

A Nundu for A Pet Chapter 50 (Whispers in the Walls)

Hello everyone. I'm happy to publish a New Chapter of A Nundu for A Pet, and Like the Chapter if you Enjoyed it.

I want to give a Special Shout Out to Terrance Smith for becoming a Creator Patron. As one, he can choose one Story to be updated four times a month. The Story he chose is A Nundu for A Pet. Two More Chapters will come out this month.

The next morning, Dumbledore rose from his seat at the staff table, instantly commanding the attention of the Great Hall. The usual morning chatter died to an expectant hush as the Headmaster cleared his throat.

"In light of recent events," Dumbledore began, his voice carrying effortlessly across the hall, "I have agreed with the Ministry of Magic that additional security measures are warranted. Seven Aurors will be joining us at Hogwarts until the Chamber of Secrets situation is resolved. Their presence is precautionary, to ensure that no student comes to harm."

From the Hufflepuff table, Nymphadora Tonks' enthusiastic applause rang out, her hair cycling through several shades of excited pink. Harry caught her eye from his seat at the Slytherin table, and she gave him a thumbs-up.

"Is your cousin always this excitable about law enforcement?" Daphne Greengrass asked dryly, delicately buttering her toast.

"Only when it involves her future career," Harry replied. "She's been planning to be an Auror for a long time."

Astoria leaned forward eagerly. "I heard Aurors know how to cast spells without speaking. Is that true?"

"It's not wandless magic," Sebastian said. "More like Silent casting, they still need to speak the words, but needs to do it quietly."

The massive doors of the Great Hall swung open, and a ripple of whispers spread across the room as seven figures in deep crimson robes strode in. Leading them was a powerfully built Black man with a shaved head and a single gold earring.

"That's Kingsley Shacklebolt," Anna whispered. "He's supposed to be one of the best."

Harry studied the group as they approached the staff table. Besides Shacklebolt, there was a grizzled older wizard, a tall witch with braided hair that reached her waist, a pair of identical twin wizards who moved with eerie synchronicity, a slight-looking man with observant eyes that seemed to catalog everything they passed, and a young witch who couldn't be more than five years out of Hogwarts.

All seven of them wore Harry's talismans, the silver pendants gleaming against their crimson robes.

"Your handiwork is becoming quite the fashion statement," Daphne observed, following Harry's gaze.

"Wizards law enforcement's must-have accessory this season," Harry quipped, though he felt a surge of pride seeing his creations worn by such accomplished witches and wizards.

As the Aurors passed the Slytherin table, Shacklebolt's eyes fell on Harry. To Harry's surprise, the imposing Auror gave him a respectful nod.

"Mister Potter," he acknowledged, his deep voice surprisingly gentle. "Fine work." He tapped the talisman at his throat. "Saved Dawlish here from a nasty cutting curse last month."

The observant-eyed wizard—presumably Dawlish—grinned. "Bounced right off and gave the caster a faceful of light. Couldn't see straight for a week."

Harry felt his cheeks warm. "Thank you, sir. I'm glad it helped."

The young female Auror winked at him. "We were all quite impressed to learn these were designed by an eleven-year-old. Some of us have trouble with basic protection charms at twice your age."

As the Aurors continued toward the staff table, whispers erupted throughout the hall.

"Did you see that?" "They all know Potter!" "Do you think he can make one for me?"

Sebastian smirked. "Your celebrity grows, Harry. Soon you'll need a secretary to manage your fan mail."

"Shut up," Harry muttered.

After a brief conversation with Dumbledore, the Aurors dispersed to different parts of the Great Hall. Shacklebolt remained at the staff table, conferring with McGonagall, while the others positioned themselves strategically around the perimeter.

The presence of trained Aurors should have been reassuring, but Harry noticed how their arrival had changed the atmosphere. Students whispered in hushed tones, casting nervous glances at the crimson-robed figures. First-years huddled together as if for protection. Even the Slytherins, normally so composed, seemed on edge.

"They don't look like they're here for a social visit," Astoria observed.

"Because they're not," Sebastian replied. "The Ministry doesn't send seven Aurors for a prank or minor incident. They're treating this as a serious threat."

"Which means Dumbledore is too," Anna added quietly.

Harry glanced up at the staff table, where Professor Garlick was speaking animatedly to the female Auror, her bright red hair contrasting sharply with the crimson robes.

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Harry waited in Professor McGonagall's office, which had been temporarily offered to Amelia Bones for her meetings at Hogwarts. The stern Transfiguration professor had greeted him with unusual warmth before excusing herself, leaving Harry alone amidst the precisely arranged furniture and neatly stacked parchments.

Even McGonagall's office reflects her personality, Harry thought. I wonder what mine would look like? Probably cluttered with half-finished talismans and books open to random pages.

The door opened, and Amelia Bones strode in, her monocle glinting in the afternoon light. Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, she carried herself with unmistakable authority.

"Mr. Potter," she said, extending her hand. "Thank you for meeting with me."

Harry shook her hand. "It's good to see you again, Madam Bones."

"Please, sit." She gestured to the chair opposite McGonagall's desk. "Susan speaks very highly of you, you know. Quite impressed with your magical aptitude."

Harry felt his cheeks warm slightly. "She's been a good friend."

"She also mentioned that you're in need of a curse breaker for your talisman project." Amelia settled into McGonagall's chair, her expression businesslike. "Italian Ministry commission, I believe?"

"Yes," Harry replied, surprised by her knowledge of his activities. "I need to test enhanced talismans against progressively powerful curses, but finding someone qualified—"

"—and discreet," Amelia added with a knowing look, "is challenging. Particularly for a second-year student, regardless of your unique talents."

Harry nodded, relieved that she understood.

"I've already contacted someone who can help you," she continued. "Esmeralda Devereux—graduated Hogwarts eight years ago, trained in Egypt under the best curse breakers Gringotts has to offer. She's independent now, which means fewer regulations and more flexibility."

"That's... Thank you." Harry was genuinely touched by her thoughtfulness. "I wasn't expecting you to arrange this so quickly."

Amelia's lips quirked in what might have been a smile. "Call it an investment in your continued innovations. Those talismans you designed have already prevented many serious injuries among my Aurors."

"I'm glad they're helping," Harry said. "Though I wish they were better. The ones I'm developing for the Italian Ministry need to counter ancient Etruscan curses."

"Ambitious," Amelia commented. "But then, you Slytherins typically are."

There was a comfortable pause before Amelia's expression grew more serious. "Now, about this Chamber of Secrets business. Susan tells me you've been doing some research."

Harry hesitated, unsure how much to share. He settled for a measured response. "We've been trying to understand what kind of creature might be capable of petrification."

"And your conclusions?" Amelia prompted.

"I believe it might be some kind of snake," Harry said carefully. "Given Slytherin's affinity for serpents. But I don't know of any snake that can petrify people rather than kill them outright."

Amelia studied him for a moment, her expression unreadable. "An interesting theory, Mr. Potter. My Aurors are pursuing several possibilities."

Harry had the distinct impression she knew more than she was saying.

"I'd prefer if you left the investigation to the professionals," she continued, confirming his suspicion. "You're quite exceptional, Mr. Potter, but you are still twelve years old."

"With respect, Madam Bones," Harry countered, "sometimes being twelve means adults don't tell us things they think might frighten us. But not knowing can be more dangerous than knowing."

Amelia's eyebrows rose slightly. "A fair point. However, there's a difference between withholding information and encouraging children to confront dangers beyond their years." Her expression softened slightly. "I understand your desire to help, but please promise me you'll exercise appropriate caution."

"I'll try," Harry said, which was the most honest answer he could give.

Amelia seemed to accept this compromise. "Now, where is that unique 'cat' of yours? I haven't seen her since that day Newt Scamander came to Hogwarts."

Harry smiled. "She's right behind you, actually."

Amelia turned in her chair to find Itisa sitting perfectly still, golden eyes studying her. The disguised Nundu held Amelia's gaze for several moments before padding silently across the room to Harry, where she leapt effortlessly into his lap.

"Remarkable animal," Amelia observed, her eyes narrowing slightly. "I've never seen a cat quite like her."

"She's one of a kind," Harry agreed, scratching behind Itisa's ears.

"Indeed." Something in Amelia's tone suggested she might suspect there was more to Itisa than met the eye, but she didn't press the matter. Instead, she stood and extended her hand again.

"Ms. Devereux will contact you tomorrow. And Mr. Potter—"

"Yes?"

"I appreciate your discretion regarding certain matters. Trust is a valuable commodity in uncertain times."

As Harry left McGonagall's office, he felt a curious mixture of reassurance and caution. In Amelia Bones, he sensed a potential ally—someone who respected his abilities without underestimating the dangers he faced.

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True to Amelia's word, Harry received a note at breakfast the next morning instructing him to meet Esmeralda Devereux in the empty Charms classroom on the third floor at precisely two o'clock. As he approached the designated room that afternoon, Harry heard the sound of someone humming a jaunty tune.

He pushed open the door to find the desks and chairs pushed against the walls, creating a large open space in the center of the room. A woman who couldn't be much older than twenty-five was arranging various objects in a semicircle on the floor. Her hair was a riot of copper-colored curls tied back with what appeared to be a shoelace, and her dragonhide coat was covered in pockets of various sizes, each bulging with mysterious implements.

Standing against the far wall, arms crossed and expression watchful, was Kingsley Shacklebolt. The Auror nodded at Harry as he entered.

"Right on time!" the woman exclaimed without looking up. "I was just telling Kingsley here how punctuality is a sadly undervalued virtue. Pass me that silver disk, would you?" She pointed to an object near Harry's foot.

Harry picked up the disk, which hummed faintly against his palm, and handed it to her.

"Thanks," she said, finally looking up. Her eyes were a startling amber color, almost gold. "Esmeralda Devereux, curse breaker extraordinaire, at your service. But call me Esme. Only my mother calls me Esmeralda, and that's when I've blown up something expensive."

"Harry Potter," he replied, finding himself smiling.

"I know who you are, talisman boy," she said with a wink. "Not many twelve-year-olds get name-dropped in Department of Magical Law Enforcement mission briefings."

"Is that so?" Harry glanced at Shacklebolt, who maintained his stoic expression.

"Standard procedure when utilizing specialized equipment," the Auror explained. "Your talismans are now part of our standard gear."

"And that's why I'm here!" Esme sprang to her feet. "Lady Amelia says you're working on something new that needs proper curse testing. But before we get to that—" She gestured to Shacklebolt. "Big and serious over there insisted on attending. Something about ensuring the curse breaker doesn't accidentally blow up Hogwarts' resident talisman prodigy."

"Auror Shacklebolt is here for both your safety," the deep-voiced Auror corrected. "Ancient curses are not to be taken lightly, even in controlled testing environments."

"Always so formal," Esme said with a theatrical sigh. "You'd never guess we were in the same study group for our N.E.W.Ts."

Shacklebolt's expression didn't change, but Harry thought he detected a slight softening around the Auror's eyes.

"Right, down to business," Esme said, clapping her hands together. "Show me what you're working with, Harry."

Harry opened his bag and carefully removed his latest talisman prototype. Unlike his standard design, this one was more elaborate—a flat hexagonal pendant with a complex array of runes etched into its surface. He'd made three failed versions before this one, and even this prototype still had flaws.

"The Italian Ministry wants protection against ancient Etruscan burial curses," Harry explained, handing it to Esme. "My current design works against standard curses, but the Etruscan magic operates on different principles."

Esme held the talisman up to the light, examining it with expert eyes. Her jovial demeanor shifted subtly, replaced by sharp professionalism. "Hmm... interesting integration of Norse and Greek runic systems. I see what you're trying to do here." She traced a finger along one of the etched patterns. "You're using silver as a conductor for both systems, but the resonant frequencies are clashing, aren't they?"

Harry nodded, impressed by her immediate understanding. "Exactly. I can't seem to resolve the conflict between the two magical frameworks."

"May I?" she asked, drawing her wand. At Harry's nod, she murmured an incantation, causing the talisman to glow with a pale blue light. Symbols and connections invisible to the naked eye suddenly materialized in the air around it—a three-dimensional diagram of the talisman's magical structure.

"Impressive visualization spell," Harry commented.

"Standard trick of the trade," Esme replied, though she looked pleased by the compliment. "Now I can see the problem... There's a fundamental dissonance here and here." She pointed to two intersecting lines of energy. "Silver's versatile, but it has limitations."

Shacklebolt stepped closer, his interest apparently piqued. "What would you recommend, Devereux?"

"Liquid Diamond," she said without hesitation.

"Liquid Diamond?" Harry repeated. "I've never heard of it."

"Not surprising. It's rare and ridiculously expensive." Esme gestured again with her wand, and the magical diagram shifted to show a new configuration. "It's not actually diamond, despite the name. It's a magical substance that exists in a state between solid and liquid, capable of simultaneously holding multiple magical resonances without interference."

Harry's mind raced with the possibilities. "So it could bridge the gap between Norse and Etruscan magical systems?"

"Exactly!" Esme beamed at him. "Quick study, aren't you? Not just bridge them, but allow them to work in harmony. The problem with most materials is they can only channel one magical tradition effectively. Liquid Diamond can support up to seven distinct magical frameworks simultaneously."

She canceled the visualization spell and handed the talisman back to Harry. "With your understanding of runic integration and talisman construction, you could create something truly extraordinary. These designs are already remarkable for a wizard of any age, let alone a second-year."

"Thank you," Harry said, genuinely flattered. "But how do I get Liquid Diamond? It sounds rare."

Esme turned to Shacklebolt. "The Ministry keeps a regulated supply, don't they? For special projects?"

The Auror's expression tightened slightly. "They do, but I'm afraid it would be difficult to procure any at present."

"Why?" Harry asked.

"The Ministry purchased nearly the entire supply last week," Shacklebolt explained. "A major security initiative. It will be several months before producers can meet additional orders."

Harry frowned. "That's... convenient timing."

"Additionally," Shacklebolt continued, seemingly uncomfortable, "they've also acquired significant quantities of other materials commonly used in advanced talisman making. Silver-moonstone alloy, thestral hair, and processed manticore venom, among others."

"All materials I might need for the Italian commission," Harry observed, his suspicion growing. "Why would the Ministry suddenly need so many talisman-making materials?"

Shacklebolt's face remained impassive. "I am not at liberty to discuss Ministry procurement strategies, but I heard that you can buy the material from them, but it's...triple the price."

They're trying to delay me, Harry realized. But why would the Ministry interfere with my work for the Italians?

Esme seemed to read his thoughts. "Politics," she said with disgust. "Always complicating perfectly good magic."

"Perhaps we should focus on what we can accomplish today," Shacklebolt suggested, clearly wanting to change the subject.

"Right," Esme agreed, though she shot Harry a look that suggested they'd discuss this further later. "Let me show you how I'd test this prototype against progressively stronger curses."

She set up a series of enchanted objects in the center of the room—a scarab beetle, a small clay pot, an ancient-looking coin, and a tarnished silver mirror.

"Each of these carries a curse of increasing complexity and power," she explained. "We'll see how your talisman holds up, even without the Liquid Diamond."

Drawing her wand with a flourish, Esme demonstrated a sequence of precise movements. "The key to curse breaking isn't just magical power—it's precision and understanding. Every curse has a structure, a pattern you can unravel if you know what to look for."

For the next hour, Harry watched, fascinated, as Esme demonstrated various curse-breaking techniques. She allowed him to try several simpler ones, correcting his wand movement. By the time they finished testing his talisman against the cursed objects (it successfully deflected the first two but failed against the stronger curses), Harry had filled several pages with notes.

"You've got a natural affinity for this," Esme told him as they packed up. "Not just talismans, but the broader principles of magical protection and curse manipulation."

"Will you be staying at Hogwarts?" Harry asked hopefully.

"For a few weeks at least," she confirmed. "Amelia's asked me to help the Auror team with some specialized detection work—" She paused as Shacklebolt cleared his throat. "Right, confidential. Anyway, we'll have time for more sessions."

After three more hours of testing and using curses, it finally ended, and Harry was sure he knew what he needed to do to complete the Enhanced Version of his Talisman; all he needed was the right materials. As Harry left the classroom, his mind was filled with new ideas for his talisman project—but also questions about the Ministry's mysterious acquisition of materials. It seemed that alongside the Chamber of Secrets mystery, he now had another puzzle to solve: why would someone at the Ministry want to hinder his work for the Italians?

Politics, indeed, he thought. As if murderous monsters in the plumbing weren't enough to worry about.

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Harry was halfway back to the Slytherin common room, his mind still buzzing with curse-breaking techniques and suspicions about the Ministry's material acquisitions, when he heard the commotion. Panicked voices echoed down the corridor, followed by the sound of running footsteps.

Itisa, who had been waiting for him outside the Charms classroom, growled softly beside him. The disguised Nundu's tail lashed with agitation.

"What is it?" Harry whispered, but he already knew—something was wrong. Very wrong.

Rounding the corner, he nearly collided with Sebastian and Anna, who were hurrying in the same direction as the growing crowd.

"There you are," Sebastian said, slightly breathless. "Another attack—just happened—"

"Who?" Harry demanded, falling into step beside them.

"First-year Gryffindor," Anna replied. "The one who's always taking pictures."

"Colin Creevey?" Harry had noticed the small, mousy-haired boy who seemed to document every moment of his Hogwarts experience with an ancient camera.

They pushed through the gathering crowd, using Sebastian's sharp elbows and Harry's reluctant fame to reach the front. The scene before them was eerily similar to the night Mrs. Norris was attacked, but somehow worse, because this time the victim was unmistakably human.

Colin Creevey lay rigid on the floor, his arms frozen in a peculiar position, as though he'd been holding his camera up to his face. The camera itself lay beside him, its casing melted and warped, a thin tendril of smoke still rising from the lens.

"Stand back, all of you!" commanded the booming voice of Kingsley Shacklebolt. He and three other Aurors had formed a perimeter around the scene. "Return to your common rooms immediately!"

Professor McGonagall knelt beside Colin, her face ashen. Professor Dumbledore stood nearby, his usual twinkling eyes solemn as he examined the melted camera. "He is petrified,"

"The Chamber of Secrets has claimed its first student," someone whispered nearby. "Who's next?"

"Muggle-borns, watch your backs," another voice muttered.

The female Auror with the long braided hair was ushering students away. "Move along, now! This is an active investigation scene. Back to your dormitories!"

Sebastian tugged at Harry's sleeve. "Come on, we should go before—"

But Harry's attention had fixed on the wall beyond Colin's petrified form. Unlike the previous attack, there was no message written in blood. Instead, there was... something else. A faint shimmer in the air, visible only from certain angles, like heat rising from summer pavement.

That's not normal, Harry thought. *No one else seems to notice it.*

"Potter," a firm voice said beside him. Harry turned to find Auror Dawlish staring at him with narrowed eyes. "You need to return to your dormitory. Now."

"Right, sorry," Harry said, allowing Sebastian to pull him away from the scene.

As they retreated, Harry glanced back one last time at Colin's frozen form. The Aurors had conjured a stretcher and were carefully levitating the boy onto it. Professor Garlick had arrived, her vibrant red hair making her easy to spot as she comforted a sobbing first-year girl.

"This is getting serious," Sebastian muttered as they descended the stairs toward the dungeons. "First a cat, now a student. What's next?"

"Why did his camera melt?" Anna wondered. "That seems... specific."

Harry frowned, still thinking about that strange shimmer he'd seen. "I need to check something. I'll catch up with you later."

"Harry, we were ordered back to our dormitories," Anna reminded him.

"I know. I won't be long."

Before they could protest further, Harry ducked down a side corridor, Itisa following silently at his heels. Once alone, he leaned against the wall and closed his eyes, concentrating.

A familiar tingling sensation spread across his face as the magic took effect. When he opened his eyes, the dimly lit corridor appeared as bright as midday, every detail sharp and clear. He knew from past experience that his normally green eyes would now be glowing, the pupils transformed to vertical slits like a snake's.

And then he heard it—a whispering, slithering sound coming from within the walls themselves. The same voice from the night Mrs. Norris was attacked.

"...hunger... so much hunger... need to feed..."

Harry turned toward the sound, focusing his enhanced hearing. "Where are you?" he whispered.

"...master says wait... but the hunger... the HUNGER..."

The voice was moving, traveling upward through the castle walls. Without hesitation, Harry followed, tracking the sound through corridors and up staircases, ignoring the startled looks from the few students he passed. Itisa kept pace, her golden eyes fixed on the walls as if she, too, could hear the voice.

Suddenly, the voice fell silent. Harry froze, straining his enhanced senses, but the slithering sound had vanished.

"Where did it go?" he murmured to Itisa, who seemed equally perplexed.

Looking around, Harry realized he had followed the voice to the second floor. Ahead of him was a door with a sign that read "Girls' Bathroom – Out of Order."

Why would the voice lead here?

Curiosity overcoming caution, Harry pushed the door open. The bathroom beyond was dim and gloomy, with cracked mirrors, chipped sinks, and a perpetual puddle of water on the floor. It looked as though no one had used it in years.

"Hello?" Harry called softly, allowing his Serpent Eyes to fade back to normal as he grasped his wand.

A gurgling sound came from one of the toilet stalls, followed by the appearance of a translucent, pearly-white figure. The ghost of a girl about fourteen years old floated before him, her face perpetually pouty beneath thick glasses, her body forever frozen in a Hogwarts uniform from decades past.

"You're not a girl," she said accusingly, her voice high-pitched and whiny. "What are you doing in my bathroom?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't realize—" Harry began, then paused. "Wait, your bathroom? Do you live here?"

The ghost girl preened slightly. "I'm Myrtle. This has been my bathroom since I died." She drifted closer, squinting at him. "You're Harry Potter. The girls talk about you sometimes when they think I can't hear them."

"Pleased to meet you," Harry said automatically, ignoring the fact that she said that girls talk about him.

"What are you doing here, anyway?" Myrtle asked, seeming pleased to have company despite her complaints. "Come to make fun of miserable, moping, moaning Myrtle?"

"No," Harry said, stepping further into the bathroom. "I was following... a sound. It led me here."

Myrtle's expression shifted to one of unease. "A sound? What kind of sound?"

"Like something moving inside the walls. A voice."

The ghost girl suddenly darted backward, her face contorted with fear. "No! I don't want to talk about voices! I don't want to hear about it! Last time there were voices, I DIED!"

With a dramatic wail, she dove headfirst into one of the toilets, sending water splashing across the already damp floor.

Harry stood in stunned silence, processing what he'd just heard. *Last time there were voices, she died.*

The connections were forming in his mind, pieces of the puzzle clicking into place. He needed to know more about how Myrtle died, but clearly, he'd need a more delicate approach.

Behind him, Itisa chirped softly, nudging his leg as if urging him to leave.

"You're right," he told her. "We'll come back later."

What he didn't notice, as he turned to leave, was the small snake carved into the side of one of the sinks.