need to know."

He nodded. "I guess.... it was kinda destiny, really. You coming to spend every day at our house while your parents were off doing whatever they do. Growing up together. But I only really started to realize it when you moved to France. I was even younger then, but, it was like... a part of me was missing. Even mom noticed, I wasn't myself. I was still a monster, but only when I felt like it. Like if I'd gotten a letter from you that day. I felt more like myself then. And I started missing you more and more, it almost drove me nuts. And then you sent that note that you were coming back, and I stayed up all night, waiting for you. And then you were there. You'd changed, of course; your hair was longer, you had this deep, sad look in your eyes, but the moment you saw me - ah - we both felt something. And then I hugged you, and this feeling exploded in me. Like... I was complete again. I was happy. Whole. I had my best

friend back. I vowed to myself that day, that I wouldn't never let you go again; that I would go with you, where ever it was. You wouldn't do *anything* alone anymore."

Rose was staring in shock. "All that, from a *thirteen* year old."

He laughed, "I know. It was crazy, but it was so very real. So very strong."

They fell asleep that night together in Rose's bed and Rose returned to classes the next morning, feeling much more... herself. Draco was happy to see her in potions that morning.

Halloween came quietly this year and passed just as silently; a great change from last year. And the only notable thing was the starting up of Quidditch practices, in which Rose wanted to murder Wood for, as he'd begun the 5am sessions again. The nice thing was, she assumed, is that she was awoken each morning by Fred, at least, with a mug of coffee and a bagel. It seems Fred wouldn't let Wood anywhere near her, especially in the early morning. Fred claimed something about wanting to be the first person she saw each morning, not matter what. Rose, didn't have complaint. Their first match of the year was hell, as someone had apparently charmed the bludgers to attack Harry and Harry only, causing him to get a broken arm as he reached out to catch the snitch. Thankfully, he caught it, ending the match there. Lockhart only made matters worse by charming his bones out of his arm, and Harry was forced to spend the night in the infirmary; where he had to grow the bones in his arm back overnight. The day after next, however, Rose heard a rumor that there was writing on the wall near Moaning Myrtle's bathroom. Something about the 'Chamber of Secrets'. Also that Filch's Cat, Mrs Norris, had been petrified.

Christmas arrived quickly, thankfully to Rose; as within the time between now and the first Quidditch game was filled with a tense silence. In this time, a first year named Colin Creevy was attached and petrified by the apparent 'monster' that was roaming the school. Rose was ready for the break, and the evenings at home she would get, and a home cooked meal. This Christmas is where she learned that her brother would be teaching at Hogwarts next year, why, she had no idea. She was overjoyed, none the less, as she hadn't been able to see her brother at a constant for several years. He'd gotten old, and tired looking, and she felt sorry for him. He needed a lifestyle change; badly.

1993

New Years came and went with a soft roar, and Rose was once again staring in the face of February... and Valentines day. Apparently, that idiot Lockhart had taken to decorating for the occasion. Pink and pastels everywhere. Singing telegrams by tiny people in diapers and wings with fake bows and arrows. To Rose's disapproval, she received 4 of these through the day. One of the senders being very obvious. She gave Wood a glare down during lunch that day, almost throwing her soup at him. Fred seemed happy that Rose was upset with most of the boys that usually chased after her, and seemed not to want anything to do with them; and especially happy that he was able to spend his after noon together with her, during their usual fly around the school. She seemed to calm down during it, and was now flying straight ahead, eyes closed and arms outstretched. Suddenly she leaned forward and shot off in a dive towards the lake and Fred, shocked, shot off after her. She skimmed the lake, taking a sharp turn towards the Forbidden Forest and raced around it's edges, towards the quidditch pitch. Fred was catching up on her now, as she was making sharp turns, causing her to loose speed. When he was close enough, he tackled her off her broom and into the grass, apparently surprising her as she gasped when she hit the ground.

"Got me again!" she said, laughing.

"Yep, I doubt you could ever out maneuver me."

"Don't count your chickens before they hatch, Freddiekins."

"Oh, do you doubt me, Rosieposie?"

"Yes, I bet you 10 galleons I'll escape you... someday."

"That's not very definite," he said, crossing his arms.

"It's enough. I'll escape, watch me."

He laughed, "sure, Rose, sure."

And with that, he pressed his lips against hers, intentionally to make it short, but Rose surprised him by grabbing onto his collar and keeping him there.

When she pulled again, she smiled, "I love it when you do that. Just kiss me. No pretense to it."

He chuckled, "do I *need* pretense?"

"Apparently, not," she said, leaning forward now and kissing him.

He blinked at her as they parted again, "that's the first time you've kissed *me*, what's the deal?"

"I just felt like it. I needed to. I wanted to."

He grinned, kissing her again, feeling elated when she responded with kissing him back, "it's a pleasant change."

"Call it a new years resolution," she said, laughing.

He shook his head, "you are a wonder, Miss Rose Ameile Lupin, you really are."

She shrugged, "you know what sounds funny in my head? Mrs Rose Weasley."

Here, Fred's face turned red, "how is that funny?"

"I don't know, it crossed my mind one day last week, it made me giddy," she said, laughing lightly.

"I like it."

He grinned, "do you now?"

She nodded, "maybe one day it'll be true."

"*Definitely*, one day. Very soon."

She scoffed, "you're so determined."

"I am," he said, pulling her to him. "Now that you've said that. I'm determined to make it happen."

"Well, just don't do anything stupid," she said. "Some of those pranks of yours are dangerous."

He rolled his eyes, "oh, don't you worry, Rosieposie. Nothing can get me."

She rolled her eyes. "Watch, a wall will fall on you now or something. You've just jinxed yourself."

"Nah, I don't think so..."

With March came Ron's 13th birthday, and yet another delicately planned trick on him, this time including Ginny. Other than that, exam preparations began again. In April, Ron, Ginny and Rose all played a nice little trick on the twins, but this year came with something different. Rose had delicately planned a private dinner for she and Fred in the kitchens. Where she presented him with his present.

"So... how are you liking your present so far?"

"I've gotta say," he said, chuckling. "You really do act like a lady when you want to."

She rolled her eyes, "so. I take you like the food."

"I will always love your food, Rosie. It's my favorite, aside from my own mothers."

She sniffed, "I learned from the best."

"Yes, but there's just something different about yours. I can't put my finger on it."

She rolled her eyes, taking to eating her own food.

A comfortable silence befell them, before she spoke again. "I can make other things too, you know."

"Oh, can you?" he asked, raising an eyebrow at her.

She nodded, pulling out a long, thin, box and slid it over to him.

"What's this?" he said, taking this box, and opening it.

"Hand made tie. It's Gryffindor colors, but no other colors fit you," she said, watching him with bated breath as he took it out of the box and made to put it on.

"It's amazing, is this real silk?" he asked, delicately tying the knot.

Rose nodded, "left overs from my time in France. I charmed the fabric to change colors they are now. You are wearing one of my old Beauxbatons robes."

He laughed, "a sleeve of one, at least."

"Quite. I've one other thing for you. But there's a trick to it."

Again, his brow vanished into his bangs, but something in his eyes changed, like he'd understood.

He stood, walking around to where she sat, and lowered himself next to her, on his knees. First he leaned in and pressed a soft, yet firm kiss to her lips, which she pleasantly responded to, sighing. He took this as an invitation to proceed further. His hand came up to her cheek, his thumb brushing against her jaw line. The kiss turned more passionate, and Rose's mind faltered. Heart pounding, she responded without fail to the new sensation, not quite sure what she was doing. He slowly pulled away, her eyes opening slowly to meet his.

"Now say it," he whispered, his hands gripping hers.

"Fred Gideon Weasley. I am madly in love with you," she said, barely a whisper, and her face filled with color. "I love you."

He grinned, "that you do. Glad to see your brain caught up with your heart. I've been seeing it in your eyes for months now. Every time you look at me. It burns. It's especially strong after I've touched you. Kissed you. But it's been there. But waiting for you to say it, has been difficult. I'm glad I waited though. That was amazing. How do you feel?"

She blinked a few times, looking to their hands, and she found she was gripping his with a strength she didn't know she had. "I feel..... amazing. Whole."

He nodded, "as do I, love. As do I. Thank you."

She smiled, her shoulders shaking in a silent laugh. "Happy Birthday."

He grinned.

The rest of April passed in a blur. It seemed Rose and Fred were back to their inseparable phase; and quite honestly. It was all right. At least for most people. Draco Malfoy on the other hand, wasn't too pleased with

it, but every time he dared to get near her, Fred would be there, suddenly; staring him down and causing him to turn the other way. Gryffindor house noticed, a few even daring to make a few cute remarks.

"Man, Fred. You've got that Malfoy boy right scared of you," said Seamus Finnigan, a second year. Fred just chuckled and rolled his eyes.

"Geezus, Fred! What'd you do to Malfoy? He's not even made a smart remark in class." said Dean Thomas.

Fred merely grinned.

Even at quidditch practices, Fred seemed more... involved. It wasn't just chasing after the bludger anymore. He had fire. Wood was over ecstatic.

"I don't know what's gotten into you, Fred. But keep it up! We'll win with the way you're going!" Fred just smiled, because below him, completely mesmerized, was Rose, about to slide clear off her broom.

"ROSE! YOUR BROOM!" came the shout of Katie on the ground.

This caused Fred to look down, as did Rose. "Sorry, drifted off!"

Katie huffed, "will you quit distracting her Fred!"

He merely smiled, knowing his plan was going just as planned.

After Quidditch practice, he caught Rose talking to Angelina, Alicia and Katie.

"I have... never in my life been so attracted to someone, as I was today... oh my Rowling," said Rose, dreamily.

"I know, right. He was so on point today, it was beautiful. I wonder what changed in him. He's good, but he's never been, *that good*. It's like he had something driving him today," said Angelina. "Even George couldn't keep up with him."

"I think I know what's change," said Katie, looking to Rose.

Alicia caught on, throwing an arm around Rose's shoulders. "Maybe the same thing that has changed in our little Rosieposie, hmm?"

Angelina made a knowing sound, and nodded, "most definitely."

"They're in love." the three girls chimed and Rose's face exploded in color.

"Shut up you guys!"

"Took long enough."

"How long? How long?"

"Come on! Details Rose!"

Rose sighed, slapping her forehead with her palm.

At that, Fred broke in between them, breaking their hold on Rose and whisking her forward, "sorry ladies, I'm stealing her away now."

The three girls all made a 'awwww'ing noise as Rose was marched away, red in the face.

It was a matter of hours before it got round that Rose and Fred Weasley was an item. Rose had no idea how word spread so fast, or even why, for that matter. It's not like it was that big of a deal. They were just two ordinary people. She would understand if Harry Potter suddenly obtained a girlfriend. But she and Fred? Really now? *Really?* Well. It was bound to stir up *some* commotion in the least. Cedric Diggory didn't take kindly to it; bounding up to Fred one morning, he almost punched him clean in the face, but Fred stopped it merely with a hand. Cedric then proceeded to curse Fred out and threaten him to 'fight for my honor'. Quite hilarious at that early in the morning. Wood actually came up, putting a hand to Cedric shoulder, said something to him, which caused Cedric's arm to fall, and he walked away with out another word. Rose sat down next to him, brow raised.

"What was that about?"

"Cedric is very... emotional, about losing you to Fred, apparently," said Wood, chuckling. "Honestly, I'm kinda depressed about it too, but you don't see me attacking someone about it."

Fred rolled his eyes, "you want to though, don't you."

"Possibly, but, I'll live," Wood said, and walked away.

Rose blinked, "boys are weird."

"They wouldn't do you any good anyways. Cedric would probably drop you as soon as you told him about your furry little problem - Wood, eh. Maybe he wouldn't do that... but you wouldn't be happy. He's annoying."

Rose laughed, "have you analyzed like, every male here?"

"Maybe," he said, smirking. "I've deduced that I'm most definitely your best choice."

"Conceded," she said, snickering.

"Maybe so. But it's the best kind," said Fred.

Rose rolled her eyes.

May brought in the time where Rose would hole herself up in some quiet spot on the lawn nearly every afternoon. Books surrounding her, and she would be practicing various spells. Mostly charms. For some reason, she just wasn't very good at charms. Making something do something? She'd rather just do it manually. Though she did enjoy locomotor charms. Those were helpful. It was then, she learned that Ron's friend Hermione had been petrified.

May passed into June, and exams began, but it was a tense period of time. And one evening, after a particularly tough Transfiguration exam, Rose was pulled awake by someone shaking her. Fred, pale in the face, had been sent by McGonagall to collect her and bring her down to Dumbledore's office, where they soon learned that Ginny had apparently been taken down into the Chamber of Secrets. Molly and Arthur soon arrived where they waited as apparently Lockhart had been sent down into the Chamber to receive her. It wasn't surprising, however, when Lockhart returned, hit by his own memory modification spell, carried by Ron and Harry, who looked worse for wear. With Ginny in tow. Molly and Arthur were relieved, and we soon learned that she'd been... well, brain washed, but some diary that apparently belonged to Tom Riddle, which was somehow given to her by Lucius Malfoy. What a pain!

During the House Cup feast, Gryffindor was awarded the house cup for the second year in a row, once again by a land slide of mysterious points given to Ron, Harry and Ginny. We weren't complaining, though. We then loaded onto the train the next morning. The rest of June was spent relaxing; and Rose took to soaking in the near by river and particularly hot days. Rose's 15th birthday was a surprise trip to Muggle London, where they had dinner reservations at one of Rose's favorite restaurants (thanks to Rose's mum); and then they went to the local fun park, where Fred rode his first roller coaster. Something told Rose he didn't enjoy that very much...

A few days later, the Weasleys were surprised by winning some Galleon jackpot, and they, including Rose, all took a trip to Egypt to visit Bill.

...which didn't go very well for Rose. Charlie seemed to have made his way there too, and automatically took a liking to Rose. Gushing over how much she'd grown and then announced very loudly to his parents that he would marry her. Molly of course, tried to tell him that she was Fred's girlfriend, but he wasn't hearing it. Going on and on about how she needed a *real* man. And that Fred was just a boy. Rose took to trying to avoid him at every cost, and keeping Fred from punching his own brother. Needing a distraction, she found that Ron's rat, Scabbers, had begun acting very oddly. Ron claimed that Egypt probably just wasn't good for him. Rose couldn't argue with it, but she had a feeling it was something else.

They were in Egypt until about the end of July, where Rose had to make an emergency trip to her actual house (which she didn't like at all); because apparently something had happened with one of her housemates. Upon arriving home, she found said housemate in a rage. Upon asking what was going on, a news paper was shoved at her. Sirius Black, the man who was sitting next to her at the kitchen table, sipping at a cup of coffee rather angrily, was apparently wanted to the murder of 15 muggles. Rose's brows furrowed.

"But you haven't killed anyone. And plus, didn't this event happen like, thirteen years ago?"

"Yeah," Sirius scoffed, "but Fudge has ignored it til now, for some reason. So now he's got all his cronies out looking for me."

Rose stared at the paper, "that Fudge is an odd one. Escaped from Azkaban? Where does he come up with all this?"

"He'll do anything to cover up a mistake, including making up stories. I'm obviously not in Azkaban, never have been, never will be."

"Well, this'll be fun to explain to Harry..." Rose said, shaking her head.

Sirius sighed.

Rose returned to the Burrow, joined by Remus, who was preparing for his year of teaching at Hogwarts. Ron was rather interested, as he'd never had one of his teachers in his house. He kept asking Remus questions, and Remus would answer them, quite politely, but even Rose could tell Ron was getting rather

annoying. So she pulled him away by the ear. "Let the man plan! You'll have him all year!"

Rose occasionally helped out with the lessons plans, but was more focused on patching up Remus' clothing, and making him new ones.

"You can't just go in there looking like a tattered old man. You're only 30!"

"Twenty-seven, actually," said Remus tiredly. "But I feel like I'm sixty."

"Come on now Remus, cheer up. You're going back to Hogwarts."

Remus rolled his eyes, "when you put it that way. It is actually kinda hard to be depressed."

"Right on," Rose said, tapping her wand to a patch on the jacket she was sewing. "And you're going to look amazing."

He shook his head, "my little sister, the fashionista."

"You're gonna be the talk of all the girls in the school. I know it. You're so handsome."

He shook his head, "you are so weird."

"I try," she grinned.

Fred, at that point, came in and stole her away from annoying her own brother and left him to his own thoughts. August came, along with their usual shopping trip; getting Ron a new wand (as he'd broken his last year) and actually getting Ginny some new-ish books. Thankfully the book list wasn't long this year, as Remus wasn't requiring a reading list. However, it also occurred to Rose that Fred and George was entering their 5th year... which meant O.W.L.s. The twins didn't believe her when she said she was going to be helping them study all year... how very wrong they were. Especially with Fred.

September 1 rolled in, as did the usual scramble of getting to Kings Cross with seconds to spare, as they did every year. Fred, George, Rose and Lee Jordan all found themselves a compartment near the dining cart. Sometime after lunch, Rose made her way down to where her brother was, finding Ron, Harry and Hermione in there with him. She scooted Harry down, sitting down next to Remus, shaking him awake (he liked to sleep on trains, she didn't know why), and got him to drink their usual potion. It was then, the compartment suddenly turned cold, which caused the hair on the back of Rose's neck to stand, and she looked to her brother who nodded. There was a blood curdling scream from somewhere down the train (which sounded a lot like Draco's voice, oddly enough), and then the door slowly slid open. A hooded figure, breathing hard, stuck it's face in; Harry fell to the floor, next to Rose's feet; and then Remus shouted 'EXPECTO PATRONUM'. The hooded figure (a dementor) was pushed away by a bright white light. Rose shuddered, and then looked to her feet, seeing Harry twitching on the ground. With the help of Ron and Remus, they got him sitting back up in the seat, and Remus was forcing a chocolate bar into his hand. "Eat it, You'll feel better." He broke up pieces of a bigger bar handed them to me, Ron and Hermione and then promptly left the compartment, saying something about talking to the Driver.

"What was that?" said Ron shivering and eating his chocolate.

"Dementor," Rose said through a mouth full of chocolate. "Nasty things."

"Who are they looking for?" said Ron.

"Sirius Black, I would presume," Rose scoffed. "You okay Harry?"

He nodded, "they're looking for Sirius?"

"Don't worry about it, he'll be fine." Rose said, shrugging.

Remus then returned, bearing the news that they would be arriving at the castle in five minutes and told Rose she should go change. Rose nodded, exiting the compartment and making her way towards Fred, George and Ginny's, of whom it seemed had gotten a visit also from Remus, as they were all chewing on bits of chocolate. We soon arrived to a very rainy ride up to the castle; and at the Start of Term feast we were informed that Dementors would be patrolling the school grounds and that no one should be outside after dark.

Rose and Fred were one of the last few to leave the Start-of-Term feast that night, slowly making their way to Gryffindor tower.

"Well, isn't it the most talked about couple in Hogwarts~" sang the Fat Lady.

"Ma'am?" said Rose, tilting her head.

"It's all about the pictures, all through the school. 'Have you seen that Weasley and Lupin? They're so cute!' and, 'Reminds me when I was young!' You're being talked about everywhere. But I'd be wary, not all of the talk is good." she informed.

"Oh, believe me, I already know, I can smell the jealousy. What is it with boys, that when the girl is

single, they don't make a move, but when someone finally sweeps her off her feet, they all come out of the bricks, angry and jealous?"

The Fat Lady shrugged, swinging open, "Boys are mysterious creatures. I hear Remus Lupin is back in school too?"

"Yeah, teaching the Defense Against the Dark Arts," said Rose.

"Well, keep an eye on him, if I remember right, his time here at school wasn't too pleasant; and I think there's a plot to expose him. I don't know why anyone would ever do that... he's such a darling boy.."

"Thanks ma'am," said Rose, nodding and slipping through the portrait hole.

"Well, that was nice of her," said Fred.

Rose nodded, pulling out a small bag and walking over to the fireplace, tossing green powder into it, and saying clearly, "DADA Classroom". The fire erupted in green flames and suddenly Remus face appeared in the fire. "Rose! When did you learn how to use Floo Powder as a communication device?"

"This summer, Molly taught me. Is everything going well?" Rose asked.

"Fine. Severus just dropped off some of that potion, you know," Remus said, raising a brow at how his sister shifted. "Did you head something?"

"Well, the fat lady - you know how the portraits are; they hear things, but you never know if it's just gossip or actual information, but she said to keep an eye out... there's a plan to expose yo--"

"Oh, yes. Lucius was just in here earlier this evening; right after I had my dinner. Pity. He came in here with some great speech about how 'the parents will never have a werewolf teaching their kids; and that he was going to expose me for what I am'. I don't know how. Probably through his son... but knowing Draco, that would be too much work for him. I think Severus is gonna do something about it; I know he doesn't give two shakes about me; but I explained that if I was exposed, that would bring up your name - he changed his tune rather quickly after that. Stalked out of here with vigor; quite odd actually - I haven't seen him like this since... well, when we were kids and he was - ah....."

Rose stared, "and he was what?"

"Nothing. No matter; you and Fred keep close, you here. Don't let people get to you. Even if Draco won't do anything, Lucius will tell the other Death Eaters, and they'll tell their kids; and they'll try." Remus said, smiling.

"I know," she said with a smile.

"Stay safe," they chorused and the fire went out.

Rose and Fred; after sitting on the couch with a warm mug of hot chocolate; headed up to bed, to prepare for the next day... where Remus was indeed right. It seemed that almost every Slytherin that morning got a letter from their parents. Their eyes had looked to Remus, and then her. And the teasing began. Rose was going to be strong though. With Fred at her side, and a load of puking pastilles; she would survive.

The teasing became worse when Quidditch season approached. It helped, though, that she was normally always surrounded by the team. And she felt comforted knowing that Fred and George were looking out for her back. Fred was getting hit with the blunt end of the stick too. Getting comments such as 'so which one are you? The dog or the master?' and 'How's your pet?'. From what she heard from McGonagall; she had passed Fred and a group of Slytherins earlier, and there was a sudden rush, and Marcus Flint was laid out on the floor, unconscious. It was lucky it was she who'd passed him, as she'd only given him detention; but if Severus had passed, it would've been much worse. Though Fred did try to argue that Snape would have probably done the same. McGonagall warned him to keep his temper in check. However, none of this kept Rose from fighting; she was vicious in Quidditch practice, using the time to get out all of her frustration. One time, Wood had commented on it as being very 'attractive', or at least that's how Fred put it, when Rose asked why he had punched him square in the mouth. Wood had laughed, despite the blood, and said he'd deserved it.

The days carried on and Rose and Remus shared many conversations late at night, using Floo Powder. It seemed the evening of Halloween, Harry had gotten worried when Severus brought in his usual wolfsbane. Remus had laughed and told him he was just like his father; he hadn't liked Snape very much either.

That very evening held also something that shook the entire school The Fat Lady's portrait had been destroyed, great claw marks had been slashed into it. Or at least like claw marks; upon closer inspection, it had been slashed apart by a knife. The Fat Lady claimed it had been Sirius Black (but Rose, and many others looked between each other in confusion). You could bet there was a 'call' home that night; in which Sirius was definitely there, and said he had never left. Rose told him of all the suspicious things going on at Hogwarts; and he said he would form a plan. It would be set straight, soon enough. Though, that night was

annoying, as they all had to spend the evening in cushy sleeping bags on the Great Hall floor (though it did give Rose an excuse to curl up around Fred for a night).

The weather grew colder, of course; Quidditch matches were being overseen by teachers; teachers were guiding us between classes. It was ridiculous; they all this was happening. But something stood out to Rose. She had overheard Ron and Hermione arguing that Scabbers had gone missing, and he was blaming that the cat ate him. Scabbers; a very old Rat, that had come into the family sometime after my 4th Halloween - which was also the Halloween Harry's Parents had been killed. I blinked, things clicking in my head. I needed to find that damn rat. I also explained my deductions to both my brother and Sirius, and they agreed that I should be suspicious. It didn't help that the rat fit the description of the Rat a certain person used to change into during Remus' time at school. Plot to expose my brother, indeed! The hunt began. Every day that I was out in the corridor, I was keeping an eye out, but of course, finding a rat in Hogwarts was difficult, as there was many rats about. But Remus and Sirius told me I would know, as this Rat wouldn't be acting like other rats.

Remus, unfortunately, had a very bad turning one night, which caused him to be out of class for a week. This was bad, as this started up the Slytherins again, as it seemed Snape was now in on the plot to expose Remus. Heavens know why, but I could tell he wasn't doing much other than 'oh, turn to page 394 in your book'. Every werewolf knows that chapter... every werewolf. I noticed, because Ron, Harry and Hermione was working on an essay for the 5 Signs to Recognize a Werewolf. I'd made the joke that, '1) it's standing right next to you; 2) it's wearing my clothes; 3) it's eating my chocolate frog' and walked away, laughing. Hermione apparently didn't find it funny. Fred thought it was hilarious about how uptight everyone was acting. Because he and I were on the prowl for that Rat, he kept claiming that they were looking for the wrong person. And that there was a *rat* in the system. He made so many rat jokes, McGonagall hit him upside the head one day in class. Though I think she got the message he was trying to send.

The Quidditch match against Hufflepuff... was wet, and vicious. Cedric, still apparently angry at Fred, was determined to win this match. And thanks to some stupid Dementors; they did. Thankfully Cedric wanted a rematch - but wouldn't take it; saying he'd won fair and square (which honestly I didn't agree with, but I didn't feel like going back out in the rain, so I didn't argue). Unfortunately, there was a worse victim out of all this than our pride; Harry's Nimbus that had been gifted to him in his first year, was torn to shreds by the whomping willow. I'd written home to Sirius about this, and how Harry walked around, blue, since he learned this. He was really so much like his father - just wasn't the same unless he was in the air...

Rose soon learned that Harry was going to be starting Patronus Lessons with her brother (which was exciting, because the Patronus is a very uplifting spell). But Remus had fallen ill again, and lessons would not start until after the holidays. Christmas had arrived, finally. And caused Rose joy when she was finally, along with Fred, George, Ron and Harry were allowed to leave the castle, to head to her parents house, as they do every year. Percy stayed behind this year - for some strange reason... At home, Fred and George were in for a surprise when Remus and Sirius presented their Christmas gift to Harry. It was one of the old copies of the Marauders Map. What the surprising part was, that Fred and George also had a copy (apparently James', according to Sirius and Remus, as the one they gave Harry was Sirius'. Remus' was in Rose's possession, and the last one... well, it was never found). Fred and George gushed for a few hours that they couldn't believe they were in the presence of two of the original Marauders. However, it reminded Rose that maybe it was time to pull the thing out of her belongings. While looking for a rat physically; the map told everything about everywhere and where anyone was; if they were in the castle. So if I suspicious named popped up, she would know.

When we arrived back in the common rooms after New Years, there was a great commotion from the boys dorms as Fred came rushing down the stairs, grinning like a mad dog.

"What in the *blazes* is going on up there?" said Rose, who was warming her hands over the fire.

Fred didn't have a chance to answer, as Harry came down the stairs, carrying a long sort of package. Rose could only guess what it was. She smiled, "so. One last Christmas present, huh?" Harry grinned and nodded, "it's a Firebolt."

"That's good news! Now we have a chance again!" Rose laughed.

This good news was ruined very soon after, when Hermione heard of it. The next evening, McGonagall marched into the Common Room, demanded the Firebolt for inspection. The House was in an uproar... and well, very angry with Hermione; even I. As I knew exactly who it was from (the very person she was accusing) however, it was definitely NOT cursed.

Rose was back on the prowl for Scabbers, soon after. Using the map at any chance she could. Harry began his Patronus lessons, and from what Rose had been hearing from Remus; he's really rather good. Very adept at defense. The even better news, is McGonagall returned the Firebolt rather quickly (Rose thought dealing with mine and Woods teaming up on her, and after she'd gotten expressed written confirmation on who it was *actually* from). And were soon practicing for their mach against Ravenclaw.

1994

Rose had never really liked the Ravenclaw team. It was full of snotty girls, that didn't seem to have anything better to do than *read* about quidditch – which made them think they were the better team. ..Which was obviously not the case, since their Seeker always had some injury or another. Cho Chang; a flake of a girl with pretty blue eyes and long dark hair. And still ignoring Cedric Diggory. She and Rose talked in the halls once or twice. She had been asking Rose about something for DADA; which was odd, since Ravenclaws *never* sought help from others, normally. As books were their friends. Rose had shrugged it off, though. The match, however expected, went pleasantly. We won, rather quickly (even after Harry scaring the poop out of Malfoy and his cronies, who had decided to try and distract Harry by dressing up as Dementors. Harry had set his Patronus on them, of course, causing them a good bit of shock). Gryffindor Tower didn't head to bed until well past 2 that morning; all of us busy celebrating.

However, as Rose sat up in her bed, not really sleepy (as she had drunk one too many butterbeers, damn the sugar in them); looking at the map. A strange movement around Gryffindor Tower caught her eyes. There was a tiny flag moving, right next to Ron's bed. Fred, was next to her, curled up in my blankets and fast asleep, but her swift movement knocked him literally from the bed, and she was pulling on her robe, heading down the stairs and back up the boys side, just in time to hear Ron scream. There was a scurrying next to her feet and with out a thought, She'd transformed into her Animagus form and chased the scurrying creature down into the common room; where she caught it by the scruff of it's neck, and then dived under a table; just as McGonagall, Dumbledore and Snape entered. She heard Ron exclaim that someone had been above his bed, with a knife (many people claiming it to be Sirius Black). McGonagall, finding nothing, but Rose under a table and she was staring at her with great blue eyes, the struggling rat in her jaws). McGonagall stood straight, claiming nothing was here in Gryffindor Tower and we should all just go back to bed. She left, along with Dumbledore and Snape; and Rose returned to my usual form, standing and Scabbers gripped in her hand. Fred saw this.

“Scabbers?” he questioned.

“Quite so,” Rose said.

“What's Scabbers got to do with any of this?” said Fred, brow raising.

“He, is not an ordinary rat, are you, *Peter Pettigrew*?” she said, bringing the rat up to eye level. It stilled instantly, looking guilty now. “Yeaaaaah, you're in trouble now, mister.”

The next morning, Rose had told Ron that she had found Scabbers, and that he was fine. But was keeping him for awhile. Amazingly, with Peter now in Rose's possession, the castle quieted again; and it almost seemed redundant to have the Dementors patrolling the castle. Rose had informed McGonagall and Dumbledore about the capture of Scabbers; and summoned Rose to Dumbledore's office, where Rose presented Scabbers, and cast a spell, which resumed him to his usual form. It seemed all would be returning to normal, soon. Remus informed Rose several weeks later, that Harry had been out wandering the halls late one night, and had been forced to confiscate James' copy of the Map from him (as Snape was very suspicious of it).

Winter, turned to Spring, and a warm breeze was whirling around the Castle, but this only brought about two things: Exams, and the final quidditch match of the year. And of *course* it was against Slytherin. Our match against this was brutal. Lee Jordan was screaming all sorts of things at the Slytherins. And once again, we had won, by a landslide, for that matter. But now, it was time for Rose to keep her promise. She'd grabbed the twins by their ears, telling them she'd ignored it all year, but now it was time to crunch down and study.

June returned, and the weather turned sweltering; as it always did. And Rose, Fred and George stayed up late into the nights, writing, and reading and highlighting notes. Exams began, Rose bouncing between regular exams, and her own O.W.L.s. As she was indeed of age - they determined that she was eligible to take the exams. Exams finished, and one would find Rose happily asleep on the couch in the common room, curled up in a over sized fuzzy blanket and a puffy pillow; muttering to herself. Little did she know, out on the grounds – the trio was up to their usual mischief. And when she heard about it, the next day.

And about how Sirius had grabbed Ron by the ankle to drag him into the shrieking shack; to explain what was going on; and that Scabbers had somehow gotten loose from Rose (she hadn't worried about it, as she'd threatened him good, beforehand). And that Remus had nearly eaten them all (having Sirius save them by turning into Padfoot, his animagus form). And that now the whole *school* somehow knew Remus was a werewolf – and that everyone was looking at *her* with a look she *knew*. Rose's mood darkened, as they soon, even though it was practically the end of the year, began to relentlessly attack she and Fred with all sorts of remarks. Rose wasn't happy; and holed herself up in her room until the end of year feast. And then attempted to find a compartment to herself. Finally, she'd given in, and slipped into a compartment with Ginny, a third year Ravenclaw known as Luna Lovegood, and Neville, and took to sleeping the whole way back to Kings Cross. The even worse news? Sirius hadn't been able to clear his name, as Scabbers – no, *Peter*, had escaped. And now Sirius was defiantly on the run from the Ministry, Unable to even go home, thanks to Fudge and his stupidity. Thankfully, Harry and Hermione had freed him from where Fudge had locked him up in the castle and before they could grab a Dementor to administer the Kiss.

Rose spend the first week at home sleeping everything off. Only occasionally going down into the kitchen for a bite of food, or some tea. Fred worried, but his mother told him to just give her time, she's going through a stressful time. Fred was obviously not happy about how everyone turned their backs on her, even though they knew her better than that. Fred actually found it easier, with the whole school knowing; there was no reason to hide, now... but that was what Rose was doing. Running, and hiding. He didn't like it. There had to be some way for him to get her out of her funk.

Quiet rumors began to circulate around the Burrow, one of them, being that Charlie was returning to Britain for awhile. Why, there was a rumor behind that too, but Rose didn't believe a word about it. But with Charlie and the house, Rose's stress levels shot up; as he was, as usual, determined to woo her. Fred actually stood up to hi a few times, bet Charlie was even more conceded than Fred was, ignoring every warning until finally, Fred snapped. Charlie sported a black eye for a good week (his mother actually leaving it for once, as Charlie needed to learn his lesson). George joked at Charlie that they had *tried* to tell him that Fred was very ... *protective* of Rose. Charlie pouted for a few days, but it couldn't keep him down for too long, soon enough, Charlie was finally talking to Rose like an equal, and not some pretty thing to chase around. This, Rose liked, and it was slowly pulling her from her funk. But every time Remus or the 'w' word was mentioned, she'd go extremely quiet – at least until Charlie started talking about dragons. And about something that would be going on at the school.

There was also, some reason, a call for Dress Robes. Which added a little bit of stress to Rose, as she was very tomboyish, and acting like a lady was never her strong point. But her mother, Molly, and Ginny all took to going out on her Birthday to go dress shopping. Thankfully, it seemed Katie, Angelina and Alicia's mothers had the same idea, so they all went from dress store, to dress store together. Each of them seeming to be a little more focused on Rose, than themselves. Katie claimed it to be that Rose needed to show her womanly side to Fred. She was 16 now, and almost all grown up; it was time to show that. Like a right of passage. It was almost as if everybody but Rose knew what the hell was going on. Finally, as it was getting dark (and Rose was getting hungry – in more ways than one, as a full moon was peeking through the clouds); Katie (who was the last of the girls to stay behind), was digging through the racks of what the ladies had called the final shop. Rose hadn't found anything that was quite perfect yet – and Katie had gone desperate, and was digging through some more vintage styles.

“AHA!” Katie gave a shout, jarring Rose awake in her place on the bench she was sitting. Her mother next to her; sketching something, and muttering. She stopped to look up, and shook Rose. “Look, darling.”

Rose picked her head up, to look at Katie, who was holding up a modest, storm grey-blue dress with a slight shimmer to it. Rose stood, taking it from Katie, and vanishing into the dressing rooms. There was something... *magical* about this dress, she figured. As she slipped it over her head, adjusting the bust. It was sleeveless, but came with a dark blue cowl; which gave her and even more mysterious look. Rose haphazardly put her hair up; and walked out. “So?”

“It's perfect,” said Katie, pointing at the mirror.

Rose looked, and just as she did, a beam of moon light fell into the shop, lighting up her skin to a pale glow, and made her hair shine. Rose smiled, “I do like a dress that does most of the work for me. Just some smoky eyes and some dark red lipstick, and I'll look urethral.

Katie nodded, “I agree, and the right shoes, too. I'm thinking black boots.”

Rose nodded, “I think you're on to something.”

The girls smiled at each other. The dress was purchased and Rose treated Katie to a light dinner, in thanks for her help. They'd told Fred that they'd found a dress, but he would just have to wait to see it. His only hint was the smirk Rose was wearing, and the midnight-blue flower Rose wore in her hair that day when she returned home.

The next morning, Rose was woken by the smell of blueberry tart and coffee in her room, and found Fred carrying a tray of breakfast to her, since he hadn't been able to the morning before. She thanks Fred with a swift kiss to the lips – or what she started as a swift kiss, but Fred pulled her back in before she could fully pull away. He broke from her, happy to see her smile brightly, and thank him, as it made her feel so much better. Wanted, needed, loved... and not so alone, as she had been feeling. She was focused on going back to school – as the letters came in mid July, along with the results of the O.W.L.s. Rose, of course, had passed with flying colors; Fred and George, thanks to Rose's late night tutoring, had scraped by with passing grades. Molly was proud, thanking Rose for helping her boys.

Early August was spent with the usual hustle and bustle of gathering school supplies, buying school supplies and several trips to Diagon Alley – as they were all to head to the Quidditch World Cup the next week (with the arrival of now Bill), and who knows how long it would last. There was also a new commotion, as Sirius had apologetically replaced Scabbers – with a little puffy owl, who made way too much noise. The good news was, Rose's cat now had a play thing, and would chase the crazy owl all around the house. Fred and George attempted to use it as bludger practice, but after the Puffeskin accident of forever ago, Molly put a stop to that quite quickly.

The evening of the day before the day of the match, they were all treated to Mrs. Weasley's famous cooking... and Percy's rambling. Mr. Crouch *this*, Mr. Crouch *that*; it was actually getting quite annoying to listen to him go on and on. And this is where we learned a *hint* of what was going to go on at Hogwarts – and something Rose really didn't *want* to hear. Two schools were going to be visiting Hogwarts: Durmstang and *Beauxbatons*. Though, this brought up a memory. So *that's* what Madame Maxine meant by 'see you in four years!'

The next morning we were all awoken at 3am by Arthur, telling us to get dressed and grab our things. Rose had packed Fred and her own stuff into one rucksack of which, he carried, and they were all to meet the Diggorys (ugh) at the top of Stoatshead Hill. Of course, Fred and George had to cause a ruckus by trying to sneak out products from their Weasley Wizard Wheezes line they'd been *apparently* working on all summer. Which caused Rose's head to pound, too sleepy to deal with all this she ate my bacon sandwich in silence, glaring at Fred and George. It was a mystery of how they could *so* alike. And yet she could point out the tiny little differences, like Fred had a very feint scar above his left eyebrow, which Rose remembered easily the day he got it. Also George's hair, while usually cut in the same fashion, wasn't as delicately styled as Fred's, who had a habit of gelling his hair smartly. And it never seemed to fail, no matter how early Fred was made to get up, his hair was always made up. Unlike his bed. Which she so desperately wanted to return to.

After Molly yelled for five minutes at the twins, they were permitted to leave, finally, and Rose followed after them, in a zombie-like walk, yawning the whole way there. They met up with the Diggorys at the hill, and Rose casually ignored him, pretending to be too sleepy to talk, only barely nodding at him when he greeted them. The only indication of Fred she felt, was when he slipped his arm around her waist, and she leaned heavily on him, eyes closed. They all then gathered around the Portkey and they were transported in a swirl of color and a strong pull of gravity that caused Rose to fidget with her hair when they landed. They all stumbled into a campsite, run by a couple of poor old Muggles, of whom they paid and then set off to find their spot, where they set up the tent, and Rose was finally allowed, once again, to dissolve into sleep on a warm, cushy Murphy bed, in which Fred joined her on several minutes later.

Rose slept until the afternoon, where she was awoken by Fred nudging her and the smell of sausage. He had a tray; and she sat up, and a cup of coffee was pushed into her hands. Rose smiled, shaking her head. It was wondrous, how he knew exactly what she needed at the right times. Rose was soon awake enough to fidget with her hair again before heading out to join the rest of the Weasleys in walking towards the pitch. The shouts of people and sales people was deafening. And Rose had a hard time hearing anything Fred was trying to tell her (he'd heard Ludo, Barty Crouch Sr and his father talking earlier); at least until they finally made it to their box, where they were joined with several other families... including...

“Draco...” Rose had said, softly, sighting him sitting quite gloomily in a chair on the end of the row. His mother sat next to him, looking as if she were knitting something. Which was an odd sight for her.

Lucius was standing greeting and talking with the other men. Rose looked to Fred, who, with a sigh, nodded. Rose had explained, shortly after Rose and Draco's bout together, about how close they were. Fred, had accepted this, and their friendship. Rose stood and made to walk carefully over to the two, which caused Draco's head to snap up. His eyes brightened, but darkened just as quickly, once again.

"What do *you* want, halfbreed?" he said sharply.

Rose rolled her eyes, "Draco, don't be a prat. I won't talk to you if you don't talk to me nicely.

Afternoon, Cissa. Doing well?"

Narcissa nodded and smiled slightly, eyes darting to her husband, "just as well as we can be, you know. Poor Draco, he talks about you all the time. He's very sad with out you."

"Well, that could all be remedied, if he decided to be nice," Rose said, looking to him, and he continued to stare at the wall. "But, oh Draco. You're stubborn as ever, aren't you?"

He sighed, looking back to her, "hullo, Rose."

"That's better," she said, grinning. "Doing okay?"

He shrugged, "I'm alright." He looked as though as he wanted to say something else.

Rose rolled her eyes, "I miss you too, Draco."

He sniggered, "how do you do that?"

She smirked, much like he would. "My secret."

"Auuuugh, women and their secrets!!"

They shared a laugh all settled back into their seats, where Ludo's voice sounded around them and the two teams mascots were introduced. During Bulgaria's Veela, Rose turned to look at Fred, expecting him to be acting silly, just as Harry and Ron were doing down the row, but instead, he sat there, looking at them, but hadn't moved. He looked to her, and smiled.

"What? Do I *look* like I need a Veela in my life? I have the most prettiest girl in the world already. Veela charm is non- effective on me," he said with a laugh.

"Really now," she said rolling her eyes.

He leaned over and kissed her, "most definitely."

She flushed brightly.

Ireland's Mascots, Leprechauns, gave them all fake gold coins. Which Rose dumped onto Ron, who seemed to be having the time of his life with them. The match began; and Rose realized very quickly that Quidditch could become a very *ditry* game, when it came down to it. Ireland won (with the Bulgarian Team's Seeker, Victor Krum, catching the snitch to end the game) and they all returned to the campsite for a bit of dinner, and Rose was once again able to fall victim to sleep. She was awoken, several hours (she assumed) later, but a heart wrenching scream several yards away which caused to to sit up very quickly, and her hair, a mess, fell over her face.

"What. Was that?" she asked, looking around.

Something wasn't right, she could just feel it. There was a loud crack from out side, and another should and a bright green light; a light that she recognized. There was a shuffling, and a dark robed person entered the tent. Rose jumped up, wand in hand:

"Reveal yourself!" she shouted, holding her shaking hand steady.

The being lowered it hood and almost automatically, Rose lowered her arm.

"Mother, don't do that. Seriously. What's going on?" Rose asked.

Her mother looked behind her, and then back to Rose. "I've come to warn you. The Death Eaters are launching an attack here. They're several hundred yards out now. But you need to get going.

"The others?" Rose asked.

"Already warned, Arthur's rousing the rest of them. George is supposed to meet you two on the edge of the forest, please. Just go," with that, she disappeared with a loud crack.

Rose and Fred looked at each other, nodded and quickly gathered their belongings before rushing out of the tent, towards where, sure enough, George was waiting.

"Your mother gave us a great fright when she just cracked into the tent. All dressed like a death eater," George chuckled, how does one get that job anyway?"

"You know want to know," said Rose, shuddering. "They've been trying to recruit me since I

returned. I have to avoid Mr. Malfoy at every turn.”

George rolled his eyes, “they realize you're a Gryffindor, right?”

“They don't care, they know what I am. What my powers are. How ... essential I would be. It's not happening.” said Rose, shaking her head. “So where are we going?”

“We're gonna meet Dad and the others in some clearing deep in the forest, hopefully we won't meet any death eaters on the way.”

Rose nodded, and they took off in a sprint. Rose, feeling the full moon; allowed nature to take place and she transformed into her wolf.

Fred, taken about, skidded to a stop. “You can do that? Like, just like that?”

Rose rolled her eyes. Unable to speak.

“I mean - but, it's not evening late yet.”

Again, she rolled her eyes and shook her head. As if saying, “just keep moving.”

They took off running again, which probably looked odd. A wolf running with two boys. The only real indication that this wolf was Rose, was the black collar she had, which strangely resembled a watch she is usually seen wearing. Fred took a note of this, and deduced it was some sort of artifact that allows her to keep track of her changing, and to do things such as change on will. Suddenly, there was a loud crack behind them, which caused them to stop, turn and look up, seeing a bright green skull lift into the air.

“Well. That of course doesn't change,” said Fred, sighing. “We're almost there.”

They entered the clearing; finding Ron, Hermione and Harry there, out of breath and panicked.

“Why are death eaters here?” said Ron, sighting the twins.

The twins shrugged, and Rose the wolf layed down between them, panting.

Fred chuckled, “well, that run tuckered you out too quickly.”

Rose looked up, glaring at Fred.

“Maybe I should start up a doggy boot camp, just for you,” he joked, smirking.

Rose jumped up, nipping at his heels.

“Who is that,” said Ron, and Rose looked at him, bright blue eyes gleaming.

“....Rose?” said Ron, and she responded by rolling her eyes at him. “You're an animagus?”

“That - or, you know. It's her *other* form,” said George, mimicking the 'duh' look on Rose's face.

Ron blinked, staring at her, “but... isn't she like... 17?”

“Just only,” said Fred, laughing. “But you forget who her brother and parents are.”

“Point,” said Ron. “Makes sense.”

George, Fred and Rose rolled their eyes at him.

They were soon met up with the rest of the Weasley's, all huffing and puffing and panic-stricken. And then several other people; who began claiming that the trio (as Rose liked to call them) conjured up the mark in the sky. She rolled her eyes as Barty Crouch shouted at them. Thankfully he was soon shut up as his houseelf, Winky, showed up and suddenly all the blame was on her. Poor thing. She even said several times that she 'was not to be knowing how, sir!' Jerks. We soon returned to the tent, where tea was had, and Arthur explained everything to the ever so curious Ron, Hermione and Harry. I opted for curling up in my bed once again after tea and a bit to eat.

After a few more hours of sleep, we packed up, and headed back to our spot to catch the portkey home. At home, we arrived to a very panicked Molly; which pulled the twins to her, sobbing hysterically and nearly throwing a newspaper at Arthur who asked why she was so distraught. Nothing got past the Daily Prophet. Nothing. Thankfully, I was allowed to just head towards the kitchen for a bit of coffee and a warm muffin. I was soon enough swept upstairs, where I showered and once again, curled up in bed. It'd been a long two days.... too long.

The week passed and they were soon all packing (also seeing Ron's newly acquired dress robes and having a good laugh at them) and loading onto the train on September 1, a train ride in which Rose hoped was going to be a quiet one, as she promptly fell asleep in Fred's lap in their compartment with George and Lee Jordan (who were engaged in a game of Exploding Snap). They arrived at Hogwarts just as the sun was setting, and they all hurried to carriages that took us up to the castle. They ate, and then began the announcements. If you thought this year was going to be a quiet one, you were *dead* wrong. Dumbledore started out by giving us the *great* pleasure in knowing that 'an event' known as the Tri-Wizard Tournament

would be starting in October and will carry on through the year; this canceled Quidditch of course (which Rose was happy about, Wood – was not). This is where Dumbledore confirmed my fears of Beauxbatons visiting the school, the new DADA teacher was introduced (Mad-Eye Moody, surprisingly enough, of whom also arrived rather late) and then they were all sent to bed, in order to prepare for the start of classes the next morning. This year was slightly different for me, still just slightly behind, I attended DADA with the first years, but most of my classes was with my own year. Fred and George were happy about this (mostly Fred) as finally they had someone other to pick on other than Lee Jordan or Dean Thomas. Arugh.

The first morning was spend mostly outside, with Care of Magical Creatures, and Herbology. Then it was lunch, and it was to Transfiguration and then... Defense Against the Dark Arts. Of course, the sixth years were treated to having his first lesson of the week. Rose kinda wish she hadn't; Moody's first lesson was all about the unforgiveables, and he kept giving her knowing looks, that Fred didn't like very much. Fred, as much as he admired Moody, didn't enjoy having him eying her, like she was some piece of meat, or something. She felt slightly sick after the lesson, so opted for skipping dinner and heading straight upstairs for a shower and a lie-down. Rose soon learned that Harry had apparently did something stupid and told Sirius about a few second of pain in his scar (which seemed trivial, back then) and he was flying 'north' which meant *here*. And would be arriving soon. Rose sighed, wishing she could just sleep for weeks.

But unfortunately, sleep was not in the forecast, as Snape was ever vicious towards the Gryffindors, giving them loads of homework. Most of the teachers were doing the same, as most of them were now preparing for the N.E.W.T.s for next year. Rose unfortunately, had to keep up with the homework, but fortunately did not have to work so hard for with it, as she wouldn't be taking the N.E.W.T.s for a few more years. The next DADA class was used learning how to fight against the imperius curse. Moody used Rose as a dummy, and attempted to imperuse her, to no success as she sat there and looked at her nails.

Finally, Rose had jumped up, turning to mood holding the side of her head. “No need to shout! Rowling above!” She was rubbing her head as she walked to her seat next to Fred and plopped down, still nursing it.

Moody chuckled at her, “she's got some training, that one. Now, who wants to try it next.”

Fred bravely, stood up then, apparently after a chance to impress Rose, but failed – well, not completely. He resisted for about two minutes; until he jumped up onto the table. When he returned to his seat, he was shaking.

“I don't believe it,” he said.

“What?” Rose said.

“He threatened to kill you, that's what made me jump,” said Fred, softly.

“Oh,” Rose laughed. “Well. There's always something that gets us.”

“But you don't move at all,” said Fred.

“It's taken years to be able to ignore it. I can still *feel* the spell on me, though. It's very uncomfortable,” said Rose, patting Fred on the shoulder.

Soon enough, the day that Durmstang and Beauxbatons was upon them all. It was also very apparent that the Quidditch teams missed playing. As around mid October, Wood had attempted to get them all out of bed, but once he arrived at Rose, who wasn't as easy to forget that Quidditch had been canceled. She had thrown her boot at him, tell him to go away and that Quidditch was not happening this year. Wood looked rather depressed that morning at breakfast, feeling bad. Rose gave him a warm hug, which brightened him up a little.

On October 30, classes ended early, and Rose rushed up to the dorms, hopping stairs two at a time, in the attempt to get up to the fat lady before the crowd of students; she rushed through the common room, up to her room, where she immediately showered and redressed, putting her hair into a rather delicate and difficult up-do, tossing on make up (which she never did at Hogwarts) and was one of the first down stairs in the entrance hall. Fred and George found her, standing very tensely near McGonagall, who was talking to her, but she wasn't responding, other than a nod ever so once in awhile. Her eyes caught Fred and George walking up to her, and the flanked her on each side, Fred taking her hand, which she gripped with a force that he swore could break his hand, if she tried.

“Something wrong, love?” he said softly.

She said something in french, Fred recognizing it as several different swears, and then sighed. “No, just nervous. I haven't

seen my classmates in over four years now..."

"Why are you so nervous?" said George, watching as people filtered in.

"Well, Beauxbatons... was very... strict. Hogwarts is not. I was one of the... so called, model students, there. Always had my hair done. Makeup. Up every morning at 4am. I was going to be a prefect the next year, if I'd stayed. Here at Hogwarts. ...One could say I became rather lazy." Rose laughed, it was weak though.

Fred leaned down, "I don't think you have anything to worry about, you're still perfect as ever."

Rose flushed and a smile cracked her face, "thanks, Fred. I really appreciate that."

He nodded, "I do what I can."

Beauxbatons was of course, to arrive ever timely and first. Their giant horse-no, Pegasus drawn carriage floating dreamily in the sky towards them. It landed with a soft crash, and the door opening, a small boy jumped out of the carriage, pulled down a set of tiny golden stairs, and then jumped away, at attention. The first to extract themselves from the carriage was a very large, tall woman in robes of black satin; Rose twitched as the woman looked up, and almost immediately zeroed in on her. Rose continued to act as though she was looking forward and stood straight, her hand, however, remained clasped to Fred's, in an attempt to stay calm. She greeted Dumbledore, waved her students out, and then began to walk down the line of students, stopping at Rose.

"Well, good *evening* Ms Hunter," she said, smiling down at her.

Rose swallowed, released Fred's hand and gave a delicate curtsy, "evening, ma'am. Do I find you well?"

Madame Maxine smiled, "you quite do. And yourself?"

"Very well, thank you ma'am." Rose said, not meeting her eyes.

Maxine stared at Rose for a few long seconds, in which Rose swore she started to sweat, before there was a squeal, which caused everyone to jump and turn, and a tall, golden-blond hair girl was running towards Rose and Madame Maxine; and then suddenly came to a halt at a look from Maxine. The girl stilled and then bowed, "permission to 'ug Rose, ma'am?"

Maxine grinned, "certainly." She stepped back, and allowed the girl to all but pounce Rose.

"Oooo! 'Ow I missed you, Rose!" said the girl, and Rose blinked in shock. The girl looked to Rose, eyes watery. "You do remember me don't you, Rose?"

"O-of course, Fleur. How could anyone forget you?" Rose laughed lightly, still slightly shell shocked.

Fleur laughed, still hugging Rose. "Sorry I shocked you, I know you must have been nervous, so I thought you'd appreciate a little *usual* behavior from *someone*," said Fleur, eyeing Maxine who was looking at her other students, who were all whispering excitedly. Fleur then looked to the boy standing next to Rose who was staring at her with a bemused expression. "OH! This must be that *Frederick* you kept talking about at school. Yes, 'as to be, he's got the same description. Though, of course, 'e's got a manliness to 'im now," said Fleur giggling. "I do wish to know why you didn't write at all since you left."

"Er," said Rose, still slightly speechless. "Uhm. I've been... busy."

Fleur's eyes lit up, looking from Fred, back to Rose and back again. "Ah, I get it."

Fleur danced away, following the rest of her classmates, and Rose's brain caught up with what she had said. "NOT LIKE THAT, FLEUR." Rose began to swear again in French.

Fred just stood there, grinning. "I think I like her."

"Of course *you* would," said Rose.

Fred snickered.

Beauxbatons vanished into the castle and Rose was finally able to relax, after giving a hug to the little boy who scuttled off after Fleur. Rose's classmates were all excitedly whispering and Rose sighed, just as soon as George looked to her and opened his mouth.

"Yes, yes. I went to Beauxbatons." said Rose, and wouldn't say anything after.