

Cicatrix

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Piper? A girl whose lived all over, with a famous father. She now goes to Hogwarts....4th year Ravenclaw. Will the famous three become four?

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1 - "that girl"

Hermione peered around the bookshelf. `She's here again!' she thought. Then she grabbed a random book off the shelf and pretended to read it. In truth she was watching "that girl". This was the 7th time she had done this. "That girl" would come into the library and sleep in one of the chairs. `Why doesn't she just sleep in her dormitory' she questioned. Hermione gathered her stuff and started for the door. As she passed by the girl she started to stir.

"Stop." she muttered "Stop it!". Then she stopped breathing and was clawing at a hand around on her neck that wasn't there. Then suddenly she fell from the chair and onto all fours. She coughed and sputtered, and finally was breathing rather normally. That's when she saw her reflection in a pair of shiny shoes. She followed the body to Hermione's face. They locked eyes and shared an awkward silence.

"I am so sorry!" she said jumping to her feet and straitening her robes. "Did I bother you?"

Hermione started to say yes, but instead she found herself fixated at the claw marks on the girl's neck.

"Piper Caudwell," the girl said putting out her hand. Hermione took it and a shiver ran down her spine. That hand was so cold it was like touching ice.

"Her-hermione Granger," she finally said.

"Cool. So you're in Gryffindor. What year?"

"Ummm....4th."

"Me too!"

"I've never seen you before. You're in 4th year Ravenclaw?"

"Yeah. I just moved here," she said stooping down to help Hermione pick up her things.

"From where?"

"Thailand."

"You don't look-"

"I'm not." She said picking up the last book. "I'm actually from Liverpool."

"Wait. Your father is Michael Caudwell, isn't he?"

Piper just smiled and nodded.

“I read so much about him. I never knew he had a daughter.”

“I bet you never knew he had 3 sons either.”

“No. Wow. So...” and with that, the girls walked out of the library chatting like old friends.

2 - harry potter?

“So, where all have you lived?” Hermione asked as they strode down the hall.

“Ummm....Thailand, Romania, Russia, India, Spain, and Italy. 2 years in each; except Thailand, we spent 3 there.”

“So you only lived in Liverpool for a year?”

“Yeah.” she said turning the corner.

Ron stared at the girl walking with Hermione. “Harry, who's that with Hermione?” he whispered.

“No clue.” said Harry not even looking up.

Ron studied her. She had a long ponytail that reached from the back of her neck to the end of her shoulder blades. The ponytail was a dark auburn color and ended in little curls. She was also short; just barley taller than Hermione. Suddenly the girls turned and started walking toward Ron and Harry. As they drew closer he studied her harder. She had deep brown eyes. They shimmered with glee, yet there was a distinct since of sorrow about them. The bridge of her nose was dotted with freckles that spread out past her eyes.

“Ron, Harry, this is Piper,” Hermione told the two boys.

“Nice to meet you,” Harry said once again not looking up.

“Hello, I'm Ron” He said putting out his grubby hand.

Piper stared at his hand for a moment. Finally she took it in hers, “I'm Piper.”

Ron shuddered. Her hand was freezing. She saw him staring at her hand and pulled away.

“Sorry, my hands are always really cold.”

“They're like ice!” Ron said. Hermione slapped his arm and gave him a look that said *don't be rude!*

Finally Harry looked up from his work. He and Piper stared at each other for awhile. Piper broke the silence. “You have really green eyes!”

“Yeah,” he said with a look of puzzlement.

“You're Harry Potter aren't you?”

“Yeah”

Suddenly Piper began to laugh hysterically. Harry stared. Ron looked from her to Hermione, and finally whispered “Is she mad?”

Hermione started to say no, but then she looked at Piper who was shaking with laughter.

“Is my name that funny?” Harry asked out loud.

“Sorry...sorry” Piper said catching her breath. “No, it's not that your names funny....it's just...my father told me there would be a very handsome boy at school named Harry Potter with brilliant green eyes and a wild scar.” with that she reached forward and brushed his bangs aside to see the scar.

‘Ron's right. Her hands are like ice.’ He thought. Then she removed her hand.

“I just found it funny that my father has such good taste in guys.” Both girls started to giggle. Ron and Harry exchanged confused glances. Suddenly a voice shot from the corridor.

“Piper! Piper!”

Piper glanced at her watch. “Oh shoot! 5 minutes `til dinner! Max is gonna be mad!”

“Who's Max?” Ron asked.

“Old family friend. He's wonderful! He has gorgeous blue eyes, sandy brown hair, and he's soooo sweet!” she said all this in a dreamy trance. Suddenly she snapped out of it. “I'll see you later!” she said smiling at the boys. Then she ran out of the library.

Hermione looked at Harry and Ron and then raced after Piper. They heard her voice calling “Piper! Can I meet Max!”

Ron looked at the empty doorway and muttered “Girls”.

Harry shook his head and went back to his work.

3 - DON'T!!!

By October the famous threesome had become a foursome. Everywhere Harry and Ron went; Hermione and Piper were behind them.

"Were friends right?" Piper asked one day while they sat in the library.

Harry jerked his head at her. "Why's she asking such a weird question?"

"Of course!" Ron said staring at her.

She slammed her book shut and got to her feet. "There's something I wanna show you." She walked out of the room, Hermione on her tail. Ron and Harry took a minute and then raced after the girls.

They walked for a long time. Along corridors that were damp and dreary and finally Piper stopped at a soggy painting.

"Lemon puff!" she muttered and the picture swung forward.

"Is this the Ravenclaw common room?" Hermione whispered looking around.

"Yeah. Come on," she said beckoning them up a spiral staircase. Ron stopped on the 3rd step.

"This is the girls' dormitory isn't it?"

"Yeah....what about it?"

"Harry and I are guys! We can't go in..."

"There's no one in there! It'll be fine!" she said grabbing his wrist and pulling him up the stairs.

Finally they were standing outside a door that they assumed to be Piper's dorm. She stopped and turned to face them.

"Now some things in here might scare you. Especially you Harry. That's the reason I always slept in the library during break. The stupid girls I share a dorm with spend break giggling and talking about the two hottest guys in school. Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy."

Hermione's jaw dropped. Harry looked disgusted and flattered at the same time. Ron just burst out laughing. Then, Piper twisted the knob and threw the door open. Immediately the other 3 saw a large 'I LOVE DRACO' banner hanging above a bed. Ron laughed harder. As they stepped over the junk, they looked about the room. Piper kneeled on the floor and began rummaging under the only bed that didn't

have something about Harry or Malfoy. Ron was fingering the items on Piper's nightstand. Hermione was petting a cat on a bed across the room.

Harry saw something on the bed next to Piper's that caught his eye. A heart shaped pillow that had `I *heart* Harry' sown on it. The words had been magically worked to shimmer green. Harry picked up the pillow and was touching the heart when Piper's voice rang out.

“DON'T TOUCH THAT!” Harry dropped the pillow and spun around to explain when he realized her voice wasn't directed at him. Instead, she was advancing on Ron.

“DON'T EVER TOUCH THAT!” she shouted again, wrenching the silver jewelry box from his hands. “You'll hurt them” she whispered now clutching the box close to her heart and stroking it.

heart--this represents an actual heart

4 - 'them'?

"Them?" Hermione said pushing the cat from her lap. "What do you mean `them'?"

"My.....my....uhhh...fughmuhy...."

"Your what?" Ron said cautiously sitting on her bed.

"My family...." she barely whispered.

Harry crossed to Piper and put his hand gently on the jewelry box. "Can we...can we see them?"

Piper set the box gently on her pillow. The others crowded around and stared as she lifted the latch. Then she opened the small box to reveal 4 shiny rings.

"Your family.....is a bunch of rings?" Ron muttered, staring at them.

"Not originally. See it was last year. I guess there were some wizards in Thailand that didn't like my dad. So while he was gone....they attacked our house. They came in and wrestled John..." she pulled out what looked like a class ring "to the ground and started choking him. Once he stopped breathing, one of the men took out his wand and turned him into a ring. Then they got Thomas..." a silvery twined ring was pulled out of the box. "Next they got my mom..." as she choked back tears, she picked up a graceful, elegant ring. "But when they got my little brother Harris....I couldn't stand it. I came out of my hiding place and in turn was almost choked to death. I clawed at one of the men's massive hands for nearly 5 minutes. Everything started to go black and I was losing the sense of sound when my father burst in and saved me." Piper was now wiping tears from her face as she set each ring gently into the box.

Hermione finally spoke. "Piper...the night we...we met.....you were dreaming about that weren't you?" Piper nodded.

"Here..." Hermione said taking a piece of leather from Ron's pocket. "If you put the rings on this you'll never be without them."

Piper smiled and slid the rings on to the string. Then she handed the leather to Harry and turned lifting her hair out of the way. He draped and fastened it around her neck. She turned to face them.

"How does it look?"

"Brilliant!" Ron said and the all laughed.

5 - burnt toast

Piper came down to breakfast the next morning; the necklace bouncing underneath her robes. She patted them softly. When she entered the Great Hall, Hermione began to wave. Piper stole a look at the Ravenclaw table. `Why sit there when you can sit with real friends?' She thought to herself. So instead she trotted over to the Gryffindor table.

“Morning Harry!” she said flinging her arms around his neck.

“Morning” he said unwrapping her arms.

“Hiya Ron!” she said as she plopped down on the seat across from him.

“Ello” He said with a mouthful of bacon. At that moment, the morning post came fluttering in. An old barn owl came swooping down at their spot on the table. It landed on the edge of Hermione's plate, sending food everywhere. Piper caught a piece of burnt toast and began scraping the black part off with Harry's knife. Hermione paid the owl and opened the copy of the *Daily Prophet*. For ten minutes the only activity from the group was Piper gnawing on the toast, Ron munching on bacon, Harry shoveling his eggs back and forth, and Hermione steadily turning the pages of the paper.

“Nothing good!” she said, laying the paper on the table. “Oh wait! There's something here about Sirius!” Harry wrenched the paper from Hermione.

Piper lifted her head and turned toward the others in shock. “Black? Sirius Black? Is he ok?! They haven't caught him have they?!”

The other 3 just stared at her. She flushed and went back to nibbling on the toast.

Harry looked at Piper for another minute, and then turned to Hermione. “Library?” he mouthed and she nodded. Hermione stood up and Ron followed. Harry grabbed Piper's sleeve and pulled her from the bench.

“My toast!” she said as it slipped from her hand and hit the table.

“Forget the toast!” he whispered loudly. She pulled her arm away from him and made a `Hmph' noise while crossing her arms.

“You can insult me all you want but when you insult toast you-“ she turned to him but he was already halfway down the corridor. “HEY! WAIT FOR MEEEE!” she called chasing after him.

6 - What about him?

Piper stumbled into the library. Her breathing was hard and she had to rest herself on her legs. "What.....what is.....going on?" she gasped.

Harry looked around. He made sure no one was listening in and then he whispered "What do you know about Sirius Black?"

She straightened up. "I don't know where he is if that's what you're asking!"

"No....we just want to know why.....why you said what you did." Hermione said nervously.

"Well..." She breathed "I know he's innocent. No matter what anyone says! There is no way Sirius would have killed Harry's dad."

"How can you be sure?" Ron asked.

"Mom said that if you didn't know better, you'd think that they were actual brothers. She told me that she couldn't get close to one without getting close to the other..."

"Your mum knew my dad!"

"Ummm....yeah. Wait...nobody told you! Oh God Harry! It's a reeeaaalllly long story!"

"Sit. Explain." Hermione said, forcing her into a chair.

Piper took a deep breathe and began telling the tale that she yearned to hear again and again. Every night she asked her mother to tell her the story of the Marauders.

"You see, my mother went to school with James and Sirius. She umm...kinda fancied Sirius. So she followed them around a lot. And she finally managed becoming friends with them. James, Sirius, Remus, and Peter. But she felt like they were still hiding something from her, even though when she asked they assured her she knew everything. And one night she was watching out her window, and she saw the four boys run across the grounds. My mother looked around her dormitory, and then grabbed her wand and opened the window."

"SHE JUMPED!?!?" Ron yelled.

"NO!my mother shared a secret with the Marauders....she was an illegal animagus. So she transformed, into a pheasant, and flew down towards the boys. Then, they too transformed and retreated into the Whomping Willow; my mom following close behind. When they reached the Shrieking Shack, she changed back and they told her the whole story. From then on she was a part of the group; they even gave her a nickname:

Flaps.”

“So...your mum...was a part of the Marauders group?” Harry asked.

“Yeah! They even put her name on this map they made! It ha-“

“THE MARAUDERS MAP!?!?!” Ron yelled.

“Yeah.....how'd you know about that?”

“Harry has the map!!” Hermione said excitedly.

Piper stared at Harry. He rummaged in his bag and finally pulled out a yellowing piece of parchment. He tapped the map and muttered “I solemnly swear I am up to no good.” Ink started to appear on the parchment. Piper opened the map and set it on a nearby table. She searched the map.

“There!” she said pointing to what looked like a common scribble. As the group looked closer, they were able to make out the word `Flaps’

“See? My mom and Sirius were really close; she loved him, and once he mentioned he liked her too. In fact, if he had returned her letters before she met my dad...I'd probably be Piper Black.”

The others just stared.

“We'd be.....practically related” Harry said, mulling over the thought.

“Yup!” Piper squeaked, handing the map back to Harry. He took the map, cleared the contents, and stuffed it in his bag.

“Well...” Hermione said straightening the area, “off to class!” She lightly hugged Piper and turned right out of the library. Piper waved to the boys and ran left. Harry and Ron reluctantly followed Hermione.

7 - A Day of Loons

Piper sat down in the red chair; the red chair next to the window in the stifling hot tower. She hated divination class. Not just because she swore Professor Trelawny was a crack pot and a fake, but this was also a class of Ravenclaw and Slytherin students. There was literally no one to talk to. Just as Trelawny was about to start the lesson, in strolled the “Oh so gorgeous Draco Malfoy!”. Every other girl in the class sighed; Piper put a finger down her throat and made a gagging noise.

“Well Mr. Malfoy,” Trelawny said in her dazed, loony voice “you have come in late to class. There are no more seats! Oh! There is one over by Ms. Caudwell!”

Piper stared at the seat next to her, then at the boy crossing to it. ‘I think I might throw up!’ she thought as he sat down.

The next hour was filled with Trelawny's crazed voice, Piper's yawns (and occasional snores) and Malfoy's sneers and taunts, his voice an ever present whine in the back of her head. Like a fly's buzzing or a bee stuck in her hair, his drawl annoyed her.

Piper laid her head down again, determined to rid herself of Trelawny, Malfoy, and the world. She felt her necklace shift as she made herself comfortable, but didn't bother to drop it back under her robes. Just as she started to drift into sleep, Piper felt a hand on her shoulder. She immediately jumped up threw her hands up defensively.

“Calm down Caudwell! I just wanted to see your necklace.” with that, Malfoy took the 4 rings in his hand and fingered them. “These look expensive-“

Piper ripped the rings from his hand, dropped them under her robes, gathered her things and walked out of the divination tower.

“PIPER! PIPER!” a voice rang out. She spun around and found Malfoy racing toward her.

“I'm sorry. I shouldn't have grabbed your necklace like that.” Piper stared at him, raising her brow. Suddenly, Malfoy wrapped his arms around her and muttered sorry repeatedly. Piper stood in shock, her arms limp for nearly 2 minutes. Soon she snapped out of it and pushed Malfoy back into the wall and shot off down the corridor. Malfoy just smiled.

Piper shoved her books under her bed and collapsed on top of it. It had been a long day, and it was now 1 o'clock in the morning. She sighed and reached for her rings. She moved her hand all around, but they weren't there! She shot up and searched everywhere for them! No where to be found! Piper's eyes began to tear up and as she raced out of her dormitory and into the corridors, streams of tears rolled down her face.

Sitting in the dark corner, something waited for someone to come along and cause the portrait hole to swing open. Hours were spent waiting...and finally a stout boy stumbled to the portrait.

“Blubberpus” Neville mumbled and the portrait swung foreword. Being sure not to miss the opportunity, the animal bounded into the gold and red room. Neville let out a scream. It curled up on the couch. There was movement from a chair across the room and a yawning Harry walked over to the pale, stuttering Neville.

“What's wr-ong?” Harry yawned. Neville pointed a shaking finger to the couch and Harry walked in that direction. When he was within three feet of the creature, it lifted its massive head. There on the couch was a full-grown black panther. Harry reached for his wand but before he was able to jinx the creature, it morphed. And there on the couch, where the beast had laid, sat a tear drenched girl.

“P-p-piper?!”

8 - 'Happy' isn't exactly the word

"P-p-piper?!"

The girl just nodded, tears coursing down her pink-tinted cheeks.

"What happened?!" Harry said kneeling in front of her and putting his hands on her shoulders.

"H-harry! Harry! They're goone!! I ca-can't find them!" She said through sobs.

"What?! Who?!"

She grabbed his hand and brought it to her neck. He flushed a bright pink as she moved it down and around her neck. Soon he realized what she meant.

"The rings? Your family?!"

Piper simply nodded, tears still pouring from her eye sockets. "Where could they be? Where?!" she whispered grabbing his shirt. She pulled herself into it and began to sob harder.

Soon Harry felt his shirt become wet and sticky, but he didn't mind. He just ran a hand through her hair and gave her a shoulder to cry on.

Harry blinked his eyes open to realize that he never made it back to bed. He was still sitting on the common room couch. He looked down and almost jumped at the sight; a large, black panther head was resting in his lap. He gave a quiet sigh of relief and then began to stroke the panthers head. She twitched her ear making Harry laugh. Then she snuggled into his chest. He blushed and smiled, then leaned back closing his eyes.

"Harry!" a whisper sounded from across the room. Harry looked to the stairs and saw Ron standing there; jaw dropped.

"I'll explain later." Harry whispered, trying not to disturb the sleeping cat. He failed. The panther opened its large mouth, yawned and then stretched. Her claws dug in to Harry's stomach, causing him to wince. Immediately the beast realized what she did and licked his cheek in apology.

"It's ok!" He laughed patting her head.

“Harry? What is that?”

Piper growled and morphed back into her human form, just as Hermione walked down the stairs.

“Oh My God!”

“BLOODY HELL!”

“Woops” Piper said, with little enthusiasm. Hermione rushed over and sat across from Piper.

“You're an illegal animagus?”

“No”

Hermione stared at her for a moment then she stared just past Piper. Piper followed her gaze and found Harry's beautiful green eyes looking back at her. It dawned on her that she was still pressed into his chest and she immediately scooted over.

“I'm legal. My father required all of his children to be registered animagi by the age of six.”

“Oh”

Piper stood and began to walk to the portrait hole.

“Piper! Let me get dressed and then I'll come help you look ok?” Harry said walking towards her. She just nodded and walked out.

“Look for what?” Ron asked.

“Her necklace is gone.”

“Oh no!” Hermione exclaimed.

Piper walked the corridors thinking about how things were in the past...how sweet life could be...how great her mother's cooking smelled, yet the how horrible it tasted...

She was so dazed she didn't see the boy walking straight towards her. She smashed into him and fell backwards onto her butt.

“Damn it” she muttered under her breath.

“Oh I'm sorry” he said, obviously not really caring.

Piper looked up and saw Draco Malfoy starring down at her.

“Oh Malfoy...it's you”

“Glad you're happy to see me.”

“Happy' isn't exactly the word.....”

He was about to respond when Harry came running down the hall.

“Hey Piper, let's go” He said helping Piper to her feet

“Go where?”

“Nowhere Malfoy!” he took her hand “Come on”

As they passed buy Malfoy, Piper stuck her tongue out at him, and then pranced away, Harry at her side.

9 - someone will pay

"Haaaarry! We've looked *everywhere!*" Piper whined. "And I'm sllleeeeeeeepy!"

Harry rolled his eyes and began flipping through books. They had spent the whole day retracing Piper's steps and they still didn't have a clue as to where the necklace would be. They searched the dormitories, the corridors, the classrooms and now, after an unpleasant run-in with Snape, were searching the library.

"Maybe someone picked it up?"

"Well that's just great! I'll just trot up to the Lost & Found and say `Excuse me...but do you have a necklace with rings on it? I seemed to have misplaced it. Oh what is its significance? It's my damn family!' You know how many looks I'd get?"

"Just trying to help" Harry mumbled.

"Oh, I'm sorry Harry! I just-ugh!" and she fell backward on the ground.

"I know. So, you sure these are the only books you looked at?" He turned and starred into a pair of dark eyes. "How is this helping?"

"Merow?" Piper mewed, stretching.

"You are just so....you never focus..." He said scratching behind her ear. Her lip curled and she lay down.

"Piper! We don't have time for this!"

She growled and put a heavy paw on his head.

"Hey!" Harry said knocking her head to the side.

She growled and pushed him over. Soon it had turned into a sort of game. They tackled each other and laughed for nearly half an hour. Finally Piper backed Harry into a corner; his back to the wall. She stepped closer; her snout close to his face; and then she transformed. It was not until she was in her human form that she realized how close they were. Immediately she felt her cheeks burn and the awkwardness of the situation took over. She jumped to her feet and ran a hand through her hair.

"I think...I'm gonna...go to bed."

"Yeah. We'll keep looking in the morning." He said as he knelt down to put away the books. Piper gave a wave of her hand and left the library.

She walked down the hall, embarrassment consuming her thoughts. They had been so close, their noses were practically touching! It was close enough for two people who felt strongly about each other to kiss; but that was **not** a feeling shared here. Piper's mind raced on and was only stopped by the sound of footsteps before her. Before she gave it any thought she was close to the ground, her black body unseen in the dark.

"So. How much do you think you can get for them?"

"Don't know. A fair amount I'm sure." A voice drawled. Piper recognized it to be Malfoy's. Her body tensed.

"How'd you acquire them Draco?" a female voice inquired.

"Well, a lovely character was so eager to please me she just...let me take them." Now the group turned the corner and Piper could see Malfoy's blonde hair. On his lips lay a devious smirk.

"Draco? Could I have one? As a gift from you?" the girl asked.

"No!" he yelled as they faded out of sight.

"But you'll still have three!" she whined.

Piper was about to emerge from her hiding spot and head off to her dormitory when her memory caught up to her.

"Calm down Caudwell! I just wanted to see your necklace. These look expensive-"

"His interest in them was curious. And..." Piper's mind went into overdrive. There had to have been a point when he could have taken them. "THE HUG!" she knew there had been something strange about it. She closed her eyes and saw it before her. As Malfoy had 'hugged' her he unclasped the necklace and took it in his hand! And now he was planning on selling them! Piper's anger and frustration boiled over and she found herself tearing down the corridor. The padding on her paws kept her silent as she pushed against the floor. Soon, the blonde hair came into sight, and a burst of energy surged through her. She skidded to a stop just behind the trio. The fur on her neck stood up and she let out a fierce growl. Slowly and silently Malfoy and the others turned to face the large black cat. Piper began to shift her body, her claws unsettling the ground; she readied herself and stared Malfoy in the eye.

A moment later the corridor filled with screams as Piper and Malfoy crashed to the floor. She dug her claws into his flesh, just below his collarbone. His screams echoed in her ears, giving her the pleasure she wanted. She then searched him; his neck, his hands, his pockets, but she couldn't find the necklace anywhere. She growled and stared at him once more. Malfoy stared into the cat's cold, dark eyes. He saw something flash in them, and a rush of fear and panic flooded over him as she moved for his neck. He screamed louder, watching his 'friends' retreat.

Piper placed her mouth around his neck, her teeth grazing the skin. Just as she was about to bite down, something yanked at her middle. She whipped around and bit at the arm trying to move her.

“Ow!” Piper stopped and looked at the blood dripping from Harry's arm. Immediately she forgot Malfoy and turned her attention to Harry. She stepped forward, attempting to apologize, but Harry only took a step back. He stared at her disbelievingly. His green eyes were not filled with there usual shimmer she had grown accustomed to, but more of a hurt, afraid look.

Piper didn't know what to do. He was afraid of her, and angry no doubt. With tears brimming in her eyes, she raced down the closest corridor.

“WAIT!” Harry called taking a step forward.

“Nearly killed me! Bloody killed me!” Malfoy was muttering.

Harry yanked him up by his shirt. “Get out of here.” He said in a deep growl. He dropped Malfoy who quickly crawled to his feet and fled.

“Wait! Piper?!” and Harry flew down the corridor after Piper, his arm still dripping blood, but that wasn't noticed.