

Hello everyone. I'm happy to publish a New Chapter of A Nundu for A Pet

Harry had experienced many strange sensations in his young magical life, but nothing quite compared to the peculiar feeling of a specialized bubble-head charm pressing against his face as he descended into the depths of the Mediterranean. The standard charm wouldn't suffice at these depths – Newt had explained that they needed something more robust for the pressure and extended duration underwater.

"Remarkable engineering," said Madam Lefebvre, their Ministry-assigned translator, her voice carrying clearly through the magical bubble surrounding her head. Her silver-streaked hair floated around her like a storm cloud. "The Royal Sea Horse city hasn't allowed visitors in nearly three years."

Harry watched as schools of silvery fish darted past them, their scales catching what little sunlight penetrated these depths. The water around them had shifted from crystal blue to a deeper azure as they descended. Beside him, Newt clutched his weathered leather case, which had been specially enchanted for underwater use. Harry knew Itisa was inside, probably less than pleased about the arrangement.

"Watch your step here," Newt called out, gesturing to the magical current they were following downward. "The guidance spell gets a bit tricky around the thermal vents."

Harry could feel the difference – warm currents of water pushing against the cool depths, creating swirling patterns that threatened to knock them off course. The Ministry's underwater transport spell kept them mostly steady, but he had to concentrate to maintain his position.

As they passed through a forest of swaying kelp, the first signs of RSH architecture became visible. Massive columns of living coral rose from the seabed, their surfaces glowing with soft bioluminescent patterns. Harry gasped as they emerged from the kelp forest – the full majesty of the Royal Sea Horse city spreading out before them.

As they passed through the magical barrier, Abyssantica revealed itself in layers, each more extraordinary than the last. The city rose from the seabed like a dream carved from living coral and crystal, its structures arranged in concentric circles that spiraled upward through the water.

At the city's foundation lay massive plateaus of iridescent mother-of-pearl, their surfaces etched with ancient runes that pulsed with a soft, golden light. These foundations anchored enormous pillars of living coral that seemed to defy nature itself – some crystal-clear like glass, others in deep shades of blue and purple that shouldn't exist at these depths. The coral grew in precise, architectural patterns, forming graceful arches and soaring spires that would have been impossible to construct by normal means.

The buildings themselves were marvels of magical engineering. Some were grown from giant spiral shells that must have come from legendary sea creatures, their chambers visible through

translucent walls that shifted colors with the currents. Others were crafted from what appeared to be solidified water, their surfaces rippling like liquid glass while maintaining perfect structural integrity. Bridges of braided kelp, reinforced with magic and decorated with patterns of tiny luminescent shells, connected the various levels of the city.

Bioluminescent algae created rivers of living light that flowed along the buildings' contours, pulsing in subtle patterns that Harry realized must be a form of communication. The light streams varied in color – cool blues and greens in what seemed to be residential areas, warmer purples and golds around what looked like official buildings, and brilliant white pathways that might serve as main thoroughfares.

Gardens of magical sea flora grew in carefully tended terraces, creating bands of color at different levels of the city. Floating spheres of magically contained water housed what appeared to be different environments – Harry spotted one filled with tropical plants that shouldn't be able to survive at this depth, and another containing what looked like a miniature kelp forest tended by tiny, glowing creatures.

The city's center was dominated by a structure that took Harry's breath away. It appeared to be grown from a combination of crystal and coral, rising in elegant spirals that caught and refracted the magical light flowing through the city. The building's surface was alive with color-changing scales, similar to those of the Royal Sea Horses themselves, creating an ever-shifting display that seemed to reflect the mood of the city itself.

Architecture incorporated with the local sea life. Schools of Luminis Pisces – the tiny, glowing fish Newt had mentioned – moved through specially designed channels in the buildings, their light contributing to the city's illumination. Magical anemones grew at regular intervals along the walls, their tentacles gently waving in the current while providing what appeared to be security functions, as they reacted to movement nearby.

Scattered throughout the city were clusters of what Harry first thought were floating pearls, but as they drew closer, he realized they were magical bubbles containing various atmospheres. Some held pockets of air where Harry could see Royal Sea Horses with strange humanoid features, while others seemed to contain different types of water – perhaps for visitors from various ocean environments.

The entire city was encased in layers of magical currents that were visible to the eye, flowing like rivers through the water. These currents seemed to serve multiple purposes – carrying messages in the form of light patterns, controlling water temperature and pressure, and providing pathways for both creatures and Royal Sea Horses to travel efficiently through the city.

Defense structures were integrated so naturally into the beauty that they were almost invisible at first glance. Harry noticed magical barriers similar to the outer dome but more concentrated, positioned at strategic intervals. Towers that appeared decorative housed what looked like magical focusing crystals, their positions creating a complex network of protective energy throughout the city.

Perhaps most impressive was how the city worked with the ocean itself. Rather than trying to hold back the sea, Abyssantica embraced it. Water flowed through designated channels, powering magical mechanisms and keeping the living architecture nourished. Schools of fish moved through the city like birds might fly through surface cities, some seemingly trained to follow specific paths while others swam freely among the structures.

"The patterns," Harry murmured, noticing how the lights seemed to shift and change. "They're communicating, aren't they?"

Madam Lefebvre nodded, her expression one of professional appreciation. "The Royal Sea Horses use a combination of bioluminescent signals and sonic vibrations to communicate. The city itself acts as a massive communication network. Those rippling blue patterns you see? They're probably announcing our arrival."

A group of smaller fish suddenly scattered, and Harry felt it before he saw it – a shift in the water pressure that made his ears pop despite the charm's protection. Three Royal Sea Horses emerged from what appeared to be a gateway in one of the coral spires.

Harry had seen illustrations in books, but they didn't do justice to the reality. The RSH were larger than their non-magical cousins, about the size of small horses, with iridescent scales that shifted colors like oil on water. Their heads retained the characteristic sea horse shape, but their eyes held an intelligence that was unmistakably sentient. Most striking were the patterns of bioluminescent spots along their bodies, currently pulsing in what Harry assumed was a formal greeting pattern.

The largest of the three, bearing elaborate decorations that resembled underwater filigree, moved forward. Its spots pulsed in a complex sequence.

"Welcome to Profunda Civitas," Madam Lefebvre translated, her voice taking on the formal tones of diplomatic speech. "I am Scholar-Diplomat Coral-Song. We are... surprised by this visit."

Harry noticed how she hesitated slightly over the word 'surprised' – something in the RSH's bioluminescent pattern must have suggested a stronger emotion.

Newt bowed in the water, a gesture that looked both awkward and graceful. "Thank you for receiving us, Honor-Scale Coral-Song." He glanced at Madam Lefebvre, who translated his words into a combination of hand gestures and spelled light patterns from her wand.

As the formal greetings continued, Harry's attention was drawn to movement in the waters around them. Dozens of sea creatures were going about their business – not just fish, but magical varieties he'd never seen before. A group of what appeared to be underwater pixies were tending to the coral structures, their tiny tools sending up sparkles in the water. More concerning was how they all seemed to be giving the diplomatic party a wide berth, their movements suggesting anxiety rather than mere caution.

The second RSH, wearing what appeared to be armor made of enchanted shell fragments, moved forward aggressively. Its bioluminescent patterns flashed rapidly.

"Guard Captain Swift-Current wishes to know the exact nature of your visit," Madam Lefebvre translated, her tone carefully neutral despite the hostile display. "He... reminds us that unannounced surface dweller visits are not customary."

Harry could actually understand the Guard Captain's words directly – something about "surface dwellers bringing their problems to our depths" – but he kept his face carefully blank. Now wasn't the time to reveal that particular ability.

"We come at Minister Delacour's request," Newt replied diplomatically, "to discuss matters of mutual importance to both our peoples." He paused as Madam Lefebvre translated. "And I bring greetings to my old friend, your former king."

This caused a ripple of bioluminescent activity among the three RSH. The third one, who had remained quiet until now, moved forward with more gentle movements. Its patterns were softer, more intricate.

"Historian Wave-Memory welcomes the friend of the former king," Madam Lefebvre translated, "and invites us to follow them to the Luminous Chambers, where we can speak more comfortably."

As they began to move deeper into the city, Harry felt a subtle vibration from Newt's case – Itisa sensing something. He glanced at his mentor, who gave him a tiny nod. They'd both noticed how the sea creatures were behaving strangely, and now Itisa was confirming their suspicions. Something was off in these waters, beyond mere political tension.

They followed their guides through what appeared to be a main thoroughfare, passing structures that defied surface architecture. Buildings seemed to grow organically from the seabed, their walls a combination of living coral and spelled crystal that pulsed with light and life. Magical currents flowed through designated channels like underwater roads, carrying RSH and other sea creatures efficiently through the city.

Harry noticed young RSH watching them from what appeared to be a learning area, their smaller bodies practically vibrating with curiosity. One of them started to move forward, its patterns bright with interest, but Guard Captain Swift-Current turned and flashed a sharp pattern that sent the young one retreating.

"The Luminous Chambers are just ahead," Madam Lefebvre translated for Coral-Song. "Please mind the sanctity of the space. These chambers date back to the original alliance with France."

As they approached a particularly massive coral structure, Harry felt it – a subtle wrongness in the water, something that made the hair on the back of his neck stand up despite the bubble-head charm. From Newt's slight frown, he wasn't the only one who noticed it. The magical creatures in this area seemed especially skittish, darting away faster than normal.

The entrance to the Luminous Chambers opened before them – a massive portal that seemed to be made of living light and flowing water combined. As they passed through, Harry couldn't shake the feeling that they were swimming into something far more complex than a simple diplomatic mission.

The Luminous Chambers lived up to their name. Massive columns of crystal-encrusted coral rose to heights that disappeared into the darkness above, each one housing thousands of tiny bioluminescent creatures that pulsed in synchronized patterns. The effect created rivers of light that flowed through the water, casting everything in an ever-changing glow.

Harry followed Newt and Madam Lefebvre through what felt like an underwater cathedral. Their bubble-head charms distorted the edges of his vision slightly, but even through that barrier, the magnificence of the space was overwhelming. Schools of tiny silver fish moved in precise formations between the columns, their scales reflecting the bioluminescent light like moving mirrors.

"The King approaches," Coral-Song's patterns pulsed, and Harry had to remember not to react to the direct understanding. He waited for Madam Lefebvre's translation instead.

"His Majesty King Anden approaches," she announced formally. "Remember the protocol we discussed – no direct eye contact until acknowledged, and maintain a lower position in the water."

The water pressure shifted subtly, and Harry felt rather than saw the arrival of the King. A procession emerged from what appeared to be a living curtain of light at the far end of the chamber. King Anden was immediately distinguishable – nearly twice the size of the other Royal Sea Horses, with scales that seemed to capture and reflect the chamber's light in impossible ways. His bioluminescent patterns were more complex than any Harry had seen, creating what looked like moving crowns of light around his form; strangely, his eyes seemed like the eyes of a human, in his hand he held a long staff with a glittering blue crystal that caused the water near it to solidify for a few moments, before turning back to normal.

But it was the figure beside the King that caught Harry's attention and nearly made him forget protocol. The princess – she had to be the princess – was unlike any Royal Sea Horse he'd ever read about. Her lower body looked like the normal Royal Sea Horse body, but it was the waist and up that caught his attention; it looked too much like a human, with arms like one, and with a pretty face with long golden hair, her upper body that seemed like a human had scales around its skin, her cheeks and lips were part of her face with no scales.

Guard Captain Swift-Current's warning pulse brought Harry's attention back to protocol, and he quickly adjusted his position in the water to a more appropriately submissive angle.

King Anden's patterns pulsed with formal acknowledgment. "Rise, surface dwellers," Madam Lefebvre translated. "Newt Scamander, former companion to my father. Your presence was... unexpected."

Harry noticed how the translator chose diplomatic words, but he could see the underlying tension in the King's patterns. There was something almost defensive in the way he positioned himself slightly in front of his daughter.

"Your Majesty," Newt bowed in the water, his movements surprisingly graceful for a surface dweller. "Thank you for receiving us. Your father is a good friend of mine. I'm really happy to be back here after twenty years. I hope there's a chance I can meet with him again."

As Madam Lefebvre translated, Harry watched the complex play of emotions across the King's bioluminescent patterns. There was pride there, but also something darker, more troubled.

"My father's time was his own," the King's patterns flashed. "As mine is mine. Friendship with the surface was his choice – one that must be earned anew, not inherited like a crown."

The princess moved forward slightly, her own patterns creating a subtle harmony with her father's. "Yet we honor the old alliances," she added, her patterns somehow both RSH and not – there was something about them that seemed to bridge both worlds. Harry found himself fascinated by how she managed to communicate in both styles simultaneously.

"Princess Crystal-Harmony speaks truth," Coral-Song interjected, their patterns diplomatic but firm. "The alliance with France has brought prosperity to both our peoples."

The King's patterns flickered with what Harry recognized as barely contained irritation. "Prosperity is not everything, Scholar-Diplomat. There are other concerns."

"Which is precisely why Minister Delacour sent us," Newt said carefully after the translation. "There are rumors of growing distance between our peoples. The Minister hopes to understand any concerns and address them properly."

The princess's patterns shifted with interest, but her father's response was sharp and immediate. "Perhaps the surface dwellers should consider that not all distances grow by accident."

Harry noticed how the princess's patterns dimmed slightly at her father's words, a subtle sign of disagreement or distress that he doubted many could read. She moved through the water with a grace that seemed to combine the best of both worlds – the fluid movement of the RSH with something uniquely human in her gestures.

"Father," her patterns pulsed gently, "perhaps we should hear what they have to say. Newt Scamander's reputation with magical creatures is well-known, even in our depths."

The King's patterns swirled with complex emotions before settling into something more diplomatic. "Very well. You may state your purpose."

As Newt began to explain their mission, with Madam Lefebvre translating, Harry found his attention drawn to the subtle interactions around him. The way Guard Captain Swift-Current

positioned himself just so, as if expecting trouble. The nervous movements of the smaller sea creatures that usually inhabited the columns. The way the princess seemed to watch everything.

"The matter of Aqualis shipments is of particular concern," Newt was saying through the translator. "The French Ministry values our long-standing trade agreements."

The King's patterns flashed with something Harry read as bitter amusement. "Ah yes, the surface dwellers' greatest interest in our kingdom. **Always the Aqualis.**" He moved higher in the water, a position of authority. "Tell me, friend of my father, what do you know of Aqualis's true nature?"

Newt hesitated, clearly choosing his words carefully. "Only what the Ministry has shared – that it's a vital component in certain healing potions."

"A vital component," the King's patterns pulsed with what Harry recognized as dark humor. "Yes, that would be the surface understanding." He turned slightly, his patterns becoming more formal. "You may stay three days, Newt Scamander. Your young apprentice as well. Princess Crystal-Harmony will oversee your accommodation arrangements."

The princess's patterns brightened notably at this assignment.

"You honor us," Newt bowed again after the translation.

The King's patterns flickered briefly with genuine emotion before settling back into diplomatic formality. "Show them to the Coral Guest Chambers. Guard Captain Swift-Current will arrange appropriate escorts."

As they were led away from the throne room, Harry caught a last glimpse of the King. His patterns had shifted into something more troubled, more complex. Whatever was causing the growing rift between the RSH and the surface world, Harry was beginning to suspect it was far more complicated than simple politics.

The princess led their small group through corridors that seemed to be made of living light. "The Coral Chambers have hosted surface visitors for centuries," she explained, her unique patterns somehow easier to read than pure RSH communications. "Though they've been empty more often than not in recent years."

Harry noticed how she moved – sometimes with pure RSH fluidity, other times with distinctly human gestures. It was as if she was perfectly comfortable in both forms of movement, switching between them as naturally as breathing. He had so many questions, but he knew this wasn't the time or place to ask them.

"We are grateful for your hospitality," Newt replied through Madam Lefebvre. "Your father seems... troubled by recent events."

The princess's patterns shifted in what Harry read as concern. "These are troubled waters," she responded diplomatically. "But perhaps fresh eyes might see what those who dwell in the depths have missed." She turned to Harry directly, her expression curious. "You're younger than most surface visitors we receive. Do you study magical creatures with Newt Scamander?"

Harry waited for the translation before responding, though he'd understood perfectly. "Yes, Your Highness. I'm learning about various magical creatures and their unique abilities."

Her patterns rippled with what seemed like amusement. "Then perhaps you'll find your stay here particularly educational. We have many creatures in our depths that surface books have never properly documented."

They arrived at a series of chambers that appeared to be grown from living coral, their walls pulsing with soft, comfortable light. "These will be your quarters," the princess explained through Madam Lefebvre. "The patterns on the walls can be adjusted for your comfort – simply touch the coral to change the luminescence levels."

As Madam Lefebvre translated the princess's instructions about the chambers' various magical amenities, Harry caught Swift-Current watching him with suspicious patterns. The Guard Captain clearly had reservations about their presence, but there was something else in his behavior – a tension that seemed to go beyond simple distrust of surface dwellers.

"Rest well," the princess's patterns pulsed gently. "Tomorrow, if you wish, I can show you some of our historical archives. They tell interesting stories about the beginning of our alliance with France." She paused, her patterns shifting to something more subtle. "Sometimes old tales can shed new light on present troubles."

After she left, accompanied by Swift-Current, Harry exchanged a meaningful look with Newt. They'd both noticed the undercurrents of tension, the hints of deeper problems. And Harry couldn't shake the feeling that the princess's unique nature might somehow be connected to the mysteries of this place.

Later

Because they were so deep underwater, the translator was also a witch who knew how to use the best bubble spell, but even the best one needed to be used at least three times a day. After the Princess left, she used the same spell on Harry, Newt, and herself. And she reminded them for the third time that the bubble spell, making it possible for them to breathe and not get crushed by the water pressure, can only last **twelve** hours. So, they were not supposed to go anywhere too far away, and they would know how long the spell would last based on how big the bubble was; the more it shrunk, the less time they had.

Harry couldn't sleep. The bioluminescent patterns in his guest chamber pulsed gently, creating an ever-shifting dance of light through the water, but his mind was too active for rest. He'd spent the last hour watching tiny magical fish dart through the coral walls, their movements creating temporary constellations in the darkness.

Newt had retired to his adjacent chamber, presumably to check on Itisa and document their observations. Madam Lefebvre was housed in a chamber down the corridor, her translation services not needed until morning. Or what passed for morning this deep underwater, where sunlight was more suggestion than reality.

A slight pressure change in the water caught his attention – someone approaching. Harry turned to see Princess Crystal-Harmony hovering near the chamber's entrance, her unique form silhouetted against the corridor's brighter luminescence. Her scales caught the light in a way that reminded Harry of moonlight on water.

"Trouble sleeping?" her patterns pulsed softly. Without thinking, Harry began to respond directly, then caught himself – but her patterns shifted to something like amusement.

"You don't need to pretend," she said, her patterns forming words as clearly as speech. "I knew you could understand us from the moment you arrived."

Harry hesitated, then decided honesty was the best approach. "How did you know?"

She moved further into the chamber, her movements a fascinating blend of RSH and human grace. "Your voice in the water—it's different from other surface dwellers. They create ripples that clash with the natural flow, like stones dropped in a still pond. But you..." she paused, studying him, "your presence moves with the water, not against it. Like someone who belongs here."

"I didn't mean to deceive anyone," Harry said carefully. "It just seemed... complicated to explain."

Crystal-Harmony's patterns flickered with what Harry now recognized as genuine amusement. "In these waters, many things are complicated." She gestured to her own unique form. "As I'm sure you've noticed."

Harry appreciated how directly she addressed what he'd been curious about since first seeing her. "I didn't want to be rude by asking."

"There's nothing rude about honest curiosity," she replied, settling into a comfortable hovering position. "Though I'm afraid that particular story isn't mine to tell – at least not yet." Her patterns shifted to something more playful. "But perhaps we could trade mysteries? I know you're curious about me, and I'm quite curious about a surface dweller who speaks so naturally with sea creatures."

Before Harry could respond, a school of tiny phosphorescent fish swam through the chamber, their light adding to the room's gentle glow. Crystal-Harmony watched them with obvious affection.

"The little ones like you," she observed. "Usually they avoid surface dwellers entirely. Another sign that you're... different." She tilted her head slightly. "Would you like to see something few

surface dwellers ever witness? The night gardens are particularly beautiful when the lunar tide is high."

Harry glanced toward Newt's chamber. "Should we...?"

"Inform the adults?" Her patterns rippled with mischief. "The gardens are within the safe zones, and I am technically your assigned guide. Besides, Guard Captain Swift-Current has at least three guards watching these chambers at all times – we won't be unsupervised."

Her matter-of-fact mention of the guards made Harry smile. "You noticed them too?"

"Of course. Swift-Current is nothing if not predictable in his caution." She moved toward the chamber entrance. "Coming?"

Harry followed her through corridors that seemed different in the quieter night cycle. The bioluminescent patterns were subtler, creating an atmosphere that reminded him of starlight. They passed several RSH guards who bowed respectfully to the princess but made no move to stop them.

"They're not going to report this to your father?" Harry asked.

Crystal-Harmony's patterns showed that subtle amusement again. "They'll report everything, of course. But I'm not doing anything inappropriate – simply showing our guest one of our city's natural wonders. That's expected of a proper host, isn't it?"

They emerged into what appeared to be an open garden, but unlike anything Harry had seen before. Massive fronds of luminescent seaweed swayed in gentle currents, their edges trimmed with patterns that suggested careful cultivation. Clusters of what looked like underwater flowers bloomed in impossible colors, their petals transparent and glowing.

"The night gardens," Crystal-Harmony explained, leading him along a path marked by softly glowing stones. "The plants here respond to the lunar tides, blooming most brilliantly when the moon is fullest above."

A group of small, jellyfish-like creatures floated past, their tentacles creating trailing patterns of light. Harry noticed how they seemed drawn to the princess, several of them brushing against her scales affectionately.

"The luminara," she said, reaching out to gently touch one. "They're attracted to hybrid magic – magic that bridges different worlds." She looked at Harry directly. "Like yours."

"Is that why you can tell I'm different? Because of hybrid magic?"

She nodded, her patterns thoughtful. "There's something about your magic that feels... adaptable. Like it naturally attunes itself to different magical frequencies." She paused near a particularly beautiful cluster of underwater blooms. "That's rare, even among those who study

magical creatures. Most surface dwellers' magic remains distinctly... surface-like, even underwater."

Harry watched as more luminara gathered around them, their light creating dancing patterns in the water. "Can I ask you something? About what's happening here?"

Crystal-Harmony's patterns dimmed slightly. "You can ask. I may not be able to answer everything, but I won't lie to you." She moved to a stone bench that looked like it had been grown from the seabed itself. "Though I suspect you've already noticed that things aren't quite... right in our waters."

"The sea creatures are anxious," Harry said, settling beside her. "Even the smallest ones seem on edge. And there's something about the deeper waters that feels..."

"Wrong?" she finished when he hesitated. "Yes. Something has changed in our depths, but it's... difficult to explain. Like trying to describe a current to someone who's never felt water move around them." She looked out over the garden. "My father feels it too, though he wouldn't admit that to surface dwellers."

A larger fish swam past them, its scales reflecting the garden's light in rainbow patterns. Harry noticed how it gave certain areas of the garden a wide berth, despite the attractive blooms there.

"The French Minister thinks your people want to leave France's magical territory," Harry said carefully. "Is that true?"

Crystal-Harmony's patterns showed complex emotions. "Some do. They think distance from the surface world might solve our... problems." She turned to Harry. "But you understand creatures of the sea. What do you think happens when a sea horse abandons its home reef without understanding why?"

"They become vulnerable," Harry replied. "Easy prey for whatever drove them away in the first place."

"Indeed." Her patterns brightened with approval. "You understand more than most surface dwellers already." She rose from the bench. "Would you like to explore more of the city with me tomorrow? There are things I think you should see – things that might help explain why these waters are so troubled."

Harry stood as well, watching as the luminara swirled around them in farewell. "Won't your father object?"

"To his daughter properly hosting an honored guest?" Her patterns showed that mischievous quality again. "Besides, you're the first surface dweller I've met who might actually understand what I show you. Who can hear the waters speak without translation."

As they made their way back to the guest chambers, Harry noticed how the guards seemed to drift just slightly closer, maintaining their careful watch.

"Tomorrow then," she said as they reached his chamber. "After the morning meal. I'll show you our archives first – there are some historical records I think you'll find particularly interesting." She paused, her patterns becoming more serious.

With that, she turned and glided away, her form soon lost in the complex play of light and shadow that filled the underwater city's corridors. Harry watched until she disappeared, then returned to his chamber, his mind full of hybrid magic, troubled waters, and the mystery of a princess who seemed to bridge two worlds as naturally as he spoke to magical creatures.

As Harry finally drifted toward sleep, he couldn't help but wonder what other secrets lay hidden in these deep waters, waiting to be discovered by someone who could understand their language.

At that moment, Itisa walked into his chamber, using her bubble spell to ensure she could breathe and would not be crushed to death by water pressure. As she lay beside him, she looked into the distance and saw something Harry could not see.

A Creature that would make Hogwarts seem like a toy castle.