

New Alliances

By SimpleSoul52

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My OC, Linely (Lynn-lee) Thompson, and how she comes to Hogwarts. New enemies, this time Voldemort's not the only person after Harry! There's a new Dark Order lurking in the background, but know one knows who they are or what their goals are! Takes place

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1 - Prelogue

It was night, the moon's light spilling over the silent street as the clouds passed overhead. A dark, hooded figure stepped crept carefully behind the thick of the foliage along the wired fence, so as not to be seen. The stranger stopped suddenly, at the sound of rustling leaves blowing in from the other side of the playground. He waited until the moon was once again, shrouded behind the blackened clouds, and then made his way for the gate. Under the total cover of darkness, the man, tightly tugging his cloak, made his way across the urban street towards an innocent-looking row of houses, with rose hedges and picket fences. He had never known, now much cared for this kind of life. In fact, he despised it more than anything. This would definitely make his job a lot easier.

As he neared a mailbox with the numbers 647, he examined the giant house that stood behind it. Then again, most of these suburban houses were larger than any of the places he'd had the privilege of sleeping in. This house was painted white, with dark tiles on the roof. It had three windows on the top floor, and two on the bottom, and in the middle a bright green door, with a homely wooden welcome sign nailed to it.

He would have imagined it to be quite different; perhaps a bit more, secluded and ominous, but not in the middle of the English suburbs. This was a strange case indeed, as his master had indicated. Nonetheless, he had an important mission to fulfill before the morning came, and it was nearly dawn; less than three hours to go, he'd wager.

The hooded man stepped silently and swiftly through the gate, and once at the door drew his wand.

Alohamora the man whispered, and the door unlocked with an undetectable click.

As soon as the man stepped through the door, he was unexpectedly greeted by a maid, who immediately dropped the silver platter she was carrying and attempted to scream.

Avada Kedavra! the man said, still minding his volume, as a jet of bright green light shot from his wand towards the maid as she dropped dead to the floor. The man stepped briskly over the lifeless maid and made his way into the dining room. He glanced around the room, searching for any signs of life, so as to kill it as soon as possible, but to his disappointment, the house remained quiet and unmoving. Temporarily convinced, the man headed towards the wooden stairs to his left and ascended to the upper floor.

His breath was warm but his eyes were cold and filled with a murderous lust, as he slowly and silently made his way down the upstairs hallway. To his left were three doors, but to his right two. At this, the man frowned unpleasantly. He had seen three windows from outside, but there were presently two doors facing the front side of the house. Something wasn't right.

The man stood between the two doors, examining the large space of white wall in front of him.

Then, he waved his hand over the wall, while muttering something under his breath. Suddenly, a large white door appeared before his eyes. The man smiled cynically and turned the brass handle, swinging the door open to reveal the secret room.

Not much to his surprise, a man and woman stood at the other end of the room, clutching each other with the look of undying horror that he always longed to see before his victims' faces.

The man's malicious grin grew even wider at the sight and smell of their fear, as he raised his wand once again, and aimed at the both of them.

Avada Kedavra! he shouted, almost joyfully. The green light shot right through both the muggles' torsos, hurling them back against the wall, as they fell to the floor.

The man walked over to the two corpses, both pairs of their glassy eyes gazing up at the ceiling. The man and woman lay beside each other, utterly lifeless and drained of all color in their skin, so that they appeared such a ghoulish white that they almost seem to glow in the darkness of the room.

He smiled as he gazed down at them from under the hood of his cloak; a glint of satisfaction in his cold, dark eyes. However the smile disappeared from his face almost instantly, as he gazed out the window over-looking the front yard. A second shadow had just crossed the yard and entered the house. The man had no doubt it was another Death Eater. Now, he just had to leave before they found him.

Just then, however, his attention was drawn to a nearby closet. It was opened just a crack, but he could've sworn he had heard a voice. The man stepped cautiously towards the door, the moonlight shimmering through the window and across the wall where the open door stood. The man swung the door aside, and looked down to see a young girl sitting on the floor, bent over and seemed to be crying.

Apparently his job was not finished. The thought of another kill only made him happier, though, as he raised his wand for the last time, and prepared to utter the same killing words he had not one minute ago.

Suddenly, though, the girl's body began to glow, emitting a blinding white aura that caused the man to drop his wand in order to shield his eyes, which were not so used to the light.

What the-!

Get& OUT! the girl warned, in a voice that that anyone could tell was not her own. It echoed across the entire room.

The girl then let out a ghostly wail, and with it came a destructive wave of unspeakable power that erupted like a nuclear bomb, spreading all across the room and throughout the rest of the house, consuming it in hellish flames. The house began to crumble and continued to burn until nothing and no one inside was left standing.

Soon, the entire lot was aglow with a blazing fire, as neighbors gawked and

screamed in horror from their windows across the streets and began calling the police.

To anyone else who happened to be nearby that night, this all was a just a horrible memory now.

2 - Predicaments

Dumbledore sat in his sun-tinted office, contemplating grumpily on the ever-growing pile of papers stacked upon his desk that had cost him so many recent nights of sleep. These were all reports he had received not one week ago from the Ministry, and he still had not gotten even halfway through. At this time, Dumbledore reminded himself to, in time, hire what the muggles referred to as a secretary .

That was when Professor McGonagal, accompanied by Professor Snape, barged into his office with out word or warning.

Albus, this letter has just come from-. she began.

Dumbledore merely held up his hand in annoyance. Please Minerva. The Ministry cannot possibly add to the troubles they have so graciously left me to deal with. At this time, I must insist that you contact Fudge and instruct him to shove his petty complaints up his hairy-.

Headmaster, please McGonagal interrupted. This is not from the Ministry.

Dumbledore sat up, erect and fully attentive now. What is it then?

McGonagal handed him the white, sealed envelope. It was specially addressed to him. Oddly though, there was no sign of a return address anywhere.

Dumbledore began prying the envelope open, reached inside and pulled out a letter written in crimson ink. Dumbledore carefully read and reread the letter, his moon-shaped spectacles flickering in the candle-light.

Finally, after a prolonged moment of silence, Dumbledore stood and reached out his hand, returning the letter to McGonagal.

Thank you, Minerva. Now, if you'll excuse us, I must speak with Professor Snape.

McGonagal gave a curt nod before she turned on her heel, brushed past Snape, and left the room without a word.

I hope all went well at the Ministry yesterday. Dumbledore asked. Tell me, have they any news?

I have checked with heads of both the Department of Magical Accidents and Catastrophes and

Mysteries, and they agreed to send whatever available information to you by the end of the month
Snape replied. At this, Dumbledoore nodded his head in approval and motioned politely for him to leave the room.

Once he was alone again, Dumbledoore stepped over to the wall of paintings of the countless headmasters that had lived before him, peacefully snoring away in their respective picture frames, as usual.

Dumbledoore walked along the wall of snoozing paintings, heading for his office door.

Going somewhere, Albus? came the voice of one of the paintings.

Nowhere of any importance, but if anyone wishes to know, tell them I have gone on a little visit to the Leaky Cauldron. With a smile and a wink of eye, Dumbledoore disappeared into the stairwell behind the giant, stone Griffon and descended to the main hallway just below.

3 - Dejavu

Harry woke to find himself sitting in the same old bedroom, in the same rotten house, on same old Privet Drive. The summer, once again, didn't seem to be going by fast at all, and the sooner Harry got back to Hogwarts again, the sooner he would see Hermione and Ron for the first time in months, not to mention Dumbledore, Lupin, Moody, and all his other friends awaiting him on the other side.

Harry now sat upright in his small cot of a bed, with his legs swung over the left side, so he was facing the door. It was nearly morning, and Hedwig still sat cozily in her cage on top of his desk, sleeping with her head tucked under her ruffled wing. All last night, Harry had been contemplating on what his sixth might bring. Somehow, he sensed that things might be different this year. Maybe something good and exciting would happen, for once. Maybe this would turn out to be a pleasant year in contrast to so many recent ones due to the return of you-know-who.

At that moment, an owl flew in and landed outside Harry's window. Harry jumped the minute he saw it and recognized it almost at once as the Weasley's old owl, Arol.

He got up and walked over to the window, Hedwig jerking awake from the sudden noise of his footsteps. He lifted the window open, and Arol fluttered in onto the edge of his bed, holding something in its mouth which, he assumed, were a bundle of white envelopes.

He rushed over snatched the letters gratefully out of Arol's beak. He flipped through them with an ecstatic joy. The first one was from Dumbledore.

Quickly, he pried open the first one and began reading it.

Dear Harry,

I am delighted to welcome you back for your sixth year at Hogwarts, and hopefully this year will bring about a little more cheer along with a few surprises as well. On that subject, I am excited to announce that this year you shall be undertaking private classes with me after school hours. However, as you might have already suspected, there shall be a few twists. For one, we might have someone else joining us in our little classes; a very capable young witch that I find quite comparable to you. Secondly, we will no longer be practicing in my office as usual. I have recently obtained a small amount of private land outside the Dark Forest. That shall be our new classroom, if you'll call it that. That is all for now. Please, if you have any questions or concerns, do not reply right away. As you can see, there are still plenty more letters for you to open. Enjoy the rest of your summer. I shall be waiting at Platform 9 on the twentieth of August. Until then, enjoy the remainder of your summer.

Albus Dumbledore

PS We have recently recruited the next Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. His name is Bronson Dagget. I think you'll find him to be quite interesting and insightful.

Harry stood motionless, still staring down at the letter, trying to absorb everything he had just read. What did Dumbledore mean by a new witch who was supposedly quite comparable to him? And the new location for their private lessons was now outside the school grounds?

Well, at least they would be having a Defense Against the Dark Arts class this year, but all of the students, and even most of the faculty, had concluded that the job was cursed anyway. Who knew though? Maybe this year would be different. So far, Dumbledoore had proven him to be more than right about that.

Harry tossed Dumbledoore s letter aside, and finally began reading Hermione s letter.

Hello Harry

How has your summer been? We've all missed you. We hope you are well and wish to see you very soon. Mrs. Weasley was thinking of sending Fred and George over there to get you and bring you here, but Dumbledore said it wouldn't be a good idea.

Of course you have heard about the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. Well, I did some research just to check up on him, and it turns out he is another Auror, like Professor Moody! Harry, this one is no joke. He's apprehended four death eaters in the past two years! He's a legend in the wizarding world. I have a feeling that this year is going to be much different with him around.

Also, I've heard rumors that Dumbledore plans on putting some new school events. I simply can't wait! I think things are finally going to get better around Hogwarts this time!

Harry couldn't help but give a sad frown, forgetting everything to do with his hope for change and a better school year. Everything Hermione had said about all the new things this year, and how happy she sounded; what if things didn't get better? What if everything turned out to be another disaster like all the years before? How could he look back on such things and hope for things to be better? This year could not possibly be any different from the rest.

Still, in the midst of all these downtrodden memories, he couldn't help but feel a little light-hearted at Hermione's cheerful optimism. He put her letter with Dumbledoore's, and picked up one of Ron's.

Hey Harry!

Hermione told us all about the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, but I reckon he'll still end up just like the others. That job is about as cursed as Neville with a blast-ended skrewt on Friday the 13th.

Harry let out a snort of laughter. Ron always had something hilarious to say.

Anyways, were all here staying at a hotel in London. My dad thought it would be fun to rough out a summer in Muggle Land for a change. Actually, it s not so bad! They got these things called videogames, and daytime television, and room service! I could definitely get used to this, I tell you! Of course, Fred and George stayed behind to work on their new products. I m not sure what they re up to now, they never tell me anything, until they decided to actually test their latest inventions on me! Really though, their business has gone through the roof. They re the biggest thing in Diagon Alley since Gambol and Japes!

I can t wait to see you guys again!

Ron

So, the Weasleys were in London on vacation, Hermione was probably at home with her family, and once again, here he was, sitting alone in his room and reading their letters, already feeling lousier by the minute.

All this dejavu made Harry even more desperate to get back to Hogwarts.

4 - Meeting the Weasleys

In London, just on the corner of Dutch and Madison Street, a lonely, slender girl with curly, dirty-blond hair made her way towards the Leaky Cauldron. She carried in both hands a large paper grocery bag, half-filled with bread, pears, grapes, cookies, milk and apple juice. That was all she could afford here, living alone in a big city like this, but she always got along just fine. She'd been working at the Cauldron ever since she was ten; five hours a day for a room and pay for meals and rent.

The tiny bell rang as she opened the door to the rusty old pub and walked inside to the usual crowd of usual folk talking, standing about and reading their papers.

"Lively girl! Where've you been?" called Tom from the front desk.

"Just out," said the girl. "Why? Did Mr. Becker have another whiskey spell?"

Tom laughed and shook his head. "No, but we just booked a family of five red-heads upstairs in room 12. They're close friends of mine."

"Well, Tom! With the hours you spend wound up in this insipid old place, I wouldn't have guessed you

had an inner circle chimed one of the usual by-standers. A couple of chuckles broke out across the room.

Bah, you spend more time here than I do, old man.

The chuckles erupted into a roar of drunken laughter at Tom's remark, and the cramped old man rolled his eyes with a resentful scowl.

Haha, now then Tom said to Linely as he handed her a pair of keys go on up to room twelve and check on those friends o' mine.

Alright Linely said, as she took the keys and headed for the stairs, still carrying the bag of groceries in her arms.

Ron! Quit stealing my pillows! Ginny whined, chasing after Ron, who clutched two large feather-pillows to his chest.

C mon Ginny! Faster! Ron yelled as they continued to run circles around the room of Weasleys. Charlie sat idly on his cot, laughing hysterically at the ridiculous two.

Ron, if you don t stop- MOM! Ron s stealing my pillows again Ginny shouted.

Mrs. Weasley peeked in from the next door room, watching Ginny run after Ron, grabbing at his sweater and trying to tackle him. She couldn t help but laugh, as she brought her hand to her mouth to hide her smile.

Mom! Ginny wailed.

Alright, Ronald Mrs. Weasley said in mid-laughter. Give Ginny back her pillows.

Ron laughed tauntingly and thrust the pillows in Ginny s face. She was flustered and red with utter frustration. As soon as his back was turned, Ginny took one of the pillows and hurled it at Ron. He saw it coming just in time and was able to narrowly avoid being hit. Unfortunately, neither of them had noticed the young girl with brown curls walk in from the hallway. Completely taken by surprise, the oncoming pillow caused her to stumble backwards and drop her bag, spilling the contents out onto the floor.

Ginny! Now look at what you ve done Mrs. Weasley scorned.

Oh! Oh my Gosh. I m so sorry! Ginny sputtered as she rushed over and helped the girl.

No, it s okay. Really! the girl said humorously, as she picked herself up and gratefully took back her groceries.

Tom just told me to come up and make sure you were all comfortable the girl said to the family.

Oh, thank you dear. Yes, we re all quite comfy Mrs. Weasely said, thankfully.

Okay, dinner s at seven then. With that, the girl excused herself and disappeared into the hall. She was just about to close the door, when she heard the strangest thing.

Nice going, Ginny the boy with red hair teased.

Ron, I swear I m going to hex you before the day is out!

Linely s widened to the size of about a quarter piece. Hex ? Could they really mean & Wait; A family of

red hair& The Weasleys! Of course she knew them; Ronald and Ginny Weasley! Linely's mind began to spin and twist every which way with memories of the article and, strangely enough, the image of her parents she had always held in the back of her mind, until now.

Linely couldn't understand what was causing all these long-forgotten memories to suddenly emerge. Ever since that night, she swore she would never let them reenter her life again. Why, then, should she be thinking about them now of all times?

To rid her tormented mind of these thoughts, Linely turned her full attention back to the Weasleys. She had read about them in an article from the Prophet three years ago; something about a magical school and a chamber.

Linely silently slipped away, and continued walking towards her room at the end of the hall; still thinking excitedly to herself.

Inside her room, Linely set her bag of groceries down upon the small, wooden table and walked over to her bed. She bent down and reached under her pillow, pulling out a heavy black spell-book crammed with torn pages and separate article clippings. She took out one from the *W* section, where she kept all the Weasley articles. *Chamber of Secrets Uncovered in Hogwarts* read the bold, italic headline. As she scanned over the long article, she finally found the two names she was looking for; &Harry Potter and fellow students Ronald and Ginny Weasley&

She closed the book and sat down on her rickety old bed, staring contemplatively at the floor.

So, these were the friends of the famous wizard. Never before had she come so close to anyone who knew the story of Harry Potter, or rather, the legend, aside from the whispers she'd heard of him amongst the bar-standers, for most of them commuted regularly between the Wizarding world and The Cauldron.

Linely had always dreamed of crossing over to the other side of the portal hidden in the courtyard behind the Cauldron. Yes, she had always known where the portal was, but could never figure out how it worked exactly.

The Wizarding world was a complex tapestry of multicolored, intertwining threads, each one with an entire world of secrets to behold. That was something she remembered hearing a long time ago, when her parents were alive.

No, don't think about them. Just forget them, like you always do.

Now, as the sun began to dip ever so slightly behind the massive buildings, Linely stood up and left the room, heading downstairs to help prepare the meals.

5 - Dumbledoore Arrives

As the Weasleys thumped their way downstairs, the younger ones shoving each other for the first seat at the table, a loud popping noise erupted near the door and there stood Dumbledoore, dressed in his familiar eye-popping attire.

Ron and Ginny gawked from the bottom of the stairs where all the Weasleys soon stood, staring at the headmaster, looking as if he had just walked through the door.

Professor Dumbledoore! Ron shouted, still shocked but overjoyed to see his favorite, his *only* headmaster.

Greetings, Ron he said as he waved airily to the rest of them. Ginny, Fred, George, Charlie and Bill, I trust you ve all had a wonderful summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Weasley rushed up to Dumbledoore, ecstatically shaking hands and smiling almost to their ears. Albus, what a pleasant surprise! exclaimed Mr. Weasley, with his hand still shaking Dumbledoore s. The headmaster nodded kindly and gave a pleading nod for Mr. Weasley to let go.

Oh, sorry Mr. Weasley said. Well, what brings you here, Professor? Perhaps you would like to join us for supper!

Everyone nodded in excitement at Mr. Weasley's proposal and eagerly awaited Dumbledore's answer, as if he were about to perform a magic trick.

Unfortunately, I am here on business and unable to stay much longer. Dumbledore answered, apologetically. Please, though, do not let me hinder your supper. I must speak with Tom.

The Weasleys reluctantly took their seats at the table as the bowls were brought out. Ron watched as Dumbledore made his way over towards the front desk, his long, purple robes dragging along the floor.

Tom and Dumbledore greeted each other and began talking. Soon, their conversation had dove to a whisper so that Ron could not hear. Then, Dumbledore pulled out a manila envelope and handed it to Tom, who all of the sudden looked as if he was expecting terrible. After Tom had read the address on the envelope, he opened the letter, and skimmed through it, his eyes growing larger and larger and his head beginning to sweat.

Finally, Tom set the letter on the counter and led Dumbledore up the stairs to the guest rooms.

After they had gone, Ron elbowed Fred urgently to get his attention.

Did you see Tom's face when he read that letter? Ron whispered anxiously.

Yeah, he looked right scared. Wonder what it said. At that instant, both he and Ron peered over their shoulders towards the white piece of paper that lay on the wide open desk.

Fred told Ron to shush, and after making sure no one was looking, Fred pointed his wand and whispered *Accio letter*. At once, the letter flew from the front desk and into Fred's coat pocket.

Fred, Ron, what are you two up to? Mrs. Weasley scolded.

Nothing mum! the two boys said jumpily. Fortunately, their mother seemed to buy it and at once they all turned their attention over towards the kitchen door, as the waiters began to pour out with trays of warm soup and bread waiting to be served.

6 - An Unanticipated Visit

Tom led the headmaster down the rickety hallway of the second guest floor to room 23, as he reached into his pocket and took out his key, especially fitted for each lock of every room.

As the door swung open and the two gentlemen stepped inside, a startled girl sprung up from her bed and stared inquiringly at Tom and the strange, elderly purple-robed character behind him.

Dumbledore peered at the young girl through his half-moon spectacles and cast a curious smile towards her. The girl seemed oddly alienated by this gesture and gave him a rather unsettling look.

“Linely, this is my good friend, Professor Dumbledore.” Tom spoke in a calming voice. “He’d like to speak with you.”

Linely glanced back and forth between the two men, now less nervous than before but obviously enough still puzzled by the sudden visit.

“Um, okay,” the girl replied.

Dumbledore tapped Tom on the shoulder from behind to get his attention.

Tom, I think it d be best if you returned to your post at this moment.

Tom nodded and quietly excused himself from the room, as Dumbledore remained where he was. He did not want to make any more uncomfortable moves towards the timid girl standing across from him.

The girl s face was hard and stern at the moment, her eyes alit with hidden anxiety, as if at any moment, a disaster would occur.

Dumbledore decided that it would be best if he spoke first.

Good evening. As Tom said, my name is Professor Dum-..

I know.

Dumbledore stopped and smiled. You seem rather uncomfortable.

Is that unusual when a stranger suddenly comes calling to your home? the girl replied contemptuously.

Dumbledore nodded. No, I suppose it's not. Then again, you would know all about that, wouldn't you & Lively Thompson?

How'd you know my last name?! she said in a slightly elevated tone.

I know quite a lot about you Dumbledore replied.

And just what do you mean by that? she was beginning to panic.

I'm referring to the Cobblestone Parks incident, when you lost your parents.

Lively backed away towards the wall, as if she feared him pulling out a knife.

She tried to speak, but seemed to afraid to say another word. Dumbledoore held up his hand in a friendly gesture.

Please, I mean you no harm Linely. As Tom said, I only wish to talk with you.

Linely gazed hard at him for a moment, until she settled down and walked over to the small round table by which two chairs sat empty.

Okay, Professor. Let s talk.