

YELLOW

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YELLOW

by [Kat1477](#)

Summary

Without a clue to do, She had no choice but to go with the flow.

Hopefully she doesn't drown in it.

Notes

Currently going through an author crisis but besides that Enjoy the Re-write of my previous story "GREEN" qwq)/

Chapter 1

Mrs. Cole couldn't help but stare at the strangeness of this situation while the child before her tried to make herself appear smaller with no luck.

"So," The Social worker who she was unfortunately familiar with coughed into his fist nervously, "This child was found a while back and up until now was kept at the station due to no one coming forward in claiming them. However, there was an incident..."

The girl, appearing to be around the age of 7 blushed as she averted her eyes nervously.

Taking the hint that he did not want to continue, the Directress flipped open the child's folder. Skimming through its contents, the farther she went, the more her head began to ache.

"...Found..No claims.. Lying about age... Further questioning... Relocating due to biting an officer on the arm.."

The woman shut the folder and the child couldn't help but flinch.

"..."

It wasn't like they would have taken no for an answer, she thought bitterly, already the woman was trying to figure out how to handle one more mouth to feed along with *another* issue she was already dealing with.

Once the papers were signed and all were said and done, the man bid the two his farewells. The moment he left there was a moment of silence as she studied the girl and felt that she was going to need more of her emergency wine tonight

Chapter 2

Following behind the woman, Emma couldn't help but glance around the place out of curiosity and on occasion made eye contact with a child or two

"Hurry now."

Emma quickened her pace but stumbled when Mrs. Cole ushered her past a door like many others, for what reason she had no idea. It was times like these when she once again wished that she was back in her own body and held back a feeling of another mental break down.

The room they arrived to was a small one with two beds on either side. One of them had a blond girl around her age dressed the orphanages uniform layed with a worn out doll in her hand. Said child looked annoyed at the interruption but sat up at the sight of the Directress and a new face.

"Amy," Mrs. Cole nudged Emma forward. "You have a new roommate, I'm sure that you'll both get along *just fine* I hope."

The girl, taking note at the tone of voice groaned.

Mrs.Cole ignored the pleading look from her newst charged and left in a hurry at the sound of a faint crash and the sound of crying.

Click.

"..." Observing the blond, Emma tensed at the look she received and weighed her chances at running and jingled the door handle.

...

Seems like Mrs.Cole read the parts on her record of her attempts at escaping and locked the door.

Clever.

"You actrally seem like fun," Amy grinned. "How good are you at games?"

Emma paused. "Pretty good... Why?"

She was given no answer other than a Cheshire grin and felt a chill go down her spine.

Chapter 3

After a month or so, Emma felt like she finally got the gist of how things were run around here. Thank god for the fact that she had to deal with a lot of siblings before all this shit, otherwise she had a feeling that things would have turned out a lot more differently... and violently.

Fucking hell, she thought that she was about to sock that one kid.

Amy apparently was not as crazy as she thought she was.

She was *insane*.

Currently right now Emma was hiding from both her and Dennis (Who thank god wasn't as nuts as she was, just whipped to hell and back.) In a bush next to a tree while praying to God that either of them wouldn't drag her into one of their pranks again. She was still finding thorns in her clothes.

Never again. *Oh god never again.*

Feeling something smooth move across her neck, she froze. Slowly Emma turned her head and paused.

Oh its just a snake...

OH GOD ITS A SNAKE.

"..."

"..."

Without missing a beat, she took the small reptile and left to place it in a different bush.

There could only be one and she had already called dibs.

Unfortunately for her what she didn't account for was running into another orphan who instead of running at the sight of the animal simply chose to stare intensively at them both.

The dark haired boy didn't move for a while and from the vibes that she was getting, he was not a happy camper.

Taking note of his intense look to the snake, Emma offered it and the boy paused. After a while he took the reptile and watched as the girl, without a word hid back into her poorly constructed hidey hole.

This continued on for a few weeks before she found out that his name was Tom Marvolo Riddle and she wondered where she's heard that name before.

Chapter 4

Moving the sludge on her plate around, she grimaced.

The lunch hall was filled with quiet murmuring and on the occasion the clicks of silverware. Emma wished she's payed more attention to her old history class instead of sleeping. With the up coming war in the horizon, many were given rations and with the case of the orphanage, there were simply too many children.

While moving what appeared to be an uncooked carrot, Emma finally had enough.

"You what?"

Showing no hesitation, Emma clenched onto the worn basket determinedly. "I *asked* if I could start a garden in the back yard."

Mrs.Cole paused on the dishes and looked between the unusable vegetable scraps to the barren waste land outside.

She recalled a time very long ago when her late husband tended to his garden religiously as much as his orphanage. Sadly, after his passing despite her best efforts the garden had wilted to nothing and had become a shell of its former glory, much like the building it's self.

Ugh, she was going to need another drink.

The woman sighed, "Alright, but I highly doubt that anything would sprout."

The next day the two would stand infront of an overflowing garden filled to the brim with a wide variety of produce.

Jaw slacked, Mrs.Cole asked the shocked Emma if she had had any gardening experience, to which the child, unable to speak shook her head no.

Later a few of the staff with experience would try to tend to the place, however a week later a majority of the plants had begun to wilt however when Emma began to tend to them they had bounced back to life.

Odd, but not question this good fortune, the Directress placed child in charge, much to the disbelief of the staff.

The yard became more alive than ever and over a bowl of thick kale soup, Mrs.Cole wondered if her beloved husband was still watching over them.

Chapter 5

Holding the fluff ball away from her, Emma ignored the older boy behind her and gave the animal a puffed-up frown. Said animal stared up at the children innocently and continued to munch on the lettuce in it's mouth.

"I was wondering why some of the stuff were missing..." Giving the animal a scolding look, Emma continued . "You were probably the one eating most of the tomatoes!"

Due to the sudden boom in the garden, the place had started to attract some unwanted attention from what wildlife was left in the area but she couldn't blame them however because food was starting to come rather scarce. Already the orphanages rations were cut and she didn't want to think how things would have turned out without the garden.

Feeling movement, the girl glanced down and watched as the rabbit sneezed.

OH GOD NO!

The brunet next to her began to pet the brown rabbit and Emma hurriedly pulled the animal away, "Billy we can't, Mrs.Cole said no pets!"

The boy named Billy Stubbs glared.

Emma believed that he was only a few years older than her, by how much she had no idea but besides that he apparently into a skirmish with someone a few days ago and was given the punishment of gardening duty (she took great offense to this.) Not to mention he was one of the few kids with either the balls or idiocy to fuck with Riddle who she later found out was a closet psychopath. Also pick on the other children, herself included.

Reasons? Apparently in his early childhood an event happened in which he had lost all faith in humanity.

Turning away from the boy, Emma was met with big black eyes and a cute button nose and it was at that her resolve crumbled to dust.

She slumped and handed Billy the brown rabbit, who in turn wasted no time in cuddling it.

The small animal shall be named Elizabeth the 3rd, in honor of her favorite Otome game that she'll probably never see again.

The two were only able to hide Elizabeth the 3rd for about a week before Mrs.Cole found the rabbit in her office. After some negotiations they were able to keep the her on the condition that Billy would pull his own weight (Emma was already doing that so she was given a pass) and Elizabeth was fed the kitchen scraps.

Billy, as thanks decided to not pick on her *as much*.

That was probably the best she was going to get.

Chapter 6

Chopping up some carrots, Emma, now at the age of 8, almost 9, pushed the diced vegetables into a separate bowl and got to work on the potatoes. Next to her Emily, one of the younger staff cooed at how adorable she was for volunteering for dinner. The child blushed but said nothing.

Before turning into a child, Emma was used to cooking as a hobby but wasn't allowed to at the orphanage due to the age her body was. The child was honestly surprised that she was even allowed to hold a knife (reckless of you Mrs.Cole) but she wasn't complaining. The only downside was constantly being monitored by a caretaker or two but after a while Emma supposed that she passed a test of either not burning the place down or poisoning children and staff alike.

Thank god, she missed cooking her own shit.

After chopping up most of the ingredients, Emily left to pickup something missing for the stew and Emma was getting started on cleaning but paused at the tuft of light brown hair attempting (and failing) at sneaking past the kitchen.

"Dennis," She was not beating around the bush. "What are you hiding?"

The boy flinched.

Like mentioned before Dennis, while not insane like Amy, was honestly one of the sanest out of the children she had gotten to know. However due to his chastity the poor boy often fell victim to her roommates pranks. Emma like the kid, really she did but there's times where a damn backbone was needed... She should probably start taking her own advice.

Slowly the child turned around and Emma raised a brow at the thing cupped in his hands however the moment she realized *what* he had her blood ran cold.

Aw **FUCK**.

"Dennis..." Taking a deep breath, Emma continued. "Why do you have *Solomon*?"

This is so bad a fuck does she already know shit the probably does god damn it Dennis you've doomed us all by a little shit.

Solomon was the same snake from her first encounter with Tom and by far one of the only things he was attached too. Sweet and all however from what she's seen, learn and experience, you don't fuck with him and he won't fuck with you. The only exception being Billy because those two just flat out *hated* each other.

Dennis, already knowing what kind of shit he was in started to cry. Wiping her hands quickly, Emma rushed forward but was too late when the one person they both did not want to show up did just that.

Tom, ignoring the two walked into the kitchen for a cup of water but paused at the feeling of eyes on him. The first thing he noticed was a nervous Emma. Yeah, it's not her because he's used to her antics but the boy on the other hand caused him to do a double take.

Said child trembled at the sight of the normally stoic boy change. First from indifference, to surprised and lastly to *rage*.

The next thing Tom knew was that he was choking on a Apple slice with a trembling Dennis taking cover behind of Emma, who after shoving the fruit into his mouth took a hold of a wiggling Solomon.

Emma gave a nervous grin at the glare she received and it's times like these when Tom wondered if she had a death wish.

The girl liked to think that having a bowl of jam suddenly getting dumped on herself was his way of showing mercy.

Chapter 7

Flinching at the brightness of the sun, Emma couldn't help but admire the waves of the ocean peacefully glide across the sand and would have gladly continued to do so if not for her current problem.

Sand to the eyes are the absolute worse, Fucking hell.

Amy, either not noticing or caring the pain her roommate was in tugged onto Dennis arm and excitedly gestured towards a rock formation in the distance.

Which now brings us to Emma's current issue.

"Aww come on, *pleasessss?*"

"No."

The blond, not taking no for an answer continue to bother her and after about 10 minutes of non-stop begging, Emma contemplated how morally wrong it would be to smack this child.

Occasionally, when the orphanage had enough money to spare, the caretakers would plan a special trip for the children under their care. Seeing how the beach was free to the public, it was an obvious choice with the weather for once being bright and sunny. It didn't help that all they would need to pay for would be transportation. Sometimes being cheap was an absolute win.

After listening to Mrs.Cole explaining the rules, all of the children made a break for the waters however before she could, Emma had an arm thrown over her shoulder and suddenly found herself dragged off by her roommate with bucket and shovel in hand.

Apparently Dennis talked Amy into treasure hunting.

Goodie.

It was by mid-day and all they've found so far was an old boot, a rusted fork and Emma's personal favorite, one pissed off Crab that currently refused to let go of her throbing finger.

She'll enjoy having some seafood later.

By the time she finished having negotiations with the crustacean, she caught sight of Amy running into the rock formation from before with a worried Dennis following behind and upon closer inspection found it to actrally be a cave.

...They'll be fine.

Emma took one step to the direction of the bus when she suddenly felt her sins crawling up her back.

She was going to take a page out of Billy's book and beat the hell out of Amy when she got her hands on her.

The girl was out of breath by the time she reached the cave and taking one step in felt the hairs on the back of her neck stand on end. She didn't have time to think about it when the sound of voices caught her attention and not far off in the dim lighting spotted the two children she was looking for along with one more familiar face.

"..What are you guys doing?"

The three looked up, two in alarm and one in disinterest.

Amy and Dennis was a little away from Tom who was the closest one to the small pool in the center of the cavern and the more Emma approached, the more the feeling of dread became.

Something wasn't right about this place.

"Guys..." Her voice trembled, "We need to leave, *now*."

Amy opened her mouth to argue but was immediately shushed when she and Dennis was shoved away from the pool and to Tom's surprise, he was abruptly grabbed by his arm as Emma tried to get him as far away from the water as possible.

However the moment a step was taken, a splash and the scraping of gravel was heard. Because of the sudden stiffness in Tom's grip, Emma slowly turned only to see the reason *why* everyone needed to leave so badly.

What appeared to be a rotten corpse was half dragging its self out of the water, its decaying flesh rippling a the seams as it stared right back at the four children before it, or more importantly the closest one.

Emma had no idea what happened next, other than suddenly getting dragged under water with her last vision being Tom crashing into Amy and Dennis.

Chapter 8

Emma couldn't help but shiver as she held onto the thin blanket tighter and sneezed when a spoon full of warm broth was held to her mouth, the contents spilling back into the warm bowl. Mrs. Cole shook her head at the pitiful sight but didn't comment and for that the child was thankful.

Its been nearly a week since the cave incident and things since then had been, as she liked to put it, *bad*.

After whacking the corpse repeatedly with the bucket that she still had for some reason and jabbing the rusted fork into its eye, Emma felt her vision blacking when she felt a sudden shock in the water. With a screech, the grip on her body loosen when the child was yanked out of the water and collapsed into the shores of the water. Coughing, Emma barely had time to think before Tom decided that Jones was up for round two, they *definitely* had no time for that shit.

Amy and Dennis were mid screaming/crying when they found the adults, and the moment Dennis saw Emma was the moment she understood why the hell Anakin hated sand.

I don't like sand. Its rough, coarse and irritating and gets everywhere.

Emma still had bruises from how hard she was tackled by the two and to this day was still finding sand in places that she wouldn't dare explain.

"Honestly, one would have thought that among all four children, *you* would have been smart enough to know how dangerous sea caves are." Mrs. Cole tisked, "Your very lucky that Riddle was there otherwise things would have turned out much differently..."

She wheezed, "Y-yeah, that wave and Seagull came out of nowhere..."

When questioned what Amy and Dennis were screaming about, Emma quickly gave the excuse that they had disturbed a seagulls nesting ground and after the two were scared off, a wave decided to say hello, hence the visible cuts and bruises. Of course, this was to the disbelief of all three children present.

Emma had some nice purple patches left on her side from Amy, free of charge.

After the bowl was cleared and empty, the Directress left to tend to other matters, leaving the sickly child to finally relax into her comforter. Closing her eyes, Emma couldn't help but shiver.

Not from the cold, but from how close she was to dying.

Again.

Her hands trembled at the feelings of arms grabbing her, it didn't matter that it was all in her head but it was the fact she was reminded of just how frail a life was and just how easily it could be taken away.

It was much later when the sound of the door opening and closing was heard. She didn't pay it any mind, figuring that it was either Mrs.Cole with more bitter medicine or Amy bothering her for lying, however when the person simply sat in the chair that her caretaker normally occupied, Emma felt the pricks that she normally got when around one person and one person only.

Opening her eyes, Emma was met with dark ones.

She quickly shut them and pretended to be asleep.

Tom was unamused because this was one of the, if not the only time, he had ever done this, *ever*.

He waited, watching as her hand, resting over her chest began to twitch. Emma meanwhile wondered how much it took to knock a child out with a pillow.

She knows enough to not kill a person.

Maybe.

The young boy was persistent enough to wait a straight ten minutes before the girl gave in. Sinking into her bed even more if possible and the two simply stared at each other in silence for a while. Both taking note of the bags under their eyes like Amy and Dennis due to nightmares.

Catching sight of the lump of coal in his hand, Emma raised a brow.

Toms eye twitched.

"I made something for you..." He looked like he swallowed something foul as he muttered, *"to get better."*

Silence.

Emma stared at the now identified food that was apparently not charcoal to the boy in front of her. She knew how out of character this was for Tom and seeing how this was a once in a lifetime opportunity from the sociopath decided to not comment on his apparent horrid cooking skills.

Without a word she picked up the block, her warm hands briefly brushing against his cold ones and without a word took a bite out of it, and then another, and then another until nothing was left. They did not break eye contact the whole time.

Tom now had a strange sort of respect for her. Emma meanwhile was comatose for another two weeks due to food poisoning.

Chapter 9

This lady had to have hawk vision, there was no way that hiding in a bush would fail Emma otherwise.

Sat on one of the few benches in the garden, she couldn't help but rub the soreness from the pinching session her cheek had to endure as the blond haired woman before her continued to cooed how adorable she was and Emma could help but feel a bit concern for her husband who was looked like he had not slept in days.

Things like this happened rarely, however when it did there was always a sort of buzz in the orphanage, mainly to the children as most tried to make themselves as desirable and presentable as possible.

Once while smoothing out Elizabeth the 3rd's fur, Billy had bitterly compared it to a pet store and after dealing with some of the aftermath (i.e. distraught crying children) Emma couldn't help but somewhat agree.

Brushing the side of her head, the wife cooed, "Isn't she lovely darling? So cute that I could wrap her up and never let go~!"

The man snorted, suddenly waking from his sudden nap and when he agreed Emma got a bit nervous.

Don't get the wrong idea, the couple seemed like really good people, with the wife like a bright ray of sunshine to the point of blindness and the husband, even while appearing to be the equivalent of a man drowned in paperwork seemed to be happy if the way his eyes sleepy eyed his wife in content. Even with all this, considering how Emma was an adult in a child's body just felt weird, not to mention she had already grown attached to the orphanage and its inhabitants.

"I'm not really up for that, but there *is* this one other kid you might like." Emma said, holding a hand up to stop the hand appending to pinch her cheeks *again*.

The couple looked confused, before they could say anything however the girl felt something cool slide up the neck and the next thing she knew, the adults were out of the room in a flash. The wife screeching her head off with her poor husband dragged behind like a rag doll.

Ears partly ringing, Emma reached up and feeling smooth scales she commented. "That was a bit of an overkill Tom, not everyone takes well to having a snake in their face." She pause, "No offence Solomon."

The small garden snake hissed.

"*He said no problem,*" Tom explained, a look of pure boredom on his face.

It took some time but it was revealed that Tom was apparently a snake whisperer, while everyone (mainly their church pastor) thought that it was a curse from Satan, Emma thought that it was cool hell considering HE COULD TALK TO FREAKING SNAKES, WHY WOULDN'T YOU WANT THAT?!

A surprised to be sure, but a welcome one.

"So, what's up?" Dusting the dirt from her dress, Emma got confused at the blank look on his face.

"Mrs.Cole needs you right now."

"With what?" The girl was confused as she rubbed the gardens snakes head who intern hissed, pleased.

He shrugged and after handing Solomon back Emma left. She brushed past Billy on her way out and the older boy watched after the child for a moment before turning his harden gaze to Tom.

Billy scowled, "I know what you're doing Riddle, so cut it out."

At first the dark-haired child simply raised a brow and gave the older boy a look of pure annoyance. "I don't know what you're talking about, Stubbs."

The two had a stare down.

Billy for as long as he could remember was always put off by the younger orphan. He couldn't explain it, but unexplained things had always happened around Tom, those who had slighted the boy in the slightest often having unfortunate things happen to them. He made them hurt no matter what they did. Billy was no saint him-self, for from it however after what happened on that trip to the Beach it was as if a switch was flipped. Amy had told him what had really happened.

Emma could have died that day.

All because of *him*.

"Stay away from her." There was no mistaken on who he was talking about. "Emma may be blind, too native but we all know who you really are, what you really are. A *freak*."

Annoyance slowly turning into a cold fury, Tom stayed silent as Billy left.

Dark eyes flashed a dim red.

Chapter 10

“I don’t recall ever asking Tom to fetch you, are you sure it’s not someone else?”

Emma tilted her head, confused. “Oh, Really?”

Signing various documents scattered over her table, Emma peered over the tabletop to the Matron of the orphanage speed past the papers, taking less then a second before stacking them into various piles. What the child did notice was occasionally one of the stacks would tip over slowly before a few would fall back across the table.

Mrs.Cole would then pause before continuing and seeing this with the fact that she deals with children on the daily, Emma felt that the glass of wine the adult would call “grape juice” was justified.

Emma shuffled the papers in a way that it would be stable.

“So how was Mr. and Mrs. Turner?” Mrs.Cole asked, steel eyes speeding past various paragraphs in seconds.

She shrugged, “They were nice but ran away after seeing Solomon.”

Mrs.Cole paused, quill mid-sentence.

“Solomon?”

“The cute smooth snake that hangs around Tom.” Emma was confused at the suspicious look on her face.

Blank faced, Mrs.Cole thought for a moment.

“...Tom *has* been spending more time with you, haven’t he?”

“Yeah, even though he looks and acts like the Anti-Christ, he’s not that bad.” Emma already knew what she was hinting at, she wasn’t blind. One of the few times potential parents would show any interest in adopting her would often cut it short because of a surprise appearance of Solomon, Tom or sometimes even both. It may have been a few years of living in the orphanage, and intern getting to know Tom Marvolo Riddle and she liked him, really, she did but took note of a few of his more...*violent tendencies*.

Her hair was sticky and uncombable for weeks from that one Strawberry Jam incident and let’s not also forget their local Pastor who once tried to “Bless” the devil child.

Mrs.Cole snorted, amused at the description and dismissed the child who was more than happy to oblige.

Much later after getting ready for bed, Emma tiredly made her way in the dimly lit hallway back to her room. Yawning, she reached the familiar door and without a second thought threw it open only to be met with a surprise. The occupant was just as shocked as she was.

Nobody moved, Emma was frozen in place while Tom as still as a statue, in his arms Elizabeth the 3rd continued to squirm and kick her legs in a futile attempt to escape.

Double checking the number on the door, the girl realized that the room in fact wasn't her room and that she wasn't even in the right area of the building. Her eye twitched.

"Sorry for barging in," She apologize. "But how and why do you have Elizabeth?"

He did not have an answer.

Not once has he ever shown interest in the rabbit, considering his complicated relationship with Elizabeth's owner and thinking back to all those times the boy had "hurt those who are mean to him," Emma was only able to come up with one logical conclusion, as much as she hated it.

"...You weren't going to hurt her, were you?"

His grip on the rabbit tighten as he glared. Sleep deprived; Emma was not dealing with this shit tonight.

Walking over to the boy, she held her arms out. Giving him the option to resolve this without the use of violence.

Not budging, Tom took her challenge. Her eye twitched.

Before Tom knew what hit him, he got a face full of pillow as the animal in his arm was snatched. The moment this happened the lights flickered but this went unnoticed by the two children as after the pillow fell the next thing the dark-haired child knew his ear was firmly pinched by an angry child.

"I don't care about what's going on between you two..." Emma scowled, Elizabeth the 3rd held in her arms protectively. "I get that you like taking trophies and getting back at people but seriously dude what you were about to do was *not alright*."

Tom was stiff as a board.

Letting go, Emma felt a head ace coming on as she pointed to his bed. "Now sit, out of concern of a *friend* we are going to talk this out and," Holding the hard pillow in one hand threateningly she added. "Settle this like real *adults*."

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Holding Elizabeth the 3rd, Emma sat in silence.

It's been a while since holding Tom at rock pillow point, since then things were said and explained. She let the boy talk without interruption to simply listen to his side of the story.

Obviously anyone targeting *Tom Marvolo Riddle* was bound to get messed up one way or another. Half of the time it's the other party's fault in this strange game of chicken and the other is the dark haired child's need to assert his dominance against the simple minded sheep.

His words not hers.

Staring blankly at her, Tom waited for her reaction.

"Sorry that you have to go through all that but..." Pinching both sides of his cheeks, Emma tugged on them while giving him a tight smile. "What you were about to do was a bit much, *wasn't it?*"

Tom felt the beginning of a dull ache on his face and thinking back he honestly wasn't expecting anything else. Eying the pillow to her side and her hands on his face, he made a mental note to both hide the cushion and to give space between them in order to protect his face from further harm in the future. Emma felt the movements of a fussy rabbit and watched as Elizabeth the 3rd hopped out of her lap and onto the wooden floor.

The Rabbit gave the two children the side eye from being moved around too much and immediately hopped out of the room. Probably to look for her favorite human and to beg for snacks.

Emma, while wondering how the rabbit learned such attitude didn't bother going after the pet because she knew that Elizabeth was safe, because most of the children were in bed or in the process of it and the staff here were already smitten with the animal.

Looking around her friend's room, Emma noted that it was much smaller than the other rooms in the orphanage not to mention bare. Only having an old spring bed that smelled faintly of dust, table that had probably seen better days and lastly a rickety old chair that looks like it was barely standing.

Besides that the room didn't really have anything that would give a hint of how the occupant was like, much like the boy himself.

I don't know how but having seven stones and a worn post card from that beach trip seems to make the room look more lively.

Emma glanced from the corner of her eye to her friend only to jump to find Tom staring at her with a blank look on his face. Guess she wasn't as discrete as she thought.

"Having fun there?" He asked and she cursed at how her voice cracked in response to him speaking snake again.

There was a moment of silence and for a bit the child wished that the floor would swallow her up from how awkward it was.

Squishing the rock hard pillow together, Emma imagined it to be Billy's face when she gets her hands on him, height and age difference be damned.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry that it took me this long to update, a few may know that I currently have no Wi-Fi for my laptop so my phone is the next best thing (quq) hope that you all enjoyed the chapter that I've spilled blood and tears over.

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

GUESS WHO'S WIFI CAME BACK!! (/[*[]*)/

Emma huffed as she struggled to pull a root that was buried deep in the dirt, it's been over 2 hours since she's encountered it and after breaking three shovels and one of the nicer knives that she *borrowed* from the kitchens, it became personal.

Feeling the root begin to give, the child placed her whole weight that a 10 year old would have and gave a cry of victory when it caved which quickly turned into one of shock when the plant simply *snap* in the middle and the next thing Emma knew she was buried in the nearby bushes. Dirty and seething in frustration she lifted her head only to see that: Yes, she had succeeded in getting a part of the root out *but* it was only a **part** of it and now the rest of it was suspended in the air.

It wasn't small mind you; it was now to waist length and looked more like a branch than a root.

Billy, seeing the emotionless look on her face gave a puff a laughter.

SMACK!

"Ow!"

Ignoring the grumbling of the teen next to her Emma gave a look of utter misery.

"Just give up," He grumbled, rubbing the back of his head in pain as Elizabeth, unfazed simply continued to groom herself. "It's obvious that things not going anywhere."

The girl gave him the look of a frustrated Kermit the frog while silently screaming.

Hearing footsteps followed by the sound of something being dragged, Billy looked behind Emma's slouched form and gave a look of loathing to the newcomer.

"What do *you* want Riddle?"

Rusted Shovel in hand and Solomon around his shoulders, Tom gave the older boy a response devoid of emotion. "Mrs.Cole noticed that you were slacking off lately..." his eyebrow twitched. "I just so happened to be in the same room."

It was not mentioned that another reason why an adult wasn't assigned was because they didn't have the funds to *hire* and that children with a basic understanding was free labor.

Ignoring the tension between the two boys, Emma decided to simply let the two have at it.

Oh hey Solomon, wanted to see Elizabeth the 3rd again? Letting the two animals pile on her limp form, Emma decided to simply lay in the dirt and let the earth slowly reclaim her.

“Welcome to the team Tom...” she croaked; voice hoarse from her earlier breakdown. The girl waved an arm around the garden lazily. “Have at it but *that thing...*” Pointing to the source of her misery she huffed. “*Don’t even bother.*”

Tom blinked.

With steps that shouldn’t have appeared as graceful as it was, the boy made his way to the root and after studying it for a second gave the base of it a quick *wack* with his shovel. Billy chuckled.

“There’s no need for *you* to be here,” He said rudely, “Get lost because obviously you’re not needed here-“

SNAP!

“...”

“...”

Staring him dead in the eyes, Tom dropped the root with the thickness of an arm nonchalantly and made his way to where his friend was currently trying to be one with mother nature.

“Roots gone.” The orphan hissed.

In broken snake tongue the other hissed back what she thought was one of thanks. Solomon shot his head up in surprise, but Tom didn’t bother correcting her that she basically said ***I am Mellon Lord.***

Turning his head to the silent Billy and for the first time since showing up Tom's voice held emotion as he smirked. “Guess I *am* needed here, ***Dear Billy.***”

Billy didn't give any indication of any retaliation but in his head he was busy calculating just how deep of a hole it would take to bury a body and how well and long it would be hidden for.

Damn.

Chapter 13

Walking down the grim streets on a rainy day, a man made his way towards a building in the distance. His amber hair and the flamboyant cut of his plum-colored suit catching the eyes of the few outside, but he didn't pay them any mind.

Passing by the iron gates, he took a moment to admire the rather lively garden in the courtyard that fronted a worn-down square building surrounded by high railings and mounded the few steps leading to the front doors. He knocked.

On the other side, a scruffy Emily who was busy with mopping a rather stubborn stain in the hallways of the bottom floor heard knocking of the front door and ever the most chipper of the staff hurriedly made her way to the doors and open them in a cheerful greeting. Before anything could come out however her eyes landed on the coloring of the man's robes and for a moment, she forgot that there was a person in front of her and wondered if the poor man was either color blind or maybe he just didn't know how to dress properly.

"Good afternoon. I have an appointment with a Mrs.Cole, who I believe, is the Matron here?" Dumbledore explained.

"Oh, um...just a mo..." Emily knew that she was caught staring. "*MRS.COLE!!!*"

Hearing a distant voice shout back in response, the young woman squeaked. "Come in, she's on 'er way."

Dumbledore stepped inside.

Inside the hallway that was a tiled black and a grey that could have been a white at the time flooring, the place was a tad shabby looking but was spotlessly clean. Emily, after warily glancing to the back of the stranger shut the door to prevent anymore rain from coming in and looking at the puddle and mud forming under the mans feet grimaced because she had just cleaned that area.

Down the hall Mrs.Cole appeared and hurriedly made her way towards them. Her face and frame once skinny and harassed was now an average built but her eyes still had a hard edged to them. Dumbledore couldn't help but eavesdrop in a conversation she was having with a child she was with spell.

"...And take the iodine upstairs to Martha, make sure that Billy isn't sneaking food to Elizabeth the 3rd *again*, and that Eric's blisters are now oozing all over his sheets again?" Both their faces contorted into disgust, "Chicken pox on top of everything else..."

Mrs.Coles eyes fell to Dumbledore and she stopped dead in her tracks.

Peaking over the many towels, Emma noticed the stranger in the doorway and the first thing that came into mind was if someone had taught this man how to dress.

“Good afternoon,” He held a hand out in greeting. Mrs.Cole ignored his hand and watched him warily. “My name is Albus Dumbledore. I sent a letter requesting an appointment and you very kindly invited me here today...”

The Matron blinked, before remembering *that* letter.

“Oh yes, well then you’d better follow me to my office and Emily...” The look on her face said everything.

Take care of Eric’s Chicken pox for her.

She ignored the squawk from the young woman as they left.

While the adults left, Emma stared after the man. She couldn’t help but feel that something was off about him and it wasn’t because of the fact that he stuck out like a sore thumb in the background of the shabby walls of the orphanage.

If Emma was to be honest, it was almost the same feeling she got whenever she was around Tom.

Mrs.Cole didn’t say anything to the man, choosing to simply fold her hands together over her desk and waited.

Dumbledore, unfazed by the tensed stare down from the Matron and continued, “I am here as I’ve mentioned before to discuss the future and arrangements of one of the orphans here by the name Tom Riddle.”

“Are you family?” Mrs.Cole asked.

“No, I’m a teacher.” He admitted, “I have come to offer the child a place at my school-““What’s the school name then?”

Dumbledore paused, watching the way the woman’s sharp eyes studied him. “It’s called Hogwarts...”

“And how come your interested in Tom?”

“We believe that he has qualities we are looking for.”

“You mean he’s won a scholarship? How can he when he has never entered for one.” She would know, anything having to do with the children goes though a background check through herself personally. Sober or not.

“Well his name has been down since birth..?”

“Anything having to do with the children I check *personally*, Mr.Dumbledore. Who would register him, his *parents*?” There was no doubt that Mrs.Cole was an incredibly sharp woman when it's matters involving the children. Dumbledore had to admire that quality, he admitted while slipping his wand out.

It just means that the children here were in good hands.

Chapter 14

Holding onto Elizabeth the 3rd, Emma stared down at the teen before her. Billy had come a long way from being a scrawny, annoying little slacker to a halfway decent one who often gets triggered just by the sight of a certain someone. Not gonna lie, with a face like his and at the rate he's growing she honestly wouldn't be surprised if he grew into a little heartbreaker by adulthood.

The girl hummed, stroking the little fuzz ball in hand she weighed her options.

[]Violence is no longer needed, a gentle call would do.

[]Remember all of the BS he had put you through, violence is always the answer.

...

[]Violence is no longer needed, a gentle call would do.

[X]Remember all of the BS he had put you through; violence is always the answer.

SMACK!

"FUCK-!"

"Dinners ready," was all Emma said as she quickly made her escape. The raging teen was about to beat the ever-loving shit out of the one who threw Elizabeth the 3rd into his face only to be distracted when said rabbit began peppering his face with little kisses.

In this world there is no such thing as mercy.

After telling many of the children she ran into that dinner was ready, Emma finally reached Tom's door and was about to knock when that same feeling from before came back. Her thoughts drifted to the mysterious visitor and she couldn't help but think about the vibe the man gave off being so similar to her dark-haired friend. For a while now she's always known that her friend was different compared to herself and the other children. It wasn't just the things that he was able to do over the years, but much more than that and if there was someone like him...

She shook her head. *I'm probably just over thinking it.*

The girl opened the door.

The moment Mrs.Cole opened the door; Tom immediately knew something was off.

“Tom? You’ve got a visitor. This is Mr.Dumberton... sorry, Dumbledore,” She corrected herself, hiccupping and the barely noticeable unsteadiness of her feet confirmed his suspicions it.

Mrs.Cole was drunk. Again.

After bidding the two a farewell, the Matron left. Leaving the two to study the other.

To Mr.Dumbledore, the room was bare with very few feelings too it except a worn wardrobe, table, chair, and a rusted bed frame an a thin mattress and grey blankets. Young Tom Marvolo Riddle held no physical traces of his family on his mothers side, that of his father’s dominating his features and even while only 11 he was tall for his age.

Dark haired and pale skinned, his mother had gotten her wish of her son being the spitting image of his father.

The child sat in his seat as his dark eyes narrowed, his book forgotten as he studied his first ever visitor and the first thing that popped into his mind was...

Is this man color blind?

Besides being a literal eye sore, Tom felt that this man was different compared to the “doctors” and that one priest that would visit when he was much younger. Unsurprisingly he decided that he was not to be trusted.

“How do you do, Tom?” Dumbledore greeted from his new seating on the old bed, he held his hand out in a sign of good faith.

Tom ignored it. Staring him dead in the eye he asked, “*What do you want?*”

Dumbledor couldn’t tell if this was the famous Gaunt greeting or if its just the child’s personality. Considering that he had met/seen both the child’s grandfather and uncle before he went on a limb with the former.

He decided to cut the dialog he would normally present the Muggle-borns and cut to the chase.

“I am Professor Albus Dumbledore and I work for a school called Hogwarts. I have come with an offer for a place at my school if you would like.” Dumbledor said kindly.

Toms reaction was instant.

“*LIES!* You’re a doctor from the asylum aren’t you, *Professor?*” Tom scoffs, “Well I’m not going you see. If anything, it’s that *Priest* from the next town over who should be in one.” Dumbledore for some reason knew which Priest the boy was talking about.

“I’m not from the asylum, if you’ll sit down calmly I shall both explain and show you why.” He slowly brought out his wand. “Of Couse the choice to attend or not is all up to you.”

Tom eyed the stick wearily.

“Hogwarts is a school for those with special abilities-“ *“I’M NOT MAD!”*

“-who are able to use their own magic like you.” There was silence as the child took in the information.

“Prove it.” Dumbledore gave him a look of questioning.

“If its magic what I can do, and that there’s others like me...*then prove it.*” Tom stared at the man intently, “what is it that you can do?”

With a casual flick of his wrist the Wizard set the wardrobe on fire.

Tom jumped back in shock and screamed in rage and was about to round on the man when it was at that exact moment that the door opened.

Stiffly holding onto the door handle, Emma stared in silence as the two other occupants in the room returned the gesture. The visitor flicked his wand, the flames immediately went out and after that there was only silence.

Without saying a single word, she slowly backed out of the room and closed it with a soft click. From behind the door the two still inside faintly heard the girl say that it was dinner time as if it would erase what had just happened.

It didn't.

Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

IM SO SORRY FOR THE LATE AF UPDATE BUT ALICE IN BORDERLAND ON NETFLIX TOOK OVER MY LIFE. (q-q)

Feel free to check out my new Story called "Kakorrhaphiophobia" and enjoy this chapter! I'll try to update more often (;w;)

Oblivious to the twigs and leaves in her hair, Emma sat in the bushes, blanked faced.

“Ah...”

So apparently Tom wasn't the only one who was able to do those things.

Neat.

The child lost track of how much time had past and by now the sun was starting to set, the lighting making the small red berries nearby tempting to munch on however she didn't want to risk it. Emma doesn't remember planting those.

So one of two things happened:

[]Tom tried scaring the man into submission by setting the wardrobe on fire.

[]The man tried setting Tom straight by setting the wardrobe on fire.

...Honestly Emma was more inclined to believe that it was the first option just because it's the resident Edge Lord and that it wouldn't be the first time but considering how calm the man was it's kind of difficult. Absent mindedly munching on a few berries she was so lost in thought that the sound of footsteps was replaced with static.

Albus Dumbledore felt that there was something...*off* about the young child barely hidden in the bushes before him. While the air around young Riddle was filled with the feelings of freezing icicles, the air around this girl was muffled.

A squib maybe?

“Little one...?”

Emma twitched.

Dumbledore knelt in order to not appear as opposing, with a hand out he called again.

“There are a few things that I would like to discuss with you.”

The girl looked at him weary but eventually came out, not because he asked but because what she sat on was apparently a pissed off ant hill.

The two sat in silence before Dumbledore explained little bits and pieces that he felt necessary for the situation.

“...So your just like Tom then?” At the older man’s silence she continued, “I can’t say that I’m surprised.”

After all, setting someone’s belongings on fire seems to be a running trend among wizards.

Dumbledore watched as Emma became quiet, pulling at the worn threading of her dress and he slowly slipped out his wand from his sleeve. Before he could do anything however the girl looked up into his eyes as if already knowing about what was going to happen next.

“Look after him for us please...” she murmured, dim eyes seeming too tired and old for a child her age.

Caught off guard, he took a moment before nodding.

Later Tom would find her unconscious in the garden and it was soon discovered that she had eaten a few poisonous berries. When he asked her about the stranger, Emma in her pain filled haze gave his answer with a question.

“Who’s Mr.Dumbledore?”

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Sorry it took me so long- I was busy with my other stories and this one as a result I kept procrastinating on (quq) I'm so sorry ;-; I'll try my best to keep up with you guys ;u;

Heres the stories I've been working on, they're all self inserts like and are very similar to "Yellow"!

Invader Zim:

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/33016843>

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/12114789>

Alice In Borderland:

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/30609560>

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/30932798>

Star Wars the Clone Wars:

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/24268780>

Thank you all again for support, im so sorry again for always being late ;-;

Amy felt that something was off about her friend even after she recovered.

Now a days the person in question would often be found in the garden staring off into space, thinking for hours on end, muttering to herself while clenching onto her head as if having a headache and in all honesty the blond was sick of it. So like any good friend, she did what any *great friend* would do.

Silently sliding next to Emma and Billy with Dennis worriedly following, Amy waited while Emma was brushing the dirt of a potato that she was harvesting. Elizabeth curled into Billy's arms as the older boy sorted through the raspberries, every so often he would pop a few into the rabbits waiting mouth and she would gobble them all up eagerly but stop to stare at what the new comer was about to do.

Grabbing onto a few strands of hair from the base of her neck, Amy only gave the poor girl only a few seconds before yanking on it. *Hard*.

"*AHHHH!!*" Emma yelped at the sudden sharp pain to her head and without warning chucked the object she had into the general direction of the attacker, Billy ducking just in time as a rock solid potato was hurled into the soft meat of Dennis's stomach and the boy crumbled to the ground. Suddenly not being able to speak, move or breath.

Amy and Billy stood by as Emma whimpered, rubbing the lower part of her head in a vain attempt to soothe the burn and the spineless welp known as Dennis wheezing on the ground while hugging himself to protect what's left of his bruised organs.

Elizabeth flicked her ears once again, unfazed.

What weakings in their own opinion.

"Amy," Emma cried, in pain. *"whyyy..?"*

The blond scoffed, *"Becauseeee..."*

Dennis cut in, wheezing *"Because everyones worried about you Emma-!"*

"Dennis!" "Sorry!"

Billy waited as the two bickered, Dennis cowering and speaking a rushed tones while Amy argued back wildly which only made Dennis squeak even faster.

What strange children.

Mrs.Cole was a simple woman with simple wants, simple needs. However...

Clenching onto one of the empty bottles, she cursed whatever haze she was under that caused her to blow through not one, not two but ALL THREE OF HER EXPENSIVE EMERGENCY WINE.

The woman took a deep breath. Then proceeded to dump all three bottles into her trash and she felt a sick sort of satisfaction at the sharp sounds of shattered glass and imagined them to be of that Professor Dumperdoor's neck.

Mrs.Cole felt that he was responsible one way or another but she just didn't know how.

A soft knock cut through her office and not even a second past when the door opened and a stone faced Tom came in. A soft *click* behind was heard.

She narrowed her eyes while Tom stared back with his snake curled around his shoulders lazily, neither breaking eye contact while Solomon's tongue flickered.

"So..." The tension was thick, "What brings you to my office Tom?"

His face betrayed no emotion, "Mr.Dumbledore got you too huh?"

Eyes already narrowed turned into sliths.

She already knew that something was off about the man, because she basically *raised* Tom and considering the fact that the boy was a complete hell spawn to the point that most if not all of the staff was terrified of the small boy.

Mrs.Cole was one of the only people in the entire building and far out who had the shiny back bone to show the boy just how terrifying one could be when angered.

That *man* gave off the same feeling as Tom, while the others is more obvious of the sort of air around him the older man seems more subtle but Mrs.Cole was not fooled at all.

However... "What do you mean by *too*?"

Tom's face silently lowered to one of the windows in her office, and when she followed his gaze it rested on one of the children outside.

Emma was seated on the ground confused with Billy petting a content Elizabeth the 3rd. Both were watching as Amy continued to hound and assert her dominance over a curled up Dennis.

Chapter 17

It was almost time for Mr.Dumbledore to show up.

Mrs.Cole's spindly fingers moved rhythmically in her crossed arm with her usual resting bitch face while Tom held a look of indifference but to those who know the boy personally could clearly see the unnaturally cold fury in his eyes.

While the two waited near the entrance of the building, Billy who was nearby scoffed as he wiped the dirt from his face.

With Emma being sick again and Elizabeth the 3rd left behind for comfort, the task of keeping the garden in check fell onto him alone along with everything else that comes with it.

Lazing around, Billy openly popped a berry into his mouth mockingly infront of envious nearby children.

Back to the topic at hand, he could never understand what so special about Tom however even he knew that there was something fishy about an old man suddenly appearing and the little snake suddenly being accepted into a mysterious boarding school.

Not to mention ever since then a certain child had been more vulnerable to falling sick more often than not when they were just fine before then.

The pre-teen sighed knees jerking in a rythum and grimcing as Tom muttered something to Mrs.Cole who sighed but nodded. Billy watched as Tom hastily made his way inside. The boy had a feeling where the little snake was headed.

Billy wondered if Tom could be more obvious.

Boredem at its finest, the dark brunet popped another blue berry into his mouth and made sure to stare into the eyes of one the little shrimps near by as he bit down with more force then necessary.

Dennis alone with no Amy in sight for once felt like tearing up as he shook. The brunet was always terrified of Billy after the older boy held him by both his ankles upside down from the second floor at their church with the head priest throwing bible verses at them from below.

So with all things considered there was no chance in the seven rings of hell that would convince Dennis to step six feet near him.

The boy scurried off to find Amy because even if she was bat-shit insane *she at least had standards.*

Billy would have laughed at the pathetic display if it wasn't for the sun light suddenly being blocked and the seething heat of holes burning into the side of his head. Gulping he slowly glanced up to see Mrs.Cole.

Her features were shadowed but even that didn't stop Billy from mentally seeing red eye lights of pure rage from a parental figure.

Chapter 18

Emma layed on her back as she breathed heavily while Elizabeth the 3rd and Solomon continued to curl up at her side.

She cursed as another cold shudder shook her body followed by a sudden coughing fit and felt like burning up.

The girl long gave up on deciding rather or not if she was hot or cold and figured that the next best thing was to try to fall asleep. Praying that the worse of it would be over by the time she woke up.

Hearing the door open, Emma peaked an eye open to see her friend silently watching her though the door way and after a moment Tom pulled up a seat on one of the only stable chairs in the room.

Studying her flustered features, Tom's eye brows furrowed as he lifted a pale hand to her forehead. Emma grimced in discomfort before relaxing at the coolness of his palm and Tom didn't mind the sweat that got on his hand as his friend leaned further in.

"I'll be back soon," he muttered quietly as dull eyes watched him questionably. "Don't do anything stupid."

Emma scoffed but then winced at the soreness of her throat, "Yeah well I don't think I can even do anything *stupid* even if I wanted to..."

Tom's expression strained at his friends poor sense of lighting the situation.

Soloman, hearing his human's voice squirmed his way out of the nest of blankets and pirked up the moment he was free. The reptile's tongue flickered and the young boy thought for a moment before hissed back quietly.

The snake slipped onto Emma's pillow and the girl almost purred, brushing her face against cool scales next to her face as Solomon's tongue flickered across her cheek. Elizabeth, not wanting to be ignored curled even further in from her side of the bed.

"You'll be fine," Emma muttered, tired. "Just get ready for your new school and please don't traumatize the teachers and students there too much..."

She looked worried when she said this, afraid that he would be bullied for the way he was. There would be nothing familiar and that he would be going *alone*. Emma knew that Tom could take care of himself but still couldn't help but worry and in a way hoped that he would be able to make some friends of his own.

When the girl finally fell asleep, Tom pulled his arm away and waited as her breathing evened out.

"...No promises but I'll try my best."

Chapter 19

Unease was all Dumbledore felt the moment he step foot within the gates.

Standing awkwardly while waiting for the young wizard, the professor suddied the children playing in the front yard a rather ruthless game of *Red Rover* and to him seemed it was all fun and games.

Until the moment where the young lad ran into the linked arms. Instead of failing or succeeding in barreling through, Dumbledore felt his skin crawl as he witness the child getting grabbed by the whole squad and dragged away suddenly kicking and screaming.

(What he didn't know was that this particular child hasn't bathed in over 4 weeks and the other children was bribed by Mrs.Cole into doing what needed to be done.)

The ginger haired man quickly averted his gaze as to not be a witness but felt a tug on his robes and looked down.

Two small children stared up at Dumbledore, said man quirked a brow.

"Can I help you children?"

"Are you the reason why Emma's sick???" Amy questioned, Dennis nervously hid behind his friend and kept tugging on the sleeve of her dress, whispering that *this isn't a good idea* but the blond was not budging.

It took a moment for him to recall the young girl from before and He was confused, "Sick...?"

Bringing out a small rusty pair of shears, Amy's face darkened as she continued, "Because if you are then *I'll be coming for that cheap motel carpet you call a beard **old man...***"

"..."

Dumbledore thought that he had already faced many terrifying magical creatures however this little girl will be the one to haunt his nightmares.

He backed away slowly as one would from an animal. "I don't believe so miss..."

Eyes narrowed, the little girl was eventually dragged off by the little boy inside the building and the professor released the breath that he was holding.

He needed a lemon drop. *The alcoholic kind.*

"Stop being stubborn and go back to bed Emma."

Said person shuffled towards the exit, blankets wrapped tightly around her, the girl huffed while Tom followed close behind.

The boy didn't know why she woke up suddenly and would have dragged Emma back to her room but the first time he did she immediately *bonked* him on the head with a brick in disguised as a pillow.

Tom could have sworn that he felt a bump beginning to form.

"I'm fine, I just want to see you off." Emma yawned, Solomon hitching a ride on top of her head with Elizabeth the 3rd held in her arms in a way that only the rabbits head poked out, the trio made for an interesting sight to anyone passing by.

"It's not like I'm leaving for school now," He watched as she stumbled on the edge of her blanket. "I'll be back in a few hours."

"..."

"Emma..."

The girl walked faster.

The boy was willing to risk another *bonk* on the head.

"Emma..." She began running. "?!"

Billy, who just walked out of Mrs.Cole's office after an hour long lecture took two steps out the door before he was nearly knocked over by a speeding figure and before he could register what had happened his face met the floor as another literally *ran him over*.

The teen didn't know who it was but blamed Tom Marvolo Riddle anyways.

Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Tom..?”

No answer.

Struggling to move an inch, Emma’s eyes began twitching while said boy refused to budge.

Ignoring the screaming of her sore muscles, the girl tried her best to move forward while Tom, being the stubborn child that he was had his arm’s wrapped around her torso and after tossing that brick disguised as a pillow tried his own best to *pull in the opposite direction*.

”I don’t trust you around *that man*.” Tom hissed, not even bothering to hide the distaste in his voice as he continued, “*Last time you were out for two freaking weeks...*”

“...” Emma continued to struggle while Elizabeth the 3rd began to nibble on the girl’s fingers.

No Lizzy, that’s not food-!

Solomon, getting bored of the mini game of Tug-A-War lifted his head from his spot on top of Emma’s head and gave Tom a dead end stare.

”Stop being a mother hen,” The snakes tongue flickered, ***“You know as well as I do that the Whole building has their eyes zeroed in on the old bat.”***

Emma, vaguely understanding certain words chimes in. “I’m not going to be around for long, and I’ll do what Mrs.Cole taught us!”

”...*Kick, Scream, Run?*” The girl’s cheeks puffed angrily in response to the young wizards unimpressed stare.

It took a moment before Tom sighed and loosened his grip.

He should really stop letting her win.

Dumbledore was happy to finally see the young wizard appear outside from the door way, the whole time while waiting he was often approached by curious little ones with many questions.

He tried answering as best he could without giving too much detail however there were few that made him question himself...

"Hey mister??" Bright blue eyes belonging to a tiny little boy named Phil tugged on the professor's robes and it was undeniable how adorable the orphan was.

Dumbledore tilted his head and smiled, "Yes little one?"

"How old are you...?"

He quirked a brow and saw no harm in revealing his age, to which left the little one confused.

"Huh..." Phil blinked, "But you look waaay older mister! I wanna grow up fast too- what did you do?"

"...Get a job in teaching," Dumbledore patted the confused child's head as more of a comfort to himself then to the boy as he continued. "You don't need magic to both grow and look old then my child..."

Returning to the present, Dumbledore looked past the young wizard and began to see exactly what the terrifying blond from before was talking about.

Emma looked very small with the blanket wrapped around herself, face lacking more life than usual due to the lack of sleep and health. Her small hands hugged into the small rabbit for extra warmth and every so often she would shiver even while the day was bright and sunny.

Dispite looking like a walking corpse, her eyes held a type of warmth as she was stopped by a few of the younger children that were more than eager to show her their findings while Tom hovered close by as if making sure the young girl didn't collapse by a small gust of wind.

Dumbledore wondered on how long the young girl's been ill for, because she certainly didn't look like that before.

Feeling eyes on them, Tom turned his head and with eyes now full of malice made his message loud and clear.

Words weren't needed to be explain.

After the children left Emma turned to Tom and missed the expression on the boy's face. She looked to where he was looking and met kind eyes belonging to an old man dressed in robes and figured that this must be *"Dumbledore."*

Or Dumbledork, whichever she heard Amy muttering while sharpening a pair of old rusted shears.

"Hello again Tom, are you ready to go?" Dumbeldor didn't comment on the dark look Tom had, Emma apparently did and nudged him with her elbow, whispering a *"good luck"* along with her own farewells while Solomon yawned and hissed something lazily.

Tom's face twitched.

As soon as the sickly child left, Tom turned to him with a emotionless expression.

"Of course professor," his voice was dull.

"Lead the way,"

Chapter End Notes

Kudos to GraceE322 for hitting the nail on the coffin for Emma's illness (o3o) sorry for the long AF wait guys, my life was consumed by AOT season 4, Twisted Wonderland and work (quq)

Chapter 21

After Tom left with the old man, Emma stumbled her way into a part of the garden where Amy and Dennis were at.

To say that she was confused was an understatement.

"...What are you guys doing?"

"Oh Emma *thank god!*" Dennis cried, swinging his arms rapidly while hanging upside down by his ankles, his face was bright cherry red from having blood rushed into his head and crying. "Help-I think I triggered one of Phil's traps-!!!"

Phil was a little boy around five to six years old who was one of the most cutest little munchkin most have ever seen, with bright blue eyes, tan skin and hair. His wide mouthed smiled resembled a happy kitty as he trailed after anyone like a duckling made him almost invincible to the adults.

Almost. He had this strange hobby of making booby traps like that kid from that movie *Home Alone*.

Who needs security when you have this little menace running around.

Amy was currently trying to cut into the rope using a butter knife and even she was starting to lose her sanity at the slow rate rope was being cut.

"Freaking Billy!" The blond screeched, red faced in rage, "*GIVE ME BACK MY SHEARS DAMN IT!!!*"

Sitting on the tree that the flailing Dennis was hanging on, Billy said nothing as he held an ice pack to the bruise on his forehead and flipped Amy the bird.

"..." Emma felt a headache coming on and left to grab something to cut Dennis down. In a way regretted getting out of bed that morning.

Chapter 22

It was night time when they came back.

Cuddled up in a blanket on her friends sorry excuse of a bed, Emma watched Tom seated at his desk and flickered page to page in one of his new school books. Every once in a while he would exchanged hisses with Solomon who was wrapped around his shoulders as usual.

“So the outing went well..?”

No response, the boy seemed dead to the world. On the other hand Solomon raised his little head and hissed “yes.”

However to Emma it was something among the lines of “*I tried to eat a child today.*”

“...” She made a mental note to brush up on her snake wispiers a bit more, half of the things the snakes been whispering hadn’t made any sense lately.

“It did,” Tom answered after a second. He looked like he wanted to say something else but decided not too. “How are you feeling?”

“Better, I didn’t keel over and die when Dennis fell from the tree on me.”

The boy looked up from his book for the first time and gave her a look.

“Don’t look at me like that,” the girl squinted.

”I’m not saying anything.”

Later on, Emma began dozing off, slumped over against the wall, the child yawned while the snake she later highjacked curled against her neck for warmth. Tom was still seated with one of the last remaining books that he hadn’t read near the the end of it’s s chapters.

“Hey Emma.”

Said person tilted her head, struggling to stay awake.

“If I was...*different*, would you still treat me the same?”

“Of course, what kind of dumb question is that?” Emma huffed, “Your my family, not to mention I like to think that I’ve got a good grasp on your psychotic tendencies-!?” Her face was struck by a rock hard pillow and in turn waking up Solomon. While the snake hissed angrily and Emma whimpering rubbing at her sore head, Tom sat still facing away from her.

”...Thanks.”

“No problem, Jerk.”

Chapter 23

The day before Tom's departure, the orphanage was busy enough to make Emma's head spin.

There was times were there would be radio silence from the boy but she wouldn't notice half to the time because of preparations for the war that would begin any day now.

Huffing to reach a tall shelf, Emma cursed her lack of height while Billy had no problem with stacking said shelves with many jars of either dried or pickled fruits and vegetables that they had saved up for this very reason.

By this point in time the orphanage had a reasonable stock of produce was locally grown and was years ahead of the rumored *Dig for victory* Campaign. By this point the orphanage was set for a few months if rationed properly and already due to Phil's IDY traps had already caught a group of strangers trying to steal from it.

Due to not many working in the building at the time (those who did were rather old and frail) it took Mrs.Cole and a group of the older near adults/teens to throw the intruders out kicking and screaming.

Looking at Billy's black eye from one of the men Emma winced.

Billy along with those involved was off the hook for chore duties for a week.

Said Teen was unable to enjoy it however because he was promptly grounded for trying to beat the living day lights out of Tom for taking one look at the others face and laughing,

"That's a fitting look for you, due keep it that way."

Emma was sure to smack Tom in Billy's place.

"-And that should be the last of it," Billy commented, tired. Emma nodded, slumped over a crate of pickled peaches with aching ankles.

Amy, her arms having grown numb fro the repeated motions of stacking heavy jars since dawn knocked her foot to a heavily breathing Dennis who was still trying to push another crate of supplies with no luck. At their feet Elizabeth the 3rd sat, waiting to be picked up by her human which Billy wasted no time to do so.

The teen adjusted his grip and the goup (Amy having to drag Dennis by his collar) made their way out of the dim bunker with the way only lit by a few oil lamps.

In another part of the building, Mrs.Cole shifted through the booklet filled with rations coupons.

She along with most of the staff was well aware that War was inevitable and hoped that for the worst case scenario of them having to evacuate everyone into one of the deeper bomb

shelters in London wouldn't be needed.

Double checking to make sure that she had the date for Tom's departure for school, Mrs.Cole was glad that the boy would be gone.

She just hoped that his school would be a safer place then London.

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