Thank you all for Supporting me and reading my Stories. Leave a Like if you enjoyed the Chapter.

The Gryffindors and Ravenclaws were making their way to the new class. Harry wasn't sure what to expect when they said the duelling club would open this year, but he felt good about it. He still remembered the Weasley twins telling him Fleur was the best in her school, and Harry wanted to prove himself to everyone.

He could see from everyone's expression that they all seemed excited about this new Duelling Club. Well, most of them were looking forward to this, unlike Harry, Ron, and others. Someone like Neville wasn't looking forward to this at all.

Harry hadn't been there to see it, but Ron told him that Neville didn't want to come, that he would much rather sit in his bed the whole day than go to this Duelling Club, but thankfully, the boys had convinced him to come along, saying he would never get stronger if he stayed there the whole day.

Someone like Hermione, who had little experience with dueling other people, was busy reading a book about dueling, its rules, and how to be prepared, and someone like Luna didn't seem bothered at all.

"Luna, you seem prepared for the Duelling Club." Harry asked as the blonde-haired Ravenclaw turned to look at him dreamily.

"I'm prepared, Harry; last night, I was chasing after Marbles," Luna said with a smile, and Harry heard many Ravenclaws snorting at what Luna had just said.

Harry looked at Hermione, but she merely shrugged her shoulders before looking at Luna. "Luna, what are Marbles?"

"Ohh, they are creatures that try to steal our wands, they love the magic hidden inside them, but having too many of them will help the wizard or witch on their duel." Luna explained, and Hermione seemed like she wanted to say that what Luna just said was all bullshit.

"Oh, how many do you have, Luna?" Harry asked before anyone else could say anything; he was sure he heard a Gryffindor snorting, saying that Luna had a few screws loose while she was strange at times. Harry never thought of her as weird; she believed in things that might not all be true.

"They tried to steal my wand last night, so I'm sure I have more than enough for today." Harry didn't like the sound of that; he knew from Ginny that the Ravenclaws tended to be quite cruel towards her for no reason.

"Well, I'm quite nervous. How many do you think I have?" Harry asked as they turned right. The two groups followed their respective heads' houses towards the clock tower courtyard.

"You have more than all of us combined, Harry." Luna answered with a sudden hint of seriousness in her voice. Harry almost stopped walking after hearing that. While many students snorted and scoffed at what Luna said, Harry's mind went to his Holy Magic.

Did Luna somehow know about it? Harry wondered but quickly dismissed the thought. She had no way of knowing anything about it and just said what came to her mind. Harry was sure of that as he slowed his pace a little so he could walk with Hermione.

From the way she seemed deep in thought to the way she held the book and flipped the pages in a hurry, Harry knew what was going through her head. "No amount of books is going to prepare you for this," his sudden voice made Hermione almost flinch before she looked at him, realizing that she had been too deep in her thoughts.

"I reread this book maybe seven times and still don't feel ready about this." Hermione almost pouted, knowing when it came to practice, she lacked, lacked a lot. At the very least, this Duelling Club was separate from the program, while they were obligated to attend the first five classes. Duelling Club would continue for the rest of the years only for those better than the others; she did not doubt that Harry would be in the top three of the entire school.

"Well, that's thing Hermione, when it comes to fighting, you will never be ready for the first time, no matter how much you read or practise, you will never be ready enough for the first time, but just like with broomsticks in the first year, you managed to fly one when we needed to catch the key." Harry reminded her with a proud look.

Hermione flushed red, knowing he was right, and his gaze made her feel good. "Thank you." She mouthed before kissing his cheek for good luck.

Soon, they entered the Clocktower courtyard, and once the door was opened.

Mad-Eye Moody stood in the middle of the courtyard. Many students stopped dead in their tracks at the sight of him, especially when he smiled cruelly at them, enjoying the fear they were feeling. While Auror Tonks stood to the side, it seemed she was there to help them if things got too brutal.

"Thank you for bringing the sheep to me," Professor Moody said with a cruel smile. This made many students back away in fear, but Harry merely rolled his eyes before walking through the crowd and stepping forward with no fear in his eyes.

"Ahhh, Harry Potter." The man said with a chuckle.

Harry felt a little weird when his magical eye looked at him, but he still didn't want to look weak in front of the most legendary Auror in the United Kingdom.

"Professor Moody, this class will last two hours, and remember the rules-" "Minerva, you seemed to be mistaken here. These students are not your students right now. They are mine. Dumbledore intrusted me to lead this Duelling Club as you call it, and since it's my resposibility. I

will make sure they will be ready to fight after I'm done with them. After the five hours pass, and even if one of them is still not ready to fight, then I Have failed as a Professor. Now get out of my face you two." Professor Moody said with a grumpy voice.

Minerva and Filius nodded at the same time, before walking out of the courtyard, once the doors were closed. The Ravenclaws and The Gryffindors were left alone with Mad Eye Moody.

"Now, before we begin this farce. I will ask, is there anyone who knows the rules of duelling?"

Hermione raised her hand before anyone else could, and Mad Eye Moody chuckled mockingly. "What is your name?"

"Hermione Granger."

"Well, tell me, Miss Granger, if a Death Eater would show up right now and attack us, will he follow the rules?" Many chuckled at Hermione, and the bushy-haired girl looked down, embarrassed.

"Professor, I don't think it's fair to ask that question and then mock someone who answers it. I agree that in a life-or-death situation, they won't care about the rules, but Hermione answered the question you wanted answered." Harry quickly came in her defense, much to Hermione's delight. She felt her cheeks turning red as Moody snarled.

"Mister Potter. I read that you have already tested yourself against the fuckers out there during the World Cup a month ago. Is that true?" Moody questioned with a look of intrigue.

"...Yes. I got split from my friends, and then they tried to attack me." Harry explained, knowing this would spread like wildfire within an hour.

Mad-Eye Moody looked deep in thought before addressing everyone else. "Let's not waste more time than we already have. Do you know what is the most important thing in the world?" When he was followed by silence, Moody elbowed. "The most important thing you need to remember in a fight is to never let your guard down!" Mad-Eye Moody growled, his magical eye swirling around, scanning the crowded hall.

"CONSTANT VIGILANCE!" He roared suddenly, causing several students to jump in surprise.

"Just because you think the enemy is down, doesn't mean you can put your wand away; it doesn't mean that you can relax; it doesn't mean that they still can't get the advantage! CONSTANT VIGILANCE!" A spell flew right at Harry, but he quickly blocked it with his own wand.

"Ten Points to Gryffindor, good job Potter." Moody praised him, his fake swirling more as he tried to find his next target.

"Bellatrix Lestrange was able to defeat five trained Aurors, and even after losing her wand, she still managed to get it back. Do not underestimate anyone!" Moody growled dangerously, "CONSTANT VIGILANCE!" Another spell, this one, hit Hermione right in the stomach, causing her to fall on her knees with a painful groan. Harry helped her up but kept his eyes on the Professor.

"As I said. Constant Vigilance." This time, almost everyone raised their wands to defend themselves, but there was no attack to deflect.

Moody looked at them as if they were morons. "Why did you all pull out your wand? I didn't-" A spell flew from his wand, hitting a Ravenclaw right in the leg; his moans of pain were ignored as Moody stared at all of them.

"Now, we are going to teach you some basic dueling spells, a shield charm, a disarming spell, and a stunning spell." Auror Tonks continued, much calmer. "Just knowing the spells isn't enough, but it is a start."

"So, who hear knows how to cast expelliarmus?" Moody asked. Several students raised their hands.

"This is pathetic," Moody roared. They're all sitting ducks! What did you learn in defense class before I came here? Professor Remus Lupin must have been pathetic."

Harry felt a surge of righteous anger at the veteran auror. It wasn't Lupin's fault! He was the best teacher they'd ever had!

"Well, it's not that surprising considering that the teacher of the second year was a fraud who couldn't even cast expelliarmus himself, and the teacher before that had Lord Voldemort sticking out of his head." Harry spoke up, defending Lupin's name. Moody's magical eye focused on Harry, and he suddenly felt very uncomfortable.

Nevertheless, Harry continued, emphatically, "Professor Lupin is the best defense against the dark arts professor we've ever had!"

There was a chorus of agreement from around the hall.

"Well Potter, if you're so confident how about you give a demonstration?" Moody sneered, grabbing Harry's shoulder and nudging him into the courtyard's center.

Dean Thomas laughed as Harry walked out of the crowd of people.

"You find this funny? You'll be the one dueling Potter!" Moody growled, dragging out Dean as well, who had no trace of previous laughter on his face.

The two Gryffindors faced each other. Ron and Hermione were happily cheering Harry on.

"The only rule: no unforgivables, on three!" Moody shouted.

"One!"

"Two!"

"Three!"

"*Expelliarmus!"*

Dean was completely unprepared for Harry's quick reaction, and he helplessly watched as his wand flew out of his hand into Harry's grasp.

Moody looked at Harry appraisingly as Harry tossed Dean's wand back to him. He then grabbed a Ravenclaw girl named Arta Star, who happily strode to face Harry.

"This is how it's going to work, the person who wins gets to stay, and the person who loses leaves!" Moody said.

"One! Two! Three!"

"*Expelliarmus!" "Petrificus Totalus!"*Two voices shouted at the same time.

Harry reacted quickly to the bolt of red speeding from Arta's wand.

"*Protego!"*

The spell deflected off of Harry's shield, harmlessly hitting a tree.

Meanwhile, Arta fell to the ground as Harry's spell hit its mark.

"*Finite."* A pink-haired auror said, pointing her wand at Arta.

Next, Moody brought Cho Chang up.

Cho smiled flirtatiously at Harry, but he ignored her. While he had to admit she was beautiful, he knew she had a thing with a Hufflepuff.

"Expelliarmus." Harry easily dodged the spell before firing.

"Stupefy." Harry watched in satisfaction as she fell flat on the ground like a board. Tonks helped her stand back up, and then Cho walked back to her friends, looking a little dejected by the fight's results.

Suddenly, the door opened again; this time, they were joined by the Hufflepuffs and the Slytherins. If the Courtyard was only a little crowded, now it was definitely overcrowded.

Snape made sure to glare at Harry as he said something to Moody before leaving the premises with the Head House of the Hufflepuffs.

"Well, let's continue where we left off," Moody shouted at everyone before choosing more students to fight each other.

Moody called up George Weasley, Justin Finch-Fletchly, and a fourth-year Hufflepuff Harry didn't recognize, and Harry defeated all three.

"Does anybody here think that they can beat Potter?" Moody shouted. Harry could tell that the Auror's face had a trace of amusement.

Naturally, Malfoy stepped forward.

"Your Daddy is not here to protect you Makfoy." Harry taunted as the Slytherin took his position in front of him.

"I always win my battles without him." He shot back, reversing their exchange before their previous duel.

Both smiled slightly at that reversal.

"Go!" Moody barked, who had grown tired of counting.

"*Stupefy!"* two voices shouted simultaneously.

Both raised shield charms, which deflected the other's spell.

"*Expelliarmus!"* Malfoy cast.

Harry ducked, not bothering to watch the red spell soar over his head.

"*Stupefy! Stupefy! Petrificus Totalis!"* Malfoy shouted in rapid succession. Harry sidestepped all three spells while simultaneously casting *"Expelliarmus!"*

Harry's spell caught Malfoy in the middle of casting; his wand was wrenched from his hand and flew triumphantly into Harry's outstretched palm.

There was raucous applause at Harry's victory, especially from the Gryffindors, who had become increasingly jubilant at Harry's string of wins.

"Good job, Potter," Moody grunted while Nymphadora was staring at Harry with a mixture of pride. Harry took that as his cue to leave.

Hermione rushed to engulf Harry in an excited hug while Ron high-fived him. Nearby students had immediately begun excitedly asking Harry questions about the spells he used.

They were forced to quiet down in their questions as Moody began instructing students on various spells, but Harry couldn't help but notice that he received several impressed glances throughout the lesson.

Later

Neville had taken a seat near Ron and Harry, who had just started a new chess match.

"Harry, you've got to think more than one move ahead, or else you'll never win!" Ron tried to explain to Harry, who had long since become resigned to hopelessly losing to Ron.

"Hey, Harry," Neville interrupted cautiously.

"Hi, Neville, what is it?" Harry asked, not paying much attention as he moved a chess piece.

"Well..." Neville began haltingly, "I was wondering if you could teach me some of the spells you were using..."

"Sure, how about tomorrow? We don't have classes after lunch, so we could meet up then," Harry agreed while unwittingly moving his queen to its doom. While he mentally shuddered at the thought of teaching a class, Harry imagined that one-on-one sessions with a friend could be fun.

"It might take me a while..." Neville added, looking down slightly in embarrassment, "I'm not very good."

"Don't worry; we have plenty of time to work on it," Harry assured while moving his pawn forward a space.

"Checkmate, mate," Ron triumphantly declared. "Five moves, Harry, that's an all-time low for you."

"So where do you think we should practice?" Neville asked Harry as they ate their lunch.

"I was thinking of using an abandoned classroom," Harry answered. "We wouldn't want to accidentally hit someone."

"Practice for what?" Hermione inquired. "I've been having a hard time with McGonagall's homework, so maybe a little bit of practice is what I need."

"Harry's just showing some of the spells that he used last night," Neville answered hurriedly, not really wanting to draw attention to his need for instruction.

"Oh, that's a brilliant idea!" Hermione gushed. "Can I come too? I'd like to practice shield charms, I mean I think I've got it, but I haven't gotten to test it yet..."

"Could you show me the one that slowed George down?" Ron asked, "What was it... impedimeta?"

"Impedimenta," Harry corrected. "Look, I'll show you guys but-"

Harry never gets to finish his sentence because Dean, Seamus, and Parvati have overheard what they are talking about and have converged on Harry.

"That would be great!" Seamus said excitedly. "That was the best dueling I've ever seen!"

Harry thought that that was going too far. "I'm not that good," he told them tensely, unsurely eyeing the gathering crowd.

"You killed a basilisk on your second year and stopped You-Know-Who two years in a row!" Parvati called.

"That was luck!" Harry argued. "The only reason I was able to stop Voldemort—" everyone flinched—" was sheer luck!"

Hermione and Ron both snorted, provoking a glare from Harry.

"What?" he demanded.

"Only you could downplay beating You- Know- Who three times!" Ron managed.

"Honestly, Harry, give yourself some credit!" Hermione exclaimed.

Harry viewed the array of faces peering at him expectantly. Ron silently laughed at his predicament while Hermione rolled her eyes at him. Neville looked nervous, perhaps at the idea of practicing while everyone could look at him. While Ginny hadn't said anything, she looked beyond excited about this idea. Luna was...well, how she always was. However, Harry felt the eyes of another Ravenclaw on him...

"Okay, I'll do it," Harry relented. He heard several whoops from behind him.

"I'll look for a place, and I'll tell you guys before dinner," he decided. "We'll meet up tomorrow. Since it's a Saturday, I'm sure we can find a time that suits everyone." Harry took his leadership role flawlessly.

"Can we bring friends?" Parvati asked.

Harry shrugged. "Fine." He didn't have much to lose since he was already submitting himself to this.

Later

"What are you reading?" Hermione asked Harry, who had been constantly flipping through a bright red book that Saturday.

"It's just a defense spell book that I got at Diagon Alley last summer." Harry told her, "I might as well be prepared."

"Oh, come on Harry!" Hermione urged exasperatedly. "You're going to be brilliant!"

Harry shook his head defiantly; didn't she realize they were all expecting that he was some defense against the dark arts prodigy?

He told her as much, which just caused her to scoff.

"If saving my sister by killing a basilisk *with a sword* isn't heroic, I don't know what is," Ron pointed out.

"It all sounds more impressive when you put it like that," Harry countered irritably.

"But that's beside the point!" Hermione interjected. "You know more about defensive spells than I do!"

Ron's jaw dropped. "You just admitted that someone else knows more about something than you do!"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Honestly, I'm not *that arrogant*."

"Well, this is the first time that you admitted that," Ron argued.

Hermione simply glared at him; she seemed to want to say something but bit it back. Instead, she turned to Harry.

"Look, it'll just be a one-time thing, then you won't have to worry about this anymore," Hermione persuaded.

Harry still looked unsure. "It'll be a disaster".

"Well, when the room blows up, we'll be right beside you," Ron joked.

Harry groaned.

Ron and Hermione paid no heed to him and proceeded to half-lead and half-drag him into the classroom. Harry was forced to leave behind the book he had been reading.

There were many more people there than Harry had thought would come.

There were at least twenty people when Harry, Ron, and Hermione walked in. Fred and George brought Lee Jordan. Both Patil twins showed up; Dean, Seamus, and Colin were also there. Cho Chang was standing with one of her friends.

Harry's eyes were drawn to Ginny's characteristic red hair; she was talking to Luna. Neville seemed to be steeling himself for the lesson in the corner. While there were certainly more Gryffindors, about half of the students were Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw.

And right now, every one of them was looking at him.

"Errr, glad to see that everyone got here without any trouble," Harry said.

No one responded.

"Well, I guess we'll begin."

Everyone remained silent.

Harry had mentally rehearsed what he would teach them and what he would say. He had inwardly winced at some of the things he would say.

He knew he couldn't teach them Holy Magic; that was still something he was keeping a secret, even if it wasn't a secret. Holy Magic cannot be taught by those not born with it, so it would be pointless to try it.

But now, in front of all these people, all those things flew out of the window.

"We're starting with expelliarmus, the disarming spell. Whatever your opponent has in their hand will fly toward you, whether it is a wand, knife, or anything else...."

Ginny felt breathless as she watched Harry teach. He appeared so comfortable so in his element. She knew that he had really been stressing over doing this, and while she was glad that he realized that he could, she was more preoccupied with how Harry had easily taken charge of the situation.

Something about the way he confidently showed them how to cast Expelliarmus, Stupefy, and Protego, authoritatively told them to break into pairs and take turns casting spells on each other, and corrected people who were having trouble left her heart racing and her face flushed.

"Ginny, if you grip you're wand any tighter, it's going to snap in half." Harry laughed, causing Ginny to nearly jump out of her skin.

"Look, it's good to be afraid and alert in a fight, but you can't let that affect you're performance, you have to be sure of yourself."

"Thanks," Ginny answered breathlessly.

"Here," Harry offered, putting a calming hand on her back. "If you keep standing like that you'll have back problems; you have to be comfortable."

Ginny obligingly relaxed into a more comfortable position.

Merlin...

Her back rested against Harry's chest, which was a little *too* comfortable. She could feel the rise and fall of his chest and the steady beat of his heart.

Harry then took her hand and adjusted her grip; her hand had become white from the force with which she had been clutching her wand.

"Go get 'em, Ginny," he whispered.

Her partner, Aodorn Falcon, had been smirking during the entire exchange.

"Enjoy that, Weasley?" he teased.

Forgetting all about *expelliarmus*, Ginny shouted, "*Bates Mocos!*"

Aodorn screamed as bats crawled out of his nose and proceeded to fly in the air, attacking him.

Now Ginny was the one smirking, very proud that she had gotten the spell right.

She heard Harry laugh, and Ginny smiled apologetically.

"Well, I didn't say you couldn't cast other spells," Harry reminded her. "Just don't go too hard on him."

"Aye aye, Captain," Ginny mock saluted.

Harry laughed again, and Ginny watched as he moved on to Neville, who hadn't been able to cast any of the spells. Neville looked ashamed, and Harry appeared to be reassuring him.

"*Petrificus Totalus*." Ginny fell over as Aodorn's spell hit her.

He smiled victoriously down at her. Ginny glared at him impotently from her newfound spot on the floor. *Why does Harry have to be so distracting?* Ginny fumed internally."You okay, Ginny?" Harry asked her, amused. She pushed herself off the floor after Aodorn had reversed the spell.

"No, thanks to you!" Ginny huffed, crossing her arms.

"Me?" Harry asked in genuine confusion.

"You were distracting me!" Ginny accused, pointing a finger at him.

"How so?"

"You were..." Ginny trailed off, realizing how she had trapped herself.

Ginny looked at her feet and flushed in embarrassment.

Neither spoke.

"It seems that you both have a case of the Wrackspurts!" Luna chimed, unknowingly breaking the tension.

"Perhaps," Ginny chuckled.

After an hour of shouting, spell work, and falling onto the floor, it was time for dinner.

"Same time next week?" Alicia Spinnet asked as they began to get their things.

Harry was blindsided by that question. He hadn't even considered taking more than one class, but he had enjoyed this one.

Hermione elbowed him.

"Yeah," Harry blurted out.

No one appeared to have objections to this arrangement.

"Also, I think we should have a name." Hermione suggested.

There was a general murmur of agreement.

"Any ideas?" Harry asked. He had worried so much about teaching everyone that he hadn't actually considered a club name.

"How about the Defensive Association, or DA for short?" Cho suggested.

"Great idea, Cho!" Cedric agreed, "We'll just call ourselves the DA."

Everyone continued to gather their things and file out of the classroom.

"You were brilliant, Harry!" Hermione gushed.

Harry blushed modestly.

Ron snickered at Harry's discomfort.

"I wouldn't say I was *brilliant*..." Harry began.

"No, incredibly awesome is a better term," Ginny interrupted.

Harry shot an exasperated look at her.

"Oh, sorry, Harry," Ginny smiled mischievously. What I meant was, 'You were absolutely terrible, and everyone loathed you.' Better?"

"Surprisingly, no," Harry answered sarcastically.

"But you did say we're having more of these meeting...things." Hermione noted.

"Yeah, I did," Harry replied.

"I think Hermione is digging for more information from you," Ginny informed him.

"When is Hermione not digging for information?" Ron asked rhetorically.

"I think she is," Harry concluded; he did not indicate that he was going to reveal anything else.

"You have no idea what to do, do you?" Ginny asked.

"Alright, it was a spur-of-the-moment thing," Harry confessed hurriedly. So I haven't really put together a lesson plan yet."

"We can help," Hermione enthusiastically volunteered. I bet that there is a scheduling charm that we can use, and we should really find some books in the library on defense. "

"And by 'we', we mean Hermione" Ron laughed.

"I only have so much time in a day, you know!" Hermione fussed. "I really don't think I can do all that much."

"Okay, whatever you can do to help would be great, though," Harry conceded before kissing her as a thank you.

"Get a room you two!" Ginny shouted, looking away from the couple.

A Secret Place

Voldemort was sitting in his armchair in front of the fire. He stared at the flames for a long time, but soon, a face appeared in the fire—the face of his loyal servant.

"My Lord, I have concerning news for you," his loyal servant said, bowing his head.

Voldemort frowned upon hearing that. His red eyes stared back at him, unblinking. "What news, my servant?" His voice came out deep and twisted.

"The boy, my lord. He's a bigger concern than we thought. Dumbledore has decided to return the Duelling Club back at Hogwarts. Two days ago I had to train the brats, and I was hoping to humilate him, but the boy. He's not what I expected, he easily won against everyone, and soon I had to stop putting people against him because he was winning everything." His loyal servant reported with a distraught voice.

Voldemort pondered deeply, not liking what he was hearing, but he knew the boy should not be underestimated. After all, all those with Holy Magic were powerful and they all were dangerous.

He knew his magic could destroy Horcruxes, and that was something he could never allow to happen.

"My Lord, can I talk?" Voldemort narrowed his gaze before nodding.

"My Lord, we only need his blood. I think it's better if I just take a bit of his blood and return to your service." "NO." Voldemort did not accept right away, speaking louder than usual as he stared at the face.

"The plan will not change. I want him to be there. I want him to see it happening. I want him to see me brought back stronger than I have ever been, and I will prove once and for all that what happened that night was pure luck." Voldemort ordered in a final voice, making it clear the plan would not change.

"...I understand, my Lord. Should I try to get in his way when it comes to the duelling club?"

"No." Voldemort said curtly. "That won't be necessary. Just make sure he arrives at the Graveyard. Now, you can leave." Voldemort said dismissively, and the face in the fire disappeared, leaving Voldemort alone with his loyal Nagini.

"Oh, my dear Nagini." The snake slithered to his chest before looking at her Master's red eyes. "Soon, it will all be mine. Once I'm brought back with his blood. Holy Magic will be ALL Mine. The whole world will bow down to me."

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